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CONTENTS

TO THE

SIXTY-NINTH VOLUME.

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE, 1876, INCLUSIVE.

Asleep in the Wood—By Frank Lee Benedict, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - - 35
A Cottage Tragedy—By Ella Rodman Church, - - 290
"All is Not Gold That Glitters"—By Emma Sanborn, 395
"A Darling Little" Duck—By the author of "Cobwebs," etc., etc., (*Illustrated,*) - - - - 397

Border—Fancy Stitches—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*), - - - - - - - - - - 155
Border—English Embroidery—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - 155
Basket Cone-Work—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - - 158
Borders for Java Canvas, - - - - - - - 300
Border and Insertion in Darned Net—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - 301
Border, Cord and Fancy Stitches—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - 366
Border for Table-Cloth—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - - 368

Children's Fashions, (*Illustrated,*) 91, 164, 236, 307, 377, 446
Child's Jacket, Tricot and Crochet—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - 157
Cuirass Waist—By Emily H. May, (*Illustrated,*) - 227
Chemise Yokes, with Tucks and Embroidery—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - 229
Cigar-Case, with Embroidery, in Full Size—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - 369
Cutting Out Your Own Dresses—By Emily H. May, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - 370
Cretonne Applique Embroidery—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - 436

Diagram for The Winter Polonaise—By Emily H. May, 81
Design for Cushion and Border—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - 82
Design for Silk Embroidery, - - - - - - - 84
Drape in Application and Embroidery—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - 85
Diagram for the Kilted Suit—By Emily H. May, - 154
Diagram for the Cuirass Waist—By Emily H. May, - 228
Diagram for the Promenade Jacket, - - - - - 297
Drapes in Appliqué and Embroidery—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - 298
Diagram for the Short Cloak for Infant, - - - 367
Design for Silk Embroidery, - - - - - - 371
Diagram for the Suit for a Boy—By Emily H. May, - 437

"Effie"—By Mrs. R. Harding Davis, - - - - - 61
Every-Day Dresses, Garments, etc.—By Emily H. May, (*Illustrated,*) - - - 76, 150, 223, 293, 363, 433
Edging, - - - - - - - - - - - - 86
Editor's Table, - - - 86, 160 232, 302, 372, 442
Embroidered Trimming for Under-Linen, - - - 157

Edgings in Satin and Over-cast Stitch, - - . 231
Edging in Crochet—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated*,) 295
Embroidered Lobster Napkin—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, *Illustrated*,) - - - - - - - - - 296
Embroidered Handkerchief-Corner and Cravat-End, - 300
Edgings and Letter, for Embroidering Uunder-Lineus, 441
Edging, - - - - - - - - - - - - 441

Fashions for January, (*Illustrated*,) - - - - 90
Fashions for February, (*Illustrated*,) - - - - 163
Fashions for March, (*Illustrated*,) - - - - - 235
Fashions for April, (*Illustrated*,) - - - - - 306
Fashions for May, (*Illustrated*,) - - - - - 376
Fashions for June, (*Illustrated*,) - - - - - 446

Gentleman's Dressing-Slipper—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated*,) - - - - - - - - - 438

Holiday Games, - - - - - - - - 88
House Furnishing, - - - - - - - - 89
How Deacon Wiseman Went to the Circus—By Rosalie Gray, - - - - - - - - - - 185
Horticultural, - - - - - - - - - 375
Health Department, - - - - - - - - 375

Initial Letter and Monogram, - - - - - - 83
In White Embroidery—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated*,) - - - - - - - - - - 153
Infant's First Boot—Knitting—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated*,) - - - - - - - - - 159
Initial Letters, in Satin Stitch, - - - - - - 226
Insertion—Darned Net, - - - - - - - - 298
Insertion—White Embroidery—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated*,) - - - - - - - - - 299
Insertion in Satin Stitch, - - - - - - - 301
Insertion, Drawn Work—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated*,) - - - - - - - - - - 438
Infant's Hood—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated*,) - 441

Joan Sunningford's Lovers—By Frank Lee Benedict, - 196
John Ligon's Revenge—By Marrietta Holley, (*Illustrated*,) - - - - - - - - - - 256

Kilted Suit for a Girl of Six Years—By Emily H. May, (*Illustrated*,) - - - - - - - - - 153
Kirke—By Jean Scofield, - - - - - - - 416

"Lisa's Little Story"—By Fannie Hodgson Burnett, (*Illustrated*,) - - - - - - - - - 111
Left by Will—By Frank Lee Benedict, - - - 130
Love Under the Snow—By Nellie Wilder, - - - 183

Mode of Working Hem-Stitch—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated*, - - - - - - - - - - 85
Mother's Department—By Abram. Livezey, M. D., 88, 162, 234, 304, 374, 444
"My Cousin Katharine"—By Fannie Hodgson Burnett, 211
Marshall's Barn—By Dorothy Dale, - - - - 218
Monogram, - - - - - - - - - 229
"Mackenzie's Wife"—By Fannie Hodgson Burnett, 271
My New York Cousin—By M. Searle, - - - - 343
"Madame"—By Angelo C. Davis, - - - - 348
Merely An Episode—By Fannie Hodgson Burnett, - 409

Our Arm-Chair, - - - 88, 162, 234, 304, 374, 444
Our New Cook-Book, - - 89, 162, 235, 305, 375, 445
One Winter—By Miss Julia A. Eastman - - - 136
Our Calico Party at "Azalea"—By Meta H. Hyde, - 277
Oh, Pittiless! Pittiless Moon!"—By Fanny L'Estrange, (*Illustrated*,) - - - - - - - - - 325
Ornamental Flower-Stand—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated*,) - - - - - - - - - 440

Patch-Work—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated*,) - 156
Pelerine—Tricot, with Detail of Border—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated*,) - - - - - - - 230
Parlor Work, - - - - - - - - - - 234
Promenade Jacket—By Emily H. May, *Illustrated*,) - 296

Review of New Books, - - 87, 161, 233, 303, 373, 443

Shoe-Pocket, and Detail of Embroidery—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated*,) - - - - - - - 84
Saving Matches—By Mrs. J. E. M'Conaughy, - - 109
Social Life a Century Ago—By Henry J. Vernon, (*Illustrated*,) - - - - - - - - - - 177
Sofa-Cushion—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated*,) - 227
Scrap-Screen—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated*,) - 231
Side by Side—By Frank Lee Benedict, - 263, 328, 402
Silk Embroidery for Flannel, - - - - - 298
Short Cloak for Infant from One to Two Years—By Emily H. May, (*Illustrated*,) - - - - - 366
Slipper Watch-Stand—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated*,) - - - - - - - - - - 369
Suit for a Boy of Six Years—By Emily H. May, (*Illustrated*,) - - - - - - - - - 436
Squares—Guipure D'Art—By Mrs. Jane Weaver (*Illustrated*,) - - - - - - - - - - 439

The Declaration of Independence—By Henry J. Vernon, (*Illustrated*,) - - - - - - - - 29
The New Year's Rose—By Eben E. Rexford, - - 33
The Daughter of Jerusalem—By Mary V. Spencer, 48. 118, 188
The Wrong Green Bow—By Margaret Meert, - - 55

The Days of Seventy-Six—By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, 67, 141, 203, 281, 355, 421
Tidy in Crochet—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) 82
The Signers of the Declaration—By Henry J. Vernon, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - 105
The Trial by Fire—By Bertha Allyn, - - - - 127
The Centennial in Pen and Pencil—By Henry J. Vernon, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - 249, 319, 391
The Van Hayden's Croquet Party—By Eben Rexford, 253
Tidy, Darned on Net—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - - 299
The Gray Dress—By Dorothy Dale, - - - - 352
Tidy—Stag's Head—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) 368
The Two Houses That John Dama Builded—By T. S. Arthur, - - - - - - - - - - 430
Trimming—Crochet and Mignardise—Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - 439

"Wanted—A Young Person"——By Fannie Hodgson Burnett, - - - - - - - - - - 41
Winter Polonaise, for a Young Lady—By Emily H. May, (*Illustrated.*) - - - - - - - - - 80
Washing-Glove, in Knitting—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - - 79
Work-Basket—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - 83
Work-Bag—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - 156
"What Might Have Been Expected"—By Fannie Hodgson Burnett, - - - - - - - - - - 335

POETRY.

An Oft-Told Tale—By Alice Walton, - - - - 149
At Night—By Nannie A. Hepworth - - - - 184
Adelaide Moore—By Frank Fuller, - - - - 187
A Hundred Years from Now—By Bella Bremer, - 354
A Dream Memory—By U. D. Thomas, M. D., - - 396
A Farewell—By Julia E. Leigh, - - - - - 408

Blind—By Mrs. Mary F. Scuyler, - - - - 54
Bereaved—By Lizzie Everett, - - - - - 129
By the Dead—By Ellen Armitage, - - - - 195

Come Back—By Howard Melville - - - - 276

Early Violets—By P. B. Marston, - - - - 219
Edith Bell—By Marie J. Maccool, - - - - 396

Farewell to Youth—By E. Ellingwood Dix, - - 255

Helene—By Annie Robertson Noxon, - - - - 40
Here and Hereafter—By Victor Smith, - - - 202

I Will Not Fear—By G. S. Outram, - - - - 110
In Sorrow—By E. F. Beece, - - - - - 217
It Was a Dream—By Annie Robertson Noxon, - - 420

Joyless—By Ella C. F. Drabble, - - - - - 270

Little Jessie—By William Cameron, - - - - 66
Lines—By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, - - - - 202

May-Day's "Sweet Sixteen"—By Walter Brown, - 334
Motherless—By Eben E. Rexford, - - - - 347

Not Lost—By Cora Carson, - - - - - - 270
"Never Again!"—By Howard E. Holmes, - - - 280
Nettie's Prayer—By Mrs. G. W. White, - - - 429

Our Dead—By Marion Winslow, - - - - - 34
One Less To-Night—By Marie J. Maccoll, - - - 117
Out of the Shadow—By Clara B. Heath, - - - 222
Only a Heart—By Theo. D. C. Miller, M. D., - - 342
Our Happiest Days—By Nellie J. Palmer, - - - 432

Released—By Marie S. Ladd, - - - - - 47
Rest Thee—By Helen A. Rains, - - - - - 255

Sowing and Reaping—By James J. Maxfield, - - 60
Sonnet—By Ettie Rogers, - - - - - - 75
Scarce More Than Yesterday—By Mary W. M'Wicker, 126
Sad Memories—By Ellis Yett, - - - - - 129
Shadow—By Charles Dean, - - - - - - 140
Shipwrecked Hopes—by Jennie B. Brown, - - - 262
Spring at Play—By E. Ellingwood Dix, - - - 351

Too Hasty—By Anna Merfie, - - - - - 60
"The Night Was The Night"—By Alexander A. Irvine, 135
The Dead Baby—By Maggie M'Clintock, - - - 289
The Children of the Spring—By T. H. Simpson. - - 327
The Kiss—By Alice Hamilton, - - - - - 354
The White Rose—By Annie Robertson Noxon, - - 362
The Brook—By Howard Melville, - - - - 401

Unrest—By Jennie Carter, - - - - - - 327

Vintage—By Howard Melvile, - - - - - 126

Wee-Wee's Lullaby—By L. A. W. Shackelford, - - 420

STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

A "Little Tot" of 1776.
Asleep in the Wood.
Fashions for January, colored.
Snow-Birds.
The Declaration of Independence.
Fashions for February, colored.
"Pay Toll, First."
Fashions for March, colored.
"Cat's Cradle."
Fashions for April, colored.
The Little Wood-Chopper.
Fashions for May, colored.
"A Darling Little Duck."
Fashions for June, colored.

COLORED ENGRAVINGS.

Designs for Cushion and Border in Berlin Wool Work.
Design for Sofa-Cushion and Border.
Pattern for Tidy on Java Canvas,
Design for Embroidering a Lobster Napkin.
Tidy—Stag's Head.
Slipper in Braiding.

FULL PAGE WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

In the Oriel Window.
Lisa.
Grace.
The Rescue.
"Oh! Pitiless! Pitiless Moon!"
An Evening in June.

WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

January number, Fifty-one Engravings.
February number, Fifty-nine Engravings.
March number, Sixty-one Engravings.
April number, Fifty-three Engravings.
May number, Fifty-two Engravings.
June number, Fifty-Two Engravings.

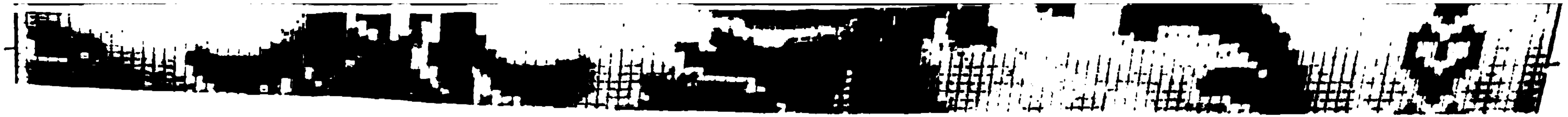
MUSIC.

Girofle Girofla Waltz.
La Violette Mazurka in Faust.
Joyous Farmer.
The Letter in The Candle.
Pull Down The Blind.
Far Away.



ASLEEP IN THE WOOD.

Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine



Peterson's Magazine—January, 1876.





IN THE ORIEL WINDOW. [*See the Story, "Wanted—A Young Person."*]



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JANUARY. INFANTS' CAPS.



DRESS, WITH NEW-STYLE CLOTH SACQUE. HAT.



DRESS, WITH NEW-STYLE BLACK VELVET JACKET. HAT



WINTER BONNET OF VELVET. HEAD-DRESS.



WINTER BONNET OF FELT. HEAD-DRESS.



HEAD-DRESS FOR YOUNG GIRL. DOLMAN SACQUE.



BLACK CLOTH JACKET. BROWN CLOTH JACKET.

GIROFLE GIROFLA.

WALTZ.

CHAS. LECOCQ.

No.1.

p p cres.

p cres.

f ff p

1. 2.

p Fine. p

cres. f pp

cres. f pp

D. S. 𝄋 al Fine.

Introduction.

Walzer.

No.2

f

f

1.

2.

f

mf

Fine.

cres.

f

p

f

mf

p

f

D. S. 𝄋 al Fine.



NEW STYLE WALKING-COSTUME.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. LXIX. PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1876. No. 1.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.

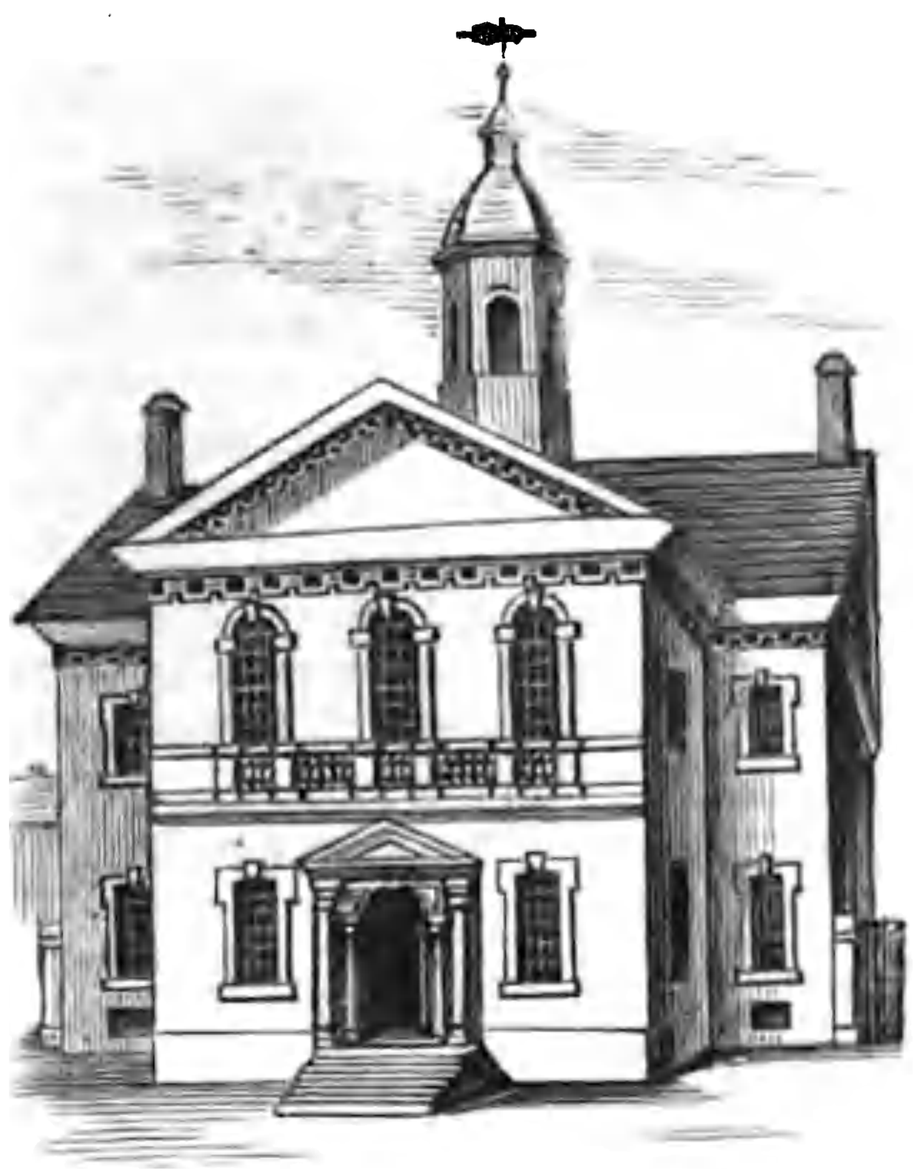


THE LIBERTY BELL.

The story of the Declaration of Independence is familiar to every American. We will not, in consequence, repeat it now. Why it took place, and what oppressions preceded it, even our young children know. We only refer to it, in this place, as introductory to the Great Centennial Exhibition, which is to be held in Philadelphia this year, to commemorate that world-wide important event. We say world-wide important, because there is no doubt that the spread of liberal principles in Europe, and the general amelioration of the condition of mankind, everywhere, within the last century, is attributable, in a great degree, to the influence of the American Declaration of Independence.

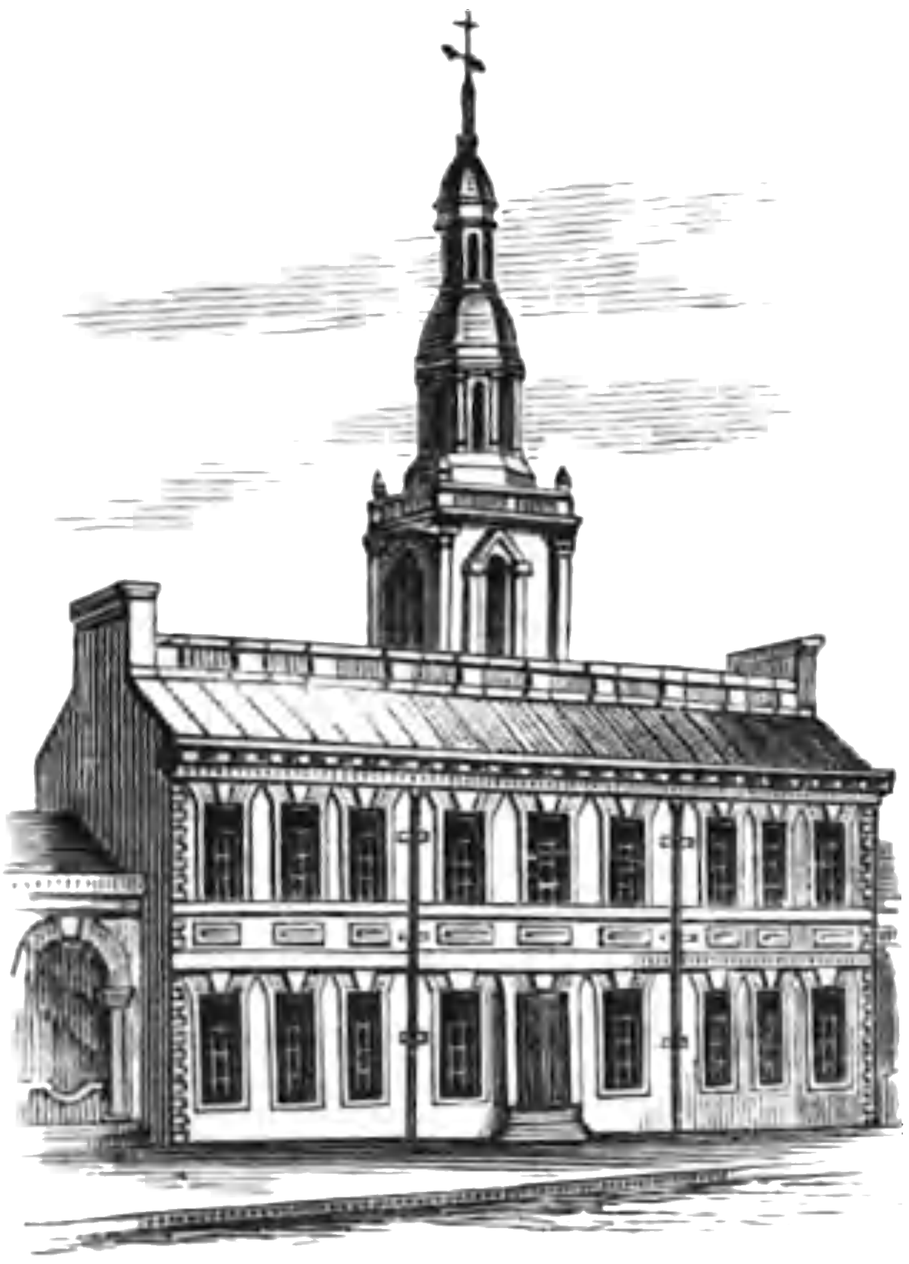
The first Congress, which met in 1774, did not assemble, in what is now called the Hall of Independence, and which was then the State House, but in Carpenters' Hall, an edifice that stands back from Chestnut street, just below Fourth, in Philadelphia. This building belonged to the guild of carpenters, as its name implies, and is still standing. It is a plain, brick edifice, in the style of that day, and is kept in repair by its owners, the association of Master Carpenters. It was here that Washington, Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee, and a host of others, first set in motion, and some of them unconsciously, the ball of revolution. They met in the upper room of the edifice, an apartment about forty-five feet square, with a recess twenty-five deep, at one end. They sat for awhile in silence, and then Patrick Henry arose. "A good-looking member in plain clothes," as a cotemporary described him. But his eloquence soon fired all. Two days after came the news of the cannonade at Boston. The Rev. Mr. Duche, rector of Christ's Church, had been asked to open the Congress with prayer, and electrified all by reading the Psalm for the day, the 35th. "Plead my cause, O, Lord, with them that strive with me; fight against them, that fight against me. Take hold of shield and buckler, and stand up for mine help.," etc., etc. All hailed it as a good omen. As John Adams wrote home to his wife, "It seemed as if Heaven had ordained that Psalm to be read that morning."

It is a noteworthy event, that, when the prayer was offered up, Washington was the only member that knelt, even of the other Virginians, Episcopalians like himself. The New England



CARPENTERS' HALL.

members, being Congregationalists, or Presbyterians, stood during prayer, as is still the custom with those sects, and most of the other members followed their example.

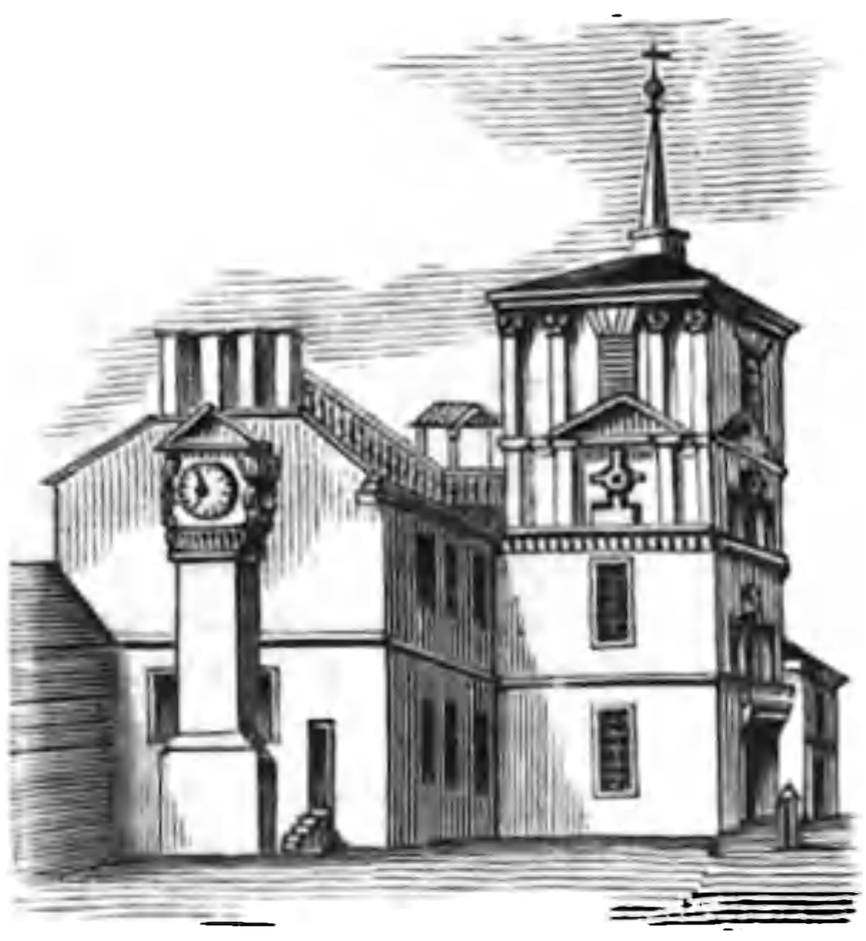


INDEPENDENCE HALL IN 1774.

The still more memorable Congress, which passed the Declaration of Independence, the Congress of 1776, met in the State House, now called Independence Hall. This structure stands about two blocks west of Carpenters' Hall. It occupies, with its grounds, the entire square between Fifth and Sixth streets, and Walnut and Chestnut. The time-honored edifice is about fifty feet back from the line of Chestnut street, on whieh it fronts, and remains, to this day, substantially as it was in 1776. It was erected originally, in 1729, and is a very favorable specimen, architecturally, of the style of that day. The materials are brick, with quoins, window-frames, string courses, etc., of marble. The rooms inside are wainscoted to the ceiling, and show very considerable technical skill in the carvings, etc. Few buildings of that period, even in England, that were no larger, excel this old State House. A steeple was erected in 1756, and was standing in 1774, when the first Congress met in Carpenters' Hall. We give, above, an illustration of Independence Hall, with this original steeple.

In 1776, however, the steeple no longer existed. It had become ruinous and been taken down. In its place an ordinary roof was placed on the brick tower. This tower is on the southern, or Walnut street side, and is four stories high. It was from a balcony, leading out from the great window, on the second story of this tower, that the Declaration of Independence, after it had been adopted, was read, on the 4th of July, 1776, to the assembled crowd below. Above, hung the liberty bell, an illustration of which is given as an initial letter, at the head of this article. This famous bell has a history apart from that of being the bell rung on that great day. It had been cast in London, in 1752, but on its very first trial, in Philadelphia, it got cracked. It was then recast under direction of the State Assembly. By what seems almost prophetic insight, a motto was now added to it, taken from Holy Writ, (Leviticus xxv. chapter, 10th verse,) "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." How little, at that time, twenty-three years before Congress met in Independence Hall, did its founders know that it would literally fulfil this injunction! For this bell was the first one rung to announce the Declaration. Nor is it too much to say, that the sound of that bell, proclaiming liberty to all men, heard first on that eventful fourth of July, has gone on, reverberating, not only throughout this land, but all lands, and will reverberate, let us hope, till all men, every where, are "free and equal."

Independence Hall, as it stood in 1776, therefore, had no steeple, though often represented with one. We give a view, taken at that time from the south-western corner of the Walnut street front. This view includes the window, where stood the balcony, from which, as we have said, the Declaration was read to the people. The Declaration was passed, finally, about two o'clock, on the memorable fourth of July. The liberty bell immediately announced the passage of the



INDEPENDENCE HALL IN 1776.

act of Independence. Crowds of people had been lingering about, all the morning, in expectation

of the event, and this crowd was soon swelled to thrice its original magnitude by the hundreds who came thronging at the sound. It was then that the Declaration was first read to the people from the balcony in the tower. The excitement continued through the entire afternoon and late into the night. Bonfires blazed in the streets, huzzas rent the air everywhere; and it was nearly midnight, as a cotemporary chronicler says, when quiet at last fell upon the town.

Four days later a more imposing celebration took place. There still stood in the State House yard, a short distance south of the Walnut street front, a staging, which had been erected to observe the transit of Venus. From this, on the 8th, the Declaration was again read to the people, this time with greater formality, accompanied by speeches, and followed, in the evening, by fire-works and other organized demonstrations, till a thunder-storm came up and dispersed the thousands who thronged the streets. Meantime, the Declaration, though formally adopted by Congress, had not yet been signed by the different members, as some authorities assert, but only by John Hancock. But Jefferson, in his autobiography, says that the rough draft was signed by every member present. This is, no doubt, correct. But the formal, engrossed copy was not signed till later; and hence the apparent contradiction between him and other authorities. For time was required to engross the document on parchment; after that the heat drove many members away; and in consequence it was the 28th of August before the signatures, as we now see them, on the original document preserved at the capital, were appended. Washington was not a member of this Congress. He had, on this eventful day, his head-quarters in New York, as general-in-chief. But as soon as he heard of the passage of the Declaration, he caused it to be read at the head of each brigade of the army, with all proper official pomp, heartily endorsing it himself, both as a private citizen and in his public capacity as commander-in-chief.

The room in which the Declaration was adopted, is on the east side. You enter the stately corridor, or hall, that goes through the building, from north to south, and find it on your left, as you pass in from Chestnut street. This corridor runs the entire depth of the building, and then



CORRIDOR OF INDEPENDENCE HALL.

leads, by a high, arched door, into the tower, up which runs a massive stair-case, by which access is had to the steeple, as well as to the upper story of Independence Hall. The walls of the corridor, like the walls of all the rooms in this stately edifice, are wainscoted to the ceiling, ornamented with columns, and adorned with an elaborate frieze. We give a picture of it, as you enter from Chestnut street, so that the stately character of its architecture, paneling, and carved work, and the height of the ceiling, may be ralized by the reader. The engraving is the one on the preceding page.

The room in which the Declaration was passed is now used as a museum of historical relics connected with that famous act. Here is the antique chair in which Hancock sat on that memorable day; here is the ink-stand used on the occasion, etc., etc. Around the walls hang portraits of the Signers. We do not give an engraving of it, this month, because it will appear in our steel engraving, the "Centennial Gift," to be issued, next month, as a supplement, with our February number.

The rest of the building is occupied by other apartments, all originally finished in the same costly style, with paneling and carved work, as the one where the Declaration was signed. For many years Peale's Museum occupied the front room, up stairs, which ran, at that time, the entire length of the edifice. The whole structure now goes under the name of Independence Hall, though strictly that title ought to be confined to the room where Congress sat.

The appearance of Independence Hall, as it looks now, is shown at the end of this article. It does not differ in the least, from that presented in 1776, except in having a steeple. The statue, of Washington, in the foreground, was erected a few years ago. The view is taken from the north-west corner of Chestnut and Sixth streets, looking south-east.



INDEPENDENCE HALL IN 1876.

THE NEW YEAR'S ROSE.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

JOHN CARTHEW stopped before the florist's window, for a rose was blossoming there, unlike any he had ever seen before. It was white as a lily on the edges of its petals, and golden at its heart. It looked like a rose of Paradise.

"I will buy that for Dora," he said.

"It is unique," the florist said. "I have never seen any other like it. I raised it myself, and have tried to grow others from it, but without success."

Half an hour later, a girl with a beautiful face was bending over the rose, with a soft smile on her lips; and John Carthew was standing by her.

"I couldn't think of anything else to bring you to remember me by," he said.

"I don't want anything to make me remember you," she answered, softly.

"I did not believe you would forget me," he answered. "But this rose made me think of you, because it was so different from other roses. What is it Tennyson says? Something about some one's being 'queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls?' I'm not good at quoting poetry, you know. Every time there is a new blossom you must think that I am thinking of you."

"I wonder if your thoughts of me will be as sweet as these blossoms are?" she asked, holding one against her pink cheek.

"You can always believe that," he answered, breaking off one creamy bud, and fastening it in her hair. "When I come back from over sea, I know where there is a rose I shall try to win. I wonder if I shall find enough over there to buy it with."

"Oh, John!" she said, earnestly, "the rose you want would be your's for the asking, if the rose could have its own way in the matter. If father could only see that wealth isn't what is wanted to make us happy, perhaps he would give up his opposition to our marriage."

"It is no use to press the matter with him further," John Carthew answered. "I am going away to try and get the wealth I must have before I can win you. It will be a long waiting for both of us, perhaps, and to me it will be a weary, lonesome one, since I may not write to you in all that time."

"I shall be as true to you as if I were bound by a thousand promises, or wrote every day," she said. "I am willing to wait."

Three years came and went. To Dora Grayle they brought changes that she had never dreamed of. She had waited hopefully for the time to come when her lover should return to claim her as his own. She heard from him now and then; he was always working, and slowly he was winning. But the years were very long to her.

The end of the third year brought death into her home. One day her father complained of feeling ill; the next day he was dead: and she was alone in the world.

After the funeral a fact came to light, of which few had dreamed. The old man had speculated heavily: his estate was bankrupt.

So, at the beginning of the fourth year, Dora Grayle went out into the world with only her hands to depend upon. But she had a stout heart, and she knew John would come back when he heard of what had happened.

She took a room in a poor little tenement-house: and almost the only thing she brought from her old home was the rose her lover had given her. That she would take with her, she said, wherever she went. Everything else she was willing to give up to pay her father's debts. But that was hers, and nothing could buy it from her.

She had thought that she had many friends before her father's death, but she found out now that those who had been glad to visit her in the elegant home she had lost, quite forgot that they knew the lonely girl who lived up two pair of stairs, in a poor, little house, on a very plain, unfashionable street.

She waited and watched, and the days grew into weeks, and the weeks into months, and the months to years even. When her father died, she considered herself free from any obligation he had imposed, and had written to John Carthew, telling him of what had taken place. She thought he would come to her. But he did not, and was silent. Maybe he was dead. She did not once think that he might have forgotten her.

It was New Year's Eve, and she was unutterably lonely. Suddenly she remembered that she had heard that a child was ill in a tenement-house down the street, and that its mother was alone, and wanted some one to come and sit with her. She put on her bonnet and shawl, and went out. All at once she thought of her rose. A new blossom had opened that morning: a

royally beautiful flower; and she said to herself she would carry it to the poor sick boy.

She returned to her room, therefore, and broke off the blossom, and one half-opened bud growing beside it. A tear or two fell into the rose's golden heart, as she did this. She had learned to think that rose her friend. Every time it had blossomed she had told herself that her lover was thinking a sweet thought of her.

When she reached the room where the child was, she found that death had crossed the threshold before her, and was standing at the cradle by which the weeping mother knelt.

"He is almost gone!" the poor woman sobbed. "Poor Bennie! What will mother do?"

Dora put the rose in the child's hand. He opened his eyes, and saw the flower; and a smile came over his poor little face.

"Pretty posy," he whispered, and held it against his cheek, lovingly. And holding it there, fell asleep forever.

Dora dressed the child for its burial, and laid the rose upon its breast, between the little folded hands. And all night long she sat there, with the dead baby and its mother, while outside the snow fell, soft and white, making the world beautiful for the New Year.

Some friends came, at daybreak, to stay in her place; and Dora went home. She looked at the dead child before she left, and she saw that what had been a bud yesterday, had opened into a beautiful, golden-hearted rose to-day. It lay there on the babe's breast, pure as the snow out of doors, the snow that made the world seem like a bride in white garments.

It was growing dusky in the streets on New Year's afternoon, when she heard swift, impatient steps on her stairs. Her heart beat fast, she hardly knew why. The footsteps stopped before her door. There was a knock.

"Come in," she said, breathing quick.

The door opened, and a man, entering, stood there in the shadows.

"Dora," he said, hopefully, softly, questioningly. "Have I found my rose at last?"

"Oh, John, John!" she cried; and then strong arms were round her, and her happy tears were hidden on the breast of the man she had been waiting for so long.

By-and-by he told her his story. He had received her letter, and started at once for home, bringing the money he had earned in the years of his absence. The ship he sailed in was wrecked, and for months five of the crew and himself had lived upon a little mid-ocean island, from which they were rescued at last, and brought, that very week, to New York.

"But I am a poor man," he said; "my money went to the bottom of the sea."

"And I am a poor woman," she made reply. "But I am not poor, after all. I have *you*, John."

"And I am rich, too, for I have *you*," he said, tenderly; "and you were what I was working to win. I have hunted for you for days, up and down this great city, but you had slipped out of sight, and I could not find any trace of you. This afternoon, not an hour ago, I went with a minister, a friend of mine, to a house where a child lay dead, and on the dead baby's bosom I saw a rose; and I knew then that I had found you, or some trace of you. They told me where to come; and I am here to wish you a Happy New Year, Dora, and to claim my New Year's rose, the rose I have wanted to blossom in my heart so long."

And the rose-bush in the window whispered softly among its leaves, that it had done a beautiful deed in bringing two true hearts together, and was glad.

OUR DEAD.

BY MARION WINSLOW.

How quietly they lie!
With cold hands folded on the pulseless breast,
The white lids drooping o'er the weary eye—
How perfect is their rest!

Blest eyes, that cannot know
The bitter agony of unshed tears;
And ears stone dumb to all the coming woe
In the slow dragging years.

Oh! lips so cold and still!
While earth's sad voices thrill the very sky,
Where once soft kisses met returning thrill,
There ling'reth not one sigh!

But we who stay behind,
With wild arms beating at the empty air,
Through tear-dimmed eyes, and blind, we search to find
What green grave 's lying there.

Sometime, from out the cloud
That wraps the burning glory of the skies,
An angel roll-call, long, and dear, and loud,
Will bid our dead arise

With forms divinely fair,
And bright feet springing from the grave's cold gloom,
They'll touch the cypress, love hath planted there,
And immortelles will bloom.

Oh! weak in faith, who stay,
Let softer tear-drops cool your burning eyes;
An angel hand hath rolled the stone away—
Your dead will surely rise.

ASLEEP IN THE WOOD.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

The great bell in the clock-tower was striking two hours past midnight. Young Falkenstein had not been expected to return until the next day; so, not a light showed anywhere in the vast pile of buildings which crowned the summit of the hill.

To effect an entrance, without rousing the whole household, and causing himself to be heartily anathematized by all his grand relations, at present united under this ancestral roof, appeared a difficult thing. Rudolph began to wish he had remained at the inn in the village, where he had left his horse. However, he managed at length to find a postern-door, unlocked, and so stole in undiscovered.

To reach his room unobserved, far off in another part of the vast edifice, was no easy matter. Up long flights of stone stairs, that resounded under his feet, tread as lightly as he could; along paved galleries, where his steps were repeated by so many echoes, that scores of invisible feet seemed walking before and behind him; up and down, in and out; more stairs, more galleries, till at last he began to think that the house must be bewitched, and he himself wandering in a circle!

After what seemed an interminable while, he reached the long corridor, at the end of which was the tower where his room was situated; and not his only, but also that of Cousin Max, who was lodged there, and that of the gay Frenchman, De Noailles, also at present a guest here.

He had been groping his way in almost utter darkness, but now the moon suddenly escaped from the clouds, and floated into mid-heaven, pouring a banner of pale light in at each of the seven narrow casements.

"If ever our masked ancestress prowled about the house, this would be the night for her to do it," thought Rudolf.

For, of course, the castle had its ghost, the ghost of a certain Dame Ermengarde, who had lived a hundred years before, and of whom her husband had been madly jealous. He surprised her at last, coming home from a masked ball, when she thought he was safe in France, and he killed her in the very corridor where Rudolph stood. The stains of blood were still visible near one of the windows. Neither scrubbing nor time had ever been able to wash them out. By way of having vengeance, the beautiful Ermengarde became the ghost of the mansion, haunting the corridors in a black mask and white silk domino.

Thinking of the phantom Ermengarde, brought a pleasanter image to Rudolph's mind; one, indeed, seldom absent from it; the present Ermengarde, who had inherited her ancestress' beauty, as well as her name.

She was only twenty-two, but had been a widow since eighteen. Her father had been furious that she presumed to be born a girl, as he had no son; but luckily the titles and estates were transmissible in the female line. He had meant her to marry Max Falkenstein, her cousin, but Max chose to fall in love elsewhere, and to marry, too, in spite of his relatives. So, in a rage, the father found a husband for Ermengarde when she was only sixteen—a nobleman, willing to assume the name of Falkenstein. Then the old man died, and, two years later, the husband died likewise.

Max was a widower now, and the relations expected him to marry Ermengarde. They were all assembled at the castle, at this present, and were fully determined that the betrothal should take place before the family conclave dissolved.

This was Rudolph's first visit to the home of his ancestors. Had Ermengarde's father been still alive, he would probably not have been allowed to enter it; for Rudolph's mother had eloped with a "beggarly young artist," and went with him to Rome, where Rudolph was born, and where he had lived till near manhood. His father had long been dead.

The law, after that event, had permitted his mother and himself to assume her stately maiden name. Beautiful Ermengarde had hunted out her cousin in Italy, and brought her home to live. Rudolf, however, had been absent at that time, and had never seen the young widow until about six weeks before I begin my story, when he had come to visit her and his mother, and had proceeded to fall madly and hopelessly in love with Ermengarde.

Having begun to think of her, Rudolf sat down in a deep recess, where an old-fashioned carved settle was conveniently placed, and sat staring out at the moonlight, abstractedly.

He could not help feeling it a little hard, that Max had so much, and he nothing.

"Max does not even love Ermengarde," said Rudolf to himself, "except in a calm, cousinly fashion. He has wasted his powers of affection in a thousand frivolous passions, and is no more capable of appreciating his destined wife than a stork can appreciate a nightingale."

A sudden sweep of clouds broke in on this reverie. It also obscured the moon's rays, leaving only a pale, funereal light in the corridor.

All at once Rudolf started. At the end of the gallery, which led into the tower, where he and the other two young men guests slept, he saw a woman standing.

The figure moved swiftly and noiselessly down the corridor. The talkative stone flags were silent beneath her tread. She was quite close now; a woman wrapped in a loose, white domino; her face hidden by a velvet mask.

"It is the ghost of the murdered Ermengarde!" he thonght, cold with horror. "Great heavens! it is coming nearer and nearer!"

No braver man than Rudolf lived. His physical health and strength were so great, that physical courage was a logical sequence. But now his knees refused to support him. He sank back on the seat, and stared in helpless bewilderment at the phantom. An icy chill, that was more like awe than terror, shook him from head to foot.

On came the figure, swift and noiseless as ever. There was not even a rustle of the long, sweeping robe. The phantom was opposite him; he in the deep shadow, and apparently unseen. He tried to rise, to call out; he could not. He told himself that it was some illusion of the senses; he was over-fatigued with his journey; menaced by an illness; but, argue as he would, he could not do away with the fact that he saw the apparition plainly.

The ghost passed on, and was half-way down the gallery, when at last Rudolf managed to struggle to his feet. At the sound, the phantom turned, put one hand up to her mask, then hurried more swiftly on.

Rudolf sank back in his seat once more, with a pang that was far more terrible than the supernatural awe which had before oppressed him; for on the wrist of the hand which held the mask he caught the glitter of a bracelet; a bracelet which he knew too well not to recognize instantly. It had been his one gift to his cousin Ermengarde, when he came to the house!

He had seen no phantom. It was the living Ermengarde of to-day; she whom he had worshiped as little lower than an angel! She was coming from one of the rooms in the tower. He knew it could not be that of Max. "The Frenchman," cried Rudolf, grinding his teeth, "and at this hour! Oh, my God!"

How he got to his room he never knew; but the rising sun found him seated in the chair, where he had flung himself on entering.

Life had not been very pleasant or easy to the young man before. He had known that his love for Ermengarde was little short of madness—he could never hope anything therefrom. He had, too, allowed himself to get entangled with a secret political association; had joined it with the impulsive eagerness of youth, and discovered, when too late, that its aims were far from being the patriotic ones he had believed; his connection therewith would endanger his head, if discovered. Altogether, he had had troubles enough to bear, but the pang which wrung his soul now was sharper than those former heartaches and wearing anxieties. Ermengarde, who seemed so pure, to be holding a midnight assignation with the Frenchman!

He could not meet any one, he must have the day to himself. He changed his dress for a hunting-suit, took his gun, and made his way out into the wood, which stretched for miles back of the castle till it joined the confines of the Black Forest. At the hut of a woodman he procured a morsel of coarse bread and a draught of new milk for his breakfast, and then wandered on. His gun might as well have been left at home for any use he made of it. He walked steadily on for miles, and at last flung himself down in a shadowy nook of the wood, and gave way to his dark fancies.

He had been sitting there for a long time, when a step on the greensward aroused him; he heard his own name called cheerily; looked up, and saw his cousin Max.

"Where did you spring from, Rudolf? I thought you were still on the road between here and Mayence."

"I got back in the night," Rudolf replied, without rising, or seeming to notice his cousin's extended hand.

"Well, I am glad to find you," returned Max, apparently unconscious of the other's odd manner. "I have something I want to talk to you about."

His usually gay, laughing face showed worn and anxious. Its change struck Rudolf, and turned the current of his anger into a keener trouble. Had Max discovered Ermengarde's secret? Rudolf wished heartily that he had cut de Noaille's throat before leaving the castle. But he could do that yet. There were always reasons enough to be found for forcing a man into a duel, without exposing the real cause of

the quarrel. Nor should Max be spared; that is, if he had learned the truth, and meant to expose Ermengarde to slanderous tongues. Yes! if he backed out of the marriage, he should suffer the same fate as the Frenchman. Max had thrown himself at full length on the grass, near his cousin, and lay there silent for a few moments.

"I am such a lazy fellow," he said, suddenly, "that I hate scenes and explanations; and I suppose the whole troop of relations will be in a terrible rage. I wish people would mind their own business. If Ermengarde——"

"Take care what you say!" Rudolf broke in fiercely, starting up.

Max half-raised himself on his elbow, and stared at the speaker, as if he believed Rudolf had suddenly gone mad.

"I don't think I need the caution," he replied, good-naturedly enough, though the hot Falkenstein temper began to kindle a little in his indolent eyes at being thus addressed. "De Noailles——"

"Have you killed him?" Rudolf interrupted again.

Max sat up on the grass now. Every expression, but that of intense amazement, had left his face.

"I ask you if you shot him like a dog," cried Rudolf, standing over Max with murderous eyes, and a countenance white as death.

"Have you gone mad? In Heaven's name what has De Noailles done? Why, he is one of the best men in the world. What ails you, Rudolf? By the way, De Noailles left for Italy yesterday. His mother is very ill, at Genoa."

"Left yesterday?" repeated Rudolf. Then, to himself he said, "It was not he, it was Max! But the guilt is the same, and the scoundrel *now* refuses to marry her?"

"I don't know what has come to you, Rudolf. You are certainly in a brain-fever, or you have gone insane. Pray, be quiet for a moment, and listen to what I have to say," said Max.

Rudolf struggled violently to get back an appearance of self-control. He sat down, leaning his back against a tree, clasping his gun hard between his hands. This coolness of this villain dazed him.

Max began again.

"You ought to make a rich marriage, Rudolf."

"I have no intention of making any whatever," he interrupted, savagely. "If the family have any such designs for me, and are choosing you for their mouth-piece, I may as well tell you that I don't wish to hear a word further."

"You are unfortunate in your choice of language," said Max, trying to keep cool. "I am not in the habit of making myself anybody's mouth-piece. But, pshaw! what nonsense this all is. I am not going to quarrel with you. I did not come here for that."

"I'll swear you shall quarrel, though," muttered Rudolf. Then aloud. "Since my possible marriage is not a thing I mean to discuss, perhaps you will be good enough to discuss your own."

"You know what the family have expected, as well as I do. What this gathering of the clan at the castle means——"

"Well?"

"Well? It can't be," said Max, lazily.

"Can't be?"

"No. I'm not going to marry Ermengarde."

The next thing Max knew, Rudolf was standing over him, his gun clenched in his upraised hand.

"Unsay that, or I'll kill you!" he cried.

Max never stirred.

"You have the advantage, for the moment," said he, quietly. "I came out this morning, without even a sword. I suppose you can murder me, if you like; but it would not be a very gentlemanly action."

"Max, you are an infernal villain!" shouted Rudolf, exasperated to frenzy by the other's composure.

"I am not deaf, at all events," said he; "so you needn't howl it out loud enough to wake the dead."

"An infernal scoundrel——"

"You have said that already. No, you said villain—I beg your pardon."

"Don't make me murder you, Max."

"I don't see how I am to help it, if you feel inclined. I've not even a knife, and you have both gun and sword. But why must I fight?"

"You know the reason well enough. But I don't mean to give a reason. An excuse for a duel is not so difficult to find."

Rudolf was speaking in the year 1795, when two gentlemen seldom dreamed of any other possible arrangement of a difficulty.

"Suppose you step one side, and let me get up," said Max.

Rudolf stepped back, and leaned his gun against the nearest tree. He looked as if ready to spring at the other's throat, but held himself still, while Max rose to his long, lazy length.

"Will you fight me?" repeated Rudolf.

Max shrugged his shoulders. He was not angry, but he felt that Rudolf deserved punishment; so the explanation, which he had come to make, and which had been a dozen times on his lips, was repressed.

"Now, see here, Rudolf," he said. "I can't waste any more time. "I've an engagement for to-day, which it is impossible to break. To-morrow, if you still insist upon it, I promise to let you try to carve me into inch pieces, or to render you the same service. I begin to think a little bleeding will do you good."

He turned and walked away without another word. Rudolf dared not follow him, for he was afraid of himself; afraid that he should forget Max was unarmed, and should kill him without giving the wretch a chance to defend his life.

He understood, now, the real significance of Ermengarde's appearance. She had put herself at the mercy of Max. She had trusted him too far; and now he intended to repudiate her. But that Max should never do. Or, if he did, his life should pay for it.

Rudolf spent a day of such suffering as life had never before brought him, though this wild, hopeless love, which sprang up like a great light in his soul, the day he first set eyes on Ermengarde, had caused him misery enough. He had struggled manfully against his passion. He had known, before he saw her, that she loved Max. When he was preparing for his journey to Mayence, a few days previous, he had meant never to come back. He told Ermengarde this, and it was only eager pleading on her part which induced him to change his resolve.

"I will come," he said, "because you tell me there is a reason—that you need me. But I must not stay, and it must be the last time I ever see you, Ermengarde. I love you with all my heart and soul, and you are to be Max's wife."

Then he had hurried off before she could answer. He had come back. He was glad, now, he had yielded to her persuasions; at least, he could avenge her. Cause so good must be found for a duel with Max, that Ermengarde's name could never be connected therewith. And if he should kill Max, as he felt he should, then there could be no gossip as to why the match was broken off.

It was very late when he remembered to turn his steps homeward. He must see Ermengarde. Whatever the request had been which she desired to make, it must be fulfilled before his meeting with Max on the morrow.

He had not fired a shot all day. An unfortunate hare, bounding across his path, reminded him of the fact. Even so poor a trophy as this would be a proof, to any one he might meet at the house, that it was ill luck, and not lack of effort, which brought him back so ill provided.

It was sunset when he passed through the grounds at the left of the castle. He dreaded to go in; dreaded to meet his mother or Ermengarde; or, worse, to encounter bevies of the relations, and be forced to talk commonplaces when his heart and brain seemed on fire.

He sat down upon a stone bench, placed against a great tree; flung poor, dead puss on the ground, and leaned his gun by his side. It was a pretty spot; a nook, where he had often sat with Ermengarde. Masses of odorous flowers bloomed about. Through a break in the trees one could catch glimpses of one end of the great pile of buildings, the new portion, in which Ermengarde had her apartments.

Rudolf rested one elbow on the bench, supported his head with his hand, and lost himself in dreary meditation. Weary from his journey, and his wakeful night, still more tired by the passion and misery of the past hours, he fell asleep. He slept, and fancy mocked him with a blissful dream, wherein all the love, and none of the suffering, of these later weeks found realization.

Straying idly through the grounds, Ermengarde saw him sitting there. She walked slowly toward the bench, and bent over him, one hand holding up the folds of her long, white robe, the other extending a rose, which she was about to drop upon his face, to waken him, but checking her very breath, lest she might rouse him too soon. Perhaps the subtle magnetism of her presence made itself felt upon the sleeper; for Rudolf suddenly opened his eyes, and saw her. Then he sat for a moment, so bewildered that he could not tell whether he had wakened, or were still dreaming.

"What a gallant young soldier!" she cried, gayly. "One of the gardeners told me that you had come back. He met you this morning, going out with your gun."

"Yes. I went out very early," he replied, shortly.

"And a fine day's sport you must have had," she said, laughing. "One poor hare, that looks as if it had died of starvation, as we should, apparently, if we were obliged to trust to your gun to furnish the table."

He stared at her in surprise. There was no trouble in her eyes, no trace of care upon her cheek. She could not know what was in store for her! Max had lied when he asserted that he had told Ermengarde all idea of the proposed alliance must be at an end. That blow was still to fall on her. He wished now, almost, that he had killed the dastard without a moment's waiting or remorse.

"Have you seen Max?" he said, at last.

He had not meant to ask the question. It was uttered before he knew.

"Yes," she answered, turning aside her face for an instant.

He could have beaten his brains out against the stone arm of his seat, with rage at his own stupidity. She remained silent till, in his fear that she was suffering, he grew still more confused, and unable to say a word he wished.

"You asked me to come back!" he exclaimed, abruptly, at last. "I have come. What did you want, Ermengarde?"

She kept her stand beside him, though, when he attempted to rise, she laid her hand lightly upon his shoulder to prevent him; the lace on her loose sleeve touched his neck; the perfume of the rose which she held, fairly dizzied him with its sweetness.

"It is a rather tiresome story," she said. "I thought Max would have told you."

"Max has told me enough, but not that," he cried, bitterly. "Don't speak the wretch's name!"

"Well, we won't, then; at least, as yet," she said, with strange playfulness of manner, as Rudolf thought. "Do you know there has been a question of a marriage for you? One that the family considers suitable; the lady not too ugly, and the fortune——"

She could get no further. He had started up.

"The family shall arrange no marriage for me!" he exclaimed, angrily.

"But you might at least listen——"

"Not from you, of all the world," he interrupted. "It comes with a bad grace from your lips, Ermengarde."

"Perhaps it does," she answered, in an odd voice, still keeping her face turned away.

"Was that all you wanted?" he asked, still angrily. "Did you ask me to come back for this?"

"Just for this," she replied, in the same tone as before.

"Then you might have spared me——" He stopped. He remembered the suffering that was in store for her. "I beg your pardon," he said, contritely.

"Never mind, Rudolf," she said, with a sudden effort. "I was not quite frank when I said that was all. There is something more."

"I thought you wished me to do something——"

"Yes," she interrupted. "I must tell you that, too. Rudolf, a man has dared to think evil of me! By something he has done, more that he means to do, he runs the risk of exposing my name to slander."

"I know!" he cried. "Don't be afraid, Ermengarde. I will avenge you. Oh, if I could only save you from suffering! You cannot love him! You do not!"

She bent her head. Her voice was scarcely above a whisper; but the words sounded cruelly clear to his strained senses.

"I am afraid I do," she said.

"But the outrage—the insult! You cannot pardon that!"

"He has not asked me."

"But he shall! That any man of our race should be so base! That Max——"

"I am not speaking of Max!" she interrupted.

"In Heaven's name, what do you mean?"

"It was Rudolf Falkenstein!"

He started back.

"I think evil of you! I expose you to slander! Great Heavens, Ermengarde! You drive me mad!"

"Max did not understand what you meant," she continued; "but I did. I saw why you wished to quarrel with him. I meant sometime to have told you the whole story, but not yet."

"Tell me!" he said. "I shall be gone to-morrow. I mean to sail for the New World—for America."

"That is a long voyage," said she. "Well, then, I had better tell you the whole now."

"Yes, yes;—and let me find——"

"An excuse for yourself, do you mean?" she asked. "I should think it would be difficult."

"I don't understand," he groaned. "You talk of some man who has exposed you to evil reports. In the same breath, you reproach me——"

"As being that very man," she said, concluding his sentence for him, in a way which struck him dumb. "I knew, last night, that you saw me, Rudolf. My representation of our unfortunate ancestress' ghost was not designed to deceive you. I thought you far away. I assumed the disguise to deceive the servants, if I should meet any. But it never occurred to me that you could think evil of me, especially such——"

"I—I!" he blundered, and felt as if he could sink into the earth. What a madman he was, he said to himself, even to have suspected one so pure! How insane jealousy had made him!

"Since you wished first to kill De Noailles, and then Max——"

"But when Max told me that the engagement was broken off, I thought I knew the reason."

"There never was any engagement. And," she added, bravely, "I had not been in Max's room. I had been in yours. Max sent me there."

"Max!"

He was beside himself now, with amazement.

"What does it all mean?" he cried, piteously, as she turned away. "Tell me, I beg you!"

She came back at this appeal.

"I thought you preferred your version of the gh t-business to mine," said she, coldly. "It is human nature, perhaps, to think evil of others, especially of one's relations."

"You know I could as soon think evil of an angel up in Heaven——"

"Well, well, don't be so vehement! I was to tell you how I came to play ghost."

"Yes, yes!"

"A certain foolish young man of my acquaintance got himself, before I knew it, mixed up with a treasonable plot," she said. "He thought himself joining a band of patriots, but they were anything else. Max found this out. He discovered—I mean Max—that this foolish person was suspected. He learned, too, by a conversation which he unavoidably overheard between this goose and that equally ridiculous De Noailles, who must needs be concerned in the same affair, that the goose had some papers in an old cabinet, which would cost him dear, if ever they were found. The goose went to Mayence. The day he departed Max learned that the government was about to send a secret agent to examine the young gentleman's possessions."

"Ermengarde!"

"Before the agent arrived," she continued, unheeding, "I dressed as the ghost; went to his chamber; opened the cabinet with a key I had, and abstracted the papers. The danger over, I went, last uight, and put them back. There is the history."

"Oh, how can you ever forgive me," cried Rudolf, "for my base suspicions? But I will bury myself forever from your sight. You shall never be insulted again by my presence, or by my mad jealousies. For it was that—it was my jealousy. I loved you so, and it was so hopeless. Don't be angry, I am going away, I say. I shall never offend you again by saying it. You and Max——"

"Will remain affectionate cousins till the end of the chapter," she interrupted. "So you are going to America?" demurely. "It is a long journey!"

"What else is there left for me to do?" he cried, bitterly, almost savagely.

"To be sure, as you have managed to identify yourself with that set of wretched men——"

"No, I am free. I went to Mayence for that. They were glad to be rid of me on my own terms; and I have put an end to their scheme, for the present at least," he explained, rapidly.

"Ah, well, I am glad to find you have some gleam of reason left," she answered. "Then you might stay at home, one would think."

"What should keep me here?" he asked, with increasing bitterness. "There is no one to care where I am. I have no interests here; no——"

"That is true; unless you should change your mind about this lady—whom the relations have found for you."

"Since I love you!" he fairly groaned.

"Since I am the lady meant!" she said, with a mock curtsy. "Oh Rudolf, what a dunce you are not to know when a woman loves you."

It was some time before he got his senses back enough to talk rationally; but then he learned that his love had been returned from the beginning. Ermengarde and Max had been confidants. Max loved elsewhere. They had, until lately, allowed the relatives to believe that the betrothal between them would come about, because at first the idea of Rudolf might have been displeasing to the high and mighty clan.

"But never did I know a man so blind!" cried Ermengarde. "Well, I've told you, and now you can sail for America as soon as you please."

Rudolf did not sail for America, and did not fight Max, but married Ermengarde, and the day's misery ended by landing Rudolf in Paradise.

HELENE,

BY ANNIE ROBERTSON NOXON.

Oh! leave me not, this placid face,
These cold and tranquil eyes;
With which to cheer my dwelling-place,
Beneath those stranger skies.
No pictured shade I claim or need,
To bring them back to me;
The happy smile, the witching grace,
Which all belongs to thee.

Believe me, sweet, thine image fast,
Lies graven on my heart;
And all the pleasures of the past
Seem centered where thou art.
Deeply within my inmost soul,
There dwells a form divine;
An image by affection cast—
That form, beloved, is thine.

"WANTED—A YOUNG PERSON."

BY FANNIE HODGSON BURNETT.

Miss Robina laid down her pen, and gave her work a grave look of inspection—just such a look as she had been wont to bestow upon the copy-books of the young ladies, in the good old days when "the Misses Bird's select seminary" flourished.

"Rosalinda, my dear," she said, "I think that will do."

Miss Rosalinda, who was tatting in a very short-sighted manner at the other side of the table, glanced up, blandly, satisfied, as usual.

"Certainly, Robina," she answered. "It would be very strange if it would not."

It would have been very strange if she had thought it would not. The utterances of Miss Robina Bird, were always, to Miss Rosalinda Bird as the utterances of an oracle. So, when her sister remarked that she thought her work would do, she was sure, without even looking at it, that it would.

"Wanted—a young person," read Miss Robina, with dignity. "A young person, to act as companion and housekeeper to two maiden ladies. Duties varied, but light. A comfortable home, and moderate salary offered. Address Avis, General P. O."

Miss Rosalinda nodded her head, approvingly.

"There are people who might deem it an extravagance," said her sister, oracularly, and rather as if she had one of the persons in question in her mind's eye, "but I hope we know best what we can, and what we cannot afford."

"I hope we do," echoed Miss Rosalinda.

There was a momentary pause in which Miss Robina sat up as if braced by a back-board, her aspect very politely severe, indeed; and then Miss Rosalinda broke the silence by a meek, rather uncertain query.

"Are you—are you thinking of Mrs. MacWhister, Sister Robina?" she ventured.

"Rosalinda," enunciated Miss Bird, "I never think of Mrs. MacWhister. She is not the kind of person to be thought of advantageously under any circumstances."

"No, indeed," agreed Miss Rosalinda. "Of course not, Robina; but one's mind, you know—"

Miss Bird interposed.

"One's mind should be under control upon all occasions."

"Ye-es, indeed," faltered Miss Rosalinda, and subsided into nervous tatting.

In the days of the select seminary, Mrs. MacWhister, be it known, had been the rival establishment. Mrs. MacWhister was the hard-faced, sharp widow of a Scotch clergyman, who had died young, having been—as a bold young person in the first class put it—"Mrs. MacWhistered to death." Mrs. MacWhister had been even more select than the Misses Bird. She refused pupils whose parents were "in trade," and she flourished her selectness in the Misses Bird's faces. Her young ladies had been taught to regard the rival young ladies with cold disdain. They were encouraged to out-dress them at church; and once, when the bold young person in the first class was known to have referred to the rival proprietresses as "the two old Birds," she was not reproved. In fact, as far as it was possible for the good Miss Robina to live at the point of the knife with a fellow-being, she had so lived with Mrs. MacWhister in a majestic way.

Even after her retirement from the field, soon after the sisters had given up their school, and removed to the quiet, retired square, where they now lived, she did not outlive her scars. It was her favorite fiction, that she never condescended to bestow a thought upon her whilom enemy. Hence her momentary severity of demeanor.

And yet, singularly enough, when tea had been brought in, and she had taken her second piece of toast, she opened fire, as it were, upon her own account, thereby almost disarranging Miss Rosalinda's digestive powers.

"Poor child!" she said, with most inconsistent sternness. "Poor, broken-hearted child!"

"Poor!" exclaimed Miss Rosalinda. "Child, Robina?"

"Yes," answered Miss Robina. "I am thinking of poor little Beck Stuart."

"Oh, dear, yes!" said Miss Rosalinda. "Poor thing! Only that she was not little, Robina, but rather tall for a girl of seventeen."

"She was child enough to have been little." Miss Bird went on, shaking her head. "And the thought of her makes my blood run cold in my veins! Whatever her story has been since that bitter winter's night, there is only one person who can be called to account for it. That person's name I forbear to mention."

"It was Miss Briggs who told you about it, wasn't it?" Miss Rosalinda suggested.

"Yes; it was Miss Briggs. She called my attention to her one day, as the young ladies filed past; and she told me she was an orphan, and Mrs. MacWhister's niece. She taught the younger pupils; and a bitter life she had of it, they said. Poor child! And yet her proud, young spirit held her up, and she was the life of the school, with her pretty face and gay ways. For my part, though I had never seen her clearly, I was deeply interested in her; and never shall I forget the night when Isabella Briggs came into the room, crying. You were up stairs, with Miss Giggle's work, who had the measles, and said that something dreadful had happened at Mrs. MacWhister's, and pretty Beck Stuart had just rushed past the window, white and breathless, and without any hat on, only a shawl thrown over her arm. Isabella Briggs knew more of her than I did, and she has quite a fancy for her."

"Quite a fancy?" sighed Miss Rosalinda. "Being so plain herself. I think we never had a muddier complexion, or a more crossed pair of eyes, in the house, than poor Miss Briggs's; and under-teachers are not usually fortunate in their looks. She had a great weakness for pretty faces; and, besides, the girl had lent her an umbrella once, and had a kind, bright way, she said."

"Poor child!" said Miss Robina, helping herself sternly to another piece of toast. "Poor child, indeed!"

She had barely finished speaking, before she was startled entirely out of her majesty of manner by a sound behind her, which caused her to drop her toast, and exclaim, with a little jump,

"Dear me, Mary Anne! "This is really unbearable!"

The person addressed was a small maid-servant, who had been guilty of entering the room without knocking, and who, recollecting her blunder, and recognizing its enormity, stood covered with confusion.

"I beg your pardon, mem," she stammered. "I'm always forgetting, mem. It flies out of my head, like; and, if you please, mem, there's a young person."

"A young person!" ejaculated Miss Robina. "I must beg of you to be more definite, Mary Anne!"

"Yes, mem," answered Mary Anne. "If you please, mem, it's a young person as wants to see you."

"Miss Chickie, about the new dress, Robina," suggested Miss Rosalinda. "Show her into the room, Mary Anne."

Mary Anne obeyed. But it was not Miss Chickie. The "young person" was taller than Miss Chickie, and was also younger. She was a young person with a plain, black dress, and hat on, and a black veil covering her face. When she raised this veil, Miss Robina gave another little jump, and Miss Rosalinda followed her example. The face they saw was such a pretty, young face; but such a worn young face, and such a pale and unsmiling one, that it was a touching sight to see.

"I hope I am not too late," said the girl. "Miss Chickie——"

"Oh, it is about the dresses, then," put in Miss Rosalinda.

"No, madam," was the answer. "Miss Chickie heard you mention that you intended to advertise for a young person to occupy the position of housekeeper and companion, and she was so kind as to say that she thought I might fill the place. I am the bearer of a note from her."

"Pray, sit down," said Miss Robina, as she took the note.

It was quite a brief epistle. Having heard her patronesses mention their want, Miss Chickie took the liberty of recommending the accompanying young person. Her name was Snowe. She was an orphan, and had lodged with Miss Chickie for some time; and her manners were such, that Miss Chickie had become quite interested in her. She was not strong enough to sew constantly, and she was dependent upon her own exertions. Miss Chickie felt that the Misses Bird would excuse the liberty she had taken; and "remained the Misses Bird's obliged servant, Lucretia Chickie."

Miss Robina folded the note again.

"Very kind, indeed, of Miss Chickie," she remarked. "Very thoughtful. This is Miss Snowe, Rosalinda, and Miss Chickie recommends her to us strongly."

"Very kind of Miss Chickie," echoed Rosalinda.

The girl looked up at Miss Robina, a touching eagerness on her great, gray eyes.

"Miss Chickie has been very good to me," she faltered. "She takes a great responsibility upon her shoulders, in sending me here; but, if you would try me, I would not—I would not abuse her generous kindness, or yours."

"I am sure you wouldn't!" exclaimed little Miss Rosalinda, with timid enthusiasm. She saw that the gray eyes had tears in them, which seemed to have sprung there in a second.

"Rosalinda," said Miss Bird, "of course, not."

She was, under all her dignity, quite as soft-hearted and sentimental as her sister, but she

felt bound to sustain her business-like character. So she sat down near Miss Snowe, and began to ask questions.

"Rosalinda and I are no longer young," she explained, in her most practical manner; "and we begin to need rest from small cares. We thought, if we had an amiable young person to take little responsibilities upon herself: to write our notes for us, to read to us when we are tired, and to care for us when we are not well, we should find it pleasant, and a relief; and we decided to indulge ourselves."

"I should be willing, more than willing, to do all you wished," said the girl. "And it would be rest for me. If you knew what rest it would be."

Her gloved hands clasped themselves on her knee, and the look on her face scattered Miss Robina's practical coolness to the winds. She hesitated, and forgot herself.

"It was very thoughtful of Miss Chickie," she said, absently; "and I think you might suit us."

"I am sure she would," murmured Miss Rosalinda.

It was not, in the end, as strictly business-like an interview as Miss Robina would have liked to make it; and she could not help a secret regret that the classical advertisement must be sacrificed; but the pale, thin, youthful face was too much for her discretion, and the result of it was, that Miss Chickie's lodger was engaged as "housekeeper and companion to two maiden ladies."

Before a month had passed, both herself and Rosalinda had become so deeply interested for Janet Snowe, that they felt it would have cost them a great deal to dispense with her. The young face, which might have been so pretty in bloom and happiness, did not grow rounder, or less pale and sad, but it was always a sweet and patient face; and, somehow, it made itself quite dear to the two old ladies. No duty was ever forgotten; nothing was left undone, or done carelessly. Even Mary Anne's manners improved, and a certain thoughtful gentleness and gratitude made the long evenings seem very much shorter than they had been wont to seem when the two pairs of old eyes were too dim to read, or write, or sew. Ancient novel after ancient novel Janet Snowe discovered in circulating libraries, to read aloud for the delectation of Miss Rosalinda and Miss Robina, to whom modern novels were trying. Pages of Mrs. Hannah More did the Misses Bird doze gently under, and awaken, with regretful and deprecating little starts, to admire.

"I feel sure that she has an unhappy attachment, or that her friends wish her to make an uncongenial marriage," said Miss Rosalinda.: "She stands at the oriel window, and looks out just as Angelica Ormondsby used to do, in that beautiful novel of 'The Sufferings of the Orphan,' when Lord Mortimer was separated from her by their misunderstanding."

She was very fond of standing at the window mentioned, an oriel one, with an old-fashioned seat upon it, the old ladies noticed. She often took her sewing, and sat there, watching the children playing in the square. She seemed to like to see the little creatures. Indeed, the first time Miss Rosalinda ever saw her smile, was one morning when a manly little fellow of six or seven looked up at her, and nodded, and kissed his hnd.

"Do you know him?" Rosalinda asked. "He seems to know you."

The girl had apparently forgotten her presence. She turned round, with a startled face. So Rosalinda repeated her question.

"That pretty little boy," she said, "I asked you if you knew him."

"Yes," was Janet Snowe's answer. "I know—at least we have seen each other before."

"What a manly fellow he is!" commented Miss Rosalinda. "I wonder how old he is. About eight, I should say."

"Seven in March," said the girl, with a faint glow of pleasure in her eyes. "He is very manly for his age."

"Oh," said Rosalinda, "you know him quite well, I suppose." And then she nodded, and laughed at the child herself.

She saw him often enough afterward. After school-hours, in fine weather, she always saw him playing within view of their windows, and she began to observe that it was he whom Janet Snowe was watching. But this did not strike her as singular. She watched him herself, he was such a handsome child, and such an unusual sort of child—so manly and self-contained in an old-fashioned way. Sometimes he sat on a bench, and read; sometimes he played; and, several times, when he went away, Rosalinda saw him look up at the window, as if for approval, and saw Janet Snowe press her thin little hand almost passionately to her lips, in a farewell salute.

"She is so lonely that she has learned to be fond of him," commented the old maid; and when she told Robina, Robina was quite touched, and agreed with her that this must be the case. And she added, "Now, that winter has come, she does not see him often, and I think she is sadder. I surprised her the other day, when it was snowing. She was sitting there, looking out, and,

oh, so melancholy! It made my heart ache. She feels the confinement here, I suppose."

"Rosalinda," said Miss Bird, one morning, at breakfast, after the letters had been brought in, "here is a letter from Isabella Briggs."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Rosalinda. "What does she say?"

"That she is coming to town for the Christmas holidays, and will take the liberty of paying us a visit. An old assistant of ours, my dear," to Janet, "and a most excellent young person, Miss Briggs."

"Would you call her a young person," suggested Rosalinda.

"I should not call her an old person, Rosalinda," answered Miss Robina, with dignity. "Janet, my dear, you are not looking well, this morning."

She was not, indeed—not even as well as usual. But she smiled a little as she answered.

"I do not think I am ever very well," she said. "And this is not one of my best days. It is the weather, perhaps. This deep snow keeps us all in, you know."

But lightly as she treated the matter, she did not improve as the day went on. Miss Robina thought she was feverish, and advised a saline draught. Miss Rosalinda thought she was nervous, and suggested something soothing.

"You start if the door opens," she said, "and I can see your hands trembling. If you do not get better we must send for Dr. Floyd. Robina and I have great confidence in Dr. Floyd. He is a young man, but he has had a great deal of experience." And then she wandered off into a dissertation upon Dr. Floyd, who had a story—or at least looked as if he had one.

"A romance, I am sure, my dear," she said. "He is not more than thirty-two, and his hair has streaks of gray in it, and his face is so careworn and sad, as if he had had a great trouble. We are very fond of him, Robina and I, and we always send for him, though he lives quite at the other end of the city." And she shook her head over her tatting, and sighed.

But if Janet Snowe needed something soothing in the morning, Miss Rosalinda herself needed something soothing before night. At five o'clock Miss Briggs arrived—poor Isabella Briggs—in her oft-turned merino and melancholy bonnet, and with her one shabby little trunk, looking desolate upon the roof of a shabby cab, whose driver entered into an altercation on the subject of fare, and drove off muttering anathemas upon "ladies as was not ladies." Miss Bird was up stairs when the visitor arrived; but Miss Rosalinda met her at the door, and conducted her into the parlor, and then conducted her to her bedroom, and then conducted her back again, in a flutter of friendly feeling, and left her for a minute or so to go and bring her refreshments in the form of seed-cake and orange-wine.

It was as she was returning with these luxuries, that she received her shock. She saw Janet Snowe cross the passage, enter the door of the room in which Isabella Briggs was standing before the fire, and then she heard a cry in Isabella's voice—a little, wild, startled cry.

"Beck! Oh, Beck! Oh, my dear!"

She hurried forward, the orange wine upsetting itself upon the seed-cake on the plate. But at the door she paused, held back by a feeling something akin to fear.

Poor, shabby Isabella Briggs was holding the girl in her arms, crying over her hysterically; kissing her, and then holding her away, so that she might look at her face.

"Why did you go away?" Miss Rosalinda heard her say. "It nearly broke my heart! I wanted to care for you, in your pain. My poor girl! Oh, Beck, dear! My beautiful, poor girl!'

Janet Snowe was shaking from head to foot, and seemed scarcely able to speak.

"Hush, dear! Hush!" she said. "Don't make me break down, Bella. Don't!" And as she said these last words, Miss Rosalinda was reminded how young she was, for she said them like an over-tried child.

Miss Rosalinda began to tremble herself. The tears came into her eyes, and she slipped into the sitting-room near, and laid the cake and wine on a table.

"She called her 'Beck,'" she fluttered. "I will leave them to themselves. She—she called her 'Beck!'"

She went up to her own room, and sat down to calm herself. She wondered whether she ought to tell Robina. She wondered if she could keep the secret devoutly, if she did not. She knew she could not face the two below, and not betray herself, or at least betray that she was ill at ease.

"I am afraid to think what the mystery may be," she wept. "She called her 'Beck!' And what Beck did Isabella Briggs ever know, but that poor child at MacWhister's."

But she was obliged to go down at last, and then she was half-alarmed again by finding her position made easy for her. Janet Snowe and little Miss Briggs stood upon the hearth together, holding each other's hands. Janet was deathly pale. Isabella Briggs' nose and eyes were red with emotion and tears.

Janet made a step forward, and spoke.

"Miss Rosalinda," she said, "I have found an old friend, I thought I had lost. I owe Miss Briggs more grateful love than I can live long enough to pay her. She is the kindest friend I have on earth." And she bent down with a little sob, and kissed Isabella's shriveled hands.

"I'll not tell Robina," decided Rosalinda. "I couldn't do it if I tried. It is their secret, and not mine."

So she bore the burden within her kind, sentimental little heart; and sometimes she found it a rather trying one. She was constantly afraid of betraying herself. She grew so restless, that Miss Robina began to feel anxious about her, and threatened her with Dr. Floyd.

"I shall certainly send for him, if you do not improve," she said. "You are so absent-minded, that you stare at Isabella and Janet, sometimes, until I am sure they must object to it; and when I speak to you, you almost jump. I did not think nerves were a weakness of yours, Rosalinda."

Isabella Briggs had been with them nearly a month; and as her holiday was drawing to a close, she was beginning to speak sadly of packing the small trunk.

"I have had a long rest," she said, "and I shall have to work hard to make it up. Madame Smythkins'," shaking her head, "is not such an establishment as yours was, my dear Miss Bird."

It was during the afternoon, in the course of which she said this, that Miss Robina confided to her a little sisterly plan of hers.

"I know Rosalinda would not hear of such a thing, if I mentioned it to her beforehand," she remarked; "and so I have kept the matter to myself. I am anxious about Rosalinda. She is not herself; she needs attention. So, I have sent a line to Dr. Floyd, asking him to drop in this evening, in a friendly manner."

It was not a pleasant evening. The day closed in wet and dreary, and Miss Robina almost gave up the idea that her favorite would come.

"Though I have always found that I could rely upon him," she said to Miss Briggs.

But Miss Briggs could scarcely feel interested in the matter. She was in low spirits, and worked upon Rosalinda's tatting silently. They were all rather depressed, it seemed. Miss Bird forgot to ring for lights, and they sat in a circle before the fire, and had very little to say to each other. Miss Rosalinda sat in her arm-chair, and stared at the coals; Miss Robina closed her eyes, and dozed; Isabella Briggs tatted mechanically; Janet stood with a hand on the mantel-piece, and regarded her friend with heavy, wistful eyes.

But there came a change; such a change as no one of them could forget till their dying day. It was heralded by a ring at the front door-bell, by a man's voice in the hall, and then came the man himself, preceded by Mary Anne.

Miss Robina awakened, and rose to meet him, rather sleepily.

"Dr. Floyd," she said. "Rosabella, here is Dr. Floyd."

Dr. Floyd advanced, holding out his hand, and Miss Rosalinda extended hers, feeling rather nervous.

But it was never taken. Just at that moment the fire flamed up suddenly, and its brightness fell upon the white face of the girl standing near it, and then the man started forward, and Miss Rosalinda heard again the cry she had heard when Isabella Briggs had caught Janet in her arms, only this time it was wilder, and more shaken.

"Beck! Beck! Oh, God! Have I found you!"

But the girl drew back, holding up her hand in a passionate gesture.

"Don't come near me!" she said. "Don't come near me! Don't speak to me! Don't look at me!"

He would have caught her in his arms, but she would not let him. All her womanhood dropped away from her. She flung herself upon her knees at Isabella Briggs' feet, and clung to her like a child, sobbing wildly.

"Bella!" she cried out, "Keep me! Save me! Save me from him, as you saved me from myself! Don't let him touch me, Bella, or I shall die! For he is the man who broke my heart, and left me to face the world alone!"

Then little Miss Briggs was strong. She held the girl close to her breast; her little, meagre face glowed with honest anger, and her eyes flashed.

"Sir!" she said, "stand farther away from us, if you are a man at all! Leave us to ourselves. Leave my poor girl to me, as you left her to other strangers when she most needed your love and care. You are as hard as stone, and as cruel as the grave. God *may* forgive you, but I do not think He will."

He only stared at her, in a blind, dull fashion, and then he stretched out his hands with a groan.

"Beck!" he said. "Beck, child!

Miss Robina sank into her chair.

"Beck!" she gasped. "Janet! Isabella! Rosalinda!"

Miss Rosalinda, who had naturally burst into tears, wrung her hands.

"Robina," she said, "it is poor, pretty Beck Stuart!"

The girl stirred upon Miss Briggs' breast.

"Bella," she whispered, "tell them how I have deceived them. Ask them to forgive me."

So, Isabella Briggs told them.

"Her name is not Janet Snowe," she said, the tears running down her cheeks. "Her name is Rebecca Stuart, and she is the poor child I told you of eight years ago. When her father died, she had nowhere to go but to Mrs. MacWhister. She lived with her when she kept school in Dundee, and she had a bitter life. The summer the school was moved to London, Mrs. MacWhister gave her a holiday, and she went alone, poor child, to a little, quiet, sea-side town. When she was there, she met some one she had known, and liked, when she was at her father's house. It was a young man who had been one of her father's favorites. It was that man," pointing to Floyd. "And in those days he was young, and the kind of man who is always loved, whether he deserves it or not. Because I cannot bear to speak at any length, I will only tell you that, before the holiday was over, he had persuaded her to marry him, and she thought all her sorrow was over. She was happy for just three weeks, and then he told her that he must leave her for a few days; only a few days, to attend to some money matter. Well, he kissed her innocent lips, and went away; and from that day to this she never saw him again."

She would have continued, but Beck Stuart stopped her. She lifted her face, and looked up at Floyd.

"I will tell the rest," she said. "I know it best." She spoke in a hard voice, almost as if she was repeating a lesson.

"He went away, and he did not come back. I was only a child, sixteen years old, and I believed he would. I did not know where to write. I did not know what to do; and I could only wait. So I waited until I dare wait no longer, because the woman of the house frightened me with the things she said. I left her my address, and I went back to Mrs. MacWhister's. I had nowhere else to go. Then I waited there, but nothing came—not a line nor a word. And, at last, one night Mrs. MacWhister came to me, looking like a madwoman. She said she had found me out, and I had disgraced myself forever. She would not listen to a word I said, and in my misery I think I was mad, too. She told me to go, and I caught up a shawl, and ran out into the night. I think I wandered about the streets until morning, and then Bella found me. I don't know why she cared for me, but she did. She took me to a little house in a by-street, and then I went down upon my knees on the floor, and told her everything. She made me get up, and she cried and kissed me, and said she would try to help me, and no one should know. I made her promise not to tell. I stayed in that house for six months, and she gave me all the money she earned—I know she did. But I could not let her do it always, though she begged me to; so one morning I got up very early, and took my little boy in my arms, and I went away leaving her a letter. From that time to this I have fought for myself and Archie. It has been very hard sometimes, but I have done it. Miss Rosalinda," turning to the little old maid, "the little boy you have seen playing in the Square is my little boy. I told him to play there, so that I could watch him, because, only to see him comforts me, and makes me forget. He is different from other children, and he is all I have in the world."

She had scarcely finished speaking before Floyd held her in his arms. His face was white and wild, and his limbs shook under him; the passion of grief, and pity, and love in his eyes was terrible to see. He would not let her go; he held her close and fast.

"The mother of my child cannot refuse to hear me," he cried. "The mother of my child cannot condemn me unheard. I have that claim to plead, at least, thank God, thank God! Oh, Beck, my own! Do you think I have not a story to tell, too?"

A little moan broke from her lips.

"You left me," she sobbed; "you left me all alone."

"I left you, thinking I should hold you in my arms again in a few days, at farthest," he answered, his words poured forth with mad eagerness; "and but that Fate was so cruel to us, all would have been fair and smooth. Oh, how cruel Fate has been! The morning I bade you good-by, I thought myself the happiest man on earth. I was so full of hope and joy that I could scarcely contain myself. I was little more than a boy, and my heart was so light! When I reached London, I walked through the streets, instead of driving, and on my way I came upon a sight that stopped me. It was a woman crouching upon a door-step, moaning and shivering. I could not bear to pass her, and I stopped and spoke to her; but it seemed that she could not understand. She only looked up at me, and moaned afresh. Then I saw where the trouble lay. She was stricken with some desperate sickness, and was half-delirious. I could not go on then, so I did my best to help her. I called a

cab, and put her into it, and went with her to the nearest hospital, and did not leave her until I had seen her comfortably provided for. But, before I had accomplished this, I had made a discovery. This poor creature, whom I had supported in my arms, was stricken with the most loathsome of diseases. The house-surgeon called me aside, and told me that she was infected with small-pox, and he warned me to take all possible precautions at once. I went to my lodgings, and obeyed him in every trifle, but a dull fear seemed to seize upon me. That was why I would not write at first. I thought I would wait until the danger was over, if I escaped. But I did not escape. In a few days more I found I must give in, and then it was too late. It was weeks before my mind was clear. I lay at Death's door, and everybody deserted me but the old woman my doctor had engaged as nurse. Beck, my dear, for the sake of those childish, honeymoon days, and for the sake of the child I have never seen, say you believe me!"

She clung to him with a tempest of weeping. She held him as closely now as he had held her.

"Every word!" she sobbed. "Every word! Oh, how can I bear to hear it?"

"It was long before I could travel safely," he went on. "And though I wrote to you, I received no answer. But at last I might go, and I went; and, Beck, you were gone, and the little house stood empty."

"Empty!" she echoed.

"Empty. The woman who kept it had gone to Australia, to join her husband. She had left the house scarcely a week after you did."

Miss Rosalinda shook her head, and wiped her eyes afresh.

"Robina," she murmured, "Angelica Ormondsby——" But there her feelings overpowered her.

"I went to Dundee," continued Dr. Floyd, "though my long illness had left me a very indefinite impression of Mrs. MacWhister's address. But I did not find you. At that time, I know now, you were in London. We had been so near to each other, my poor love, and yet so far away. Then, in my despair and weakness, I fell ill again, and was helpless for months; but from that day to this, Beck, I swear that I never gave up my search for you. I should never have given it up, save with my life. Look at my face. See the gray streaks in my hair, and tell me whether a man who had been false could bear such marks as these."

She pulled the care-lined face down, and kissed it passionately, with all the remorseful abandon of a child. She kissed his hair; she even kissed his hands, and his coat. But in a moment more her strength gave way.

"Hold me close, Jack!" she cried, calling him by the old, boyish name he remembered so well. "Hold me close, Jack, and do not let me go! The sorrow did not kill me; but I think—I think the joy——" And she fainted upon his breast.

He carried her to the sofa, and laid her down; and, of course, for the next quarter of an hour, Miss Robina, and Miss Rosalinda, and Isabella Briggs, filled the room with a wild excitement of hurrying to and fro, and running against each other, and advising a score of remedies in chorus; and when the worst was over, and the girl opened her eyes, the three grouped themselves about her, and were all fain to fan her, and to apply smelling-salts at once. But Beck only saw her husband; and when he knelt at her side, she curled her slender arm about his neck.

"Jack," she whispered, "send somebody for my baby. He is seven years old, but he is my baby yet. Send somebody for my baby."

Then Isabella Briggs stepped forward.

"Let me go," she pleaded. "He knows me. He is my baby, too, Beck."

"Yes," said Beck. "Kiss me, Bella, and go."

And Bella went, and did her errand well. And she who had saved Beck from despair and death, gave Beck's child into her father's arms, and thanked God, in her simple, kindly heart, that her work was done.

RELEASED.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

Sara lay with her white arms folded
Across, in a meek embrace,
And a light and beauty immortal
Spread over her pale, young face.

We felt that this world's dull prison
Held captive a soul that pined;
That the eyes that were onward gazing,
Were casting no glance behind.

And yet we prayed she might linger,
And hoped for a respite brief;
Could she but stay till Autumn,
And fade with the falling leaf.

But our love was only cheating
Conviction that gave us pain,
For a beautiful form, white shrouded,
Was soon where our love had lain.

THE DAUGHTER OF JERUSALEM.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

CHAPTER I.

He opened his eyes feebly, with a vain effort to recall the past. But he was only conscious that he lay in a tent, that a corner of the tent was raised at the foot of his bed, and that through this aperture he could see camels tethered, the sand-hills of the desert, and a few stars low down on the black Arabian sky.

Where was he? How came he here? He closed his eyes again in the painful effort to understand it all.

Slowly, and, at first, very vaguely, it returned to him. The march through the desert from Egypt, the Bedouins' attack, and the desperate resistance against overwhelming odds. He remembered seeing all his comrades fall, except two. He remembered how, with his back set against a rock, fighting on foot in the manner of the legionaries, he and they, at the last, had been about to fall beneath the fiery lances that wheeled and shouted in their front, when, suddenly, the tramp of horse was heard, a cloud of dust rose between him and the setting sun, a gleam of spears broke from the cloud, and with a rush like a whirlwind, a hundred warriors swept the Bedouins away. But after that he forgot nearly everything. Exhausted by the loss of blood, stunned by the sudden reaction from despair to hope, he had fallen senseless at the feet of his deliverers.

He had, nevertheless, a vague idea of being lifted up and borne on a litter; of suffering violent pain; and then of losing all sense and consciousness in perfect oblivion. As his mind feebly strove to recall all this, he became conscious that a cool hand was laid on his brow. He opened his eyes again, and looking up, saw a vision of such surpassing beauty, that, involuntarily, he uttered a low exclamation.

Human nature is the same, substantially, in all ages. At five-and-twenty there are few men insensible to the charm of a lovely face. The period of our story is that of the first century of the Christian era, and the wounded traveler was a Roman officer, who had been attacked by Bedouins while bearing dispatches from Egypt to Jerusalem. But as he looked up and saw the face that bent over him, made more beautiful than ever by its tender pity, he fell as fully and suddenly into love as if he had lived in this nineteenth century. He had seen, in his days, all the most beautiful women of the then civilized world; but neither the stately grace of the Roman, nor the ravishing loveliness of the Greek, nor the mystic, night-like beauty of the Egyptian, rivaled that of the face beside him. It was a face more Oriental than either: a face also of greater power. The eyes that gazed down on him were like the stars of midnight skies. But the instant he spoke, the fair intruder turned, and was gone. A light, elastic footstep; the musical rustle of soft garments; a half-shy, half-pitying glance, as she lifted a corner of the tent: and then he was alone.

He was puzzled more than ever. Such a face, he well know, was not to be found in the tent of a wandering Bedouin. Besides, he had noticed that her garments were not of Arab fashion, and were made of the costliest stuffs.

The effort to comprehend this mystery was too much for his weak brain, and closing his eyes with a sense of faintness, he sank into sleep.

When he awoke again, the night must have been far advanced, for the tent-flap was closed, and a light was burning beside him. It was the touch of firm fingers on his wrist that aroused him. He looked up, and saw a man of venerable aspect, richly attired.

"You have slept long and well," said the visitor, in the Latin tongue. "The fever is gone. Your hurts, though severe, are not dangerous. In a few days you will be able to travel again."

"For which I must thank you, most noble sir," replied the invalid. "I recall your face now. It was you who rode at the head of the troop that rescued me from the Bedouins. It is the skill of your leech, doubtless, that has brought me back from the shores of Styx. I am not ungrateful; and Caius Julius Atilia, for I am a Roman noble, has some little influence."

"Ah! are you, indeed, of the Atilia family?" was the answer. "I knew, then, your father. I am a Hebrew; but I have been in Rome, and more than once. In my own land, they call me Prince of Jerusalem."

"A Hebrew prince!" exclaimed the young man. "I thought I was among Arabs."

"No! Even the thieving Bedouins are hardly real Arabs. They are outcasts rather, such as

are to be found on all frontiers: the true Arabs stay further in the desert, and live on their countless flocks and herds. It was when coming from a visit to the chief of one of the mightiest of these tribes, that I saw you, sore beset, and hastened to your succor. Our tents were about to be pitched in this green spot, and thither I bore you. But we have talked enough for the present: the night wanes; take this potion; in the morning we will have further converse."

The young Roman saw that expostulation would be useless, so he swallowed the draught, lay back on his pillow, and was soon asleep.

But his first thought, when he woke, was of the fair apparition. The day passed, however, and yet she did not appear. In her stead came his venerable host.

"Nothing could be more favorable than your symptoms," said the latter, feeling the invalid's pulse. "In a very few days we shall be able to resume our journey."

"I beg, I hope," interrupted the young man, "that you will not delay it on my account. I feel quite strong." He made an attempt to rise, but sank back exhausted. "Ah! I am weaker than I thought. However, leave me here—my own attendants, such as survive, will suffice to take care of me, or, if not——"

But here his host interposed.

"You do not know our nation, or you would not talk thus. When a stranger has once come within our gates, he is sacred to us: if needs be, we will die in his defense. And my house," and a proud look came over his face, "has ever been foremost, even among our princely houses, in recognizing the rites of hospitality. In this case, too, it is a pleasure, and not merely a duty, for, as I hinted before, I knew your family. I met your father once, in Rome, at the house of Agrippa; and was afterward entertained by him in his own palace. I am only returning, therefore, the kindness then shown to me."

"But with interest," said the young man.

"When you are fit to be removed," continued the host, "we will set forth, by easy stages; and as you will still be too weak to be left to the care of strangers, I shall carry you to my own house: it is just outside the walls of Jerusalem, in a cool and airy location, the very place for a convalescent. There, it is all arranged. Not a word! You are my prisoner, if you will not be my guest."

He smiled as he spoke, a smile of rare sweetness, which lit up wondrously a countenance that, in repose, seemed too harsh. It now flashed on the young Roman that this was the same smile he had seen on the face of the fair apparition, and that his unknown nurse must be the old man's daughter. The next words of his host confirmed this.

"Or, if you will not listen to me, I shall bring in my daughter as my ally," he said. "She has been your principal nurse. With our people, the women play the parts of physician and surgeon: they do it more deftly than men; and they have, at least we Hebrews think, even greater skill. My daughter knows simples of sovereign efficacy, the secret of which has come down, in our family, from the times of our great father Abraham. You yourself are an example of their power. Had you fallen into the hands of a common leech, you would have been tortured, by this time, into a high fever; but Miriam, by using cold water freely, and administering judiciously a few simple remedies, has brought you already to such a condition, that nature will soon do the rest."

"It *was* your daughter, then," stammered the sick man, "that I saw, last night."

"Yes! She thought you still in a stupor, and stole in to bathe your head, and to observe your symptoms."

"I—I long to thank her—in person," said the young man, with strange embarrassment, and rising, in his enthusiasm, on his elbow. "I owe a life, you know, to her—and to you," he added, coloring, and afraid he had betrayed himself.

"As soon as you can sit up, she will be glad to receive you. Few are like her. She is the image of her dear mother, and my Salome was the best of her sex." He wiped away a tear, hurriedly, adding, "Excuse me! But it is in our blood to love intensely, and to love forever. More than ten years have passed, since my wife was gathered to our fathers, but I mourn for her yet with a grief that knows no alleviation."

When, a few days after, the young Roman saw the prince's daughter again, he became more hopelessly in love than ever. "With what grace she moves," he said to himself. "How serene and heavenly her countenance in repose; and with what intelligence it lights up when she speaks! Never before did accents so musical fall from woman's lips"

"Come what may," he soliloquized, a few days after, "I will win and wed her, if I can. What care I if she is a Hebrew? Her family is as noble as mine. Among her sex she is simply peerless."

Still later, he said, "Ah! if I could only think she returned my passion. But, though always kind, she is reticent and shy. I suppose she thinks me a monster of ignorance and brutality,

if not even of heathenism! her race believe themselves to be set apart from, and above, all others; her father, the prince, would rather see her dead, I suppose, than wedded to a Roman."

It was in no very sanguine mood, therefore, that the young man accompanied his host homeward. They went by easy stages, so as not to fatigue the convalescent. During these days little was seen of Miriam, who traveled with her women, on white dromedaries. But when, on the last evening, the cavalcade approached Jerusalem, even the young Roman forgot something of his despondency; for there, before him, rose wall on wall, battlement on battlement, turret on turret, tower on tower; and behind them white palaces, gleaming in the setting sun with their marbles of multiform color; and above them all the great Temple of the Most High; the whole glittering like ten thousand jewels: jasper, and emerald, and sapphire, and beryl, and onyx: the type of that New Jerusalem, which the Prophet saw in his vision at Patmos, and of which the young Roman was destined to hear, in the darker days coming, which happily he could not now foresee.

CHAPTER II.

MIRIAM, her father, and their guest, were sitting, toward sunset, on the terrace, in front of the Prince's villa. The day had been extremely sultry, and the cool, westerly breeze, that had in it just a suggestion of the far-off Mediterranean, was indescribably refreshing after the heats of the noon.

"How beautiful those hills are," said the young Roman. "You seem to have brought every available bit into cultivation, too. Your acclivities, even the steepest, are terraced to the top."

"It has always been a land flowing with milk and honey," said the Prince, proudly. "For ages, remember, it has been densely populated, and under the highest cultivation. Yet I often think, that, if man should devastate it, it might become almost deserted, and grow to be as sterile as parts of Syria. Look at that fair city yonder, and how it shines in the sunlight." For Jerusalem rose, like a beautiful vision, on its hills across the valley. "Perhaps, even in our time, its streets may become desolate, and owls hoot in its watch-towers."

"It is not possible," said the young man, earnestly. "Who would do this?"

"Your people, my son."

"Our people! Rome, you mean?"

"Yes! Do you not see that it is the destiny of your nation to aspire after universal dominion?"

"But surely, your beautiful city will remain intact, whatever may happen. Your people will accept the citizenship, as others have. We shall all alike be Romans."

How proudly he spoke the words! 'I am a Roman citizen," was still a talisman, at which hostile kings turned pale.

"You do not know my race. They are stubborn, almost fanatical, especially the lower orders: they will fight to the last man, sooner than be conquered; and, when all is lost, will slay themselves, their wives and children. It may be in the counsels of the Most High, that Rome, for some wise purpose, as yet not generally suspected, should have universal dominion. But there is not one Hebrew in a thousand who will believe it, and the storm, of which, even now, we hear mutterings in Galilee, may overwhelm us all. The greatest, the last, of our Prophets, be his Name reverently spoken, has predicted that the end is close at hand."

Miriam, during this conversation, had been growing more and more uneasy. With her fine tact, she saw that this was a subject on which her father, and his guest, could hardly agree. She hastened, therefore, like a true woman, to change the conversation.

"Do not let us, father, sadden our guest, with anticipations of our country's future," she said. "He needs all bright and joyful things to restore him fully to health. Stay, I will sing for you. Shall I?"

"If you will be so kind," said the guest, with a fervor that brought the quick blood to her cheek. "I do not know how it is, but we have no such voices in Italy."

She sang accordingly, and he listened entranced. When she had finished one song, he begged for another, and so the time passed till the sun sank below the horizon, and the stars came out brilliant and palpitating against the deep blue sky. Then attendants brought wraps for Miriam, and the Roman drew his toga close about him, for the night air grew suddenly chill.

"Do you know," said the young man, after a silence of some moments, turning to the Prince, "that I admire, more than anything else I see here, the manner in which you treat your women. In Egypt women are but little more than slaves. In Greece they are either household drudges or meretricious toys. Even with us, even with those of the older blood, where the marriage tie is one of peculiar significance and sanctity, woman is not entirely the equal of man. But here, wife and husband, father and daughter,

sister and brother, seem to be absolutely on the same footing. Your women share the thoughts and aspirations of the men: they talk with you on the same subjects; and yet I do not see that they are less truly feminine than ours, but rather more so."

A quick look of gratitude shot from the usually shy eyes of Miriam, which the speaker was fortunate enough to catch, and it made his heart beat high with hope. Never, as yet, had he received such a look.

"We even have our prophetesses," said the maiden, in a sudden glow of happiness aand enthusiasm. "Our Sacred Writings are full of their doings."

"I have heard much of those Sacred Writings," said the young Roman, seizing an opportunity for which he had been long waiting. "I would fain learn more of them. You know," he added, "that our cultivated classes no longer believe in the mythology of our fathers. Many are atheists at heart. I cannot be that, for I cannot live without faith; and in your Holy Word, perhaps, I might find peace."

Miriam's heart gave a great bound for joy, and then stood still. These were words for which she had never dared to hope. We have spared the secrets of her sex, up to this point, but it would be folly now to deny that she had not remained indifferent to the very evident admiration of their guest. His manly form, his high-bred air, his speaking countenance, the nobility of his sentiments, the eloquence with which he discussed questions with her father, and the close intimacy in which she had now lived with him for the last fortnight, had produced their natural effect on her virgin heart. Not naturally impressionable, she yet was a woman; and here, for the first time, she had met her ideal. But she knew the prejudices of the average Roman; his lofty scorn of all other races; and especially his particular aversion to what he considered the sullen, hateful Hebrew. An impassable barrier existed, she had fully believed, between her and their guest. But now, oh, blissful certainty! all this had vanished. Of his own free will he had declared his wish to study the Hebrew record. What could it mean but one thing? He was ready, for her sake, to renounce his creed.

"My daughter," said her father, "is skilled in all the learning of our religion. During your convalescence you can read our Holy Books with her. Our faith is no new one. It is older than the oldest. The twelve tables were delivered to Moses even before your great Founder drove his ploughshares around the Palatine. When Abraham communed with God, in the deserts of Mesopotamia, the Persian had not invaded Greece. Men, like myself, who have studied history, have come to the conclusion that certain nations have specific missions confided to them by the Almighty. To Greece was given the task to develope the beautiful. Her temples and her statues have never been equalled, and I doubt if they ever will. The destiny of Rome is to give order and law to the world, and for that reason, as well as for others, she is to conquer all nations, and bring them within their fold." He sighed.

"And yours? For surely so great a people must have a mission also."

"Ours is the noblest of all," answered the Prince, drawing himself up proudly. "It is to give a living faith to mankind. It was to us that the Most High himself appeared on Sinai. To us He promised this Messiah. For our religion, remember, is not a stationary one, like others; it is a religion of development also, and that development comes through this Messiah. But more of this another time. The night grows too cool for my old blood, and your invalid veins. Daughter, lead the way."

The days, that followed, came and passed, like a happy dream. Together Miriam and her guest perused the Hebrew Scriptures. To the young Roman, to whom they were fresh and new, they came with singular force, with an innate conviction of their inspiration. The Prophets especialy fixed and mastered him. He was never weary of referring to them, or to some of the sublime passages of the Psalms. And daily Miriam grew more and more tender; and a new light was seen in her eyes; and her voice had a sweeter tone. Her father wondered what had come to her, and said to himself, "She is more and more like my dead Salome."

But to this happy dream there came a rude awakening. Their guest was now able to take exercise, both on foot and in the saddle, and they made numerous excursions about the neighborhood. At last, one day, it was proposed to visit the city. "We have a house there, where we reside in winter: they call it a palace," said Miriam, blushing, "and I suppose it is well worth seeing. We will go there this morning, you and I, for my father has some affairs to attend to; and I will show you city life in Jerusalem, so that when you return home, you can contrast it with that of Rome."

So they went, and spent a blissful day, a day that neither ever forgot. But as they were returning through the narrow street, their cavalcade was stopped by a great crowd.

"What is it?" said the young Roman. "I see a wild, fanatical-looking man, with tattered garb,

and a long staff, and a crowd following him. What is he saying?"

"Listen," answered Miriam, with sudden awe in her voice. "He comes nearer."

By this time this strange object had approached within a few paces, the throng parting hurriedly to make way for him. His eyes were bloodshot, his beard was disheveled, his gray hair floated like a wild banner through the air. He ran on, apparently seeing neither to the right nor to the left, although his head turned incessantly, now this way, now that. The young Roman, by this time, knew enough of the Hebrew tongue to understand what was ordinarily said, and he now caught the wild words with which this madman, as he thought, was infecting the crowd.

"Woe, woe to Jerusalem!" cried the man. "Woe, woe, woe!"

As he passed the cavalcade, he looked at Miriam, and cried "Woe, woe!" then turning to the young Roman, he cried, "woe, woe!" again, more loudly than before.

The next moment he had passed, and the crowd closing around him, he was lost to sight. But still, distinct and awful, though fainter and fainter, came the cry, "woe, woe to Jerusalem!" till even the stout heart of the young man, a heart not given to superstitious forebodings, chilled with a sudden fear.

"Who is he?" he said, at last.

"Have you not heard?" Miriam spoke with an awed voice, and under her breath. "Many, many years ago—it was when my father was quite a young man—there arose a great Teacher in our country. But he had many enemies, and at last, here, in Jerusalem, a popular tumult broke out, and the mob demanded His death. The Roman governor, it was in Pilate's time, hesitated; he could see no evil in the accused, he said. But at last he yielded, though not till he had called for water, and dipping his hands in it, said he washed himself free of the guilt."

For awhile she was too much moved to go on.

"They scourged him, and mocked him," she continued, the tears in her eyes, and her voice vibrating with indignation, "and as he went to execution, a man in the crowd jeered. The Teacher turned, the story goes, and said, but with ineffable mildness, 'Tarry till I come.' This is the man! And it means," she said, with a broken voice, "that he is to wander on forever, till the Day of Judgment. This happened forty years ago. He was fifty then, and looks no older now. And so it will be to the end."

Her listener heard her with amazed surprise. But he checked the words, that at first rose to his lips.

"I think I have heard something of this before," he said, however. "The Teacher, of whom you speak, was called the Nazarene, was he not?" In spite of his high-bred resolve not to show what he thought, a slight sneer crept into his voice.

The tone of ill-concealed contempt went like a dagger to Miriam's heart. She made no answer. What could she say? The sneer was not only an everlasting severance of their affection, but seemed to her almost impious in itself.

For Miriam and her father, as the reader may, by this time, have suspected, were secretly Christians. She saw now, that, though her lover might have married one of the Hebrew faith, he, like most of his race, was so prejudiced against Christianity, that accord between him and her was impossible.

Little more was said during the journey back to the villa. To all her companion's attempts at conversation, Miriam replied only in monosyllables, and the moment they alighted, she excused herself on the plea of a headache, and fled to her room.

Once there, she flung herself on her bed, and burst into a passion of tears. As a Christian she had already given up her lover. Alas! as a woman, she had not, and she felt, almost, as if she could not.

In bitter, bitter struggles, often conquered, but ever renewed, the night waned on.

CHAPTER III.

At last she fell asleep. But her slumbers were feverish, and she awoke unrefreshed. She rose early, and went out into the terraced garden, for a walk, and to gain strength.

She was standing, with her hands clasped before her, gazing abstractedly at the sun rising above the turrets and battlements of Jerusalem, when an approaching step caused her to turn. A patriarchal figure, somewhat bent with age, but whose face was still full of fire and energy, was coming down the walk. She ran forward, with both hands extended.

"Welcome, welcome, my father," she exclaimed, using the title with which Christians, even at that early day, had begun to address their spiritual pastors. "We have not seen you for some time."

"The peace of God be with you, my daughter," he said, stretching forth his hands in benediction, while she bowed her head, for a moment, before him. "No, I have been beyond Jordan, to visit some of the faithful. Nor should I have returned, even now, if it had not been borne in

upon me that you were in need of my counsels. Is it not so, my child?"

He looked keenly at her as he spoke. The color rose to her brow, and her eyes fell before him. Then a great sadness came to her face.

"Open your heart to me, my daughter," he said, tenderly, laying a hand on her head. "You do not look happy. Is it—is it anything connected with this young Roman noble?"

At any other time, Miriam might have been able to control her feelings; but she was exhausted by the anguish of the night, and she burst into tears.

"Ah! as I feared," he said. "Poor, poor child!" His hand dwelt caressingly on the bowed head beside him, as if it had been that of a daughter of his own.

Miriam wept on, her face buried in her hands.

"Nor do I wonder at it," he continued. "I have seen, from the first, that he loved you. But consider, my daughter, he is a worshipper of false gods, and you, you are a Christian."

"I have considered," sobbed Miriam. "I have considered, and I have given him up forever."

"That is well, my child. The great apostle, in an epistle which he has just written to one of the churches, discourages, as you know, alliances between believers and unbelievers. We have a hard fight before us, if we would win the crown. But, blessed be God, He gives strength to those who struggle, yes, and peace, perfect, eternal peace, at last."

"Bnt, father," said Miriam, timidly, "he might become a Christian. Let him once hear the blessed truth——"

"Alas! alas! my child," he said, interrupting her, "lean on no such broken reed. If you had remained a Hebrew in faith, it might have been different. Agrippa married Berenice. But ours is a despised sect. As yet, as a rule, only the poor belong to it. He would consider it a disgrace, to which his haughty blood never could submit, to wed a Nazarene."

"Yes, yes, I knew it," sobbed Miriam.

An infinite pity came into the old man's face.

"My daughter," he said, "the path that lies before us, who profess the true faith, is not one of roses. But it is the path He trod before us, and He trod it without complaining. What says the inspired Word? 'The burden of our iniquities was laid on Him.' 'He was led like a lamb to the slaughter.' If there was any doubt of His teachings, if this world was the all in all, we might say to ourselves, 'eat, drink, and be merry.' But I know," and here the aged man rose on his feet, and stood over her, his tall figure seeming to dilate to colossal proportions, while his face glowed with a Prophet's fire, "that there *is* a Resurrection of the Dead, and everlasting bliss for those who hold fast to the end. My daughter, remember, remember, He died for us. I have talked, in person, with the blessed apostles, who saw His ascension. I stood by when Stephen was stoned, and beheld his face, as that of an angel, when Heaven opened, and the saints in glory were revealed to him. Oh, my child! my child! stand fast. The Evil One tempts us in many guises. He has come, in this winning shape, to tempt you now."

Miriam answered, with a firm voice, inspired by his enthusiasm.

"Fear not! I will tread the path, and unflinchingly, father."

"God give you strength," he said, as he left her.

Her resolution was soon put to the test. Her aged pastor had hardly disappeared when another step was heard on the walk, a step she recognized as that of her lover. With a great effort she controlled her emotion, and met him with a smile of welcome.

Something inexplicable in that greeting, however, he could not tell exactly what, chilled the lover. He had come to declare his love for Miriam, but at this he thought of postponing what he had to say. But further suspense, he felt, would be intolerable. So he spoke at once.

He was eloquent by nature, even impassioned, and never had he been more eloquent than he was now.

Miriam heard him in silence, but with downcast eyes, and fast-changing color. When he had finished, she made a great effort, and looked him bravely in the face.

"But I am a Christian," she said. That was all. Then her heart stood still.

"A Christian! A Christian!" He recoiled from her unconsciously as he spoke.

Nor can words describe the horror of that exclamation. It is almost impossible, indeed, in this nineteenth century, to understand the feeling of a high-born Roman toward Christianity. It was not only that he regarded it as a delusion, not only that he despised it as a religion merely of the poor; but he had been taught to consider it as stained with the foulest, even the most obscene rites. He really knew nothing of it except from hearsay, but that attributed to it the sacrifice of infants at secret meetings, and affirmed that it practised at the Agapæ, or love-feasts, things which would have been revolting even at the orgies of Bacchus. Pliny regarded it with distrust, almost with abhorrence. So did his august master, the emperor Trajan, not ordina-

rily unjust or harsh. So did, still later, Marcus Aurelius, though, perhaps, no man ever lived, who, being a heathen, had in him so much of the real essence of Christianity. If Miriam had told her lover that she practised incantations, that she was another Locusta, he would not have been more thunderstruck.

"But—but," he stammered, regaining speech, "I thought you were of the faith of Moses; and surely none despise these Christians more."

"I was born in that faith, but my father and I have long been Christians. Christianity is but a development of the other. The Prophets always pointed to a Messiah, and the Messiah has come."

"A Christian! A Christian!" He uttered the words as if he hardly knew what he was saying, but in tones of anguish, that went to Miriam's heart. "Oh! Almighty Jove," and he lifted both arms, extended wide, to the sky, "let not my reason go. I would rather she had said she was a sorceress."

"I think I had better go within," said Miriam, with dignity. "You will excuse me, I know, from the morning meal."

"Forgive me, forgive me!" he cried. "I think I am mad already. Do not go yet. Hear me but a moment."

He tried to take her hand, but she withdrew it behind her.

"You do not mean it," he cried, incoherently. "It is but a dream, an insane dream. You will not put a barrier, forever, between us." As she still moved on, he interposed before her. "And but yesterday I was so happy! Vain fool that I was. I began even to hope you loved me. Oh! unsay those words. Anything, anything, but a Christian!"

"And I hoped, also," began Miriam. Then checking herself, she added, "But I will not say what I hoped. A gulf divides us that is impassable. But may the God in whom I believe," and she raised her eyes reverently towards heaven, "may that God make you happy, and bring you at last to the truth. In that blessed event," and here her voice almost broke down, and great tears, despite herself, rolled along her cheeks, "we shall meet once more—never to be separated—in a happier and better world."

She was gone. By a swift movement down a side-path, she escaped from him, and fled toward the house.

But suddenly, before she had gone many steps, she was confronted by her aged pastor, who, having seen the interview, still lingered about the ground, divining that he would be needed.

He took her hand, and led her silently to a corner of the terrace, where the precipice fell sheer down, and whence, lying over to the east, the city could be seen in all the splendor of the new-risen sun.

In the foreground, and just across the valley, was a steep, long hill, that, quite within a generation, had been, for the first time, included within the walls, when what was called the New City had been built. The top of this acclivity could just be seen above the wall, and glowed, in the radiance, like molten gold.

"See, it is Calvary, and Calvary transfigured with glory," he cried. "One mightier than we bore His cross up its flinty pathways; a cross infinitely heavier than any that is laid on us. Be of stout heart, daughter; for so shall you win the crown. Your Calvary is before you. Up, up, and faint not! All around seems to you night, ay! utter darkness. But face the stony steep! Toil on. Look not back. And when your arms clasp His Cross at the summit, when you fall, prostrate and bleeding, at His feet, you, too, shall have your aureole, my daughter."

TO BE CONTINUED.

BLIND.

BY MRS. MARY F. SCUYLER.

The world is fair, but not, alas! for me;
I see not either verdant hill or plain;
Sense tells me lowering clouds are in the air;
I stretch my hand, and feel the falling rain.
The leafy woodlands are one chaos dark,
And Nature's minstrelsy a sightless sound.
Oh, God! that all must be a sealed book,
And in the iron bands of darkness bound!

They say the skies are blue. I raise mine eyes,
But only darkness meets my blinded view.
The stars are bright; I strain my darkened gaze,
But nothing see, not e'en the azure blue.

I know the flowers are near. I stoop to grasp,
With eager hand, the glowing petals bright.
I miss the rose, and gather only thorns,
Then weep to think my day is always night.

I hear the river murmuring at my feet,
And know I stand upon the pebbly shore;
The fragrant lilies now my senses greet;
With loving touch, I trace their soft leaves o'er.
I know their color, shape, and size, and now
I drink the fragrant perfume of their breath.
But still I cannot see them. Grant, oh, Heaven,
To me one moment's sight, then welcome Death!

THE WRONG GREEN BOW.

BY MARGARET MEERT.

One day, Miss Katie Bertram received the following letter:

"*New York, Dec.* 20.

"All right, Katie. I will be there without fail; 5 P. M. train from Boston. You say you are afraid of not knowing me. I think there is no doubt of that. I fancy there is not much change from the freckle-faced boy, in kilts and striped stockings, who was your cousin when last we met. Perhaps I won't know *you*. I am a bashful fellow, when it comes to accosting a handsome young woman. Can't you hang out some signal? Couldn't you tie a piece of green ribbon on your sleeve, or something, by way of making sure?

Affectionately, your cousin, TOM.

"P. S.—The more I think of it, tie on the ribbon."

"Capital!" thought Miss Katie Bertram. "What fun! I'm not the least afraid of missing him. But the green ribbon will be a variation on the usual order of things."

So she carefully bestowed, in the corner of her traveling-bag, a coquettish knot of green ribbon, to be pinned on her sleeve when she should near New York.

Certainly, it was an important matter, this guardianship of wandering young women. Witness this other letter, received a few days later; not in Boston, where Miss Bertram received hers, but on the platform of a certain rural railway station, where two young girls, one of them in traveling costume, were walking up and down, waiting for the train:

"MY DEAR KATHERINE," it said, "I shall expect thee on Tuesday. Do not allow thyself any uneasiness upon thy arrival in New York. I have arranged that my nephew, Mr. John Hanford, shall meet thee at the train. Thee had a childish acquaintance with my nephew, I believe. Get out of the car, as soon as it stops, and he will be waiting on the platform for thee. Thee will have no difficulty whatever.

"I hope thee will have a more propitious day for thy journey than the gloomy days we have been having.

"Thee must give my kind love to thy sister.

"Thy sincere friend,

"SOPHIA HANFORD."

"That makes me feel a great deal better, Nelly," said Katie Coulter, as she folded up the letter of her Quaker friend. "She told me before, that some one would meet me, but I like to be sure. It would frighten me out of my senses to get there so late, all alone. You know how dark it is now at five o'clock. I have read such dreadful stories—haven't you?—about meeting all sorts of dreadful people, hackmen, and dishonest people. Dear me! I do hope Mr. John Hanford will pounce right on me by instinct. I used to know him when he was a little boy, but that was ever so long ago. But suppose he shouldn't know me, Nelly? What should I do?"

"Nonsense, Katie! Just you be quiet, and on the look-out; and don't dare to speak to any man who don't speak to you. Here comes the train. Good-by! Write directly you get there: I shall be anxious to hear."

"Give me my bag. Where's the shawl? Oh, my umbrella! Where *is* my umbrella? Quick, Nelly! There it is, behind you. Oh, Nelly, you did not put on the elastic, to fasten it, as you said you would!"

"Never mind. Take it as it is. Make haste!"

"Take it that way—all flying open? Never! Go to New York with that wild looking thing! Give me something to tie it with—quick, Nelly! Your belt! Your watch-chain! Anything!"

"Oh, I can't! I havn't anything!" cried the distracted Nelly.

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor.

"Here! Your cravat will do!" And before Nelly could catch her breath, being half-choked from the impetuous assault made upon her, the train was gliding away, with a fleeting vision of Katie's head at a window, nodding vigorously, and shaking her trophy. Nelly's green cravat.

Into many silent fits of laughter did the demure-looking Katie fall during her day's journey, as she contemplated her little umbrella, tied with a jaunty green bow, and thought of Nelly's bewildered face as she stood by the station door.

To be secure, and quite comfortable, in the broad, reassuring daylight, with plenty of cheerful, talking people around her, was an easy thing to our country-bred Katie; but when the shadows of evening fell, her heart fell with them.

Into the great city they rolled at length; into the great station, glittering with lights, echoing with bells; steam whizzing, engines running hither and thither, trains arriving and departing in systematic confusion. Katie Coulter felt terribly bewildered, but she held fast to her instructions. Grasping shawl and bag, she marched boldly forth, her umbrella, with the irrepressible green bow, well to the front.

She had scarcely put her foot to the ground, when her bag was caught from her hand, and a voice cried,

"Well, Miss Kate, this surely must be you!"

Katie started, almost as much as if she had been caught up by one of those "dreadful people" of her imagination. Then she knew that this must be Mr. John Hanford.

"Yes, I think it is," she answered, half laughing, and surrendering her shawl at the same moment. "How quickly you knew me!"

"Come this way," he said, as they threaded the crowd. "I have a carriage here. Give me your checks."

In a few moments Katie and her possessions were packed on the back-seat of the carriage. The young man sprang in, took the seat facing Katie, slammed the door, and away they went, down the avenue.

"And now," said her companion, "now, that we are comfortable, let me have a look at you, and see what manner of girl these long years have made of you."

As he spoke, he glanced admiringly at the face opposite to him. He saw a countenance fresh with youth and health; frank, clear, brown eyes; a brown skin, pale, but relieved by the color of the red lips, which curved upward at the corners with unmistakable love of approbation.

Katie blushed, and re-arranged her shawl, under the gaze, which had now become full of a puzzled, thoughtful expression.

"You are changed," he said, slowly; "very, very much changed from my recollection. I would not have known you, Kate."

"Kate!" Her Christian name on the lips of this stranger! What did he mean by such familiarity? Ah, he was a Friend! There were no titles of ceremony among the Friends. Perhaps he did not know that she was no Quakeress. Nevertheless, she drew herself up.

"You seemed to have no difficulty in identifying me," she said.

"That was easy. Were not all the signals hung out?" he answered, laughing. "Unprotected and resolute young woman, with the green bow well in sight."

"What! Did you notice that?" Katie was slightly mortified. "That dreadful green bow? It does look absurdly conspicuous, but it was a case of necessity. How provoking that you noticed it!"

"Provoking! Was it not according to contract? Was it not the very thing I was looking for?"

Again he laughed, gayly.

"How curiously you talk!" said Katie, contracting her eyebrows. "According to contract! The very thing you were looking for! How could you possibly know that my umbrella was tied with a green bow?"

"How curiously *you* talk, allow me to say! Did you not write me that 'the green bow would be distinctly visible?'"

"I write you! And such nonsense as that! You must be dreaming!"

"Do you mean to say that you did not write, and agree that I should know you by the green bow?"

"I! Of course, not."

"You are jesting."

"I am not," said Katie. "I solemnly assure you that I did not."

"And I," said he, "would be willing to swear that you did."

"Swear! I thought a Quaker could not swear to anything."

"But I am no Quaker, as it happens," said the young man.

"No Quaker! Now, that I look at you again, you don't look like a Quaker."

"What do you mean? You know that I am not a Quaker!"

"Then next, I suppose," she continued, scornfully, "you will say that you are not Mr. John Hanford?"

"Certainly, I am not," said the young man, slowly.

There was a dead silence. They stared at each other blankly.

"Then, who are you?" came in an almost inaudible voice from the girl's lips.

"My name is Bertram," said he; "and until this moment I have supposed you to be my cousin, Miss Katie Bertram, who was to come from Boston to-day, in the five o'clock train, and whom I went to meet at the depot."

Katie silenced him by an imperative gesture.

"Stop this carriage, immediately! Stop it directly, and let me get out!" she cried.

"Get out! Surely not. Since I have made so culpable a mistake, let me do all that I can to rectify it. Let me take you to your destination."

Katie only gave a glance of superb disdain.

"Will you have the kindness to stop the carriage for me?" she repeated, haughtily.

"But you cannot, seriously——"

"Let me out!" interrupted Katie, impetuously. She tried to unfasten the door.

Mr. Bertram laid his hand upon it.

"Won't you trust me?" he said, earnestly. "Surely, you believe what I say!"

"Believe!" said Katie, with another ineffable look. "Do you suppose, for a moment, that I believe such an absurd story as that? That a man could go to meet his own cousin, and then not know her!"

"Why is it any more absurd than that you should take me for Mr. John Hanford?"

"I have never seen him; at least, since I was a child."

"Nor have I seen my cousin, Katie Bertram. To insure her recognition, we hit upon the fancy of her wearing a green bow. Your green ribbon! The similarity of names! Can you wonder at my mistake?"

Katie looked at him. If ever honesty shone from mortal eyes, it shone from the eyes of this stranger. He saw a half belief trembling in her brown eyes, and, like a wise man, pushed his advantage.

"Give me your friend's address. I know you will trust me. Will you not?"

Katie was wavering. She gave one final searching look into his face. The gray eyes were steady and earnest as before.

"I will," was on Katie's lips, when a torrent of ancient warnings rushed over her mind. What would Nelly think, could she see her now? She shook her head resolutely.

"What you say may be true; but, if you please, I will get out here."

Mr. Bertram felt like giving utterance to some very emphatic words; but he merely bowed, and said,

"As you please, of course."

The check-string was pulled. A word to the coachman, and the carriage drew up at the sidewalk.

Mr. Bertram said not a word as he helped the young girl to the pavement, and handed her bag and shawl to her, and lastly, the guilty umbrella. As silently Katie bowed her thanks for these attentions.

Then Mr. Bertram sprang into the carriage again, drove away, and she was alone.

Katie Coulter had never been in New York before. If any one had pictured to her the possibility of her standing alone, by night, on the pavement of that city of splendid and dread possibilities, she would have turned pale with horror; but now, for the reality, her woman's courage rose to meet the emergency.

There was a stand of carriages in sight. She walked quickly toward it, and without giving herself a moment to feel frightened, engaged the first one she came to.

"Where to, ma'am?" said the Irish driver, touching his hat, as she was about to step in.

"To Mrs. Sophia Hanford's, No. 60——"

Katie stopped short, and for a good reason; for she had forgotten the name of the street.

"What street?" said the driver.

"Wait one moment. I have forgotten. I will remember."

This was easy to say, not easy to do. She frowned and reflected, and reflected and frowned; knit and unknit her brown eyebrows, but in vain. The name of Mrs. Hanford's street was not forthcoming.

The hackman held the door of the carriage open, and waited till the inspiration should come.

The more Katie thought, the more confused she became. That the number was 60, was all she could remember. She turned red and pale, by turns. Passers-by began to look curiously at her. One elderly gentleman, with grayish hair and a red cravat, lingered slightly. The hackman whistled under his breath.

"It's of no use," said Katie, hurriedly. "I can't think of it. I'll go and find a Directory," and she hastily walked away. The hackman looked after her for a moment, then slammed his coach-door, and remounted the box.

There was a drug-store near by, and there was no difficulty in finding a Directory, but by this time Katie's courage was ebbing.

Several young men were in the shop, drinking mineral waters. They looked rather too steadily at the pretty girl, who spoke in such low tones. It was but natural that they should look at anything so pretty as Katie, and probably they meant no impertinence; but she did not know this, and turned over the Directory-leaves with the most confusing uncertainty about what was on them, but a most burning consciousness in her cheeks of being stared at.

"Come, McMurray," said one of the young men, "we shall be late. Come."

"No, thanks," returned the other; "not while I have a picture to my liking to contemplate, at my leisure, rent free."

Katie's eyes were filling with tears. The Hals and the Hans were dancing about inextricably mixed.

"Oh, if I were only at home, safe with Nelly," thought the poor child, "What shall I do! If Mr. Bertram, even— Oh, I almost wish he was here."

With the thought, lo! Mr. Bertram stood beside her.

"Let me help you," he said. "What is the matter? Good Heavens! Don't cry! What's the matter? Can't I help you? Have you forgotten the number? Let me find it."

All this was poured out rapidly. Tom Bertram, like any other good fellow, being overwhelmed with sympathy and wild dismay, when he saw the brown eyes lifted, brimming with tears, two big drops having already fallen indeed where the Haks merged into the Hals.

Katie did not cry, that is, "not exactly," as she afterward told Nelly, "I was not going to do anything so silly." In fact, she did just as Tom Bertram told her to. She explained the difficulty, and he had the name and address found in a twinkling, (after all, she had remembered none of it, it was not even 60, but 200, W. 49th street,) and Katie was once more installed in the comfortable carriage she had quitted so imperiously.

She had said she could manage for herself, if he would be but kind enough to call a hack. But he very seriously assured her that this would not do at all; that it was not to be thought of; that she was too—that is—in short, she was not the sort of person who generally succeeded in "managing for herself." In this opinion Katie heartily concurred, inwardly, especially when, after they had gone but a short distance, her companion said,

"You have never asked after your trunk."

"Oh, my trunk! I forgot it. Where is it? Where will it go?"

"Probably my cousin, Katie Bertram, is overhauling it at this very moment. I sent it to her address, you know, at my mother's house."

Then Tom Bertram, seeing how embarrassed she was, began to talk in his gayest strain, and did it so effectually that Katie soon felt as if she had known him for years. She even gave a little sigh almost unconsciously when the coach stopped.

"Here we are, No. 200, W. 49th street. I think I may congratulate you on being at the end of our unacceptable adventures," said her escort, gravely, as they mounted the steps.

"Thank you. And I must thank you, Mr. Bertram," she spoke his name for the first time, "for having so kindly taken care of me. I am sure I——"

"Don't speak it," said Tom Bertram, quickly.

And then there seemed nothing more to be said. The servant was slow in answering the bell. Mr. Bertram pulled it again. A very decided, emphatic jerk he gave it.

"Do not trouble yourself to wait longer," said the young girl, formally. "I am sorry to have detained you so long."

Mr. Bertram did not reply, nor did he take advantage of Katie's permission to throw down her bag and shawl, and rush wildly away.

At length footsteps approached. Katie extended her hand for her wraps. The door opened.

"Good-by," she said, in a low voice. "I must again thank you."

"Is Mrs. Hanford at home?" said Tom, to the servant.

"Mrs. Hanford? There ain't no Mrs. Hanford lives here. This is Miss Moon's house."

The two young people looked at each other dismayed, then burst into a merry laugh.

"There must be another mistake," said Bertram.

"Are you sure this was the number?" said Katie.

"Quite sure. 200, W. 49th Street."

"How strange!"

"Perhaps she has moved," suggested Tom. "Go, and ask Miss Moon if a Mrs. Hanford did not formerly live in this house."

The girl departed, and directly re-appeared.

"Mrs. Hanford moved away from this house three months ago," she said, "and Miss Moon don't know where she's gone," and the door was brusquely shut in their faces.

Kate looked woefully at her companion.

"What," she said, anxiously, "what *can* I do now, Mr. Bertram?"

"Come to my mother's, of course."

"I suppose there is nothing else for me to do," she said, despondently, after a moment's reflection.

Tom Bertram bit his lip. He presently began to talk to her of other things, until he succeeded in drawing her thoughts away from her perplexities. They began to speak of New York. Mr. Bertram mentioned the picture-shops.

"Those are what I like best," Katie said. "Pictures are such a rest."

"How do you mean, a rest? How do they give it to you?"

"Why, you know when you stop, and go into a picture-shop, when you are perplexed about all sorts of things, you go in and sit quietly down, and look at the pictures, and they lead your thoughts far away, and you forget yourself and all annoyances, in dreams."

"But do not the annoyances press as deeply when you find yourself and them once more?"

"No, for your mind is rested. It has seen another life than your own—glimpses into the ideal life."

"That is true. And what pictures are your favorites?"

"A great many," said Katie, dreamily. "Did you ever see Rosenthal's 'Elaine,' Mr. Bertram?"

"Yes. It is very beautiful."

"Oh, it is—most beautiful! Yet there is another picture of his, that I like even better."

"Tell me about it."

"I have only seen the photograph of it, in reduced size. It was in a picture-shop, in Boston, this winter. It shows you a part of the refectory of a monastery, and part of the shelf-like table against the wall. The lattice window is half-open. Through it there streams a delicious flood of what you feel is the air and sunshine of spring; and two butterflies have floated in with it, and are circling and wheeling. By the latter stands a young lay brother, pausing in the act of setting earthenware plates upon the table, to watch these two happy butterflies. You can see that he has fallen into a sad reverie of retrospection."

"How do you know it is a sad reverie?"

"Oh, because his face is so sad! There is a wistful droop to the corners of his mouth."

"He has no right to be sad. He came into the monastery of his own free will, I suspect."

"Ah, but I am sure there was some unhappy reason for it."

"A love story, you think?"

"Yes; and he went into the monastery angry and despairing, and resentful, perhaps; and now that had passed away. The anger, and bitterness, and the spring morning, and the two butterflies, brought the past back to him; and perhaps he saw that he had been too hasty, and felt that now it was too late, and that he never, never would see his sweetheart again."

"That he would never see her again," repeated Mr. Bertram, in an odd sort of voice. "And do you think that should sadden him?"

"Of course," said Katie, all absorbed in her story.

"That he might never see her again," again repeated Mr. Bertram.

Katie looked up, then suddenly blushed deeply, and tried to atone for it by sitting up very primly, and looking out of the window.

The carriage drew up, now, before a handsome house.

"This is my mother's house," said Mr. Bertram. "I think I may make the assertion boldly. Let me assist you to alight, I hope, for the last time."

For the third time, Katie, with bag and shawl, and umbrella, was handed out.

"Where is my mother?" said Mr. Bertram, to the footman, who opened the door.

"In here, sir." A door was thrown open.

The room seemed to be full of people; full, too, of light and warmth, and perfume of flowers. Katie felt, rather than saw, the quick approach of a gray-haired lady, who took both her hands in the softest and warmest of greetings.

"My dear Miss Coulter, I am very sorry for all your anxiety from my son's mistake. We have been looking for you." And a vivacious young lady, blonde, and much older than Katie Coulter, was crying, "Oh, Tom, Tom! What a cousin!"

"Yes, Tom," said the gray-haired lady. "Katie has you at a disadvantage."

"What are you all talking about?" cried Tom. "How did you know——"

"Let me present to you, Miss Coulter, a much injured person," interrupted Miss Kate Bertram. "Mr. Hanford."

Mr. John Hanford it was, found at last; an undeniable Quaker, but shaken slightly from his usual composure by the oddness of this reunion.

Explanations were made. Miss Bertram had waited in the drawing-room car until patience ceased to be a virtue. Coming to the door to reconnoitre, she collided with an unhappy-looking gentleman, evidently like herself, on the look-out for some one who came not. Laughing to think of their mutual dejection, she cried, gayly,

"I have been waiting for you to come in."

"And I was waiting for you to come out," the supposed cousin had rejoined, laughing.

So, fully persuaded in their own minds, they walked off. They were not long in discovering their mistake. Mr. Hanford satisfied himself that his charge was not in the station, and, finding that Miss Bertram's house adjoined his own, he accompanied her thither. At Mrs. Bertram's, learning that Tom Bertram had certainly gone to meet his cousin, Mr. Hanford decided to wait awhile, Mrs Bertram anneuncing her strong conviction that Tom had secured the wrong young lady.

It was impressive to discover the fact that this No. 60 ——, which Tom had been hunting so industriously, was to be found, like many another good thing often sought after, beside his own door.

There remained nothing more to be done than that Katie should take leave of Mrs. Bertram and the other Katie, and commit herself to the protection, somewhat delayed, of Mr. John Hanford, for the difficult and dangerons journey to the next front door.

To Mr. Bertram Katie murmured a repetition

of the thanks already bestowed at the mansion Moon; to which Mr. Hanford added his polite acknowledgments.

That night, when Katie, after much talking, went to lift the handle of her umbrella, to show Mrs. Hanford the origin of this game of "puss wants a corner," the green bow was gone.

Whether Mr. Bertram continued to be of the opinion that Katie Coulter was not to be trusted to take care of herself, and whether Katie thought so too, may only be guessed by this small incident.

When Nelly walked to the station, to welcome her sister on her return from New York, and took with her a small boy to carry Katie's belongings, she found that Katie had brought with her a "belonging" not mentioned before—a new "belonging," rather bigger than shawl or bag; taller, much taller than her umbrella, though it is not sure that this new possession was not, like it, tied by THE WRONG GREEN BOW.

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY JAMES J. MAXFIELD.

EVERY man is sowing seeds,
In his words, and in his deeds;
Seeds which grow, and send up shoots,
Bud and blossom, ripened fruits,
Which again descend to earth,
Some of brambles, little worth;
Spreading ruin where they fall,
Bitter wormwood, and the gall.
Others, precious more than gold,
Yield their increase sixty-fold.
When in good ground seeds are sown,
Trees of righteousness are grown;
Giving shelter from the heat,
From the wasting storms, which beat;
From the blinding hail and sleet.
All along our pilgrim way,
Leading up to perfect day.
And each pilgrim passing by,
Faint of heart, and near to die,
Cheered by what they see and hear,
Soon dismiss and leave their fear;
Thanking God that men can stand,
Faithful way-marks in the land!
Man for naught may spend his breath,
Choosing neither life nor death;
Standing dauntless at the grave,
  Fearing neither God nor man;
Bold, and stout of heart, and brave—
  Peerless hero of his clan.
But he still is sowing seeds,
In his words, and in his deeds.
Neither can he hold his hand,
As he journeys through the land,
But must sow in every field,
Whether good or ill the yield;
And at reaping-time shall find
Ten-fold increase of its kind.
Men should all, then, know, indeed,
There is good and evil seed.

TOO HASTY.

BY ANNA MERFIE.

LILIES white, and roses red,
Heard ye what my darling said?
In the maple's fluttering shadow,
Thrown by moonlight on the meadow;
Where the dewy, velvet clover
Carpets all the brown earth over,
Roses red, and lilies white—
Heard ye what he said to-night?

Roses flaming, lilies fair,
Fastened in my golden hair—
  Golden, said he, surely?
For his lips were close beside you;
Ah! it could not be denied you,
  To be witnesses—then, truly,
Did he say it—am I dreaming?
Did you see that blessed beaming
In the heaven of his eyes?
Did you mark that sweet surprise,
  When I turned, and shyly kissed him?
And, oh, roses, blench with fears!
Lilies, lilies, drop your tears!
Did you see the sadness creeping
In those eyes—my own are weeping—
When I, that his love was bolder,
Threw his arm from off my shoulder,
  And in frowns dismissed him!

Roses, roses, flaming red,
Lilies, faint with fragrance shed,
Here, upon my pillow lying,
Languishing, and sweetly dying,
  Steal into my dreaming.
With this blessed prophecy,
That beneath the maple-tree,
  In the moon's next beaming,
I shall lift my eyes and see
All the heaven I flung from me—
  Roses, bless my dreaming!

"EFFIE."

BY MRS. R. HARDING DAVIS.

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Sam Burroughs walked on the railroad-track, which ran just in front of the Morristown Hotel, up and down, up and down. Very likely the sky-line at this point was the finest in the mountains, as his fellow-traveler, Van Noll, the artist, had said; but what comfort could a man take in a sky-line, when everything about was so rude and uncomfortable?

What did Bridges mean by making this wretched town in East Tennessee their rendezvous? He could just as easily have met him somewhere on the Piedmont Air-line; and surely the sacred soil of Virginia, of which Bridges boasted, would have been cleaner of mud.

Mr. Burroughs looked about him with the nearest approach to ill-humor of which he was capable. Everything was so different from the neat thriving village where he lived, and where the neatest house, as well as handsomest, was his own. The hotel here was flanked on either side by wooden shanties, over which were hoisted boards, whereon was daubed, in tar-letters, *Bar-Room*. On the other side of the way, another shanty offered for sale bonnets, confectionery, and emigrant-tickets. Mr. Sam Burrough's big, slow-moving body, in its suit of white linen duck, his well-shaven face, mild, blue eyes, neat kid gloves, and natty, glazed cap, made an oddly-contrasting picture to these surroundings.

The truth was, Mr. Burroughs was out of his accustomed groove of life, which was, you may be sure, a very straight, clean groove. He began to regret that he had left this groove. He had just begun the adventure. If things were to be like this, after one day, what would be the sum total of a whole summer spent in these mountains, camping out, bear-shooting, trout-fishing? Bridge's proposal had sounded alluring enough, beside a roaring fire at Christmas, but it looked very different now, that it was near at hand. Where, too, was Dr. Bridges? Had he not come to meet him?

Just then Dr. Bridges himself, lean, black-whiskered and bright-eyed, hurried up the track, and seized him by both hands. "I thought I had missed you, Sam! Where are your traps? Bring your dog? That's right! I tell you we're in for a holiday that will be worth the name! The game never was plentier in the mountains, I hear, from the Smoky to the Blue Ridge. And—we'll find *her*," laughing significantly. "We'll bring down a different game from bear, eh, Sam?"

Mr. Burroughs was not apt to betray a blush; but he knew that he was hot.

"I think I do remember some joke of yours, last winter," he said, carelessly. "You proposed to marry me to some Carolinian maiden, of blushing sixteen! No, no, Doc! After my thirty-six years of freedom, I am not easily lured into slavery. And, besides, what pretty girl would forgive that?" He lifted his cap, to show a bald spot on the crown. "Where are we to meet your children, Bridges?"

"At Wolf's Creek. And, by the way, the train will be due in half an hour. We must see to our tickets."

Mr. Burroughs followed the Virginian, as he walked, quick, nervous, alert, along the path. He would be very sorry, he thought, if Bridges should know how entirely that silly joke had taken possession of his mind; how it had, in fact, determined him to make this journey. Not that he had the slightest intention of marrying "the Carolinian who was precisely suited to him," or anybody else; but he was a little tired of the women's faces in Burroughsville society. And, besides, he had a curiosity to see what kind of wife the Doctor would pick out for him. Bridges would know that he did not care for money; he had enough of that, thank God, and to spare. He had formed a pretty clear idea of this girl, whom they were to meet, a daughter of some friend of the Doctor's. He always pictured her as a large, slow-moving blonde, an idealized likeness of himself. She would be white, and soft, and pink-tinted as a plum blossom; her hair curly and yellow; her eyes blue—eyes lighted with tenderness and mirth. All winter, as he had walked through one large, empty room after another of his house, and had looked at the luxurious beauty of their plenishing, he could not help wondering how this fair creature would look, moving softly about in gauzy robes of blue, or paled rose color.

Now, before this month's journey was over, he was going to meet her! He gave no hint of his trepidation to the Doctor; but as he sat beside him in the cars, directed the conversation to the chances for supper.

"You'll get a good square meal at Wolf's Creek," said the Doctor. "Everything neat, as at a Shaker house. My children are waiting for us there, with Mrs. Bute."

"Their governess."

"No! A neighbor of ours, with a sickly boy—dying, I fear. Mountain air was the only chance for him. So she has joined us, for the journey."

"Her husband is to be of the party?"

The Doctor's face changed oddly at this simple question, and he hesitated for a moment.

"No," he said, at length, "He is left behind;" adding, with some embarrassment, "It is very pleasant for my daughter, Florence, to be under Mrs. Bute's care."

Mr. Burroughs heard of this daughter, Florence, with uneasiness. He had really forgotten the child's age. Could it be possible that she was his destined sweetheart?

But when they arrived at Wolf Creek, his fears were set at rest, for Florence proved to be only a saucy girl of twelve. He felt sorry for the child, too, as Mrs. Bute, who was a little, dark woman, did not impress him as an agreeable companion. He did not like insignificant, dark women, especially when they were restless, as was this one; and he wished Bute himself had been of the party, to attend to his wife, though, no doubt, the fellow was glad of a little respite. What could induce any man to take into his house an uneasy, busy wasp of a woman? Your large, soft, fair blondes, now, would be a different matter.

CHAPTER II.

Before dawn, the next morning, the jolting stage deposited the unfortunate Bute's wife, and the children, at the Warm Springs. The Doctor and Mr. Burroughs followed on horseback. The moon was still shining on the white verandas of the little watering place, which was nestled among the mountains: the unquiet waters tof the French Broad river circling it with a belt of foam, and deepening, with their complaining murmur, the silence of the night.

"A queer, quiet little resort," said the Doctor. "But you will find specimens here of our Southern women from Carolina, and all the Gulf States."

Burroughs did not answer. He quite understood that she was to be here. The silence, the moonlight, the solemn mountains, had quieted and lifted his mood. They were all in a fitting, tranquilizing strain of music, to usher her into his life. He wondered how Bridges could go off, in such a crisis, to take a nap before breakfast. For his part, he wandered down to the little bridge; hung over the roaring torrent; loitered up the road, under gray, beetling crags, his hands clasped behind him. Something of the Doctor's nervousness and excitability had inoculated his calmer blood. He had had his little *tendresses* and flirtations in his day, and scores of marriageable girls were annually presented to his consideration, by all of his male friends. Why, then, should his pulses beat furiously, and his brain be filled with fantastic visions, at the mere idea of this woman, whom he had never seen?

He had been pacing along, with his head down; but when he lifted it suddenly, he stopped short, with an exclamation. Mother Nature and he had had little intercourse, but she had at last set a scene before him, which wrung absolute homage from him. There was the river, awed and silenced. In its midst, a gray crag, two thousand feet in height, shot upward to the sky, hoary with age. Beyond the island rose range after range of melancholy heights, their summits just touched with the pink of dawn.

Burroughs drew a long breath, took out his handkerchief, and wiped his face. If she would appear here, and now, "like some fair vestal, throned in the west," he thought; but stopped there, coughing, for he was not apt in quotation. Surely, there was a figure yonder, wrapped in the mist. He hurried up, hat in hand.

"Mrs. Bute!" he cried, in accents of unmistakable disappointment, as that disagreeable person turned toward him, "I—I did not expect to find you here!"

She got up, smiling, though he could have sworn her face was streaked with tears.

"The place is an old resort of mine," she said, as if excusing her presence. "I used to come here when I was young, to see the sun rise over Mountain Island."

She wrapped her cloak about her, and, nodding good-by, turned back to the house.

"She is suffering remorse, for nagging that poor devil, Bute," Burroughs said to himself, his eyes following her; for he had made up his mind to her powers of nagging some one. But it had not been so long ago since she was young, after all, he thought. She still had an elastic step, and her figure was undeniably fine. Her face, caught off guard, really was that of a girl.

She had destroyed the charm of the landscape, however. A shrewd idea struck him. He hurried after her, and, with a labored bow or two, began:

"I presume you know most of the frequenters of the Springs, Mrs. Bute? There is a young

lady, of whom the Doctor has spoken to me, and of whom I fancy I should like to know something before we meet. I cannot give you her name, but she is young, and a pure blonde. A large, gentle woman, slow both of speech and action."

Mrs. Bute's eyes had been fixed on his at first as if trying to bring her thoughts from some far-off quarter. She had succeeded, apparently, and answered him with interest.

"You must mean Miss Latouche, a Carolinian? The daughter of an old friend of the Doctor's?"

"Yes, yes, precisely." He spoke eagerly.

"It is she, no doubt. She looks——" She paused, and laughed, struck by some fancy. "She looks as you might, Mr. Burroughs, if you were a woman, and a beautiful woman. There must be an inner likeness, I suppose. I should think," still looking at him speculatively, "you and Mary Latouche would be—good friends."

Sam felt his heart thrill. Here was a pleasant sort of prophecy. His fate must be plain, when all sorts of people could see it. He must go to the house, and shave and dress, to be ready for it. He jogged on, however, beside Mrs. Bute, talking civilly to her. It was very good-natured in the woman to take so ready an interest in his affairs. Indeed, she seemed to have an exceptional quality of mind, rather trifling, as he thought, which made her ready to be interested in everything and everybody, and her voice was curiously low and pleasant in inflection. Bute ought not to find the nagging so unbearable in those tones.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Bute certainly possessed the habit of mind, trifling or not, which forced her to take a keen interest in people about her, and their affairs. She met the Doctor near the house, who stopped her to consult about his boy Tom's weak eyes. She went to Florence's room after that, to see if the nurse had curled her hair properly. Then Tom and Bob waylaid her to tie their cravats. This first stale breakfast was an important epoch for others than Mr. Burroughs, perspiring now over his toilet. Then the little woman, at last, reached her own room, and sat down beside the lounge, where her boy Benny was still asleep, after the night's journey. The morning was the time when his sleep was always soundest, and she had a habit of sitting beside him, to keep him undisturbed. Outside, the sun was shining, the wind blowing the branches of the pines to and fro; two or three negroes had brought their violins under a tree, in the lower part of the lawn, and were playing lively airs, while some of the children, gay in their bright dresses and flying ribbons, were dancing to the music on the grass. Just underneath the window were a couple of boys, manly, hearty little fellows, ready for hunting, their black guides beside them, their game-bags slung over their backs, their guns on their shoulders. The woman at the window overhead turned suddenly away to the bed beside her, and passed her hand over the child's thin little body and legs, bent and distorted, and but half-hidden by the white night-shirt.

She was too genial, friendly a soul to feel any bitterness to the happy people below, rich in money and in health. But one-tenth of their wealth would place her boy beside those others. She could not forget that.

Ben wakened. She turned quickly away, stood by the window a minute, and came back, smiling.

"Is it time to dress, mother?" hurrying to scramble out of bed. "Breakfast is over, and you have missed it! Too bad! Florry told me what lovely dresses the ladies and little girls wore."

"I did not care to see their dresses, Ben." She was on her knees, bandaging his leg.

"Did you hear what Mr. Burroughs told the doctor, last night, mother? They thought I was asleep. About physicians in New York, who cure hip-diseases worse than mine?"

"I heard, Benny."

He waited a minute, and then in a lower voice, hesitated, "It costs a great deal of money to go to them, mother?"

"Not more than we will find, Ben," holding the poor little foot to her cheek, and looking up at him with the most cheerful and resolute of faces.

He patted her on the head, nodding gravely, and answered, "We mostly find money for what I want. When do you think we can go, mother?"

"I can't tell, precisely, dear. The first thing to do is to grow strong in the mountain air."

"Oh, of course, of course. But I'd like to be able to run and jump with the other boys, as soon as I can. I'm a little impatient about that," with the queer smile with which Ben always used a long word.

Mrs. Bute stooped over his shoe, lacing it, gulping down the weight in her throat, which choked her. She knew that this month of mountain journeying had cost every dollar which she and the child could have to live on for the next year; she knew that if this chance failed, there was no hope that she could keep her boy alive. In a little while she would not trace even this

shriveled little body to hold in her arms at night.

"What is the matter, mother?"

"Nothing, nothing," resting her head on his knees. "But you shall go to the doctors in New York, Benny."

Oh, God! *He* was too merciful to take him from her! There would be some way—some miracle. She would see the stunted little body stand erect yet. Her boy would have his chance in life with the others.

Benny, dimly groping at her trouble, guessed it was the lack of money; for the little fellow had a suspicion of the desperate fight his mother made for him, in spite of all her efforts to hide it.

"It does not matter what you think of him, mother; my father had no right to rob us of the farm. You need not say hush! I've heard it. I know it all."

"Silence, child! You shall not speak so of your father. Poor Philip!"

Mrs. Bute was very quiet and pale after that. Not all her effort could bring the laugh and merry talk which so seldom failed Ben.

CHAPTER IV.

She was a hopeful little body, however; and when she led Ben down to the veranda, and felt his hand warm in hers; when her old friends crowded about her, making him laugh at every step, she would begin to seem exceedingly warm and pleasant, and the miserable little home which she had left, the tobacco-patch which she had dug and worked herself, with all want, and danger, and death, suddenly disappeared out of it.

Dr. Bridges came in, and lifted Ben up on a chair.

"Mr. Burroughs has found Miss Latouche at last," she said, glancing at Sam, who, in faultless morning costume, was making small-talk for a large, beautiful girl, lazily reclining on a hammock. "An odd likeness between those two! I should think one would be the complement of the other, if they should chance to marry."

"Marry! That would never answer," said the Doctor, reflectively. "Not at all. Mary Latouche is one of the poorest women I know, and Burroughs is a man who would draw heavily on his wife."

Mrs. Bute lookod puzzled for a minute. She was a practical little woman, however, not given to tropes and figures of speech, and she concluded that he meant Burroughs was a man in need of money, and with spendthrift habits. This knowledge of his poverty really pleased her, as it gave her a sense of kinship to him on one score, and she wanted to talk to him about the chances in New York for Ben. She welcomed him warmly, and made room for him beside her, when he came up, after awhile, excited and radiant.

"She is all that you told me, Mrs. Bute! Never saw more exquisite coloring! She reminds me of a matchless pink cameo. Her eyes, too, have that rare liquid brilliancy which argues a profound intellect. Ah, my little man! I have not seen you before to-day."

Ben held out his hand as to an old acquaintance. All children made a friend of Sam Burroughs. The next minute he had the boy on his knee. He was of the age when the fatherly instinct is developed in men. This child, too, had a peculiar appealing look, before which Sam's tender soul melted. He silently resolved to look up its father, and advise him how to treat the boy, to test the chances of cure; and if Bute was not a man of means, why—well, it should be managed somehow. And thereupon he bribed a waiter to bring or steal an untimely cherry-pie from the cook, and he and Ben ate it solemnly together.

Mr. Burroughs sought out the Doctor that evening. He had hung all day, like a great gray moth about a candle, over Miss Latouche. He was fervid, nervous, loquacious about her. Had the Doctor observed the coloring of her hair? Or had he noticed the back of her neck? Nothing could be more delicate than its outline. She had sung "Oh, Summer Night!" to him, too, and it was a rare pleasure to hear her. To be sure, her notes in the upper register were false, but who would find fault with the cooing of a dove? By the way, there was a certan frank cordiality in the manners of Southern women, to which he was unused; a friendliness that really made him feel as though the world were one family. He had never seen anything like it. It was very warm and heartening; that kind of interest, of anxiety to help everybody about them.

"It's not possible you are talking of Mary Latouche!" ejaculated the Doctor.

"N–no; though, no doubt, she is the same. I think it was Mrs. Bute, probably, who impressed me in that way. She does not seem as nervous a person as I at first supposed. It is only when she looks at her boy that she becomes restless. I imagined that she was given to nagging. But Bute, probably, has not much trouble with her temper."

"Not much." And again the grave, anxious expression came upon the Doctor's face.

CHAPTER V.

In a week's time everybody at the Warm Springs recognized Mr. Burroughs as the lover of Miss Latouche. Morning and night she lay half reclining on a sofa, or in a hammock, the light falling at just the right angle on her yellow hair, or the outline of her lovely neck. Mr. Burroughs bent over her, essayed all topic of conversation, caught deferentially her murmured "Yes" or "No," or stood guard over the piano, holding her gloves, while, in a little higher key, she cooed "Oh, Summer Night!" As soon as she went to take her afternoon siesta, he hurried to put on a comfortable loose coat, and took Ben on his knees in the buggy, for a drive, Mrs. Bute going along to take care of the boy. They were very jolly, merry drives, for Sam told all manner of absurd adventures of his own, to amuse the boy; and, owing to his mother's habit of attentive interest in them, fell into the way of continuing his reminiscences when Ben was asleep, until they included his whole history, and that of all Burroughsville.

After he returned from one of these drives, one day, he stood flicking his whip, thoughtfully, on the porch.

"That Bute must be a queer fellow, to leave his wife here so long, unattended," he broke out to the Doctor. "Dresses her shabbily, too. If she were tastefully dressed, do you know, I think she'd be an exceedingly attractive person. Exceedingly. But she thinks so little of herself, people are apt to think little of her—ordinary people, that is. It needs a man of delicate perception to appreciate her."

"The Butes are poor," said the Doctor, guardedly, and after a pause. "I would not speak of her husband to Effie, if I were you. It—it is an unpleasant subject."

"No doubt," Sam thought to himself, going up stairs to dress. "No doubt, Bute is one of those hard-drinking, gambling roysterers, that hang about bar-rooms. Infernal scoundrel! There never was a woman who could make a snug little home happier for a man. 'Effie!' Just the name for a cosy, domestic little wife!"

His pity for Mrs. Bute, as the victim of an unhappy marriage, set the soft-hearted fellow into contriving perpetual devices to give pleasure to her and Ben. As she was married, too, he felt safe in making her his confidant in all his likings and prejudices toward the people about him. Sam's repartees and clever sayings, of every kind, were of slow growth, occurring to him usually after the occasion for them was long past; for the most part, indeed, when he was in bed. He would store them up to tell to Mrs. Bute and Ben, chuckling, whenever he wakened, to think how they would enjoy them, which it is certain they did. They had had but few tastes of fun or frolic in their lives, and in their eyes Mr. Burroughs was a man of rare art and the finest fancy.

The fortnight allotted to the Warm Springs was over.

"To-morrow," said the Doctor, who engineered the whole affair, "we must be off to Asheville, and from there to the mountains, and camp-life. We'll have a rollicking good time, Burroughs."

"I hope so," said Sam, dubiously. "But—well, the truth is, Doc, Miss Latouche and her father are going with us, as you know, and Mary Latouche is not the kind of person to have a rollicking good time anywhere. She does not even smile at a joke, and I've wasted some confoundedly good ones on her, I can tell you."

"She will make a lovely picture by the tent-fire, Burroughs."

"Yes, I've no doubt she will."

"Just think of the coloring of her hair, and the outline of the back of her neck."

"Oh, very fine! I ought to know. I've been looking at them for two weeks."

"And she will sing 'Oh, Summer Night' for us. Why, Burroughs, I thought you were in love with the girl?"

"So I am. Certainly. But a steady stretch of 'Oh, Summer Night' for a fortnight, is a little too much linked sweetness. However—— Of course, I'm in love with her. I've almost told her so," gravely.

He grew more grave as the day wore on, and finally settled into an anxious sobriety. The next morning, when they started off, he was placed in the open stage beside Miss Latouche; her father, Mrs. Bute, and Ben occupying the other seat. This tacit recognition of him as an accepted lover, forced Sam to face facts. How would the lovely blonde fit into Burroughsville and everyday wear?

He noticed that Mrs. Bute's face was unusually worn and pale; the boy was languid and feverish, and lay with his head on his mother's lap. What an easy task that fellow Bute had before him, to bring health and color to those two faces! It only needed the skill money could buy, and a little care and love. He found himself muttering "Effie," again and again to himself, his eyes hungrily fixed on the wan little woman in shabby dress, and his heart thumping hotly under his new hunting-jacket. But what condition of mind was this? Such excess of sympathy for another man's wife was hardly ex-

pedient, to use the mildest term; and he turned his back on her, and began a conversation with Miss Latouche, conscious only of a most unchristian wrath and venom against this unknown fellow, Bute.

The conversation might have ended in a proposal but for an accident which occurred, and the accident was this. The road, for thirty-seven miles, runs along the bank of the French Broad; a rugged range of precipices on one side, the foaming torrent on the other. The mountain-streams, which empty into the river, are crossed by rough bridges of logs, and the stages usually stop until passengers and driver get out and put them into passable repair. The driver, on this morning, was either too drunk or lazy to use this precaution, and, whipping up his horses when they reached the first bridge, dashed on to it. Night was coming on. Sam, startled by the swaying and reeling of the old crazy vehicle, had only time to see the foaming, angry stream below, and Ben's white face, before he was hurled down, passengers, wagon and horses crashing into the flood together. Burroughs fell straight into the water. In an emergency he was a practical fellow, with his wits about him; he scrambled on to a boulder, and brought his head above water. Mr. Latouche was near him, struggling to bring a mass of yellow hair out of the muddy water.

"Save Mary! For God's sake, Burroughs!" shouted the Doctor, from the shore.

But Sam plunged into a black pool on the other side, dived, came up empty-handed, with a face ghastly as death; dived again, and brought up Ben and Ben's mother, clasped in each other's arms, and dead, as he thought. The Doctor, seeing that Mr. Latouche and his daughter were safe, ran to the rock where Burroughs had dragged the others out, and sat beside them, motionless, his face rigid with despair.

"She is dead!" he cried. "Her head must have struck the rocks in the fall."

"No, no! We'll hope not," said the Doctor, bending over her, breathlessly. "Go, bring my case. Yonder, in the seat of the buggy."

Sam went, and came again, like an overgrown school-boy. His big body was shaken with tearless sobs, as he stood holding the case.

The Doctor looked up at last.

"She breathes! They are both alive!"

"Thank God for that!"

Burroughs sat down, a little space apart, and buried his face in his hands. The other half-drowned members of the party were out of sight, down the bank.

When Mrs. Bute opened her eyes, she drew in her arms. Benny was still clasped in them, and they smiled into each other's face. Then she looked wildly about.

"Was he hurt?" she cried.

"Judge Latouche?" replied the Doctor. "No. Quite safe."

"No, Mr. Burroughs." The blood rushed over her face and neck. "He—he has been very kind to Ben and me," she said, apologetically.

Dr. Bridges went to Burroughs, who was sitting alone, dripping, and in deep depression.

"Mrs. Bute is quite well," he said, cheerfully.

"Better she had died," he answered, vehemently, dragging his wet hat on his head.

"Halloo! What do you mean?" cried the Doctor.

"I mean, that I'd rather see her dead than give her up to a life of misery again. I did not know what she was to me until I saw her dying yonder. I believe, if she had been free, she would have loved me. And now, to give her up to that fellow, Bute——"

The Doctor calmly dried his instrument-case with his handkerchief.

"My dear Burroughs," he said, at last, "that fellow, Bute, has been dead these six years, and Effie is the Carolinian whom I prophesied would precisely suit you."

Every summer the Doctor visits Burroughsville, to boast of his triumph in match-making, and to quiz Burroughs and his happy little wife with praises of Miss Latouche, who is fatter, and fairer, and duller, than ever, and still unmarried. The pleasantest sight to him, in the pleasant country house, is Ben, now a straight and sturdy lad, who hardly knows which he loves best—father or mother.

LITTLE JESSIE.

BY WILLIAM CAMERON.

Her rosy lips—a scarlet thread—
  Unclose, and lo! I see
Two pearly teeth shine through the red,
  As white as white can be.

Her tiny, plump, wee, fairy feet,
  Encased in slippers blue,
Make music to my ear more sweet
  Than words can ever do.

THE DAYS OF SEVENTY-SIX.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CHAPTER I.

Up from her couch of crimson velvet the lady sprang, and rushed to a tall window that looked upon the street. Through a vista of stately pillars that supported the roof of a grand portico, and rose to the pediment of the facade, she saw a crowd of people, some talking eagerly in wild excitement, others moving on with looks of sullen gloom, as if some great evil had come upon them, but all in one direction, as if both the rejoicing throng and disaffected, scattered here and there, were led on to some common point of interest. Above all this came the sound of a bell, ringing joyously, as if all its music were that day unchained, for the first time, on earth.

The sound of this bell seemed to reach the lady's heart, for she grew faint and white under the tones, as if smitten by some painful memory, while a look of harassing disgust swept across her strong, beautiful face.

"Ah, how the sound sickens me! How I hate myself that I can never again hear joy-bells without dragging that day up to my memory. Great Heavens! That I should ever have so loved that man, or suffered from his treason as I did."

With these thoughts in her mind, the lady returned to her couch, dizzily, as if driven back by the sound of this joyous ringing, and burying her face in the red-hued cushions, which gave a cold force to its pallor, strove to shut out the sound with both hands pressed to her ears.

It was all in vain. Another bell chimed into the jubilant music; another, and another, until every steeple in the city rang out the triumphant news, that the birth-day of a great Nation had come.

While the lady shut out the sounds from without, well understanding their mighty import, another inmate of the house stood in the noble grounds that surrounded it, and listened, with a swelling heart, taken by surprise. She had gone forth to gather flowers for the drawing-room, and, while stooping downward with a cluster of purple heliotropes in one hand, was breaking a stem of white lilies with the other, when the first tone of the bell swept over her. Starting up, with the lilies in her hand, she stood in the midst of that broad flower-bed, listening eagerly, as bright and lovely a creature as that July sun ever shone upon. All unconscious of the lavish sweetness of the heliotropes dropped at her feet, or the tall lily-stem in her hand, she turned her wondering face toward the heart of the town, holding her very breath back with vague expectation.

"It is the State-House bell. Something has happened. He is there, in his seat, for the first time, with the grandest and best of the land. Has he spoken? Is he taking a part? Ah, me, if I could have heard him!"

As she spoke, another bell chimed in with the first. Another, and another, until every steeple in Philadelphia trembled under a wild crash of music, followed by the distant boom of cannon. Then a deep underswell of human voices filled up this rude harmony of sound, which swept over that young creature, and made her tremble as the rustle of a summer-storm bends and shakes the flowers in its path.

Louder and more jubilant came those sounds, laden with a grand significance, such as no nation on this earth will ever hear again; for the God of Heaven has not made our globe large enough to cut another land like this out of its primeval forests; and those countries that exist are so burdened with the ruins of dark ages, that they can never feel the vigor of youth again, or know the glory of building a free nation, on foundations of which the Almighty himself has laid the first corner-stone on the earth, as it came pure from His hands.

This girl was young, and had no knowledge of the future; but her whole being was fired with inspiration as she stood there, with the music swelling over her, and the white lily-stalk in her hand. Thus, a vague sense of the great hereafter, of which those bells were the prelude, thrilled through her, a sense unreasoning and subtle as the perfume of the lilies in her hand, and the broken flowers around her feet.

She was nothing more than a girl, and very beautiful; but faith in the man she loved had filled her soul with the poetry of inspiration, and she believed all things possible to a cause in which he was a moving spirit. Thus, in the voice of the bells, in the booming of the cannon, she heard only the proof of his success, and of a noble future that lay before him.

"Grace!"

The girl turned quickly, and, with a light leap

through the flowers, gave her hand to a young man who stood upon their borders. He had intended to enter the dwelling, but seeing her among the roses, had followed the flutter of her white garments, and for half a minute had stood earnestly regarding her, as these bright, strange thoughts flitted across her face.

"Have I disturbed you, Grace? You seemed so happy there, among the flowers."

"Disturbed me! Oh, no! I was thinking of you all the time."

"Thinking of me, with the joy-bells ringing so?"

"It was the joy-bells that set me to wondering."

"You failed to understand them, then?"

"I do not quite understand them yet, but I feel that some great event has happened, for which I must be glad; for the whole world seems to be rejoicing; you, most of all."

"Yes, yes, I do rejoice!" cried the young man, passionately, but with an undertswell of distress in his voice. "What is my fate, compared to the glory of a newly-born nation? Yes, Grace, my heart is burning with exultation—torn with sorrow; for the work of this day threatens to separate us forever."

"Forever? You and I? Oh, no!"

The girl looked up, startled; her lover's hand closed firmly on hers, and she saw that his face was pale with the intensity of great excitement; pale, but triumphant.

"It is done, my Grace. You understand? Our Independence is carried. The cannon, the bells, and the voices of a free people, are proclaiming it to the world. Oh, my beloved, I could die now, I could die now to this music of our falling chains!"

She clung to his hand, as a bird clings to the flowering hand that holds its nest.

"You must not speak of dying, Rufus. It seems to me as if those sounds might arouse brave men from their graves, not send them there. But your hand quivers! Your voice is hoarse! What is it that you fear so much?"

"I have been speaking."

"Ah! I thought so! I thought so!"

"Words that your father never will forgive."

The girl's countenance fell.

"Of all the delegates present, I have gone farthest, and denounced the ministry most vehemently."

"I would give my life to have heard you," exclaimed the girl, kindling into enthusiasm.

"That you can say this, my beloved, will be a double cause of offence to your father. He will, from this day, deem me a traitor to his king, and one who has brought treason into his own household."

"He knows that you are an honest man, and with such there can be no real treason."

"But it was I who taught you to love liberty better than your king. This he will consider a crime."

"It was from you I learned how——"

The girl broke off in her sweet avowal, blushing rosily as she strove to draw her hand from his clasp.

"You love me, Grace. Oh, do not think shame of saying it now, when I need the assurance so much!"

The girl lifted her frank eyes to his face, and smiled upon him tenderly.

"Yes, I love you!"

"But your father! Your mother!"

"My father is a proud man, who loves his king next to God; but he is just, as well as proud. My mother knows what love is, being a good woman," answered Grace, with all the tremulous hopefulness of youth and of inexperience.

"I know—I know!" said the young man. "But from this day your father will look upon me as an enemy."

"No, no!"

"I have never deceived him; but, loving you as I did, may have shrunk, with something like cowardice, from contesting his opinions. Now, when my countrymen have chosen me to act for them, I have spoken; rashly, perhaps, but, God knows, how honestly."

"It was the act of brave men," interrupted Grace.

"The Declaration is hardly an hour old. As yet, it has but one signature, that of John Hancock, President of the Committee. This very day other names will follow, mine among the rest. Oh, my beloved, what if that one dash of the pen should separate us forever! The thought almost makes a coward of me."

"God will not so punish a great act," said Grace.

"This evening I shall seek your father."

"So soon?" faltered the girl, shrinking from this nearness of trouble.

"Yes, there must be no delay. I have hesitated till now; but there can be no doubt of my position after to-day; and, hopeless as my suit may be, there is no dishonor in urging it. Hitherto he has been all kindness. Still, he must have known how deeply I loved you; for that I made no effort to conceal from him, more than your own sweet self."

"I think he knew it. I am sure he liked you,

very much," said Grace, thoughtfully. "As for mamma, I never knew her take so kindly to any one."

"She is a sweet, noble woman. It will be a sad grief to me if she should condemn anything that I have done."

Grace allowed her heart to droop despondently awhile. When she looked up, her fine eyes were full of tears.

"Poor mamma!" she said. "It will be a pain for her to go against my father in anything."

"And I shall have given her this pain!" answered the young man, sadly. "Or, perhaps, have forfeited her friendship. Oh, my beloved, the way of a patriot is hard, indeed, when it threatens to strike out of his life the one great love which is its root and branch."

"God help us, if that should follow!" said the girl, drawing closer to him. "But He will not permit it. While He cares for the fate of nations, will He forget us, lowly as we are? No, no, Rufus! While He gives sunshine and rain, and free air, to the oaks, has He ever yet forgotten the tiniest flowers that grow around their roots? Why, then, should He forsake us?"

The girl looked down upon her lilies as she said this, and a smile stole over her face, which had grown white as they were when her lover first spoke of separation. Strange as it may seem, no direct words of love had ever passed between these two, until the young man came from the council-chamber, where he had but just taken his seat, and uttered words of eloquence that threatened to crush all personal hopes in one great event.

At another time blushes might have dyed that fair young creature's face; but now it was pale with a feeling that forbade all the sweet subterfuges of modesty as trivial and out of place. This man knew that he was beloved, and, in his excitement, assumed the fact without pausing to question it in words, or in his own mind. At another time there might have been persuasion, entreaty, and such graceful wiles as happy love veils its passion with; but now the occasion was too momentous; and these young persons entered upon their betrothal at the moment a final separation menaced them. In after years, Grace Kingsland strove in vain to remember when and how it was that she had confessed to this man how deeply she loved him; but this she never forgot. Then and there, among the July roses, her faith had been pledged to him in a rush of strong, deep-feeling, that must live in her heart forever.

This scene, so full of excitement, so passionately abrupt, brought a world of sweet bitterness to the young man. He comprehended, far better than the girl could, the vast chasm his own act had dug between himself and her, and there was something almost of sorrow in the wistful longing with which he regarded the smiles that, spite of her fears, trembled around the returning scarlet of her lips.

"My father is proud, but never cruel," she said, too happy for despair. "When he knows—when he knows all this, he will forgive you for loving your country better than yourself—better than me."

"No, no! Do not say that, Grace."

"Why not? Should I love you better were your patriotism less?"

"My sweet, noble girl!"

Grace drew her hand away as Barringford was raising it to his lips; for, between the two great sculptured lions that guarded the entrance-gate, she saw her father standing, as if stunned by the tumult of bells, cannon, and voices, that came up from the distance.

"It is my father! See how he frowns," she whispered, drawing back under the shadow of a great walnut-tree that stood close by. "Now, indeed, I feel the peril we are in."

There was something in the appearance of that proud, tall man, standing between the stone lions, that might have excused dread in a stronger person than that brave, but gentle girl. More than six feet high, of commanding presence, he stood, with his heavy gold-headed cane in one hand, lifted from the ground, as if he were about to use it as a weapon. His grand, strong face was deadly pale, and, even from that distance, Grace could see that his eyes were full of deep, scornful fire.

During a full minute he stood thus, with one hand clinched on his cane, while the wind faintly stirred the laced ruffles at his wrists, and the sunshine struck fire from the great gold buttons on his coat.

At last he thrust his cane sternly downward upon the marble walk which led to the great double-entrance door of his dwelling, and moved forward with a proud, ringing step, like that of a warrior in mail.

"He has heard the news, and is angered fearfully," whispered Grace, beginning to tremble, and look frightened.

"Still, I must speak with him."

"Not now. Oh, not now! Come this evening; any time, when this storm has blown over. I never saw him look so stern before."

"Poor child! I must not wait. To keep silent now would seem like deception."

"Only till this evening. He is so angry now."

"This evening, then, I will come; until then keep up your courage. We must try to hope a little, desperate as everything seems," said Barringford, dropping her hand, which fluttered down from his like a frightened bird; for with the thought of his going, half her bravery fled.

"But if he should say no!" she whispered, with white, quivering lips. "I never was afraid of him before, but now his passion is terrible."

Before he could answer, a crowd came rushing by the broad stone fence that shut in the grounds, shouting, as they dragged a small cannon to some neighboring position. Through the iron railing that ran along the wall, a hundred moving heads were visible, all running in one direction, with much noise and bustle. Some of the men saw Barringford, and greeted him with a shout.

"Go, now! Go, I pray," pleaded Grace. "They are drawing up near the house. He will feel it as an insult."

The young man answered her hastily.

"I will send them in another direction," he said. "Have no fear that they will be permitted to annoy your father."

Reckless in his haste, the young man dashed across the flower-beds, and out of the front entrance, pausing a moment just beyond the lions, in hot argument with the little band of street-patriots, who had really intended to carry the noise of their rejoicing so near to the proudest Tory mansion in Philadelphia, that its inmates should be enraged by the sound.

Those of the crowd who had recognized the young man, were already out of sight, and to the others he was a stranger, whose interference they were ready to resist, especially as they had observed him to come out of the mansion itself. Feeling the impolicy of urging dissuasive arguments there, he passed on with the crowd, and was thus seen by the master of the mansion, who stood scornfully regarding the scene from his library-window.

CHAPTER II.

"RHODA, are you asleep? Are you ill? Look up, do, and help me, if you can."

The young woman, who still lay on the couch, hushing her memory into silence, lifted her head from the cushion, and looked at the girl with weary, almost baleful eyes.

"What is it?" she said, impatiently. "Lilies! Why do you bring them for me? I hate the colorless things."

Saying this, she snatched the lily-stalk, which, in all her agitation, Grace had still kept in one hand, tore off the white bells, and flung the broken stem away; notwithstanding the poor girl uttered a faint cry of distress, as she saw the pale leaves crushed in a hand that always had more than a woman's strength in it.

"They were the first, and so beautiful! How could you?" she said, with tears in her eyes—tears that came from a deeper source than the crushed flowers that gave back a mournful perfume for their cruel death.

"What are you crying for? Not the lilies? You are not baby enough for that. And what is all that hideous noise about? Has Bedlam broken loose? I hope so; it is pleasant to hear cannon. There is life in that."

"To-day, Rhoda, Congress declared the Independence of Thirteen States. It is for this that the bells ring, and the cannons roar so. They speak defiance to the king."

Rhoda sat up on her couch, pushing back the hair from her temples with both hands.

"Another triumph for him," she thought. "Oh, how I hate the sound."

"Rhoda, try and think a little for me. I am in great trouble—so happy, so very unhappy."

"What do you know of happiness or unhappiness? You, who have had the life of a flower?" questioned the other, with a sullen movement of the head.

"I want to tell you—I want to ask you for a little help, as you say I have never had trouble in my life; and it frightens me a little."

"What has happened?" questioned the other, with mocking irony. "Is one of your canary-birds dead? Or, has a gold-fish strangled itself?"

A flush of indignant scarlet came into that fair, young face, and Grace turned away with a gesture of quiet, womanly pride, that brought an answering glow into the face turned with such tantalizing superiority upon her.

"I was wrong. You could not understand," she said. "I can understand nothing, with all this clangor of noise in my ears. Have the people gone mad?"

"Mad? Yes, with a glorious madness!" answered Grace.

"A glorious madness? I think you are drifting into insanity with the rest. At first I thought it was wedding-bells; that some great potentate, on one side or the other, had been getting married, or that the child of some man in power was born."

"A child? Ah, no! It is the birth of a nation!'

Rhoda Clyde sat upright, staring at the face of that young girl, which glowed with the inspiration of a sybil. "I believe you really are mad," she said.

"Perhaps. I do not know."

"Still your words must have some meaning. What has happened?"

"You will not be pleased to hear it, like many others; but a Declaration of Independence was signed just as those bells began to ring."

"A Declaration of Independence? Is that what the clamor means?" exclaimed Rhoda, with flaming eyes. "That is what he has been toiling for, fighting for. It opens the gates wide to his ambition. It is another blow!"

She spoke under her breath, and her teeth only made a grinding sound, as if she were crushing some passion to dust between them.

"I feared that the news would make you angry," said Grace, almost terrified by the change that had swept so suddenly over that strong but beautiful face. "It will be unwelcome news to every one in this house. God be thanked, if it brings not bitter dissensions," answered Grace, sorrowfully.

Rhoda did not hear her, but sat motionless upon the couch, with her hands clasped, and her eyes fixed on the floor. The news had disturbed her beyond anything that Grace could have expected.

"I did not think you would have cared so much," she said. "Indeed, until very lately, I thought—don't be angry—but I really did think that in your heart you sided with the patriots. Surely their cause has not changed."

Rhoda looked at the girl vaguely, not hearing, or caring to hear, what she said. Grace saw this, and went from the room, feeling that little sympathy could be expected there.

The moment she was gone, Rhoda Clyde started to her feet, and began to pace the room with the quick, stern movements that might have been natural to a man going into some bitter contest. Her cheeks were pale, her lips moved in silence, and, at last, moved with passionate words,

"Ah, how he will exult!" said she. "There is not a more ambitious creature on earth. A king will be chosen from the most powerful rebels among them, and that man will be king. Who has fought more bravely? Who has carried himself with more royal pride? Who, in all these rabble ranks, can mate with him? This has been his aim from the first. His marriage was a part of this one great plan. Plebeian in birth, he must match himself with aristocracy, with some one who could carry the influence of high birth and power to the altar. This is what took him there. It was not love; that could never dominate over his far-reaching ambition; to forward that, he would have trodden the souls of a thousand women under foot."

Half in burning thoughts, half in passionate words, the young woman poured forth the bitterness of a disappointment that rankled in her wounded pride like the imperfectly-cured bite of a serpent, that neither kills nor gives up its sting of pain. The news she had heard brought back the one romantic dream of her life, when such possibilities as presented themselves in the news she had heard, had fired all the pride and overweening ambition of her nature into one wild hope, that was like madness, but to her seemed possible, until the disaffection of a man who was the very soul of her dream, had cast it into ruin.

Now, as Rhoda paced up and down the floor, all that might have been came back upon her with overwhelming bitterness. The dream that, to her sober reason, seemed like insanity, was not only possible of realization to another, but the events of that day seemed to open broad chances for its accomplishment. The love, the grandeur, the power, which might have been open to her, would, perhaps, fall upon her successful rival, the woman whom she hated more than anything on earth.

Thus passionate, vindictive, aspiring, is it strange that this girl, mature in experience rather than years, should have suffered, raved, and filled the room with wrathful exclamations of pain? Is it strange that this pain turned into a passion of hate, when a noise of wheels in the street checked her at one of the tall windows, and, looking through the pillars, she saw the man who had been the spirit of her wild dreams driving by in all the pomp of nobility, with the fair young wife, for whom she had been deserted, smiling by his side.

As if he had been ordered to prolong the scene, the tiny postillion checked the four horses, that curveted under the glitter of their harnesses, thus giving the inmates of the heavy carriage to the full view, as a king might have appeared among his people. Same as a king he was received; for the side-walks were crowded with citizens, who saluted this man as he passed, to whom he now and then lifted his three-cornered hat, bright with a glitter of gold-lace, and waved his hand, as any monarch might have answered the homage of his subjects.

Is it strange that Rhoda Clyde grew white as death, and that a sob of rage broke from her lips when this man lifted his eyes to the window, and greeted her with the old smile, as if they were still the best friends in the world. He even spoke to the lady by his side, who cast a searching glance that way, and smiled as if in answer to something he had said.

"Oh, if I could kill them both by a look!" ex-

claimed the girl, shaking in all her limbs, as she threw herself, face downward, on the couch, and tore the delicate cambric of her handkerchief with her teeth. "How dare he? How dare he?"

A shout from the people, and the slow grinding of wheels, as that heavy carriage rolled away, left her extended on the couch, searching her brain for some means of vengeance on the man who had insulted her so grossly with his presence in that place.

When a woman makes up her mind to seek vengeance at any cost, there is no lack of mean among the evil things of this earth; but to Rhoda those means were too distant for her hate. For the time, she felt utterly prostrated and powerless. In what way could she, an orphan, living on the bounty of a distant kinsman, ever reach those two persons, throned as they were, in the people's love, and surrounded by all the appliances of seeming wealth and real influence?

Again and again the girl asked herself this question, and answered, madly,

"Give me time. Give me life, and I will find the way."

CHAPTER III.

"Mother!"

The lady thus addressed lifted her head from the embroidery she was busy with, and looked earnestly at her daughter; for there was a touch of pathos in her voice as she uttered that one little word, that went to her heart.

"Is it you, my dear? Troubled by all this noise? No wonder. It does seem as if the foundations of the city were being broken up. But that does not reach us. Why should you be afraid?"

Grace sat down upon the broad footstool at her mother's feet, and, taking her hand from the embroidery, kissed it tenderly.

"Oh, mother, try and feel for me! I am so unhappy!"

"Unhappy, my child! I can hardly think that. Surely, no one has the power to trouble you much under this roof. Is it that Rhoda has been teasing you?"

"Teasing me! Oh, no! It is not that, but a feeling—a feeling that you—no, not you, but my father, will be very angry with me."

Mrs. Kingsford smoothed her daughter's hair, and smiled down upon her with a tenderness so loving, that Grace felt the tears swelling up to her eyes.

"Your father can never be really angry with you, Grace. He may seem so, but the real thing is impossible. We should neither of us know how to go about it. Tell me, now, what have you done?"

"Nothing, mother. Only——"

"Only what, Grace?"

"My father looked so black, so terribly angry, when he came in."

"That was because of the foolish thing they have been doing at the State House."

"I know, mother; and it is breaking my heart."

"Why, Grace, what is this? Sobbing like a child! Trembling, too! Hush, hush, my dear! Nothing can have happened to make you so miserable!"

Again Grace fell to kissing her mother's hand, a shapely white hand, on which some old jewels shone from their silver settings.

"Oh, mother, I have been so, so foolish!"

"I dare say," answered the mother, smiling. "I was foolish myself, at your age."

"Foolish! No, no! I did not mean to say that," cried Grace, eager to take back her words, which seemed like treason. "Only—only I don't know how to make you understand; and I want you to be my friend so much."

"Be your friend! Why, darling, am I not your mother?"

"The dearest and best mother that ever lived! Only I am afraid to tell you how—how much I love him; how dearly he loves me."

A smile stole over the lady's still fair face, but she blushed a little; for the women of seventy-six did not speak of such things with the flippant recklessness that marks the present day. It was just a tinge of color, that might have come in shadows from the cherry-colored ribbon that circled her head, and was tied in a dainty knot in front of her cap; but, after all, it came from one of those pure, matronly hearts that carry the sweet, sensitive modesty of youth to the grave.

"Perhaps I can guess a little," she said.

"Not all. Oh, mother, you cannot guess all! He is a patriot—a friend to liberty! This day he made a speech in Congress. He will sign the Declaration of Independence, and that will make my father hate him."

Mrs. Kingsford became thoughtful, and very grave. She knew little of public affairs, except as they came to her through her husband, and such tory friends as visited the house. The worst she had thought of Barringford was, that his position was neutral; a little inclining to a love of liberty, perhaps, but in no demonstrative sense, that could arouse the resentment, even of so staunch a royalist as her husband. That he had taken a seat in the general Congress at all, was unknown to her. That he had openly and

vigorously joined the men she considered as rebels, filled her soul with absolute dismay.

"Taken a seat in the rebel Congress? Spoken against the government of our king? When did this happen, Grace? You must be misinformed."

"No, mamma. He told me himself. On the very day that he took his seat as a delegate, this question of the Declaration came up, and he took a brave stand."

"A brave stand, Grace? And with the rebels? Who has been putting these disloyal ideas in your head, my child?"

Grace faltered a little, and her head drooped.

"I don't know, mother; but it seems to me as if they had been growing there for months."

Mrs. Kingsford half arose, and pushed the girl back from her knee. Grace lifted her white, startled face, and held out her hands.

"Oh, mother! Will you turn against me?"

"Why not, if you can speak such words against your father and your king?" said the mother; and Grace saw that her bosom was heaving under the kerchief folded over it, while every feature in her face quivered with emotion.

The poor girl dropped her head down upon her hands, and began to sob piteously.

"So, for months, that man, whom I loved almost as a son, has been poisoning the soul of my own child with his secret treason."

"No, mother! No. You must not blame him. I may be wrong, very wrong, myself, but he has no part in it."

"Was there no wrong in his insidious attentions to our only child, knowing what was in his heart all the time? Was it honorable to win her while building up a barrier of shame between her and him that never can be overcome?"

"Dear mother, do not say that. He never spoke to me of love until this very day."

"After your father's consent became impossible," answered the lady, with quiet scorn, quite unusual to her.

"Do not say impossible. It always seemed to me as if father liked him, and you——"

"It is because I liked him, that this thing gives me so much pain," answered the mother, relenting a little, at which Grace took courage.

"Oh, mamma, he thinks so much of you. You should have seen the tears in his eyes when he spoke of the trouble he might bring to you."

Something very like tears came into the lady's eyes. She bent over her daughter, and kissed her on the forehead, murmuring,

"Poor child!"

With a joyful sob, Grace sprang to her feet, and flung both arms around her mother's neck.

"Oh, you *will* be our friend! You will speak to father! He never can deny anything to you. Tell him how good Mr. Barringford is; how sorry he is to offend him! Tell him that he never would have said a word to me, only that I happened to be in the way when his heart was full. You know, dear mamma, all people cannot think alike, especially men, who will reason for themselves; or we shouldn't think much of them now, should we?"

Here Grace took her mother's head between her hands, and looked pleadingly into her eyes, smiling through her tears that still trembled on her own lashes.

"You will be sure to tell all this in your own sweet way, because he will listen to you. Don't let him be hard upon Ruf—on Mr. Barringford. This is his own country, you know, and it is natural that he should love it better than a king he never saw. Besides—besides, I really think that he is right. Don't put your lips together, and knit your dear, white forehead so. I do."

The lady answered with a troubled smile. In all her life she had never refused anything to the fair young creature who hung about her with such loving caresses. How could she do it, then, just as that pure soul was opening to all the sweet mysteries of its womanhood? Love to her had been the one great object of life. How could she crush its first dawning in the heart of her child? Still, it was a hopeless embassy she was about to undertake. The man whom we have seen standing between those stone lions was not likely to yield up the prejudices of birth, and the education of a lifetime, to the reasoning of a woman, however well beloved. Besides, like most females of that time, Mrs. Kingsford had, in all politic affairs, accepted the opinions of her husband; and where was she to find arguments that would combat his superior strength and more perfect knowledge?

We must not regard this well-born gentlewoman as weak because she did not spend her life in solving great problems of national government. If that had been needed for the honor of her husband, or the welfare of her child, she had interest enough to have mastered that, or any other subject; but, up to this time, her knowledge of those important themes had been sympathetic, rather than intellectual. Now her heart was aroused, and her sense of justice disturbed. Why was a question of government to wound the heart and break up the life of her only child?

"How kind you are! How kind!" said Grace, reading the revulsion in her mother's eyes.

A close embrace, quiet tears, and a few warm

kisses, sealed the compact between these two; then, drawing a deep sigh of relief, Grace stole to her room, and, finding her usual place in a great, easy-chair, draped with white dimity, gave herself up to a summer rain of tears, which hope made sweeter than rest or smiles.

At last the flush of a warm sunset came dreamily into the room, died out, and left purple shadows floating among the draperies. Then the soft grayness of night came on, and a thousand bonfires scattered their vivid gold all over the streets of Philadelphia, filling the noble chamber in which the girl had taken refuge with a flood of light that glorified the draperies, the carpet, and the massive furniture in the room, until she seemed in a new world.

Now she began to pace up and down this room, catching gleams of fire on her white garments as her movements had become more and more restless. Evening had come. He might be expected any moment now.

She stopped, breathlessly, and pressed both hands to her heart, for the great bronze knocker had been lifted from the upper half-door, and its sound reverberated through the house.

"It is his knock!"

Opening the door softly, Grace stole to the great oaken stair-case, and leaned over the banister. He stood in the hall below, unconscious of the wistful eyes looking down upon him. Grace saw that he was very firm, and that his eyes shone with a steady lustre, as he waited for the servant to return from the library, where she had more than once heard her father's restless step pacing to and fro.

The servant came back. Barringford put down his hat and cane, swept one hand across his forehead, and disappeared in the shadows, looking the brave man he was.

Then Grace stole back to her room.

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Kingsford stood up in his library, with one hand resting on the leaf of an open desk, which rests against the wall, and loomed halfway to the ceiling. The light from ponderous silver candlesticks, that stood upon the high mantel-piece, glittered upon its polished mountings, and revealed the stately figure of the man with singular distinctness. His face, usually statuesque and colorless, was now flushed with red, and his eyes shone with ominous brightness under the black brows, that were drawn over them in a haughty frown, as he looked at his guest.

For a half-minute he stood thus, with the light quivering over his velvet coat; the laced ruffles, that gleamed like a handful of foam; the thick hair, combed entirely from the noble forehead, and tied with a scarlet ribbon at the back of his neck. At last he turned that severe look from the face of his guest, and waved him to a seat.

"Mr. Kingsford, this is a cold welcome; the first I ever received beneath this roof. How have I deserved it?" said the latter.

"Sir, I heard your speech in the council of rebels, down yonder," answered Kingsford, sternly. "I learn that you are an authorized delegate among them. As such I can but marvel that you present yourself under this roof at all."

"It is for that very reason that I have lost no time in coming——"

"That you might lure a rabble of cut-throats around my gate, and light up my house with the infamy of your insurgent fires. The noise of their shouts reached me here. No wonder they rejoice over a new recruit, who promises to lead them well."

A flush of burning red swept the young man's face, and died out as suddenly as it had come. He walked toward the chair Mr. Kingsford had pointed out; but, as that gentleman kept his position, stood also.

"Mr. Kingsford, in what have I deserved these harsh remarks?" he said, in a low, firm voice, which gave evidence of painful repression. "I did not hope that you would be pleased with what I have done. But——"

Here Kingsford interrupted him.

"What have you done? First of all, entered a gentleman's house under the guise of a loyal subject to the king, accepted its hospitality, won unmerited confidence, and now return to it with the brand of a political Cain on your forehead. Is not this enough?"

"It would be if your charges were well-founded. True, I have visited your house, been received in it with more honor than my best efforts could deserve; but I have practiced no deception. In this unhappy quarrel between us and the mother government, I took no share, until the mad usurpations of the king and his ministers became such that honorable men were compelled to resistance."

Mr. Kingsford made a gesture of haughty impatience.

"Under this roof no man living must assail my gracious and royal master. Have the goodness to confine yourself to the object of this most extraordinary visit."

"I fear it will be only to deepen your resentment against me, when I confess that the silence you complain of came from a strong desire to harmonize my principles with yours; because,

to my other grave offences, I have had the audacity to love your daughter."

Mr. Kingsford clenched his hand upon the desk till it looked white and hard as marble under the overhanging lace.

"Audacity, sir, is a faint word for an offence like that! My daughter, however, shall be spared the shame of knowing the honor you have done her, as this is the last time that you will be received under any roof that owns me for master."

"It is because she knows it already that I have felt in honor bound to present myself here. In this, and in nothing else, that I know of, have you cause of complaint against me. In the abandon of a great excitement, I laid bare my heart before her. It was to confess this wrong that I came; and, to atone for it, that I have submitted to words from you that no other man living will dare to use with my knowledge."

For awhile this speech was followed by a grim silence. Kingsford seemed too fiercely wrathful for speech, and Barringford stood, looking at him, half-defiant, half-sorrowful. At last the elder man spoke, in a low, scoffing voice,

"And my daugter? Of course she was duly sensible of the honor."

"Had I not thought that your daughter would listen, at least with patience, to such love as few men ever gave to woman, I should never have been tempted to confess the feelings that so cruelly offend you."

"And she listened? She had the patience to hear you out? Am I to understand this?"

"She forgave the love I so rashly, so wrongly, I confess, offered, and——"

"Well, sir, well!"

The young man now hesitated. He could not find words delicate enough to answer.

"Say that she accepted it, and the measure of your insolent assumption will be complete."

"She did accept, generously, and——"

Mr. Kingsford turned upon the young man, white with wrath.

"Hold, sir, not another word. The young lady herself shall confront this falsehood."

As he spoke, Kingsford strode across the room, and flung the door open. Even in this white heat, the habits of a gentleman forbade all appearance of excitement before the servant, who stood without, to whom he said, in a voice low and gentle.

"Tell Miss Kingsford that I wish to speak with her a moment."

The servant disappeared. Kingsford did not return at once to his place at the desk, but retreated there slowly, struggling against the passion that tempted him to smite the young man to his feet as he passed near him. Directly the door opened, and Grace came in very white, and with a look of alarm in her eyes. She cast one glance at Barringford, then turned gently to her father.

"You sent for me, father?"

"Yes. I sent for you that, with your own lips, you may deny the falsehood this young man was about to utter."

The girl looked at Barringford, and shook her head, with a faint smile.

"That would be impossible, father. He could not, if he tried, utter anything but the truth."

"Not when he says you, my only daughter, have listened graciously to his love talk."

"How could I do less, loving him so much myself?" said the girl. And now a dash of soft, rose-color swept her cheek. "If he only said I listened, it was but half."

Kingsford had been pale before, but he was livid now. He turned his flashing eyes from the trembling yet brave girl to Barringford, who, seeing the panic of terror produced by her father's glance, drew near as if to support her. Kingsford saw the intention, and lost himself. With a swift movement he turned to the mantle-piece, over which some curious arms were grouped, and snatched a naked sword from among them. Grace saw the act, and attempted to spring forward, but her limbs gave way, and she sunk, like a dead creature, on the floor. Her father did not even turn his eyes downward, though her hair had brushed his feet, but leveled the sword, and sprang upon the young man.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SONNET.

BY ETTIE ROGERS.

The very trees are sentient with their woe!
  Their whispering pathos haunts the wild, dark night;
  They writhe and shiver in their helpless might,
And beat their great arms madly to and fro,
With no surcease; save to some rhythm more slow,
  Of music weird lost spirits might incite
  To swell the measures with their sad affright.
Think you if human agony could know
Such voice with such pathetic, thrilling tone
  As shakes and tingles on the quavering wind,
That hearts would break—go mad without a moan,
  And leave no echo of their woe behind?
Implore no pity and invoke no sigh,
But in their voiceless anguish break and die?

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, a promenade costume of black silk and checked woolen material:



in either camel's-hair, vicugna bege, or checked poplin. The skirt of this costume is perfectly plain, and made with a demi train, which is furnished with loops at the back, to lift for the street. The tunic, which is a combination of neutral tints, is pointed in front, and fastened at the side with black silk buttons. The trimming for the edge of the tunic is of black silk, and consists of two knife-plaitings, one overlaping the other, and the upper one stitched on, forming a heading a half inch deep. These plaitings are three inches deep, when finished. They should be laid quite small, and just to touch, carefully basted, and then pressed with an iron, to look nice. The back of the tunic is looped, and forms a pouf, which is ornamented with bows of black silk or ribbon. The cuirass bodice is double-breasted, and fastens on the right side, to correspond with the tunic. It is cut square, back and front, and shorter on the hip, as may be seen. There is a high, standing collar, piped with silk. Coat-sleeves, with cuff also piped to match. Pocket on the right side. All dresses, now, have the pocket either put on the outside garment, whether



Polonaise or tunic, or else depending as a chatelaine-pocket from the waist. The tightness with

which the over-dress is draped makes this necessary. Five yards of double-width material, in check, will be required; or double the quantity of single. I need only say, these plaid suitings can be had from fifty cents to three dollars per yard.



We give, on the preceding page, a costume suitable for mourning. The material may be cashmere, merino, tamise, Henrietta-cloth, or twilled serge; these are the best goods for wear in mourning. The lower skirt of this costume has a deep flounce cut on the bias, edged with a fold, or crape, or dull silk; above this is a knife-plaiting of the material six inches deep. The tunic is also trimmed with a fold, same width as the one ornamenting the flounce. The back of this tunic is open, and caught up to form a pouf. The corsage having basques, hollowed out at the sides, deep at the back, and edged with a narrower fold: the same trimming is carried up the sides of the corsage and round the neck. Sleeve cut coat-shape, very small, and a plaited ruffle, headed by the trimming, forms the cuff. There is a high, standing collar. Twelve yards of double-width material, if crape, is used; for trimming, four yards, silk, three yards, will be required.

Opposite, is another walking-costume, which calls for a skirt of black velvéteen, but silk or cashmere would look equally well. The tunic and jacket of this costume are of striped limousine of neutral tints. The tunic is cut with an apron-front, and one width plain at the back; the whole simply faced. There is a row of buttons all the way down the front, and it is draped tightly at the back. The jacket is hollowed out at the back to fit the figure, and the fronts are loose, and much deeper than the back. Pockets, and collar, and band, forming the cuff of sleeve, match the skirt of the dress, whatever material that may be. There are also three cross-bands of the material, forming the cuff of the coat-sleeve.



Four yards, with careful cutting, of this wide material, will make this over-dress. These materials are of a soft, woolen texture, very warm, and need no trimming; and being so soft, they drape most gracefully.

Above, we give something quite novel in design,

and new. This costume is, of course, of the all prevailing fashionable combination of plain and plaid. The material is dark-gray fancy woolen. The short train skirt is quite plain and flat in front, only trimmed across the front and sides with one deep flounce, put on with a puff for heading. The back is a Belgrave plait under a pouf. Two squares of the plaid, bordered with the plain, are draped under the pouf. The Belgrave plait must be laid and then fastened across with tapes underneath, at intervals, to keep it in place. The bodice, of the plaid, is untrimmed, with sleeves of the plain, finished with cuffs and bows of the plaid. The edge of this bodice is simply piped with the plain. Silk buttons fasten the bodice from the throat to the end of the basque. Three yards of plaid, and six yards of plain, in double width, will be required. The hat for this costume is so pretty, we cannot resist describing it. It is gray felt, flat in front, and turned up at the back. It is trimmed with black velvet, a bird's wing. and a long scarf of gray gauze,with fringed ends.



We give, above, a costume for a little boy of from three to five years. Short trousers, and blouse of steel-blue cloth, bound with black braid, and trimmed with black buttons. This little blouse is slashed on the hips and at the back, and belted in at the waist with a wide leather belt and buckle, The trousers are loose, and just cover the knee. They are trimmed around the bottom, and up the outside seams with the braid.



We next give a dress in serge for a little girl of eleven years. Dark-blue, or brown, are the most fashionable. The plain skirt is trimmed with six rows of coarse mohair braid, of the kind called "Hercules." A similar trimming, with the addition of nine buttons, simulates a waistcoat upon a jacket bodice. The braid is put on in turned-up points all round the edge of the jacket. Coat-sleeves, with cuff trimmed to match. Collar high at the back, terminating in points in front.

We close with a charming dress of pale-blue cashmere, for a little girl of four years old. We give front and back views of it.

The skirt is round, and mounted in gathers; it is bordered with a band of English embroidery, placed on the cashmere, not below it. The tunic Polonaise fastens in front, and is hollowed out squarely at the neck, where it is trimmed with two narrow bands of embroidery, one facing upward, the other downward.

This tunic Polonaise is slashed up at the back



The embroidered band is carried up the opening, and forms a coquillé, the centre of which is filled with falling loops. There are large pockets at the sides. It is very pretty.



WASHING-GLOVE, IN KNITTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Materials: One ounce Strutt's knitting-cotton, No. 4, four steel pins, No. 13.

Cast on forty-eight stitches on three needles, sixteen on each.

1st Row (with single cotton:) Knit four, purl four. Repeat this row eleven times more.

2nd Row (with double cotton:) Purl.

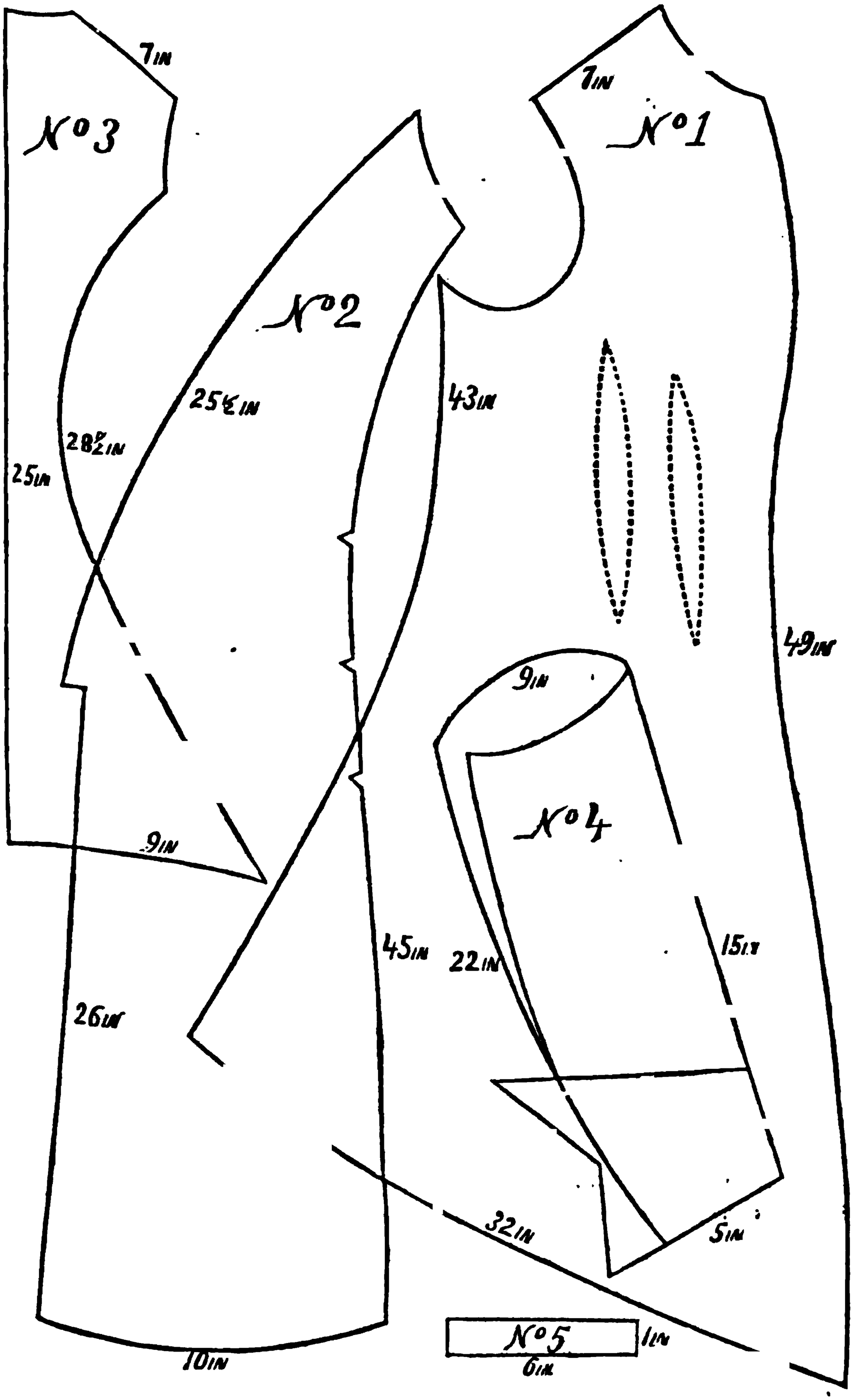
3rd and 4th Rows: Knit plain. Repeat these three last rows nineteen times more. In each of the next rows, which are the same as last three, decrease two in each row, by knitting two together at the side—that is, knit twenty-two, knit two together, knit twenty-two, knit two together. In each of the next rows you will have two stitches less. When the stitches are reduced to twenty, slip one, knit one in every fourth stitch, pass the slipped stitch over. When reduced to twelve, six on one needle, six on the other, place them together, and cast off, taking one from one needle, one from the other; draw the cotton through the top, and fasten on the wrong side. Make a loop of double chain-stitch, and sew to the top of glove.

WINTER POLONAISE, FOR A YOUNG LADY.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



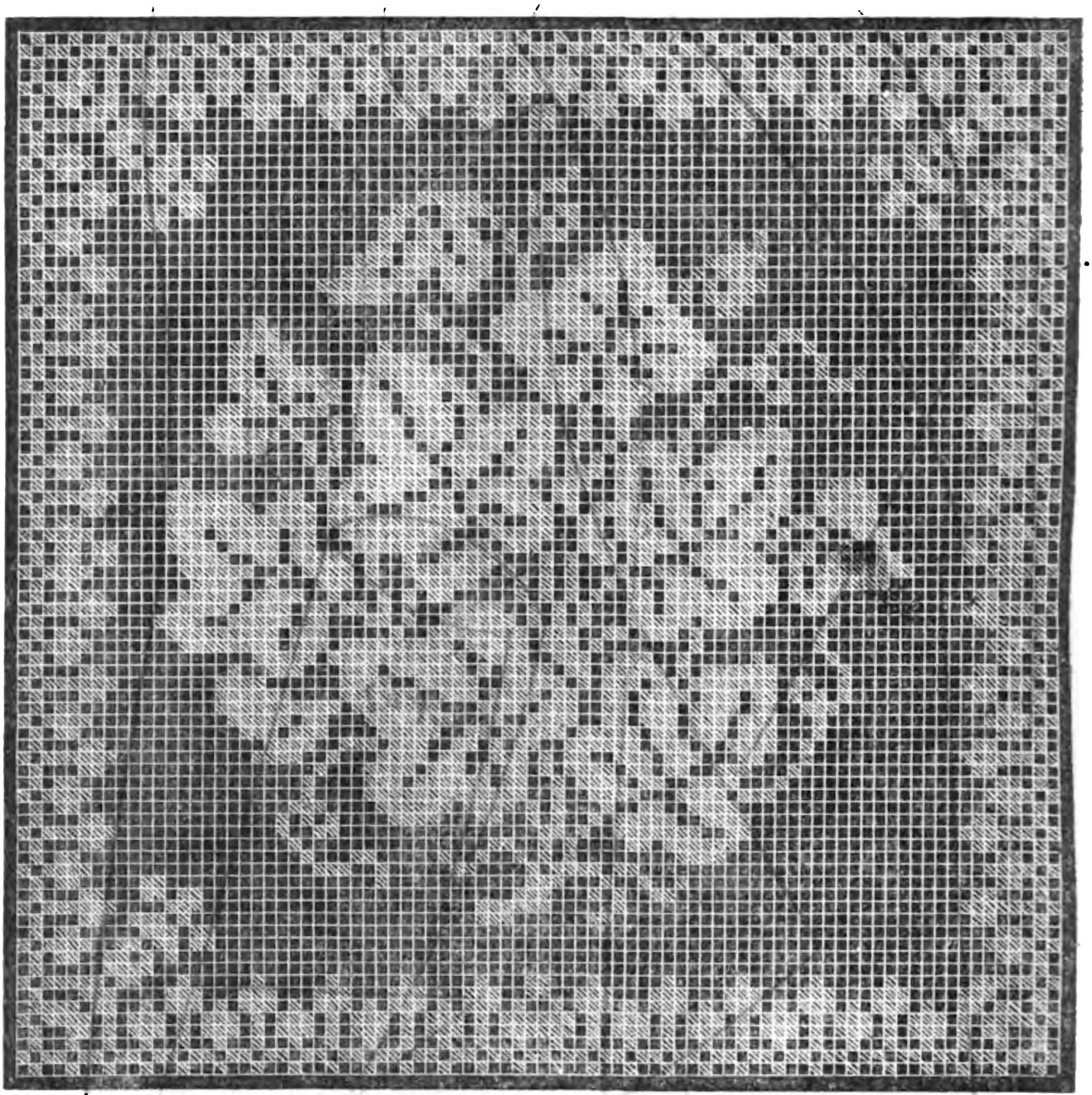
We give, here, a Winter Polonaise, the very latest in style: with a diagram, on the next page, by which to cut it out. The skirt is of navy-blue French merino. The Polonaise is of black cashmere, ornamented with rows of black mohair braid. The edge is finished with a heavy silk fringe. Navy-blue ribbon is used for the bows and sash-ends, or black, if preferred. This design will look well also in any of the striped goods now so fashionable.



No. 1. Half of Front.
No. 2. Half of Side-Piece.
No. 3. Half of Back.
No. 4. Sleeve.
No. 5. Band to Lift Plaits.
Notches on No. 2, where plaits are laid.

TIDY, IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We have received a request for a pattern for a tidy in crochet, the pattern to represent leaves and flowers. We give one here, with a border, which adds greatly to its effect.

DESIGNS FOR CUSHION AND BORDER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give, printed in colors, designs for a cushion and border in Berlin work. We have, frequently, given very handsome patterns of this kind; but none quite so elegant and refined. The cost of this pattern was as great as most of the "chromos" offered by other periodicals for premiums; and it was produced in the same way; yet we give this, and others, every year, without any such parade of expense, etc.

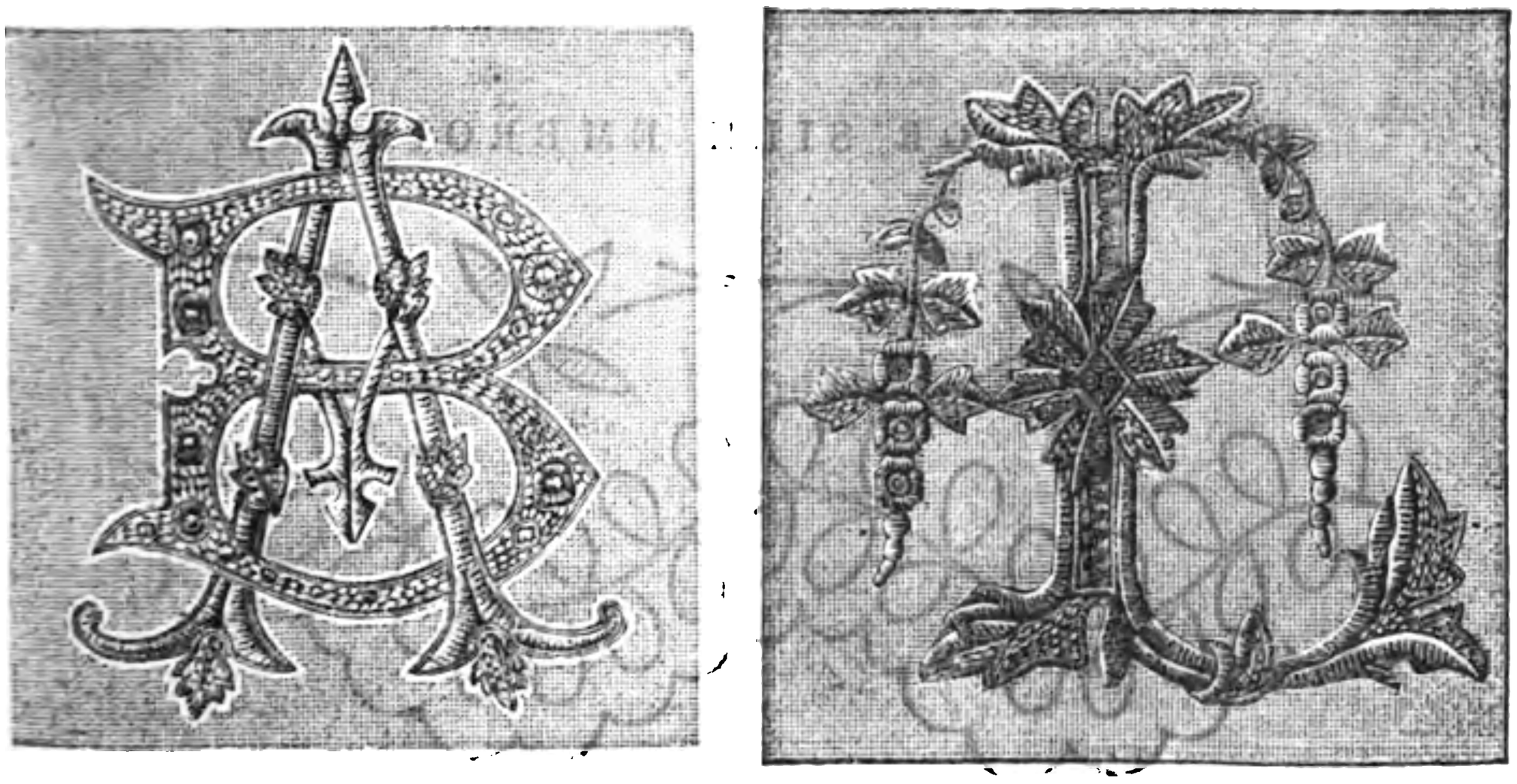
WORK-BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



A basket of any form may be chosen. It should be lined inside with quilted silk, and fitted with pockets of any shape or form convenient for the articles it is intended to hold. Round the bottom of the basket, and edge of the cover, a kilted flounce of silk or muslin is placed. Above this is a band of silk, bound at each edge. This is ornamented in the middle with tatting, made in a straight line of two double knots and one picot. The tatting or braid is put on in a simple pattern. The band may be finished at each edge with crochet-tatting or lace. The cover and handle are trimmed to correspond, and a bow at each side finishes the basket.

INITIAL LETTER AND MONOGRAM.

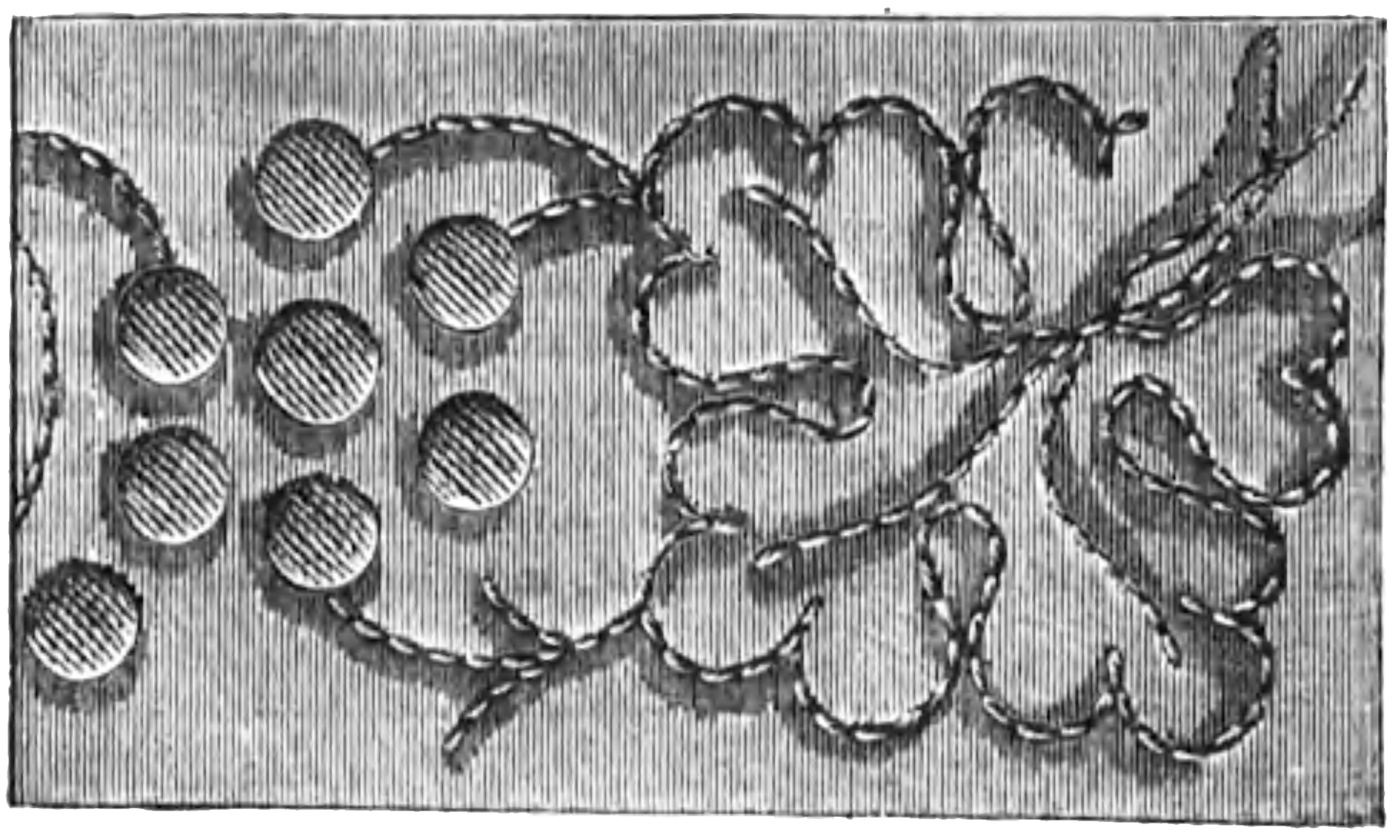


SHOE-POCKET, AND DETAIL OF EMBROIDERY.

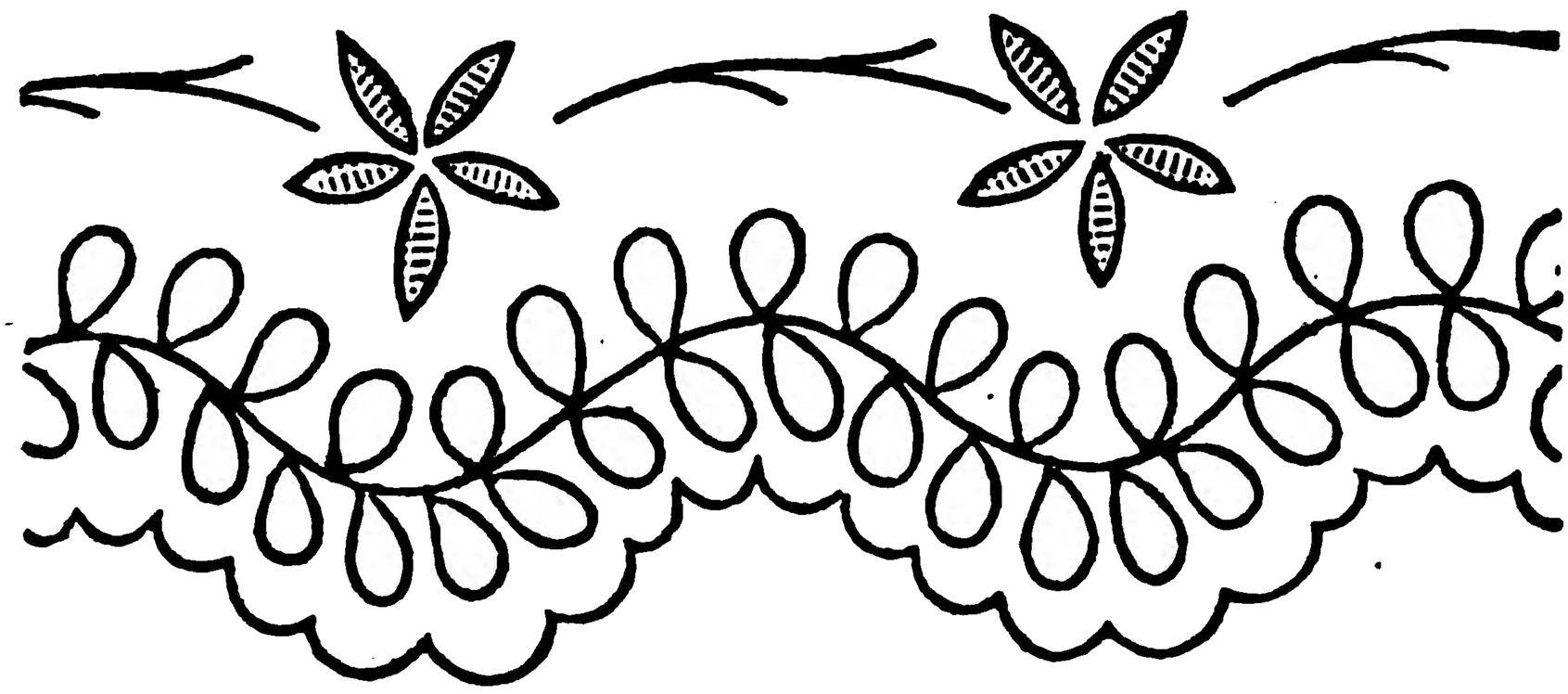
BY MRS JANE WEAVER.



The pocket should be made rather longer than the shoe, and may be made to hold one or two pairs. The material used is brown Holland, and the detail shows a design in embroidery for ornamenting the Holland. The back, front, and flap, are in one piece; the sides are let in; the flap is fastened with a button and loop. This is a very neat and useful article.

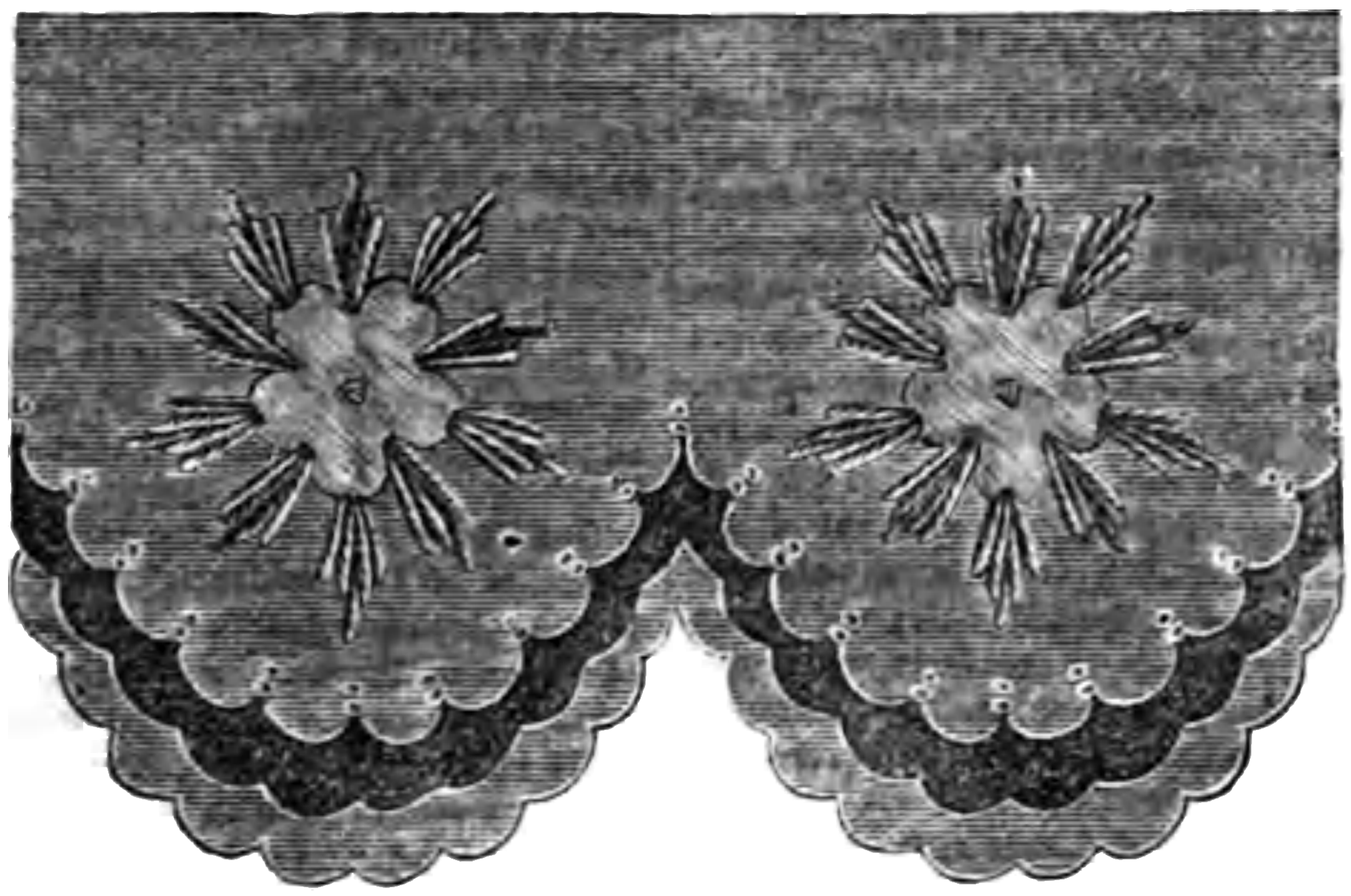


DESIGN FOR SILK EMBROIDERY.



DRAPE IN APPLICATION AND EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

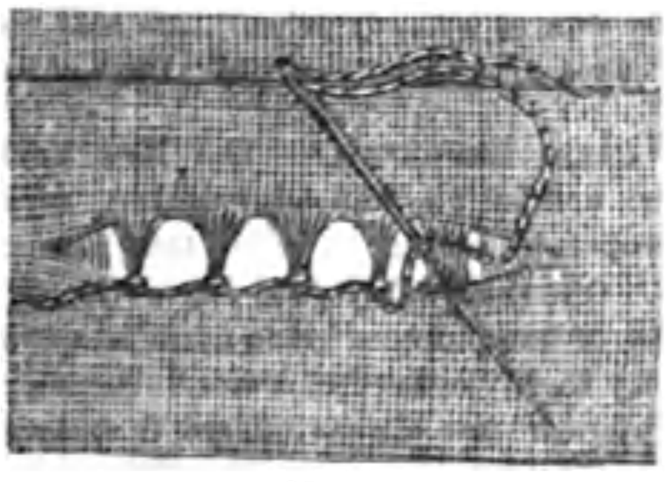


This design is suitable for edging small bracelets, or book-shelves; also for the edges of baskets. The foundation is of cloth. Two pieces, of one color, and one of another, are pinked at the edges, and laid upon each other, as shown in the design. The pattern is composed of silk appliqué, sewn with loose stitches, in purse silk.

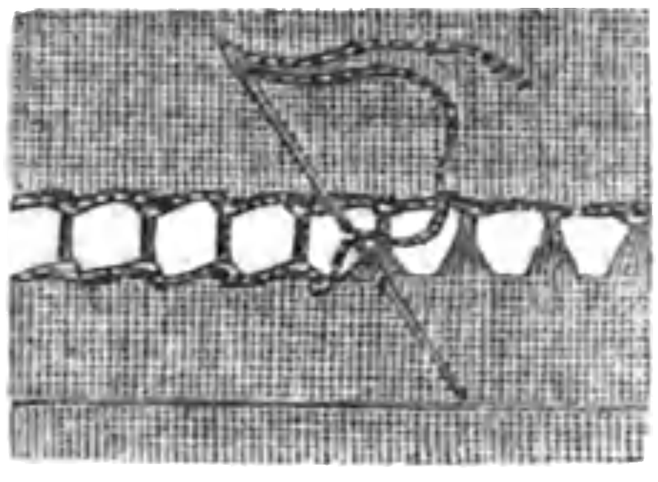
MODE OF WORKING HEM-STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This stitch is useful for the borders of handkerchiefs, and also for cravats and puffs of lawn or cambric. No. 1 shows the mode of raising and separating the threads, also the stitch of first worked side; No. 2, the stitch of finishing side. The working will be more easily followed from the engraving than from any description. This mode will be found less tedious, and stronger than the ordinary mode of drawing the threads.

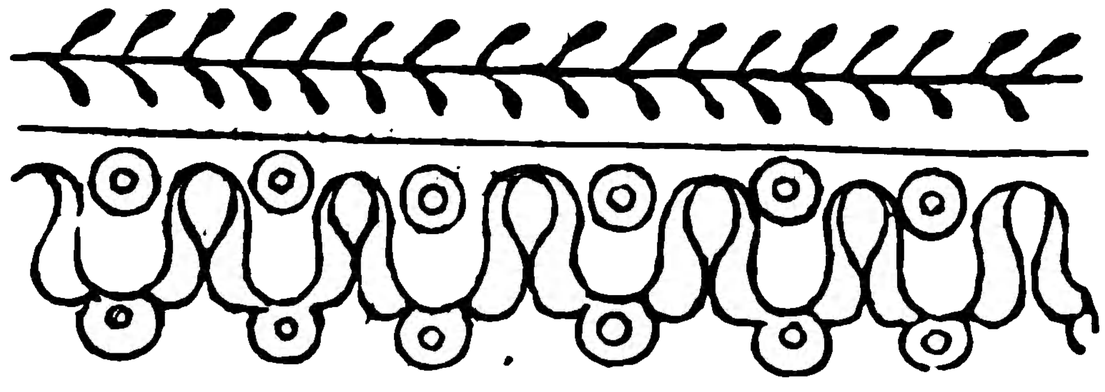


No. 1.



No. 2.

EDGING.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1876! GREAT ATTRACTIONS!!—We call attention to the Prospectus, to be found on the last page of the cover. It is now admitted, everywhere, that "Peterson" is *cheaper and better* than any other lady's book. Our enormous edition, surpassing that of any monthly in the world, enables us to defy competition. We purposely put "Peterson" at a low price, in order to get a large edition, a small profit on such edition being more remunerative than a large profit on a small one.

Our fashion department, particularly, excels that of any cotemporary. The other monthlies give only colored wood-cuts, or lithographs, for their principal plate; we, on the contrary, give elegant colored steel engravings, which cost us $10,000 a year more than if we gave colored lithographs. Our styles, moreover, are not those of second-rate American dress-makers, but come *in advance* from Paris.

Great novelties will be introduced, this year. As a specimen of one, we give the illustrated article on "The Declaration of Independence." This will be followed by others, and by a later series, *on the Great Centennial Exhibition*, which will give as vivid an idea of that unequaled "World's Show," as pen and pencil will permit.

Our original stories, tales and novelets, have been acknowledged, for years, *to excel those of any lady's book*. The best contributors of the country write for "Peterson." Our two novelets, this month, open with very great promise. No other lady's book has such authors as Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. F. Burnett Hodgson, etc., etc.

Remember that *we pre-pay the postage!* Formerly, subscribers had to pay it themselves, at their own post-offices, at an additional expense of from twelve to twenty-five cents each, *over and above the subscription price*. Now that we pre-pay the postage, "Peterson" is *cheaper than ever*.

Now is the time to canvass for clubs! Anybody, with a little exertion, can get up a club, and so become entitled to the premiums. A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for. *Do not lose a moment!*

THE FASHIONS IN SHOES.—For walking, black kid, buttoned boots are worn, with fine cashmere or silk stockings to match the costume. The Paysanne shoe, which entirely covers the foot, tied with two ribbons, and ornamented with a slight design in white silk, is also worn when on foot on fine days. For carriage and home wear there are shoes with straps or bars across the instep, which reach high up the leg, and colored silk stockings are worn beneath them. Reine Margot shoes of bronze kid, cut very low at the toe in front, and barred across with a single strap fastened under a metal buckle, are also worn in the house. There are the Swiss shoes, made of black kid, with a butterfly bow on the toe, and a small silver grelot, which sounds at every step the wearer takes; colored kid shoes to match every dress; black satin shoes with jet butterfly bows; also the same embroidered in imitation of ermine, the small tails being worked with white instead of black silk. All these fancy shoes for house wear have pointed toes, but the walking shoes are always square.

THE PICTORIAL SOUVENIR.—We will send for a premium, (if preferred to the "Christmas Morning,") either our "Pictorial Souvenir," or our "Gems of Art." Each of these has twenty-five engravings, similar to, and of the size of, "Little Tot of '76," in this number.

WHEN TO WEAR JEWELRY.—In Paris, jewelry is now rarely worn in day-time. Earrings and lockets are almost the sole ornaments to be seen; all costly jewels and fine gold work are reserved for evening toilets. Buttons, however, are the exception to the rule, for the most extravagant sums are now given for artistic-looking buttons, and old models are copied for their design. Dinner-dresses, made square and open in front, are fastened with diamond flowers; bouquets of Rhine crystals, butterflies in small gems of all sorts, bunches of grapes in pearls and enamel, Pomqadour bows in turquoise, are all used for buttons.

OUR CENTENNIAL GIFT, the steel engraving of "The Declaration of Independence," after Col. Trumbull's celebrated cotemporary picture, has just come from the hands of Illman Brothers, and *will be sent out, as a supplement, with the February number*. Its size, as advertised, is 10 inches by 15 inches. With the exception of Durand's, it is the best copy ever made of the picture; and Durand's has long been out of print, and only to be had at fancy prices. This splendid engraving is a *free gift* to the subscribers of "Peterson," in honor of the Centennial year.

A "LITTLE TOT" OF 1776.—In our December number for 1875, we gave a charming engraving of a "Little Tot" of to-day, a sturdy, bold fellow, a perfect type of childish strength and, if we may so say, manliness. In this number we give a "Little Tot of 1776," after a famous picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds. These "Two Little Tots" show the difference, in the costumes even of children, which a century makes; but they also show, that "Little Tots" were, a hundred years ago, just as charming as now. What can be more demure and cunning than this "Little Tot" of 1776?

"THE DAYS OF '76."—This novelet opens with great spirit. It promises to be better than even "The Lady Rose." It will be valuable, moreover, apart from the story; for it gives vivid pictures of the conflicts in many an honest heart, the divisions in families, the sufferings, the other elements of tragedy, which accompanied the war of Independence. It must not be forgotten that the great boon of our liberty was only won at a heavy price. Life was no child's play, no bed of roses, in those eventful "Days of Seventy-Six."

GOOD STEEL ENGRAVINGS.—The New York Tribune, in a recent article on house-furnishing, says:—"May the housekeeper be strong to resist that abomination, *an oil chromo!* One thoroughly good engraving, or two good photographs, of fine pictures, bring more beauty to a room than do twenty highly-colored chromos." Acting on this principle, "Peterson" has always offered first-class steel engravings for premiums.

WE PRE-PAY POSTAGE, on all mail subscribers, remember; Up to last year, subscribers had to pay it themselves, at their own post offices, at an additional expense of from twelve cents to twenty cents each, *over and above the subscription price*. Bear this in mind! The postage we paid in 1875 was over ten thousand dollars. All this the subscribers now save.

ALWAYS DRESS according to your complexion, figure, and style. It is the duty of every woman to look as pretty as she can; and this is a chief way to look pretty.

SAVE A DOLLAR, or even two, by subscribing for "Peterson," the best as well as the cheapest of the lady's books.

OUR NEW PREMIUM ENGRAVING FOR 1876, proves to be even more popular than we had expected. Editors, and others, pronounce it the best we have ever issued. The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun says, "In artistic merit it is the finest ever issued." The Lynn (Mass.) Republican says: "It is not one of the cheap, colored lithographs, with which the country is flooded, *but a first-class line and stipple engraving; executed in the highest style of art.*" The plate is rather larger than usual, and has been engraved expressly for us by Illman Brothers, in their most brilliant style. The subject is, "CHRISTMAS MORNING." It represents two little ones, still in their night-dresses, entering at papa and mamma's chamber-door, in the early morning, to wish them a "Merry Christmas." The easiest way to obtain a copy is to get up a club for this magazine for 1876! A very little exertion will effect this. See our unprecedented offers for 1876 on the last page of the cover.

THE STYLES FOR STOCKINGS.—For evening wear, stockings are either open-worked or embroidered with flowers, or embroidered with gold and silver. Gold butterflies are to be seen on the clocks of black silk stockings, small silver fish on pale-blue silk stockings, small gold designs on red silk stockings, and anchors, worked in old silver, on navy-blue stockings. Some stockings for full dress are woven in silk and silver, and are so brilliant that they are quite dazzling to look at.

HOW TO EARN IT.—The Hamilton (N. Y.) Republican says of our "Christmas Morning" premium engraving for 1876: "It is a picture that will go to every heart. You can get it, gratis, by raising a club for 'Peterson' for 1876, or by remitting $2.50 for it and for the magazine. This is a rare chance."

"IN HIGH STANDING."—A lady writes. "I commenced getting clubs for you in 1856, and have sent a number of clubs every year since. Other magazines that I used also to get clubs for, are either dead, or their popularity is on the wane. *Yours alone maintains its high standing.*"

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Sevenoaks. A Story of To-Day. By J. G. Holland, author of "Arthur Bonnycastle." With Twelve Full-Page Illustrations, after Original Drawings by Sol Eytinge. 1 *vol.* 12 *mo. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.*—The causes of Dr. Holland's popularity, as a novelist, are not far to seek. He not only tells his story naturally and rapidly, never permitting the interest to flag, a secret that has made even exceedingly silly books sell, but he describes life as it is, or, at least, as it seems to him, and does not draw on books for it, or evolve it, as the Germans say, "out of his own consciousness." Then he always holds fast to right and wrong. He never palters with crime, never gilds it over, as some writers do, even while they pretend to condemn it. In "Sevenoaks" we have the career of a knavish millionaire and speculator, one of those ingrained swindlers with which modern society abounds, coarse and brutal, with indomitable will, no conscience, and intense self-conceit. We find him, at last, a fugitive from justice, sunk to a bar-tender on a Canadian steamboat; and we recognise, with a pleased feeling, that if the mills of the gods *do* grind slowly, they grind fine. The most attractive character, to our thinking, in the book, is Jim Fenton, and next to him we rank Miss Butterworth, the itinerant tailoress.

Parbleu; or, Told in the Twilight. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is the latest story that the author of "East Lynne" has written, and is printed from advanced sheets sent over from London. The type is large and clean, just the type for the eye, these long winter evenings.

Leah: A Woman of Fashion. By Mrs. Annie Edwards. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Sheldon & Co.*—This is the most artistic of all this lady's novels, and would deserve unqualified praise, but for one serious drawback: the story ends unhappily. Now, it often happens that a story can end in no other way. "The Mill on the Floss," is an example in point. But "Leah" does not necessarily belong to this class. Every reader feels, on reaching the conclusion, that the heroine has been hardly dealt with, and that a different denouement would not only have been pleasanter, but more artistic. In fact, in order to bring about this result, the author has had to make the character of the girl inconsistent. In other words, the one or two things which Leah does, that make the catastrophe inevitable, are things of which, being what she was generally, she could not have been guilty. Even with this drawback, however, "Leah" is the best English novel of the season.

The Shepherd Lady. By Jean Ingelow. 1 *vol., royal* 8 *vo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—A dainty volume, particularly appropriate for a Christmas, New Year's or Birth-Day gift, especially in cultivated and refined circles. The principal poem is called "The Shepherd Lady, but the book contains other poems, not included in any preceding edition of Miss Ingelow's poetical works. Numerous engravings, in the highest style of art, from designs by Arthur Hughes, Miss Hallock, Sol Eytinge, Darley, and others, illustrate and adorn the pages. The volume is of the same size as the illustrated, "Songs of Seven," which some of our readers may remember. It is beautifully bound, in cloth, gilt and black lettered.

Cartoons. By Margaret J. Preston. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—This is a volume of poems, that are exceptionally good. The poems are divided into three series: "Cartoons from the Life of the Old Masters," "Cartoons from the Life of the Old Legends," and "Cartoons from the Life of the Day." A reverential feeling for the beautiful, for human brotherhood, and for religious truth, pervades them all; and the work of a true artist, as well as the inspiration of a true poet, is seen in every page. We wish we had space to quote a few of the poems, especially that on the death of Canon Kingsley. The volume is handsomely printed, like all the publications of this house.

Wild Hyacinth. By Mrs. Randolph. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—A very charming novel of English life, the characters well discriminated, and the interest maintained to the end. Hyacinth is the name of the heroine, and, in spite of her faults, the reader cannot help loving her. She is more natural than her sister, Christian, whom the author intends to be the favorite. The selfishness of Lindsay is brought out in strong relief against the affection of his wife. The book is very neatly printed, as are all the publications of this house.

Autobiography of Mrs. Fletcher. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—Mrs. Fletcher was one of the most remarkable women of her day. If she had lived in France, and in the same circles as Madame Recamier, her great social and intellectual qualities would have made her a serious rival to the Parisian dame. This work has been edited by the survivor of Mrs. Fletcher's family, and is full of letters and other family memorials. Two fine portraits adorn the volume, one taken when Mrs. Fletcher was eighty, the other when she was a girl of fifteen.

Nine Little Goslings. By Susan Coolidge. With Illustrations. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—Few writers for children are as popular as Miss Coolidge. This, her latest book, is as good as the best. It contains nine stories, as the title suggests, each and all admirable. The book is neatly printed, handsomely illustrated, and bound with great taste. If you are looking for a Christmas or New Year's gift, for any of your own little ones, or for those of your friends, you cannot do better than to select "Nine Little Goslings."

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson'" has had, for twelve years, an average circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world, amounting to the enormous figure of 130,000 copies monthly. It goes to every county, village, and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., for terms, etc., etc.

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EASIER THAN EVER.—A subscriber, sending us a club for 1876, and quite a large one, says: "This is my eighth annual club for 'Peterson,' and I find it easier than ever to get up a club for it."

"CAN'T DO WITHOUT IT."—A lady sends us her subscription for 1876, saying, "I took your magazine from 1869 to 1873, and then I quit taking it; but I can't do without it any longer."

THE THOUSANDS OF LADIES who use "LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH" keep their own counsel, and all their admirers suppose that complexions so perfectly natural in appearance must be Nature's own. Sold by all druggists.

"NO EQUAL."—The Ware (Mass.) Gazette says of this magazine:—"All things considered, it has no equal at its price. One of its novelties, 'The Days of '76,' is just the thing for the Centennial year."

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. I.—FORMS OF CROUP.—SPASMODIC.

THE object in speaking of croup, and many other forms of disease in this department, is not so much to specify any definite course of treatment, as will enable the mother to safely assume the responsibility of the case, but rather to point out some of the most evident or principal causes of disease, which generally, by a watchful care, she may obviate, and thus often prevent maladies from invading her nursery, or little home-circle, and, at most, point out some measures which she may safely resort to in the very incipiency of the attack, or during the time that may elapse between the summons and appearance of the physician.

The simple and most frequent form of this disease is known as spasmodic, or false croup, or spasm of the glottis, which is at the very threshold of the larynx, or wind-pipe. It is a convulsive affection, occurring in paroxysms, with larger or shorter intervals between them. The child is suddenly seized, in apparent health, with a spasmodic inspiration, consisting of distinct attempts to breathe, or fill the chest, between each of which a squeaking noise is generally made, the eyes stare, and the child is evidently in great distress. If the paroxysm continues long, the face becomes purple, the head is thrown back, and the mother is seriously alarmed. At length, a strong inspiration takes place, followed often by a fit of crying, which puts an end to the paroxysm for the present, and the child, much exhausted, frequently falls into a gentle slumber. This variety of croup most frequently comes on in the midst of the first sleep, in the most sudden manner, and receding equally sudden, thus often gaining credit for a medicine last administered, that may have had no influence whatever over the disease. The paroxysms may occur several times through the night, or during the day, if the *cause* is not removed. This form of croup is most frequently seen in children who are at least three months old, and those who have not passed their third year.

The cause of this affection has given rise to considerable speculation among members of the profession, and those mooted will not be mentioned. It is pretty generally conceded that it may originate in inflammation of the gums, diseases of the brain, or derangement of the alimentary canal, (*Hall,*)—diseases which influence one of the nervous centres.

The presence of indigestible food in the stomach or upper bowels, by producing an excited state of the nerves of the larynx by sympathy, has thrown the child into one of these croupy paroxysms again and again, and, upon the operation of purgative medicine, food unaltered in appearance has been noticed, invariably, in the intestinal discharges.

Thus, when panada, or gruel, unstrained, has been given in excess to infants, the evacuations will frequently be found to consist of the bread, or semi-solid lumps of the material with which they have been made, entirely unaltered. And thus, through indiscretion, are the muscles of the larynx, throat, or wind-pipe, thrown into spasm, just as the morbid secretions of cholera excite the muscles of the legs and abdomen into spasmodic action.

Hence, then, in reference to the treatment of these cases, the cause being known, there is no need in hastily summoning a physician many times, in these sudden emergencies; but let the mother reflect one moment if her child has just partaken of a hearty meal, a full supper, any nuts, rich cake, or pastry, ham, or mackerel; whether she has been out visiting during the day, and her baby been superabundantly repleted. If so, let her at once resort to ipecac or lobelia in some form or other, and remove the cause, which can be done long before she could get a doctor. As adjuncts, she can place the child's feet, or the lower half of the body, in warm water, medicated with mustard or salt; and if the child be robust, face florid, and head hot, apply cold cloths or spongings to those parts. If no undigested food is thrown off by the act of vomiting, where it has been partaken of, then it has passed into the bowels, and the sooner it is hurried through, by mild means, such as oil, infusion of senna, anise, rhubarb, or magnesia, the better; and thus most probably prevent a return of the paroxysm, which will be pretty sure to appear again, unless the exciting cause is wholly removed.

HOLIDAY GAMES.

THE DWARF, OR GIANT.—This always pleases the little ones. A dwarf is managed by one person standing behind a table, and his hands serving for feet, with the hands of some one else brought round from the back. The contrivance is hidden by a clever disposition of shawls, etc.; for the costume of the dwarf ought to be of an oriental character. So ought the giant's; and this figure should be contrived by the aid of two persons; the one seated on a chair, on a table; the other standing on a box, or stool, behind him. We used to try and give a Chinese character to our make-up, and called it Chang.

THE BABES IN THE TOWER, is another trick. Let two children lie on a sofa, or table, the legs of which can be so hidden by drapery, that some one can lie beneath it, and, being supplied with a large pin, apply it unawares to the legs of the visitors who are brought up to see the poor babes.

THE RECUMBENT PATIENT, is the last of the kind we will enumerate. The performer lies on the ground, and the hair is drawn away from the head, so as to give the appearance of a beard. A cap, or hat, is placed on the chin, and a body, formed of shawls, etc., is attached to the chin, the real figure being hidden in the same way, so that the face is shown upside down, and a very curious effect is produced.

HOUSE FURNISHING.

FASHIONS IN FURNITURE.—Easy-chairs are now made large, and are padded all over; a very great improvement. In wealthy houses they are covered with black Chinese satin, and embroidered with mandarins and Chinese figures. Utrecht velvet is another favorite material for curtains, portieries, ottomans, etc. This velvet is now made in all the beautiful old designs so popular during the reigns of Henry IV. and Louis XIII. Moss-green Utrecht velvet is considered the most distinguished, trimmed with fringe consisting of cerise silk tassels. These fringes are made in pyramids; seven tassels in the centre, five at the sides, then three, then one. But the prettiest Utrecht velvet has a ground-work different from the flowers; thus sapphire-blue velvet, with black flowers in relief; pale-blue velvet with pale-buff arabesques. This latter contrast is exquisite; it has the effect of turquoise silk covered with thick écru guipure in relief. There is nothing more elegant than a room upholstered and curtained with this Utrecht velvet, when people can afford it. When it is used, the antimacassars are of old Louis XIII. guipure, and the inner curtains are of white muslin, likewise bordered with ancient guipure.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

FISH.

Oyster Sauce.—Parboil the oysters in their own liquor; beard them, and reserve all the liquor. Melt a piece of butter in a sauce-pan; add a little flour, the oyster liquor, and enough milk to make as much sauce as is wanted. Put in a blade of mace and a bay-leaf tied together, pepper and salt to taste, and the least dust of Cayenne. Let the sauce come to the boil, add the oysters, and, as soon as they are quite hot, remove the mace and bay-leaf. Stir in a few drops of lemon-juice, and serve.

Clam Fritters.—Strain the clams from the juice; chop the clams up; beat up three eggs very light; stir in the clams; chop up some parsley, a little salt and pepper; grate some nutmeg, and add these to the clams. Then stir in one pint of cream, and slowly dredge in some flour, until it is of the consistence of fritters. Then have the pan hot, and put in half butter and half lard, as in frying oysters. Let it boil, and drop in a spoonful of the fritter batter. Serve hot. They are very nice for breakfast.

To Use Poor Fish.—Any kind of fish, if it be carefully washed, and well wiped, then placed in a stew-pan, with a little butter, pepper, salt, and scraped crumbs off a crusty loaf, with an onion chopped small, and scattered over it, and then put in the oven for about twenty minutes or half an hour, is very good eating. You may try the cheapest fish in the market, therefore, and yet have a palatable dish. A little chopped parsley is a valuable addition.

Codfish.—Tie the fish several times over with string; lay it in cold water plentifully salted, and let it boil gently, carefully skimming the water. When done, lift it up and let it drain, then serve. An ordinary-sized piece will be done two or three minutes after the water comes to boiling point.

MEATS.

Beef A-la-mode.—A round of beef is the best for this purpose. With a sharp knife, cut incisions in the meat about an inch apart, and within one inch of the opposite side. Season it with pepper and salt, according to the size of the piece of meat. Make a dressing of butter, onion, and bread-crumbs, in the proportion of a pint of crumbs, one small onion, finely chopped, and an ounce of butter, with pepper and salt to the taste. Fill the incisions with the dressing, put the meat in a pot, with about a pint of water, and cover it tightly. Let it simmer six or eight hours. Some stick in a few cloves, and those who are fond of spice add allspice. When the meat is done, dish it up, and thicken the gravy with a little flour. Let it boil once, and serve it. This is excellent when cold.

Cold Meat.—Cold meat, made into an aspic, is a delicious way of using the last of a joint, especially in summer-time. Cut the meat in pieces, and lay them in a mould, in layers, well seasoned. Then pour over and fill the mould with some clear soup, nearly cold, which, when let to stand some hours, will turn out and be as firm as isinglass, especially if shank-bones were boiled in the soup. Should the cold meat be veal or poultry, the addition of small pieces of ham or bacon, and of hard-boiled eggs, cut in slices, and put between the layers of meat, is a great improvement.

Veal Cutlets—An Excellent Way to Dress.—Remove every bit of skin, sinew, or vein, from the veal, and chop it very finely, with salt, pepper, and a very little parsley. The mince should now be made into the shape of cutlets; and if you have the proper bones, the effect will be so much the better. The cutlets must now be egged and bread-crumbed twice, fried in boiling butter, and served with sorrel, spinach, green peas, asparagus, or tomatoes. For the egg and bread-crumbing process, the Germans much prefer pounded biscuit to bread-crumbs. It is certainly preferable for this dish, as it "binds" the cutlets better.

Ham Cakes.—A capital way of disposing of the remains of a ham, and making an excellent dish for breakfast, is: Take a pound and a half of ham, fat and lean together; put it into a mortar and pound it, or pass it through a sausage-machine. Soak a large slice of bread in a half-pint of milk, and beat it and the ham well together. Add an egg, beaten up. Put the whole into a mould, and bake a rich brown.

DESSERTS.

Mincemeat.—Boil five pounds of lean and juicy beef until tender, and, while boiling, keep closely covered. When cool, chop very fine. Chop well three pounds of nice beef suet, stone three pounds of raisins, and chop, three pounds well-washed and dried currants, two pounds of citron, cut into thin slices. Grate the rind of six fresh lemons, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, four good-sized nutmegs, grated, one teaspoonful of ground white ginger, one teaspoonful of salt; chop finely fourteen good-sized pippins. Mix these well together. If necessary, use more apples. Put in a stone pot; cover it with good French brandy and wine. This must be kept in a cool, dry place.

Icing Pastry.—When nearly baked enough, take the pastry out of the oven, and sift finely-powdered sugar over it. Replace it in the oven, and hold over it, until the sugar is melted, a hot iron shovel. The above method is preferred for pastry to be eaten hot. For cold, beat up the whites of two eggs well, wash over the tops of the pies with a brush, and sift over this a good coating of sugar. Cause it to adhere to the egg and pie-crust; trundle over it a clean brush, dipped in water, till the sugar is all moistened. Bake again for about ten minutes.

Plum Pudding.—The day before you wish to use this pudding, stone and chop fine one pound of raisins; wash in warm water one pound of currants, pick and dry them, and chop half a pound of beef-suet .Next morning soak a pound loaf of bread in a pint of warm, sweet milk; beat it fine; add to it the raisins, suet, and currants, with three eggs, well beaten, a grated nutmeg, a tablespoonful of sugar, and a wine-glass of brandy. Put it in a floured bag or pudding-mould, and boil it six hours. When done, serve with brandy sauce.

Lemon Pudding, Baked.—Stir over a slow fire, until they boil, four and a half ounces of butter, with seven ounces of pounded sugar; then pour them into a dish, and let them remain until cold, or nearly so. Mix very smoothly a large dessertspoonful of flour with six eggs that have been whisked and strained. Add these gradually to the sugar and butter, with the grated rinds and the juice of two moderate-sized lemons. Put a lining of puff-paste to the pudding, and bake it for an hour in a gentle oven.

CAKES.

A Good Cake for Children.—Mix a quarter of a pound of butter, or good, fresh dripping, into two pounds of flour: add half a pound of pounded sugar, one pound of currants, well washed and dried, a quarter of an ounce of pudding spice or allspice, and mix all thoroughly. Make warm a pint of new milk, but do not let it get hot; stir into it three teaspoonfuls of good yeast, and with this make up your dough lightly, and knead it well. Line your cake-tins with buttered paper, and put in the dough. Let it remain in a warm place to rise, for an hour and a quarter, or more, if necessary, and then bake in a well-heated oven. This quantity will make two moderate-sized cakes. Thus divided, they will take from an hour and a half to two hours baking. Let the paper inside your tins be about six inches higher than the top of the tin itself.

Centennial Cakes.—Mix eight ounces of Oswego flour, a quarter of a pound of sifted sugar, a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, three eggs, one teaspoonful of baking powder, and a small quantity of citron-peel. Bake in small patty-pans.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Yorkshire Pudding, to Eat With Beef.—Make a thin batter, as for frying, with a pint of milk and some flour; season with salt, pepper, and a little nutmeg, grated fine. The batter should be perfectly smooth. Beat up the yolks of four eggs and the whites of two, with one or two teaspoonfuls of brandy, and strain them into the batter. Beat it well with a fork for some minutes, then pour the mixture to the thickness of an inch into a tin, buttered freely, and put it into the oven. When the pudding is set, lay it in the tin, slanting in front of the fire, under the beef which is roasting, and when the top is well browned, take the pudding out of the tin, and expose the underside of it to the action of the fire. When done, cut it up into convenient pieces and serve on a napkin.

Bread Sauce.—Pour half a pint of boiling milk on a teacupful of fine bread-crumbs; add a small onion, stuck with three or four cloves, a small blade of mace, a few peppercorns and salt to taste. Let the sauce simmer five minutes, add a small pat of fresh butter, and, at the time of serving, remove the onion and mace.

Or, Put into half a pint of cold milk one small onion, three or four cloves, a small blade of mace, a few peppercorns, and a little salt. Set the whole to boil, then strain the milk over a teacupful of fine bread-crumbs. Stir well on the fire for a few minutes, adding, at the time of serving, either a small pat of butter or a tablespoonful of cream.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

FIG. I.—EVENING-DRESS OF PALE-PINK SILK, with a white tulle over-skirt, embroidered in floss silk. The low waist is of pink silk, made with square basques. Pink roses in the hair.

FIG. II.—EVENING-DRESS OF DELICATE CANARY-COLORED SILK, AND A WHITE SILK UNDER-SKIRT.—The white skirt has one deep flounce at the back, headed by two rows of black velvet. The over-dress has a long, square apron-front, fastened down on each side by rosettes of black lace, with a large silk button in the centre; the short puff at the back is held in place by a broad, black velvet sash, which passes through a large buckle at the side. The half-high waist and sleeves are of the blue silk, a band of black velvet dividing the puffs of the sleeves, and a rosette of black lace, at the back of the waist. The front of the body is of white silk, filled in with white tulle. Yellow roses in the hair.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK SILK.—The front is laid in one or two wide plaits the whole length of the skirt. The back and sides are trimmed with a rather narrow, scant ruffle, headed by a bias band and an upright quilling of the silk. Black velvet mantle, with very long ends in front, short at the back, and with large, square dolman sleeves; the whole trimmed with a wide band of fur. Black velvet bonnet, with a large, crushed crimson rose in front.

FIG. IV.—HOUSE-DRESS OF BLUE CASHMERE.—The skirt is trimmed with two broad bands of bias blue velvet. It is also caught up at the sides, and in the back, to form a loose puff. Deep, square basque, with a trimming of brocaded velvet, of two shades of blue, and finished with a rich fringe of the same shades. The sleeves, which are slightly loose below the elbow, and the pointed collar, are also trimmed with the brocaded velvet and fringe. Bow of blue velvet in the hair.

FIG. V.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF LIGHT-GREEN SILK.—The front of the skirt is laid in deep, fan-shaped plaits; the lower skirt is made with a train, and is quite plain. The upper skirt has one loose puff, and is trimmed with three bias bands of the silk. The basque is short at the back, long in front, and is trimmed with large buttons and a wide band of rich fur. Black velvet bonnet, with light plume.

FIG. VI.—LONG SACQUE, OF BLACK CLOTH, trimmed with very wide braid, and black and gray Astrakan fur.

FIG. VII.—BLACK VELVET JACKET, TRIMMED WITH BRAID AND FRINGE.—Long bows and ends of ribbon at the back; knots of ribbon on the back of the sleeves, and bows at the end of the silk collar in front. Black silk dress, with blue trimmings. Black velvet bonnet, with blue feather.

FIG. VIII.—CLOAK MANTLE, of heavy black silk, made very long, and close-fitting, the back somewhat like a gentleman's coat. It has large pockets at the sides, and is trimmed with a wide band of fur.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We also give, this month, a great variety of bonnets, hats, head-dresses, etc., etc. The first hat is of gray felt, bound on the edge with gray velvet, and trimmed with soft gray silk, and a scarlet bird with brilliant wings. The other hat is of rather brown felt, of the Derby shape, trimmed with a wide, full fold of silk, of a much lighter shade of brown, and with a long ostrich feather of the same color. We also give two beautiful bonnets. The first is of black velvet, trimmed with delicate pink feathers, and a roll of black velvet on the outside, and under the brim, with a band of pink feathers; the other is dark-blue felt, trimmed with long, loose loops of soft, cream-colored ribbon, and under the brim is a face-trimming of blue velvet, almost covered by fine, creamy-white flowers. We also give three new styles of dressing the hair. The first two are more used in evening dress, as they are rather elaborate. We give, too, a dolman sacque, of very delicate light-gray cloth, trimmed with a band of black velvet, and a knife-plaiting of black silk around the bottom. Fringe can be substituted for the silk with good effect. The cape curves up some

what at the back, and is scalloped and trimmed with black braid. Also, a black cloth jacket, trimmed with a row of ostrich feathers on the edge, and with a wide passementerie trimming above it. The sleeves and large pockets correspond; and a brown cloth jacket, with large sleeves, braided with a darker shade of brown. We also give two caps for infants, or very young children, both made of white muslin, and lined with colored silk. One is made of insertion and lace, the other is tucked, and has bands of insertion.

Most of the costumes seen on what is considered the best-dressed women in the streets, are quite simple in appearance, no matter how intricate the make really is, nor of how many materials they may be composed. Silk, velvet, and metallisse, are often seen in one dress; on others, are fur or rich braid; but we think the tendency is to trim the over-skirts less than they were last year.

Striped and plaid velvets, all black, are sometimes used in place of damask or figured materials; and for house-dresses there is an attempt to relieve the sombre black with trimmings of either Cardinal or strawberry-red faille. The over-dresses are most varied in style. Sometimes there is a square train separate from the lower skirt, and some bear a strong resemblance to Polonaises and demi-polonaises, yet, at the same time, they suggest a basque and upper-skirt. French dress-makers seem to have devoted their ingenuity to making undecided nondescript garments, that are very graceful to look at, but which the fashion chronicler finds it very difficult to classify and describe. One admirable point in favor of these combination-costumes is, that they afford admirable plans for making up old dresses. As there is no necessity to match the material, a partly-worn silk skirt may be taken from one dress, enough velvet for sleeves from another, while a little new metallisse, broderie laine, or striped velvet, must be purchased for the over-dress.

There is a change in flounces. The new styles are not flowing, but are attached to the skirt almost as closely near the lower edge, as at the top. They are made full and bunchy, with double and even treble box-plaits. Various netted tabliers have lately come into vogue. Some are made of soft silk braid, either colored or black, tied in diamond shape, and richly fringed; others are of chenille, netted in diamonds, and fringed with chenille. They are very rich looking.

Braid, up to the present, is decidedly the most fashionable trimming for day-dresses. There are mohair braids in loosely-woven tresses, either to match the dress, or of silk, mixed with gold, silver, or steel. There are also braids made entirely of metal, but then they are very narrow; while, on the contrary, the wider a mohair braid is, the more stylish is it considered. There are many new galoons for silk and cashmere dresses. They are loose, basket-woven tresses, ornamented at intervals with tufts of crimped braid. As for the fringes, their name is legion. They are crimped, netted, tufted, tasseled, made of crimped braid, of chenille, of loops of galoon, with strings of buttons here and there, and are of all widths, from two to six inches. These new cashmere fringes are full of color, and are used effectively on plain colors. Cloth bands, intended for trimming cloth dresses, look well embroidered, and then bound with the new cashmere galoons of soft, rich silk. Feather trimmings are also much worn, the newest design being a ruche of feathers for heading, below which there is a fringe of feathers. This is made in finely-curled ostrich-feathers, and in greenish-black cocks' feathers. Another novelty, but rather a costly one, is a row of pheasants' feathers, placed in the midst of a band of ostrich feathers.

Evening Dresses are also composed of two or three materials, and often of as many colors, a fashion which will find favor with economical people, as parts of two or three old dresses can thus do good service in making one new one. Dresses made high in the neck are more and more popular, but these are made very dressy by a good deal of lace or tulle in the open front, with bouquets of flowers on the bosom. The sleeves of these dresses are also often made entirely of lace. The apron-fronts of evening dresses reach almost to the feet, usually, but the trains are not very long, nor much puffed. Many persons wear a lace cape, or fichu over a low-necked dress. This fichu crosses in front, and is tied on the bosom, or just below it, and has short ends. It is made with several plaits in the middle of the back. It is usually edged with Mecklin or Valenciennes lace.

Cloaks, Jackets, Sacques, and Mantles, all have a tendency to grow larger and larger, though, as yet, many persons do not adopt them in the extreme, affecting a compromise between those and the short garments of a year ago.

Bonnets and Hats have varied but little in shape for a year past. The felt bonnet and hat comes of such beautiful quality and color, that it is considered as dressy as velvet, especially in the light colors. Gilt and silver galoons and ornaments are sometimes used, but very sparingly. Such trimmings are dangerous in the hands of any but those of the best taste. Veils are worn longer, with one end thrown over the shoulder, but still quit close to the face.

Colored Stockings are very generally worn; and, for full-dress, they are of silk, elaborately embroidered, and, of course, worn with a pretty slipper. See "Chit-Chat."

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. I.—Little Boy's Suit of Ash-Gray Cloth.—The Knickerbocker trousers are quite full at the knee. The cloth paletot, of the color of the trousers, has pockets just indicated by a braid. Broad cuffs, bound with braid, and a wide collar of black velvet.

Fig. II.—Boy's Suit of Myrtle-Green Cloth.—The trousers reach to the knee, and are close-fitting. The short jacket is double-breasted, and has a front of black velvet. Deep, black velvet cuffs finish the sleeves. Cap of black velvet with a green cock's feather in front.

Fig. III.—Young Girl's Dress of Blue Velvet.—The under-dress is trimmed with a broad band of soft gray chinchilla fur. The upper-dress is shorter in front than at the back, where it is laid in plaits, has wide, open sleeves, and is also trimmed with a narrow band of chinchilla. There is a close sleeve of the blue velvet, with a fur cuff, under the open sleeve. Hat of gray felt, with gray feather, and bound with blue velvet.

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LISA. [*See "Lisa's Little Story."*]



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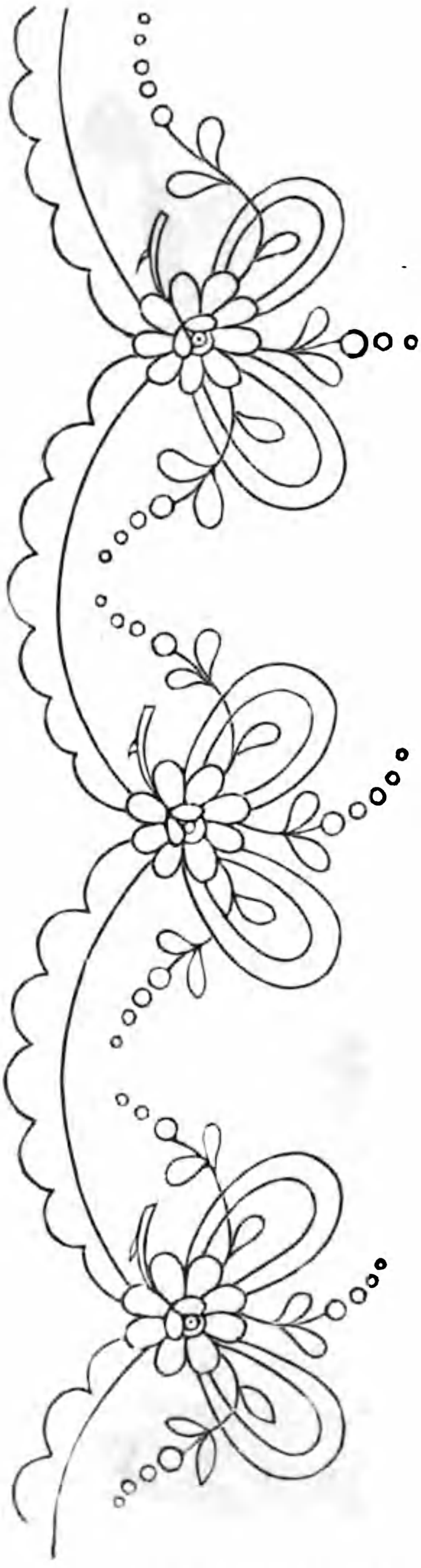
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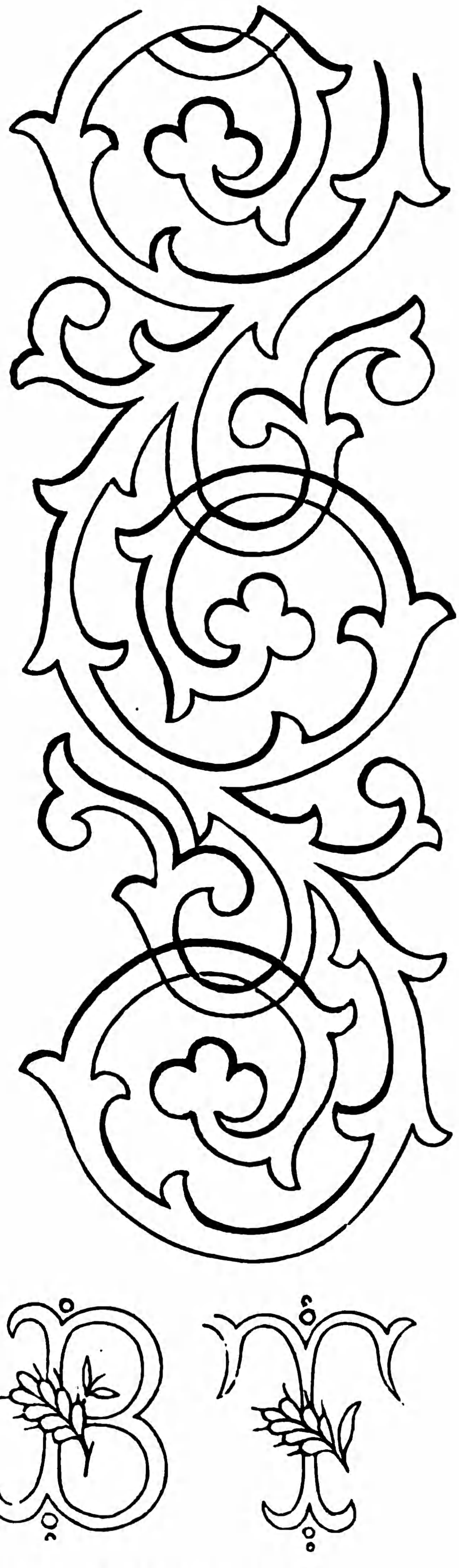


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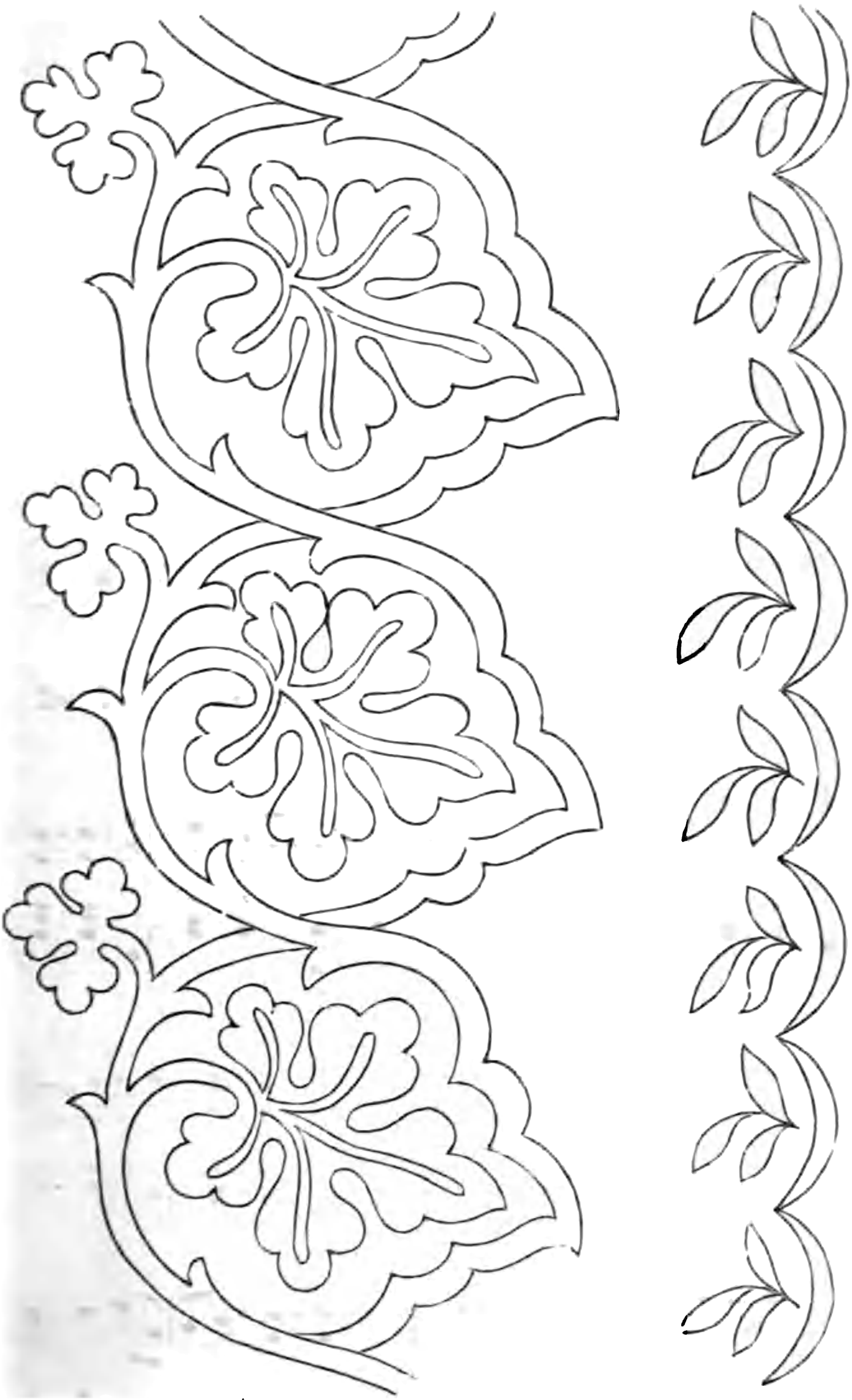


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INTRODUCTION.

PIANO.

p

MAZURKA.

mf Grazioso.

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D. C. to Mazurka.

First time. *Second.*

Tempo 1o.

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D. C. Mazurka.





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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXIX. PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1876. No. 2.

THE SIGNERS OF THE DECLARATION.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.



A MEMBER'S CHAIR.

In the January number we described, at large, old Independence Hall, in which the Declaration of Independence was passed. The present article will be devoted to the Signers of the Declaration, and especially to the Committee which reported it.

Even so late as the battle of Bunker Hill, a majority of the people of the Colonies, it is probable, shrank from a separation from England. But the more far-seeing patriots had realized, *long before*, that Independence was inevitable. The "logic of events," as it has been fitly called, added to the number of these patriots, day by day. In the spring of 1775, public opinion had reached such a point, in the powerful Colony of Virginia, that when its Convention met, one of its first acts was to instruct its representatives in Congress to "propose a declaration of Independence." Others of the Colonies immediately imitated this example. Richard Henry Lee, a deligate from Virginia, pursuant to his instructions, rose in his place, on the 7th of June, and offered a resolution, accordingly, "that these united Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; and that all political connection between us, and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

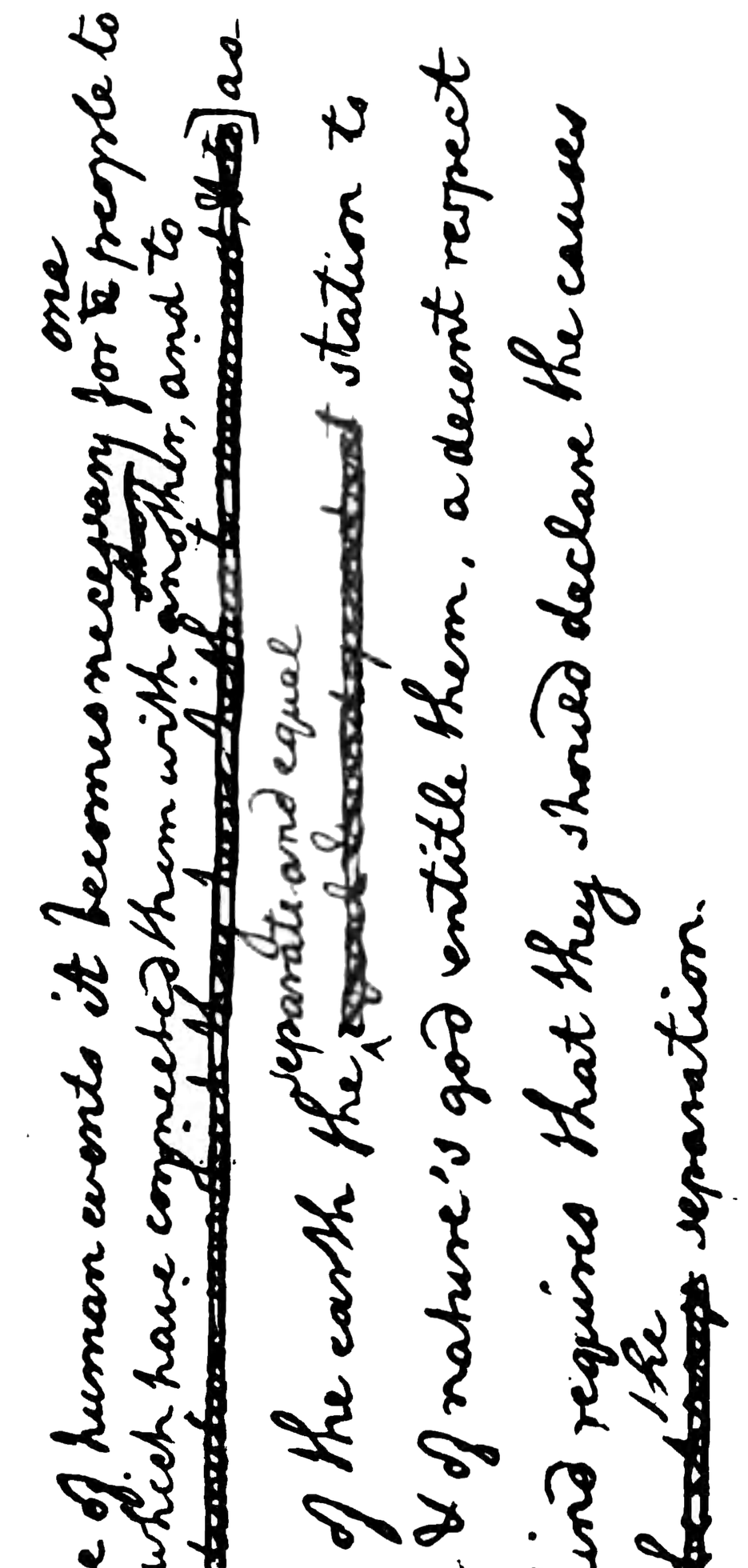
John Adams, from Massachusetts, immediately seconded the resolution. On the 1st of July the motion came up for consideration. It was debated on that day, and the succeeding one, and passed finally on the 2nd. Meantime, however, (as early as the 11th of June,) a committee had been appointed to prepare a *form* of Declaration. This committee consisted of Thomas Jefferson, of Virginia; John Adams, of Massachusetts; Benjamin Franklin, of Pennsylvania; Roger Sherman, of Connecticut; and Robert R. Livingston, of New York.



SOUTH FRONT OF INDEPENDENCE HALL IN 1776.

The committee had several meetings, in which the articles of the proposed Declaration were discussed, and finally appointed Jefferson and Adams a sub-committee to draw up the document.

Adams insisted that Jefferson should prepare the paper alone. This was accordingly done, and the Declaration, as it was passed, is the work of Jefferson, with a few alterations made at the suggestion of Adams and Franklin in committee, and some corrections and omissions made in Congress. We give the opening paragraph, copied from the original draft in Jefferson's handwriting, with the erasures and substitutions just as they were left, when the Declaration was adopted by Congress.



FAC SIMILE OF PART OF THE ORIGINAL COPY.

The Declaration, as thus modified, was finally adopted on the fourth of July. John Adams,



TABLE ON WHICH THE DECLARATION WAS SIGNED.

writing to his wife, on the fifth, says: "Yesterday the greatest question was decided, that was ever debated in America; and greater, perhaps, never was or will be decided among men. A resolution was passed, without one dissenting Colony. 'that these United States are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States.' The day is passed. *The fourth of July*, 1776, will be a memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe it will be celebrated, by succeeding generations, as the great anniversary festival. It



HANCOCK'S CHAIR.

ought to be commemorated, as the day of deliverance, by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God. It ought to be solemnized with pomps, shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of the continent to the other, from this forward forever. You will think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the toil, and blood, and treasure, that it will cost to maintain this declaration, and support and defend these States; yet through all the gloom I can see the rays of light and glory. *I can see that the end is worth more than all the means.*"

The engraving, after Trumbull's great picture, which we give, as a supplement, with this number, is sometimes called "The Signing of the

Declaration." Strictly speaking, this is an error. The picture really represents the committee reporting the document. Prominent in the foreground is the President of Congress, John Hancock, of Massachusetts. In front of the table is the committee: the venerable head of Franklin, as that of Hancock, are anachronisms. The artis had not the real chairs before him.

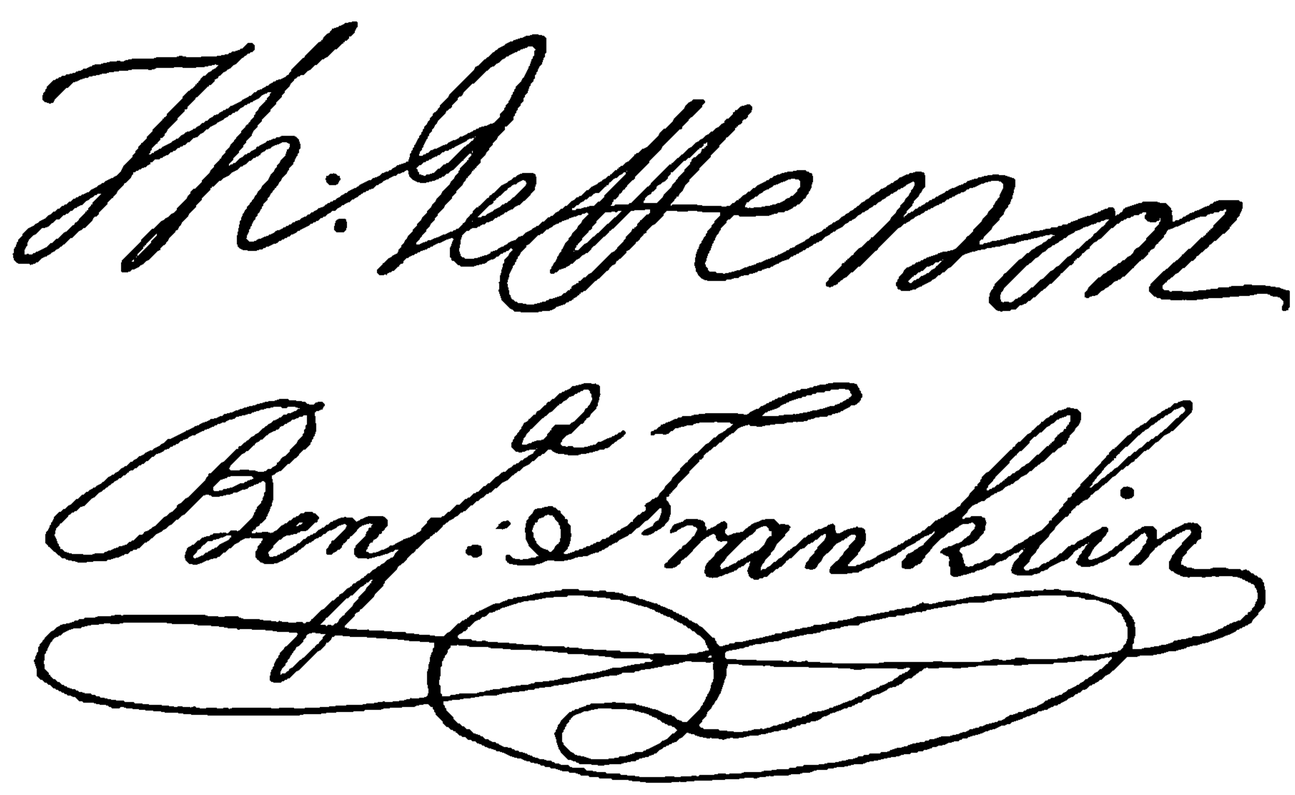
It was from the second story window of the State House, on the Walnut street front, that the Declaration was first read to the people. Mr. John Nixon was the reader. We give an engrav-



the tall figure of Jefferson, and the thick-set person of John Adams, particularly conspicuous. The bold, almost defiant signature of Hancock, was the first to be affixed to the document, and is very characteristic. But the hand-writings of Jefferson, and the others of the committee, that we give, are hardly less so.

ing, on the first page, of this south front of Independence Hall, showing the tower as it was in 1776. The window from which the Declaration was read is the one over the door.

The majority of the signers were in the very prime of life, at the time they affixed their names to the Declaration. The youngest was twenty-



The table on which the Declaration was signed is preserved in Independence Hall, and we give an engraving of it on the preceding page. The chair in which John Hancock sat is also kept there, with many others, in which the members sat. We engrave them for this article. In Trumbull's picture, the chair of the members, as well

seven years old; the oldest seventy; but forty-two out of the fifty-six were between thirty and fifty years of age. The average age of all was forty-three years and ten months. Twenty-four were members of the legal profession. All were what is called educated men; more than half being graduates of colleges.

Nearly all of them rose, in after years, to high station in their respective States, or in the nation. Two became President. Not one died with a stain on his name. Their average age, at the time of their death, was sixty-eight years and four months. Many lived to a much greater age, Franklin, John Adams, and others being more than eighty when they died. The latest survivor was also the oldest, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who, at the time of his death, was ninety-five years old.

The mention of his name recalls the circumstance, that he was the only one who added a territorial title to his signature. This was not done, however, from motives of pride. Tradition asserts, that, when he came to sign, some one said, "but there is more than one Charles Carroll, how will it be known that it is you?" "I will add my place of residence," was the courageous answer, "and then there can be no mistake." And he did.

It was no imaginary peril that he and the others ran. When they pledged, "their lives and fortunes," they meant what they said; and they knew, that if they were conquered, they would be executed to a man. Thirty years had scarcely passed, since the insurrection of '45, in favor of the Stuarts, and the heads of the unfortunate lords, who had been sent to the block, were still bleaching, black and awful, above Temple Bar, in London. A similar fate was not improbable for the Signers.

Not only was the open ground, on the Walnut street side, filled with crowds, when the Declaration was first read to the public, but, as cotemporary writers tell us, the corridor within, and the great stair-case, were packed densely with people. In our last number we gave an illustration of this stately corridor. At the end of this article, we give an engraving of the not less stately stair-case, leading from it, up, through the tower, to the second story. This illustration includes the window, the large one in the centre, from which the Declaration was read.



GRAND STAIR-CASE IN INDEPENDENCE HALL.

SAVING MATCHES.

BY MRS. J. E. M'CONAUGHY.

"THIS is the second match I have picked up in this house to-day," said Paul Yardley, with considerable severity in his tone. "It is a very bad sign, indeed, Matilda, with regard to our prosperity. If one is not saving in these small matters, no matter how large the income is, one can never get on in life. I have often spoken of having one of those mantel-vases filled with lamp-lighters, so we need not use so many matches; but, for some reason, I never get these things attended to. I am sorry to say it, Matilda, but we are running behind in our affairs, and, I must be allowed to repeat a remark I heard a man make yesterday, 'A man must ask his wife's leave to thrive.'"

So saying, Paul lighted his cigar with the air of a man who has discharged a weighty duty. He felt that he had administered a very fitting rebuke to his wife's wastefulness, and he walked away to his shop completely satisfied with himself.

Matilda went about her accustomed duties with a slightly depressed air, as Aunt Sylvia could not help observing. Aunt Sylvia was making a visit at the house of her nephew, and could not help taking mental notes of much that went on around her. She was Paul's mother's sister, and had tried to do her duty by the boy when he was growing up, but she felt that somehow she had missed a point or two. She quietly resolved that she would do her best to supplement former deficiencies before she went home. She would open Paul's eyes a little, so he might take a juster view of himself and his wife, if it was in her power to do it.

Not being any of his "wife's relations," it was easier for her to speak out. Besides, she had a few thousands to leave to somebody, and that gave weight to her opinions among all her nieces and nephews, not to speak of their parents.

So it happened, on that rainy evening, as Matilda was hushing the baby to sleep in the nursery, that Aunt Sylvia took occasion to have a little talk with Paul.

"So business does not go exactly to your mind, these times, Paul," she remarked.

"Why, no, auntie, not quite. We ought to make another payment on our house, next month, of a hundred and fifty dollars, but I can't raise twenty-five!"

"What is the trouble?"

"Business is dull, and it costs a great deal to keep house. I am not sure but boarding would be cheaper. I don't think Matilda understands saving quite as well as she ought. She does not mean to be wasteful, of course. But little leaks sink a ship, you know."

"Just like every man, since Adam's time," said Aunt Sylvia, a little tartly. "Always ready to tuck the blame on a woman. Now, I have been in your house above a week, and I am of the opinion that Matilda is a much more saving, prudent wife than you deserve."

"You always were hard on me, Aunt Sylvia," said Paul, in an injured tone.

"None too hard for your good, Paul. If Matilda was a little more self-asserting, and less patient with you, it would be to your advantage. I blame her for putting up with what you said, this morning, about that match. She should have spoken her mind to you plainly. Paul, how many matches do you suppose one cigar would buy? Three hundred. Then, every time you smoke a cigar, you waste, in reality, as many as three hundred matches. If Matilda struck off a whole peck to light her fire, it would not begin to compare with your wastefulness. I know you do not smoke less than three cigars a day. That is enough to keep your wife in matches for weeks, if not for months. Now, paper lamp-lighters," she continued, "are all very well, when you have children to make them. But a busy housekeeper's time is too valuable for such work. You remember the old proverb about saving at the spigot. You would have your wife continually on the look-out about those infinitissimal economies, which save nothing, while you squander dollars on trifles that you could better do without.

"The loss of a day to your business is another great waste. How many weeks pass without a holiday of some sort? Last week it was a journey by the cars, which cost you two dollars fare, and I don't know how much for dinner, and street-car fare in the city. This week, you know, you hired a horse to go, with a friend, into the country, to see his new place. When has Matilda taken even a half a day's holiday?"

"But a woman's place is at home, auntie," said Paul, rather vexed at being cornered.

"And a man's place is at his business. It cannot go on, all the same, when he is away from it; that is, if he has any ability worth speaking of. Come, Paul, you must learn to be more reasonable, or I shall have cause to be ashamed of my share in your bringing up. Drop this habit of looking out for motes in your wife's eyes, and consider the beam in your own eye. So distinctly understand, my boy," said Aunt Sylvia, with her decided shake of the chin, which Paul knew so well, "not a penny of mine ever goes for cigar-money, or livery-stable debts, except it is to take wife and child out for a drive. I am quite willing to have you call on me for that supply once a week. I expressly stipulate that the customary check which I send down on Christmas, is to be spent to the last penny by Matilda herself; and I am to have the privilege of looking over her account-book, with the items noted, when I come again. She will not have the slightest objections, and it will serve as a check to your teazing it all away from her. You see I don't forget how you used to teaze your old auntie in former years; and I must try to make amends to your wife for spoiling you so badly."

The sound of a weary little foot on the stair, put a stop to further conversation, and presently Matilda entered, and, with all haste, brought down the sewing-basket in an absent way, and forthwith was immersed in its contents. Her fingers were nimble, spite of the day's hard work, and mended garments were laid out, neatly folded on the table, one after another, in a way that astonished Paul's newly-opened eyes. To think that she must work on and on for hours, after his work was over, and he never had thought about it before! And he had been calling her wasteful, and all that, in return.

"I am an awful scamp, auntie," he said, suddenly, as he arose and picked up the basket, and set it back on the shelf, while Matilda followed him with bewildered eyes.

Auntie nodded approvingly, and Matilda inquired if Paul had gone crazy.

"No, dear. I am just coming to my right mind. No more work after this time of night, or I shall feel compelled to drop your thimble in the well."

"I am afraid your toes will be cold this winter, if I don't; not to speak of poor little Frankie's."

"Fact is, dear, I am going to turn over a new leaf. I shall smoke fewer cigars, and, with what I save, buy new socks for baby, and all of us. You shan't wear your life out mending these old things. You must work less, and take more recreation. Auntie, here, has been giving me such a dressing-down as I haven't had since I was ten years old. Come, play me an old tune, dear, and show that you have forgiven me for being such an old bear."

Wise old auntie slipped away to write a letter she wished to post in the morning, and gave the two their bright sitting-room all to themselves. It was the first of many bright evenings; and the two had never reason to regret the fortnight's visit from good Aunt Sylvia.

I WILL NOT FEAR.

BY G. S. OUTRAM.

In my desponding eyes an endless train
Of cares and labors thickened on the plain;
Cradled in ease, unused to loom or plough,
Rough yoke of servitude, and sweating brow,
My nurslings pined and withered in my sight,
Or, needy, walked the crooked paths of night.

But in the deeps a voice of sweetness said,
The saints of God look but for daily bread;
Cares on my shoulder cast, from doubt be free,
And let thy children learn to wait on me.
I listened, and a staff was in my hands,
Like his which blossomed into two great bands.

In that sweet time, when apple-blooms are white,
And robins sing, and hearts expect delight,
We sleep, on tiptoe for the morn, and low
The clouds hang weeping, and the north winds blow,
The bees are hived, the leaves and flowers are torn;
And the great tossing branches bend and mourn.

Hapless the insect who must wake and find
His one day dark with crosses so unkind;
Yet happy, too, he knows no better lot,
No sunnier weather, so he murmurs not,
Spite of the dreary hours without a sun,
His life is lived, his mystic dance is done.

Some days must gloomy be, some lives o'ercast,
But murmur not, the rain will soon be past;
Let nothing move to envy or complaint,
Shake off unmanly fears, and play the saint;
All needful things are by God's word secure,
The bread is promised, and the water sure.

There is no war's alarum on the hill,
Calm are the water-floods, the land is still;
Thy sins are pardoned, Love hath made thee whole,
Oh, where is he that can condemn thy soul?
Safe in His arms there is no evil thing,
Life has no misery, and death no sting!

"LISA'S LITTLE STORY."

BY FANNIE HODGSON BURNETT.

Lisa crept up stairs, and paused at the door of the little saloon one moment, to look in at Doris and her admirers.

"She'd be awfully savage, in her quiet way, if she was to see me," she said. "But she don't see me; and, of course," with a shrug of her shoulders, "I'm not fit to be seen."

There was some truth in this final statement, too. A young person, in a second-hand-looking black alpaca, whose crushed folds and frills are full of dust, with her abundant shock of hair threatening to fall about her ears, and with her hat hanging from her hand by an absurd twist of veil, is certainly not a very presentable object.

And Doris inside! Ah, how immaculate! How cool, and fresh, and fair, Doris was; and how impossible it would have been to imagine her looking anything else but fresh and immaculate, and beautiful! Lisa had not really known how hot her own black was until she saw Doris' silvery-white, simple alpaca, too; but of a very different texture from Lisa's; and such a dainty, artistic affair, with its graceful train, and pearly pale-blue silk trimmings. Doris was fond of pearly tints, and always wore them. She had a great pale-pink rose in her hair now, and it was so becoming to her, that Lisa clenched her hand, and just checked a little groan. Not that she had any ill-feeling against Doris, poor child! It was because she was so bitter against her own dark, thin, overgrown young self.

"It's no wonder they adore her," she said. "And that is a new one, too. And he's as handsome as she is. Everybody's handsome but me. And, oh," in a passionate little burst, "what a little beast I am!"

Having bestowed this objectionable appellation upon herself, she cooled down somewhat; perhaps because her attention was specially attracted to the new visitor, who had turned her face toward her. She drew a step nearer the door, and warmed into new admiration.

"Oh!" she cried, under her breath, "if there is anything to choose between them, I think he is the handsomer of the two. He's actually beautiful! He has jet eyes, like a—like a deer!"

But at that very moment she was forced to ignominious flight. The charming individual, with eyes like a deer, was evidently going to cross the room for something, so there was nothing left for Lisa but to gather up her alpaca, and dart up the third stair-case, like a young person who had suddenly been afflicted with dementia.

She reached her own room quite out of breath, and, in her excitement, shut the door with a bang, which made Doris raise her eyebrows when she heard it, and Mrs. Drummond exclaim, plaintively,

"There's Lisa, Doris! I wonder where she has been tearing about all day."

When she had made up her mind that her second daughter was neither a beauty nor a genius, Mrs. Drummond had given her over to the Fates. It was a religious belief of hers, that Lisa was always either "tearing" or "racing" about when she was out of sight.

"A girl who gets so disheveled must do something," she would say, resignedly. "And when did you ever see Lisa that she was not disheveled?"

She did not take into consideration the fact that the clothes handed down from Doris to her sister had always been made the very most of by that artistic and really deft-fingered young woman, the elder Miss Drummond, and that they had not, even in their early bloom, been made of the less perishable materials richer people could afford to buy. Even Lisa, herself, did not think of this.

"Florentine dust sticks so," she said, ruefully, as she looked at herself in the glass; "and I think, of all the places we have been to, Florence is the dustiest. But sometimes I think it is I who stick to the dust, and not the dust that sticks to me. Doris never looks dusty. She's not untidy, even when she is painting. I should be a palette in myself. I accumulate dirt. I'm that kind of person. Oh!" flinging herself into a chair before the spindle-legged toilet-table, and laying her head on her arms, "how I wish—how I wish I was like Doris!"

It seemed to more people than Lisa that Doris Drummond was to be envied somewhat. When she had been a child, she had been a handsome child—fair, clever, well-regulated, and amiable. When she became a woman, she was a beautiful woman; a woman with a wonderfully fair, finely-chiseled face, with large, deep-violet

eyes, with an exqusite, calm voice, and soft, warmly-tinted hair. She was a young woman who must necessarily be admired, and, added to this, she was a genius; at least, there were people who said so. She had at least a talent for painting charming, correct little pictures, and making excellent, correct little copies of good things. Whether she believed in herself or not, it would have been a difficult matter to decide; but Mrs. Drummond believed in her, and had lived on the Continent year after year, upon her account. She had lived economically, too, as she was obliged to do, with her small income. And when, in course of time, Doris occasionally sold a picture, she had rejoiced exceedingly, and believed in her great future with still greater firmness. She could do nothing with Lisa. Lisa was a Drummond; and no Drummond had ever been or done anything in particular. She had been a beauty herself, and it was a sad blow to her to find Lisa, at seventeen, a tall, thin slip of a girl, all eyes and hair, and with impossible mouth, and nose, and skin. "All three," she said, confidentially to Doris, "of the most indifferent description. A skin like an Italian, and a mouth like nothing in particular, and a nose—— Well, I can say, in the presence of my Maker, Doris, that I have shed tears over her nose a score of times. But, I must say, I am devoutly grateful that it is not a snub. I do not think you could call it a snub, Doris. Do you?"

"No, mother," answered Doris, with her placid air.

Mrs. Drummond glanced up at her admiringly.

"Your own, my dear, has been an inexpressible comfort to me!" she sighed.

Doris smiled faintly.

"Yes," Mrs. Drummond continued, shaking her head. "And if you have noticed, Doris, noses, as a rule, are such an unsatisfactory, uncertain feature. It is a theory of mine, that more people's happiness and prospects for life are ruined by noses than by anything else. Did you ever see a person with a Roman nose who looked as if it belonged to him? I must say, I never did. And what is more absurd than a Roman nose with one of those low foreheads, or receding chins, for instance? As if the nose was trying to look at the chin, and the chin was trying to avoid it. And I am sure a little nose, Doris, an absolutely little nose, on one of those large, red faces, is really distressing. It seems to me as if the right people had all got the wrong noses. Just think how beautifully old Mr. Bebbington's little nose would suit Amelia Loring's face! It would be absolutely piquant. And I always shall believe that young Perry's intentions toward Laura Bellingham would have been of the most serious character, if he could have become reconciled to her profile. And to think of her wretched marriage with her cousin, and all those frightful children!"

So, in consequence of her indefinite nose, Lisa was allowed to run rather wild. Nobody paid any particular attention to her, though certainly Doris was always kind enough, in a placid way. She was sent to school at Boulogne, and at sixteen was taken away, and began her wanderings with her mother and sister. She grew taller and thinner, and more objectionable in Mrs. Drummond's eyes. She wore Doris' cast-off garments, and was kept out of sight, as much as possible, by tacit consent on both sides. When they stopped at a new place, she explored every corner of it, and knew more of it in a month than the other two did in a year. She visited all galleries, and museums, and palaces, which were open to the proprietors of empty purses, and, in the end, gained, as a fashion of her own, an art education such as few girls possess. She did not know that she was gaining anything. She was only restless and curious in a childish way, and needed amusement; but she assimilated knowledge, nevertheless. Even Doris was startled sometimes by the truth and value of her crude criticism, and by the amount and nature of the information she found her able to give.

"She is a queer child," she would say, calmly. "I don't know where she learns things."

"I see things," said Lisa, once. "How can I help learning? I don't know anything about schools, and all that; but I can't help seeing when I roam about so much."

"Where do you roam, principally?" inquired Doris.

"Anywhere where there are pictures or statuary; or—or—well, anything interesting. I must do something."

This evening, as she sat before the shaky toilet-table, the child was unhappy enough. She grieved over her own unsatisfactoriness far more deeply than her mother did. She was full of a hungry longing for some of Doris' beauty, or grace, or genius. She believed implicitly in Doris' genius. In secret she longed, with childish vehemence, for a few crumbs of the adoration lavished upon Doris.

"I'm a woman—almost," she said, staring at herself, with big, sad, tawny eyes. "I'm seventeen, and nobody has ever even thought of falling in love with me. Oh!" clasping her impassioned hands, "how I wish I had a lover—a lover exactly like the one down stairs!"

She was quite in earnest. There was not an

atom of coquetry in the manner in which she regarded the face the glass showed her. There were people who would have seen a rare enough picturesqueness in it, but she did not. It had not a thin, fair skin, and a straight nose, like Doris'. That was enough for her to know, since she had been measured by Doris, and had so measured herself all her life.

"I wonder what he says to Doris, when he—when he makes love to her," she murmured; and then she blushed suddenly, remembering the eyes she had so poetically likened to a deer's.

She had not gone to bed when Doris came up stairs; and Doris, seeing the light, opened the door to look at her; and, standing against a background of darkness, with her own light in her hand, appeared so additionally charming, that Lisa uttered a little admiring exclamation.

"Oh, Doris!" she said.

"What is it?" asked Doris; and just at that moment moved her little lamp so that its light fell upon the soft pink of her full-blown rose.

"You are so—so pretty!" answered Lisa, and with so odd and pathetic an inflection in her voice, that Doris laughed.

"So pretty!" she echoed. "My dear Lisa, what is your objection?"

Lisa shook her head.

"None," she said, ruefully. "Only—— Come in, and let me look at you."

Doris did as she was told. It must be admitted that she rather liked this kind of thing. She was even kind enough to trail her shining skirts across the room, and come to the glass itself. She was accustomed to Lisa's unceremonious admiration, but she was as nearly touched as it was possible for her to be when the girl leaned forward abruptly, and kissed her round, white wrist.

"Lisa!" she cried.

"I—I'm out of sorts," answered Lisa, quite humbly, drawing her little brown hand hurriedly across her eyes. "I'm hot, and tired, and dusty, and—I think I've got a headache. Never mind me, Doris."

Doris cleared her throat gently, and looked at herself in the glass again. Ah, it was that, was it? So like Lisa, to be vehement, and pathetic, and a trifle hysterical, over every-day physical inconveninces. And yet, in a well-regulated, sisterly manner she was quite fond of Lisa.

"Lisa," she said, "I have been thinking that I should like you to help me to entertain people on Thursday night, my birthday, you know. So don't run away, and keep out of sight. There will be some new people here, an American lion among the rest—a Mr. Adrian Basilhurst."

"A lion?" said Lisa. "What is he a lion for?"

"Because he cannot help it, I suppose," said Doris. "If you mean why do people make a lion of him, that is explained easily enough. He has an immense deal of money. If he was not an unusual sort of person, he would be so rich as to be positively unpleasant."

"I can stand that," said Lisa. "I thought he was an author, or an artist. I can stand him if he is only rich." And then she started, slightly, "Was he here to-night?" she asked.

"Yes," Doris answered.

"O—oh!" said Lisa.

After that there was a little pause, broken by Doris.

"There is my green tulle, you can wear," she said. "I have done with it."

"Thank you," answered Lisa. "You are very kind, Doris, though green isn't at all my color, and I shall look demoniacal in it."

"No, you won't," said Doris. "And do not use such strong terms, Lisa."

She went out of the room shortly afterward, carrying her pretty train daintily over her arm; and Lisa was left to herself in a rueful mood enough.

When Doris' light footsteps had died out of hearing, Lisa even burst into a wretched little laugh.

"Green tulle!" she said. "Green tulle, of all colors of tulle in the world. She would look better in orange-color herself than I shall in green."

It was a little hard, but it was her usual fate. Pale-green, and lilacs, and blues, which made her delicate olive skin look almost unwholesome, were the very thing for Doris, and consequently Lisa was invariably doomed to them in their faded stages. She seldom had a positively new garment, poor Lisa! It was imperative that Doris should look well, but she was not of much consequence. "And traveling is so expensive. And how much of your allowance have you left, Lisa?" Mrs. Drummond always found it necessary to say at some time or other during the month. It was a miserable pittance enough, this poor, little allowance; and though it was Lisa's by courtesy, she seldom reaped the benefit of it.

If she had only had something respectable left to her this month, just enough to buy one solitary dress for Doris' birth-night party! She could have bought one for so little; a maize-colored gauze, for instance, which she could have made herself, in a fashion elaborate enough to atone for its simplicity, or rather lack of other trimming.

"It is so easy to puff, and frill, and plait those

light, airy things," she said, with a sigh. "And they always look pretty when they are fresh."

She put her hand in her pocket, and drew out her purse. But there was little use in examining. There was some money there, but not enough. "Just like my hat-trimmings and dress-materials always turn out, just enough to drive one mad. Only a few lires more would do it," she said.

She threw the purse across the room, and let it lie there. The thought of the green tulle made her desperate. "He would be sure to think she had chosen it herself, and would naturally despise her. How could he help despising a yellow-faced creature, who was so utterly devoid of intellect as to wear a green dress. Oh!" she groaned, with all the inconsistent fervor of youth, "I wish I was dead and buried!"

She went to sleep, picturing to herself the contempt with which Doris' admirer would regard her, and she awakened thinking of the green tulle in the early morning. She was really too miserable to sleep, and she sprang out of bed, and began to dress.

"I must do something," she said, feverishly, as she went to the glass to arrange her hair; and it was, as she said the words, that a sudden, wild thought played across her mind. She had just taken the pins out of her hair, and let it fall loose about her shoulders. Such hair as it was, too—at least, in the matter of hair, she could triumph over Doris, though she had never thought of doing so. Up to this time, she had been rather prone to regard the great, heavy, curly rope as something of a bore, always threatening to tumble down, always needing new supplies of hair-pins, and setting them at defiance with its obstinate weight. It was so long that it almost reached her knee. It was so thick that she lost patience with it; and it was so prone to twist into loose curls, that it was out of the question to keep it quite straight. But just this minute it brought her heart into her mouth.

"Why didn't I think of it before?" she gasped. "It is the most expensive thing one can buy, and I'm sure they must pay decently for it, at least. There is that little snuffy man in the next street—Guiseppe Corsini—he hasn't got a tress in his place like this," holding up a long lock.

She made a mad little dash at a drawer, and took out a pair of scissors. She did not pause for a moment to think of the thousand and one things which would have presented themselves as objections to Doris' well-balanced mind. She lifted her hair, and deliberately cut off two heavy under-tresses.

"I will not wear the green tulle, if I can help it," she said through her little shut teeth.

Half an hour later, Doris, who had risen early, also met her younger sister coming up the staircase, in her wide-brimmed hat and rough shawl.

"Lisa!" she exclaimed, "what can have induced you to go out so early. It is scarcely respectable. And how excited you look! And your hair down! Your are getting too old to wear your hair in that way. And your cheeks flaming!"

"Flaming!" said Lisa, putting her hands up to them with a short, nervous laugh. "Flaming! That's queer! I went out because it was cool. The guide-books may say what they like, Doris, but the days are not much cooler, during September, in Florence, than they are in August. It is only in the early morning that one can enjoy a cool walk."

"You do not look cool, at least."

Lisa ran up stairs with her small purse crushed tight in her trembling hand. No wonder she was disheveled and excited. Guiseppe Corsini, who was a little scamp, had cheated her outrageously; had made her even cut off more of her hair, and this was why her hair was down; but she had lire enough to buy the maize tarlatane, and even a few flowers, and leave a trifle over.

"Diagonal cuffs," she murmured, "and plenty of them, and two ruffles; and I have some black lace; and one can get tube roses, and leaves, and things, for next to nothing. And, oh!—what a relief it is to think of it! I even wish it was Thursday night now."

But Fate was more cruel than she could have fancied. She went down to breakfast looking radiant, and could scarcely control herself. But before the meal ended, she was cool enough. Over her second cup of chocolate, Doris looked up at her.

"Lisa," she said, "how much of your allowance have you left this month?"

Lisa felt the blood fly to her forehead, and then she turned quite cold.

"How much!" she faltered, in positive agony.

"Yes," returned Doris. "I want to borrow what you have left. You see, there will be so many little things to buy, and I want plenty of flowers, and—— What is the matter? What were you going to do with it?"

"I was going to buy a new dress," stammered Lisa. "I——"

Doris opened her eyes with just a suggestion of cold surprise.

"A new dress!" she echoed. "I thought you were to wear my green tulle!"

"Oh, Doris!" cried the poor girl. "Green makes me so diabolical, and—and——" And

the fact was, she was oliged to stop because her words seemed to choke her.

"Oh!" said Doris, a trifle more frigidly still. "If you have any use for the money—if you do not wish—of course——"

Lisa could not speak. She pushed her chair aside, and ran up to her room once more. She flung herself, face downward, upon the bed, and burst into a passion of tears.

"I may as well give it up," she cried. "And I will. I cannot even sell any more now, because she would think I had kept it back. And I suppose it is selfish in me, too. She uses all her money, only—only—everything seems to be so becoming to her."

She felt that there was quite a tragic element in her misery, but she did not quite like to blame Doris. She was more disheveled than ever when she got up and emptied her purse. She wrote a few words to Doris on the scrap of paper in which she rolled the coin.

"DEAR DORIS,—I was a selfish little animal to care at all. And I do not care either; only green is ghastly. I am not pretty, like you, you see. Here is the money; and I wish it was more.

"LISA."

Doris found the girlish scrawl on her table, when Lisa was gone out; and when she read it, she smiled, a gentle, tolerant smile. It was so like Lisa. And she counted the money carefully, and put it into her pretty pearl purse with a feeling of relief.

The toilet on Thursday night was a horrible task to Lisa. A childish spirit of grotesque defiance seized upon her when, after helping Doris to dress, she retired to her own room with the green tulle.

"I will make myself look as frantic as possible," she said. "What do I care? What does anybody care? Who will look at me when Doris is near?"

She shook her hair out, and let it hang loose below her waist, and then she put a real flower in it, laughing savagely.

"Red and green will suit the queen," she quoted. "And I look like an Ashantee!"

When her dress was on, she thought of something else. She ran down stairs, into the studio, and stole some of Doris', vermilion, and brought it back, laughing more than ever.

"There isn't color enough," she said, and forthwith dipped the corner of a handkerchief into the powder, and rubbed it vindictively on to her cheeks.

Then she sat down on the edge of the bed, her eyes wide open, bright, and staring with misery. She dare not cry, for fear the paint should come off. She would not go down until the company had arrived, and then Doris could not send her back. She laughed a little again, when she thought how horrified her mother and sister would be when they saw how she had decked herself for the sacrifice.

"Good Heavens! What a bizarre-looking young woman!" some one said to Mr. Adrian Basilhurst, when she came into the room.

Doris almost turned pale as Lisa advanced toward her.

"Lisa!" she cried, "what have you been doing with yourself? What induced you to dress your hair in that absurd fashion? And what is the matter with your face? You are a figure for a masquerade!"

She was all the more amazed because she saw Mr. Adrian Basilhurst looking at the girl in a puzzled, half-startled sort of way.

"Is that little girl your sister?" he asked her afterward. "I did not know you had a sister, Miss Drummond."

If Lisa had never distinguished herself before, she distinguished herself this evening. She amazed Doris, and made her mother gasp for breath more than once. She was, apparently, in such wild spirits, that a sensitive person would have found it painful to watch her. She talked and laughed, and made other people laugh so with her daringly witty speeches, that she was quite a prominent feature of the entertainment. Individuals who had scarcely realized the fact of her existence heretofore, began to listen to her, and wonder.

"What has she been thinking, to stand in the back ground so long," murmured a reflective, elderly artist. "She is dressed in defiance of every rule of good taste, her cheeks are painted infamously, and she is too excitable; but eyes like hers would be any woman's redemption; and there is ten times as much in her as there is in that pretty, correctly-outlined Miss Doris."

Of course, everybody did not see this. There were those who were scandalized, and all the more scandalized, because the girl won a sort of queer triumph. There was one person who was a sore trouble to Lisa, and this was no other than Mr. Adrian Basilhurst. Whatever she did or said, she could not look up without finding that this gentleman was watching her. And in an unusual manner, too, with a kind of gentle pity in his dark eyes. "As if he was sorry for me," said Lisa, inwardly, quite gulping down a sob. "Oh, what a kind, beautiful face he has!" At last, toward the end of the evening, she found herself set in a slight tremor by seeing Mr. Ad-

rian Basilhurst cross the room, and advance toward her. He came to ask her to dance with him, but Lisa noticed that he did not speak to her as the other men did. Something in the gentle kindliness of his voice and manner made her feel ashamed of her vermilion.

She made no more wild speeches when they danced together; she laughed no more excitable laughs; her excitement had died out, and left her quite pale, except where the horrible paint burned her cheeks. She wondered how he could care to dance with her at all. But he seemed to enjoy himself very much in a quiet way, so much that if she could have forgotten her vermilion, she might have gained courage. As it was, she could not, and when the dance was ended, and her partner suggested that they should turn into the studio to cool themselves, she was quite relieved.

"You look tired," he said, "and even as if you were not quite well. Miss Drummond's pictures will refresh us both."

But the fact was that Lisa could not quite understand him; something in his manner puzzled her; something which suggested that he had a motive in paying her these attentions. He made her sit down when they reached the studio, and he brought her refreshments with his own hands, and then he took a seat near her, and talked to her in a low, well-trained voice, about pictures, and books, and divers of her Florentine favorites, until she felt as if she must be dreaming.

"How much you know about everything," she burst forth, in her innocent, headlong fashion, at last. "And how—how kind you are to tell me so much. If it had been Doris, or if I had been like Doris——"

He stopped her, with a smile,

"Suppose I tell you the truth of the matter?" he said.

It was such a remarkable thing to say, under the circumstances, that Lisa could only stammer a word or so, incoherently.

"The truth?" she said. "I don't——"

But he still smiled, and appeared so undisturbed that she was further from understanding him than ever.

"I have known you very much longer than I have known Miss Doris," he said. "I have known you for three months at least."

"You!" gasped Lisa. "You have known me?"

"Yes," he answered. "I have known you for three months, and I have a piece of your property in my pocket now."

He looked a little grave, but with a peculiarly gentle gravity, as he drew something from his pocket—a something wrapped in a small compass.

"Is it something I lost?" Lisa faltered. "I am always losing things."

"No," he replied. "You parted with it willingly." And then and there he unfolded the paper, and showed her the long, curly twist she had sold to Guiseppe Corsini for lires enough to help to buy the maize dress.

"Don't be angry with me, Miss Lisa," he said. "It was a fancy of mine." But there he broke off.

Lisa's trembling hands had fallen upon her knee, her hot blushes threw her vermilion into the shade, and her eyes were full of tears of bitter humiliation.

"Oh, where did you get it?" she cried. "How did you know? How could he dare to tell?"

It was not after the manner of ordinary modern young men that Mr. Adrian Baselhurst made his explanation; considering the dramatic situation, he was very untheatrical, indeed, very straightforward, and very frankly in earnest.

"Will you let me tell you all about it?" he said.

"If you please." And Lisa bent her head, in spite of her emotion.

"I have been in Florence three months," he explained; "and the first day I came here I saw you. I was in the Church of the Annunciation, and you came in. You looked pale and unhappy, and you knelt down on the steps of one of the altars, and said a prayer. I knew, by your manner, that you were not a Catholic, and I watched you, and your face fixed itself on my memory. Since then I have seen you almost every day; sometimes in the street, sometimes in the picture-galleries and churches; and I have always seen something in your face which did not belong to your youth. I have wondered what it was, and it has troubled me in a way you would, perhaps, scarcely understand. I have seen a good deal of life, Miss Lisa, and you are too young to look tired and fagged out. Well, one morning I went out early, and met you in a side street. You had something under your shawl, and you looked a little frightened. So, I followed you at a safe distance, and I saw you turn into a small, dark shop. When you came out, I went in. The man was holding his purchase in his hand, and I knew it at once. I did not like to see the oily little rascal hold it; and so I indulged myself in the luxury of buying it from him. He cheated me, as, I have no doubt, he cheated you; but I knew he would. Since that time I have had it in my pocket, and I should like to keep it there,

if you will let me. I never dreamed of your being Miss Drummond's sister. I did not know she had one. And when you came into the room to-night, for a second or so, I did not feel quite sure of you——"

Indiscreet and ill-regulated to the last, Lisa burst into passionate tears of shame.

"It was no wonder," she said. "I had made myself as dreadful as I could. I think it was out of spite. My cheeks are covered with paint. I stole it out of Doris' color-box. I wonder you don't despise me. I—I have been so miserable."

"Never mind that," said her hero, almost tenderly. "Perhaps I may be able to help you to forget it. I want you—— Miss Lisa, promise that you will let me be your friend."

Lisa wiped tears and vermilion, together, off her cheeks, with her handkerchief, and regarded Doris' lion with beautiful, woeful, childishly grateful eyes.

"If you will," she cried, innocently. "If you will. I don't deserve it. And it is like a dream. I never had a friend in my life.'

"Lisa!" exclaimed Mrs. Drummond, shaken out of all self-possession, when, scarcely six months afterward, Mr. Adrian Basilhurst had a little interview with her, in the course of which he asked her for the hand of her youngest daughter. "Surely, not Lisa, Mr. Basilhurst!"

"Mamma," remarked Doris, who sat near, looking rather pale, "Mr. Basilhurst said Lisa."

And Lisa it was, though it was some time before even Lisa herself believed it.

"I do not see why it isn't Doris, instead," she said, reflectively, on several occasions after she was married; and, on one of these occasions, Adrian went to her side, and showed her a crushed scrap of paper, with a few lines written upon it, in a girlish hand.

"DEAR DORIS," it ran—"I was a selfish little animal, to care at all. And I do not care, either; only green is ghastly. I am not pretty, like you, you see. Here is the money, and I wish it was more. "LISA."

"I picked that up just before you came into the room, that night, and could not help reading it," Basilhurst said. "And I could not tell you how the poor little scrawl went to my heart, Lisa."

Lisa looked up quickly.

"Might it have been Doris, if you had not seen that?" she asked.

Adrian laid his hand on her shoulder, and kissed her.

"No, no!" he answered. "Not Doris. I do think it would ever have been Doris. But it was that which made me speak so soon. For you must confess, my dear," with a laugh, "that it was rather an unusual proceeding."

ONE LESS TO-NIGHT.

BY MARIE J. MACCOLL.

HERE she stood, beneath the mantle,
Just a year ago, to-night,
With her rosy face uplifted,
In the glowing rosy light.
Holding up a tiny stocking,
While her sweet voice eagerly
Pleaded, "Won't you hang it, mamma,
Where good Santa Claus can see."

Lone I sit by dying embers,
Christmas Eve has come and gone,
And the bell in yonder steeple
Slowly tolls the hour of one.
One, my heart re-echoes sadly,
Two were here one year ago;
By my side my boy lies dreaming;
She is sleeping 'neath the snow.

Here, with soft hands meekly folded,
Did she lisp her evening prayer;
But no white-robed form now kneeleth
By the tiny vacant chair.
Once for all the tired lips murmured,
"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
And her blue eyes closed forever,
In a slumber long and deep.

True, we know 'tis but the casket
We have hidden from our sight;
In our Father's crown the jewel
Gleams forever, pure and bright.
So we try to bow in silence,
'Neath the blow that on us fell,
Knowing He whose hand had dealt it,
Ever "doeth all things well."

But we miss her, sadly miss her,
And we list, alas! in vain,
For the sound of coming footsteps
We shall never hear again.
Little feet, the loving Saviour,
Early through the Pearly Gate,
Led them, knowing, in life's journey,
Thorns must wound them, soon or late.

Oh, the loneliness and sorrow,
In our hearts, and in our home,
When we know on no to-morrow
Will our absent darling come.
Why this cross? we, grieving, question;
God, who took our idol, knew,
If our treasure were in heaven,
We would long to follow, too.

THE DAUGHTER OF JERUSALEM

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54.

CHAPTER IV.

WHILE the events, narrated in the preceding chapters, had been transpiring, others, originally political merely in their character, had taken place, which were destined also seriously to affect the fortunes of our hero and heroine.

Palestine, though subdued by Pompey the Great, nearly a century before, had been permitted to retain a semi-independence, paying tribute, of course, but preserving, in a great degree, its local freedom. But the Roman yoke, though light, galled the proud Hebrews. Frequent partial insurrections had taken place, from time to time, and about this period became more common than ever. It was on business connected with one of these uprisings in Galilee, that the young Roman had been sent, with dispatches from Egypt to Jerusalem. It was in reference to the daily increasing seriousness of these insurrections that the Prince had spoken, when, half-prophetically, he deprecated to his guest the ruin which war and conquest would bring upon his land.

The Roman armies, in Palestine, had been commanded, hitherto, by Vespasian; but that general having been recently called to the purple, his son, Titus, had now succeeded him. Meantime the insurrectionary feeling was spreading. Before long it became evident to all clear-sighted observers, whether Heberw or Roman, that a general rising was only a question of time. The popular cry among the Jews was, "let us strike a last blow for freedom: the God of our fathers will surely fight on our side." Under these circumstances, Titus slowly drew toward Jerusalem, in order to be ready for the worst, collecting his legionaries as he advanced, and calling in his auxiliaries from every quarter.

But, though the popular cry was for hostilities, the Jews, as a nation, were not unanimous. The more intelligent foresaw the hopelessness of a struggle. Prominent among these was the Prince. But their influence, as yet, was of no avail. When, therefore, it became evident that war was inevitable, involving, perhaps, the siege of Jerusalem itself, the Prince moved his family into the city, with others of his class. "I must stand by my country," he said, sadly. "Duty comes first."

In this resolution he was seconded by Miriam. Nor, when he would have sent her, under safe-conduct, beyond Jordan, would she listen to the proposal. Her answer was that of Ruth, one of her own ancestresses, "where thou goest, I go, where thou diest, I will die."

"Let us hope it will not come to the worst," said her father, striving to appear cheerful. "I have great influence; and there are others like me; we will watch our time, and may yet prevail. At present John of Giska, and Simon the zealot, have it all their own way; but the populace is proverbially fickle: by-and-by they will become tired of these leaders, especially when they see how they have been deluded. If I did not hope for this, I would myself go beyond Jordan. But so long as there is a chance of wiser counsels prevailing; so long as my presence can, even in the slightest degree, contribute to such a result; it is my duty, I feel, to remain. Only, only, darling, I would you were not going with me." And he looked at her forebodingly, and almost with tears.

"Your duty is with your country," answered Miriam, "and mine is with you. Remember, I, too, am of unstained Hebrew blood." And she drew herself proudly up.

Weeks, even months had passed, while these events were transacting, yet no word had been heard of their guest. His name was never spoken between father and daughter. The Prince, ever since that hurried leave-taking, had half-suspected the truth; but as Miriam did not make him her confidant, he had too fine a sense of delicacy to ask questions. Miriam herself, in spite of her resolution to forget, in spite even of daily and earnest prayer for strength to do so, could not help often thinking of him. Had he, she asked herself, returned to Rome? Or was he still with the army? And if the latter, did he yet live? Or had he fallen in one of the many skirmishes, which were now of almost daily occurrence, between the insurgent Jews of the provinces and the steadily-advancing army of Titus.

"The die is cast," said her father, returning to the palace one evening. "We held a last council to-day, when my friends and I were outvoted, and the offers of Titus were defiantly rejected.

The Roman watch-fires will gleam, in consequence, to-night, all along the heights of Scopus, to the west and north of us. A legion has even been posted on the east, to watch us from that quarter. If you ascend to the roof, you can see their eagles in the direction of Mount Olivet."

The city of Jerusalem, now about to be besieged, was regarded as practically impregnable. It occupied an isolated peninsula, jutting out toward the south-east, and rose from deep, precipitous ravines, on every side except one. This was at the north-west, where a narrow neck of ground connected it with the main land, so to speak. It was from this quarter only, therefore, that it could be approached by a hostile army; for on every other side, inaccessible precipices, surmounted by battlemented walls, forbade assault.

Nor was this all. Jerusalem was, in reality, three separate cities in one; but each defended by its own wall; so that if one city fell, two remained. The oldest was at the south-eastern extremity of the peninsula, where the ground was the highest, and where the two valleys of Jehoshaphat and Ben-Himmon met at the foot of the precipices. This was called the Upper City. It was walled in, even on the sides overhanging the ravines; but an even stronger wall defended it on the land side. Next to it, on the north and west, was the Lower City, where the Temple stood, looking eastward over the valley of Jehoshaphat, and westward and north-westward toward the neck of land which we have described. Beyond, in this latter direction, had once been open fields, extending to the neck of land; but within a generation, these had been built up, and also defended by a wall erected across the neck.

We may add that Jerusalem was one of the wealthiest cities, at that period, in the world. Its merchants controlled the trade of the East, as Venice did centuries afterward; and the sumptuousness of their living rivaled, if it did not surpass, that of the Roman nobility. The stately palaces within the walls, and the splendid villas without them, are described, by cotemporaries, as unequalled. The ordinary population was about two hundred thousand. This was now swelled to six hundred thousand, or more, partly because the season was that in which worshippers had come up, from every part of Palestine, and even from Egypt and Assyria, to the great annual festival; and partly because, when the Roman armies advanced nearer, the husbandmen abandoned their crops, and driving their cattle before them, sought shelter within the gates. All this great multitude believed, nearly to a man, that, in a few weeks, the audacious foe would be discomfited, if not by the arms of the defenders, then by the direct intervention of the Most High. These accessions, of course, increased the number of the fighting men inside. But these very numbers, on the other hand, added to the danger of famine, if the siege should be prolonged. Unfortunately, few, or no provisions had been stored up. In vain Miriam's father, and others like him, had urged the establishment of great magazines of food. Madness possessed the majority. "The God of our fathers will fight for us, as He fought for His people of old," they cried. "Away with your heathenish suggestions!"

A series of bloody combats now ensued, outside the wall of the New City. "Aware of the strength and resolution of his opponents," says a historian of these events, "aware, also, that he had three distinct lines of rampart to force, and two citadels to master, the Roman leader prepared to conduct the siege according to the rules of art, with the patience and perseverance not less requisite for success than bravery." The besieged made constant sallies, however, to prevent the assailants getting a foot-hold from which to work their engines. Once they were even so successful as not only to drive the invaders back, but to fire their camp. Where the Romans mined, the Jews undermined. Day and night, night and day, attack and repulse went on, incessantly. In vain Titus, more than once, offered honorable terms. "Come and take us, from beneath our crumbling walls," was the haughty reply. The Romans answered the taunt by plying their battering rams more vigorously than ever; while, in return, stones and darts, boiling water and oil, were poured down on the assailants.

But the greater military skill of the enemy finally prevailed. The walls across the Neck crumbled in several places, the foe entered through the breach, and the New City fell. Most of the population, however, had time to escape to the Lower City, or the Upper one; but they lost everything but their lives.

The palace of the Prince was in the Upper City. The night the New City was carried, he came home thoroughly worn out. His daughter met him with an anxious countenance.

"Is it true?" she said. "Has the New City fallen?"

"Yes, it is true," he replied. "Our soldiers fought like lions; but in vain. To-morrow, the enemy will assail the ramparts of the Lower City, and even threaten the Temple, perhaps. Nothing but a miracle will save us."

"But," resumed Miriam, "two other walls are left; and they, at least, are impregnable. In the end, Titus will get disheartened, for the autumn rains will come, when his soldiers will die, by thousands, of fevers and pestilence."

"Alas! we have nothing to eat," was the reply. "You must not suppose that others are as well supplied as ourselves. I foresaw all this, and laid in, secretly, bountiful provision. But the people, at large, are already in sore strait. A few supplies are introduced, on dark nights, by hauling them up, in baskets, from the valley of Jehoshaphat, where, as yet, none of the enemy are posted; but they are only a drop in the bucket; and as soon as Titus completely invests us, this scanty resource will fail."

"Invests us? Surely his army is too small for that."

"Titus is steadily increasing his forces. He evidently looks to an investment," answered the Prince, despondingly. "When that comes, we must starve."

He proved a true prophet. In a few days the Roman general began to draw a line of circumvallation completely around the city, at a distance of from one to two furlongs from the walls. When this was completed, the famine, so long threatened, set in, with frightful effect. The suffering increased daily. And now a change began to come over a portion even of the most desperate defenders. Many a man, who had been full of defiance, who had cried out, "Let us die rather than surrender," regretted, when he saw his family starving, that he had not listened to the counsels of the moderate party. For a time it seemed as if the Prince and his party might yet bring the people to reason. As weeks passed, for the besieged fought so desperately that they long held Titus in check, and as the famine increased, the numbers of the disaffected grew and grew. Hundreds rushed frantically to the gates, imploring the Romans to permit them to depart into the country, without arms or baggage. "But," says the same historian from whom we have already quoted, "Titus sternly refused. To deter others from the attempt, and teach them they had no hope but in surrendering the city, he ordered the captives to be suspended on crosses round the walls, and continued for several days to inflict this cruel punishment upon all that fell into his hands. The fugitives shrank back with piteous cries into the city; but their murmurs were unavailing; the chiefs and the soldiers maintained their dogged resolution; and in the midst of famine and pestilence, and the wailings of seers and prophets, still offered the daily prayers and performed the daily sacrifices in the Temple, invoking the Lord of Hosts to their aid."

"The old are dying daily by hundreds," said the Prince, one evening, on his return home; "and so are the young children. Yesterday, a house was observed to be shut up: the authorities broke into it: it was full of dead bodies. Every soul had evidently perished of hunger."

A few days later, Miriam met him, at the threshold of her apartment, with white face, and eyes distended with horror.

"Is this awful story true, that I hear?" she said. "One of my handmaidens tells me that an officer of the law, attracted by the smell of sodden flesh, entered the house whence it proceeded." She shuddered, and could scarcely go on. "He discovered a widow, a mother, gaunt and emaciated, but with the ravening look of a starved wild-beast; and she—she was—devouring the mangled limbs of her own child." She covered her face with her hands, as if to shut out the horrible sight, and sobbed, hysterically, "She had murdered it for a meal."

"It is, alas! too true," answered the Prince. "God, in His infinite pity, have mercy on us all!"

To such terrible straits had the defenders of Jerusalem come.

CHAPTER V.

In these fearful days, a feeling began to take possession of the Prince, more awful than any which had gone before, a dread that he had erred, after all, in coming into Jerusalem, since thereby he had brought on Miriam a fate which, in the event of the city being taken by assault, would be too horrible to contemplate.

In our own time, towns, that are given to the sack, show spectacles that make even stern warriors shudder. But in that age matters were infinitely worse. When a city was stormed, the able-bodied males, by the rules of war then prevalent, were put to the sword; the older women and children were sold into slavery; and the young women were abandoned to the licentiousness of the common soldiery, a fate infinitely worse than death.

It was this thought which now darkened every hour of the Prince's existence, for he saw, day by day, his influence again waning. "Oh, if I could but have foreseen that my presence would be unavailing," he said, in despair. "God forgive me for having brought Miriam here, for having allowed her to come. I should have insisted on her going beyond Jordan. I should not have permitted her to sacrifice herself. If only my

life is spared, it may not be so bad. A heavy ransom, in time, may save her, when the city falls. But if I should die——"

He broke off abruptly. He could not contemplate the awful alternative.

"Ah!" he resumed, "if I had only listened to our good pastor. But I trusted too much to my rank and wealth; I thought they would enable me to help to save my country. But now John of Giska's nod is more potent than all my words."

For the old priest had sought out the Prince just before the siege began.

"I have heard of your intention to move into the city," said the old man, "and have come to expostulate. You cannot be so mad. By this suicidal act, you risk everything: property, life, Miriam herself."

"I know it," the Prince had replied. "But it is my duty. Can I, a Hebrew soldier, desert my country, in this, her extremity?"

"Hear me, first," was the answer. "I and others of the congregation are about to go to Pella." This was a village of Decapolis, beyond Jordan, a region now a desert, but then densely populated, and filled with towns, and even cities. "We do not attach any importance to the popular signs that are said to predict the fall of the city: to the men and chariots asserted to have been seen battling in the clouds, or to the rumor that the gates of the Temple, the other day, burst open of their own accord. But you know, and I know, that, in the day of Pentecost, a voice, more than human, was heard, from within the Holy of Holies, crying out, 'Let us depart hence!' You know, and I know, that our blessed Lord, as He sat on the hill of Olivet, over against the Temple, just before He suffered, mourned openly for the desolation that was to come upon Jerusalem. And moreover, you, as a statesman, know, that Judea cannot compete, single-handed, with Rome."

"I am well aware of it," was the sad reply. "But your case and mine are different. You are a Christian pastor, and your first duty is to the congregation. I am a Hebrew Prince, and my first duty is to the Hebrew nation. Perhaps, before the worst comes to the worst, the people will listen to reason. I have some little influence. I have, as you know, foreseen this crisis, and have concealed my conversion to Christianity, in order to retain this influence. It is in the hope through this influence of assisting, at least, to save my country, that I go into the city. I have no right to abandon my post, while the slightest chance of success remains. As to what you say about risking my own safety, that, father, is a motive that cannot influence me; and Miriam feels as I do, and as becomes her ancient blood."

Then the old man made a last effort to shake the Prince's resolution.

"But may not the fall of Jerusalem," he said, "be necessary to the spread of the Gospel? To open the road for the dissemination of His Word, all civilized people must first be united under one common head. That head is Rome. But this nation stands in the way. Even we Hebrews who are Christians do not all admit that the Glad Tidings are to be published to the Gentile as well as to the Jew. This people must be dispersed, this nationality be broken up," he said, warming with his theme, "before the Gospel can be preached to all kindreds, and peoples, and tongues."

"I can do no other than I am doing, God help me!" answered the other, solemnly, after a pause. "I am a soldier and a Prince of Jerusalem: if my country falls, I fall with it."

"And I am a soldier of Christ," replied the priest. "Future times," he added, prophetically, "will honor us, warriors of the Cross, who leave father and mother, home and country, and all the associations on which we have fed from infancy, for the glory of God and the love of a Spiritual Redeemer. Your country is Jerusalem, mine is the world."

With these words, he had left the Prince, after a silent benediction; and the next day the Prince had taken up his quarters, as we have seen, in the city.

The father's anxiety and distress was the greater, because he knew that the radical leaders did not hesitate to have any one assassinated who thwarted their views. He never went forth, in the morning, without the consciousness, that, before evening, he might be thus put out of the way. But he never shrank from his duty, notwithstanding this. Only he said to himself, a hundred times, during those slowly-dragging days, "Poor, poor Miriam, if I should be taken away——"

The siege had now continued for nearly three months. At last, after a desperate struggle, Titus carried the Antonia tower. This strong citadel stood at the north-west corner of the wall, commanding the Lower City, and overlooking the Temple.

Before proceeding to further extremities, however, Titus called a parley, and made a last offer of accommodation.

"I am going to the walls, in hope there will be a council," said the Prince to Miriam, that morning. "I shall urge the acceptance of pro-

posals for peace, as I have always done; and now more earnestly than ever. We are mad if we persist. But I fear my words will be of no avail. John of Giska will cry 'Jerusalem is the Lord's, and He will protect it,' and I shall be hooted down by the mob. The end, in that case, is not far to see——"

He stopped, abruptly. He could not, at least in Miriam's presence, say what was in his thoughts; that if Jerusalem fell by assault, she, pure, innocent, nurtured in love—— Oh! he could not bear to think of it.

His forecast was not at fault. The proposals of the Romans were indignantly rejected. Even when Matthias, or, as he is now called, Josephus, who had gone over to the imperial side, like many others, appeared at the walls, and besought his countrymen not to rush madly to destruction, hoots and execrations were the reply of the mob. The Prince turned, sad at heart, to go home. As he left the walls, John of Giska whispered to one of his minions. "There goes a traitor, see to it," he said. The man, thus addressed, called another to his side, and the two followed the Prince. The latter, walking with his eyes bent on the ground, did not observe that his footsteps were dogged. He had reached his door, and was about to enter, when the assassins, looking up and down the street, and seeing no one in sight, rushed on him, and with rapid blows performed their mission. He fell, weltering in blood, while the murderers darted down a side street, and escaped.

His servants found him there, shortly after, lying on the threshold. A leech, hastily sent for, pronounced the blows to be mortal. "He has not an hour to live," were his words. "Who will tell his daughter?"

But Miriam had heard the confusion, and was coming hastily from her apartments, to inquire the cause. At the sight of her father's livid face, his prostrate form, she flung herself on his breast, weeping distractedly.

"Weep not for me," said the Prince, speaking feebly, and trying to comfort her. "Mourn rather for yourself, who stay behind. Oh! my child, my child! If, in dying, I could save you——" He broke off, with a great sob.

"Father, father, you shall not die. You will not die. Oh! don't leave me," she cried. "You are all I have."

But her father was now fast losing consciousness. His mind began to wander.

"How happy we are, Salome," he said, stroking his daughter's hair, fondly, and evidently mistaking her for his dead wife. "Were ever thers so happy? Blessed be the God of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, for His great mercies to us."

Then he sank into a temporary stupor. He closed his eyes. The attendants thought him dead. But Miriam heard him murmuring feebly, and put her ear close to his lips to listen.

"The way is dark," he moaned, "the water deep, and oh! so cold." He shivered. "I see no shore beyond."

By-and-by, he murmured, "What if the Sadducees are right? What if there is no resurrection? What if I never see her more?"

The piteousness of the cry almost broke his daughter's heart.

Suddenly his whole face brightened. He half rose from his couch. He gazed eagerly into the distance.

"The light—the glory—the white battlements," he cried exultingly, his voice ringing clear and high, "the shining angels waiting. And oh! Salome——"

He fell back, the sentence unfinished. But the triumph, the joy, were still on his face, and they left it no more.

When the leech stooped to lift Miriam from the body he found that she had fainted.

CHAPTER VI.

When Titus found that his generous offers were thus insultingly repulsed, his usually good-natured clemency hardened into cruelty. If you go, to-day, into the Capitoline Museum at Rome, you can see his bust, and understand what manner of man he was. It is the face of a strong, easy-tempered, sensual character. It is the face of one who loved justice in the abstract, and who sought to be just, when justice did not run counter to his ease, his anger, or his revenge. But both of these latter were now aroused. He determined, therefore, to make a memorable example of Jerusalem.

First he completed his conquest of the Lower City, or that portion of it not included within the Temple limits. It soon fell under his assault. The houses he razed everywhere to the ground. Then he destroyed the citadel of Antonia itself, leaving only one tower, to be used as a watch-tower. Having thus cleared the way, he sat down before the Temple, for this great edifice lay directly between him and the Upper City; and besides, no surer blow could be struck to dishearten the Jews, as he well knew, than to capture the Holy of Holies.

The assault of the Temple was witnessed by Miriam, from the roof of her father's palace, which, occupying elevated ground in the Upper

City, near to the northern wall, looked directly down into the Sacred Edifice. We say looked down into the Sacred Edifice advisedly. For the Temple was not one compact building, under a single roof, like the great cathedrals of modern times. On the contrary, it was a succession of courts, "four square" each, as Josephus says, lying one within the other, and open to the sky. These courts were each at a different elevation, being constructed on platforms, approached by stately flights of steps. On the uppermost of all stood the Holy of Holies and the Temple proper, a comparatively small building, in the front of which was a court-yard, open to the sky, called the Court of Priests. This was inclosed with a wall, with a porch running all round inside, not unlike a modern cloister. Over this was a wooden gallery, open on both sides, resembling somewhat an Italian loggia.

Below was a wide terrace, open to the sky, and that completely surrounded the platform above. This was called the Court of Israel. It also had a cloister, and gallery, like those above, placed also at the top of the steps, that led up from the platform below. This last platform was the lowest of all, and was, in similar manner, shut in by a cloister and gallery, entirely surrounding it. This court was called the Court of the Gentiles. The Temple, using that word in its largest sense, was, therefore, a parallelogram. The entire inclosure was about eight hundred feet square.

The Temple being thus almost entirely open to the sky, Miriam could look down into it, from her superior elevation, and see all that occurred. From the nature of its construction, it could be made almost impregnable, for it was only necessary to man the walls of each court, to hold at bay a superior force. The Jews proceeded to do this. They defended each court in succession, and when one fell, retreated to another. Thus, when brought to bay in the upper court of all, they fought so desperately, that, when some captives, taken by Titus, were sent to adjure them again to surrender, they plied their engines on the top of the galleries, and poured down such showers of darts and stones, as to strew the steps that led down to the Court of Israel below, with the bodies of their countrymen, "as thick as in a cemetery," as a cotemporary says.

For the Romans now occupied the Court of Israel, and before them, at the top of the steps, was the Priest's Court, defended by the great gate, which led up to the Holy of Holies. They had been repulsed, over and over again, before they finally gained the lower courts. Once, in the dead of the night, a few scaled the outer inclosure, and effected a lodgment in the Court of Gentiles; but when the dawn broke, a sudden rush of the defenders drove them headlong back again. Once the besieged purposely evacuated the cloister and gallery, and when the Romans had occupied it, fired the crowded gallery, and burnt alive the foe thus caught in the trap. At last, both the Court of the Gentiles and the Court of Israel, as we have said, were carried, after frightful slaughter. John of Giska and Simon the zealot, the two radical leaders, giving up all hope of saving the Sacred Edifice, had, upon this, retreated with the last of their soldiers, into the Upper City. But thousands of priests, and women, and unarmed inhabitants, who had not had time to escape, remained, and these now crowded into the Priest's Court, believing that the Most High would yet interfere for his people, and that, within these last enclosures, at least, was safety.

The assault on this last court was what Miriam witnessed from the roof of her father's palace. She had not the heart, in person, to watch the struggle to the end; for she still reverenced, in a degree, the Great Temple of her ancestral faith. One of her handmaidens, however, told her, from time to time, of the progress of the battle.

"The Romans," she cried, looking from an embrasure, "bring ladders to scale the cloisters above. But the people meet them from the top, and hurl them back."

And Miriam fancied she could hear the shouts of the defenders, and the crash of the assailants falling backward.

"Ah, it is in vain," cried the girl again. "The Romans, hurled back from the cloisters, apply fire to the great gate. Ha! the wood only smokes. Jehovah," she said, exultingly, "defends His own. He will not permit the heathen to rage within the Holy of Holies."

"No, alas! no," she added, a moment after. "The flames lick out, here and there: the fire has taken hold. The silver plates on the gate begin to melt. The conflagration spreads. It sweeps from pillar to pillar of the cloisters. The great porch blazes from end to end. Oh!" and she covered her eyes with her hands, "the hundreds that will be burnt alive. Lord God of Abraham," she almost shrieked, as she looked again, "they are entering the Holy of Holies itself."

Every heart stopped beating.

"No," she resumed, after another breathless pause, "No! A crowd of high officers rush forward and drive the soldiers back. One of them, from the awe all seem to hold him in, must be Titus himself. He orders the legionaries down

who have rushed up the steps. He will not let others ascend. He sweeps the Court of Israel with a charge of horse to prevent all access even to the steps to the Upper Court. He sends men to put out the flames. But, ah! in vain. I see a legionary, in an unobserved corner, climbing on his comrade's shoulders. He flings a blazing brand from the Court of Israel up through one of the latticed openings, into the gallery of the Sacred Court above. The fire shoots up again. Our people shrink back, shrieking, from the roof of the cloisters——"

And over all the shouts of the assailants, and the roar of the advancing flames, Miriam distinctly heard the death-cries the girl referred to.

The speaker went on, breathlessly. "The priests, the women, the men themselves fly, everywhere, before the Roman soldiery, who rush up the steps, butchering all alike. The legionaries seem like wild beasts, like madmen let loose: they throw down the officers who oppose them; they trample the fugitives under foot. The stairs that lead up to the Holy Place run with blood. Dead bodies roll down by scores. Oh! Judge of Israel, defend Thy Sacred Altar, for now, now they invade even it. The flames burst above it. They shoot far into the sky. The smoke spreads. Everything is involved in the conflagration."

Miriam gave one nervous glance, and never, to her dying day, forgot what she saw. Then she looked out to the hills, that surrounded Jerusalem. They were crowded with tens of thousands of spectators, Roman soldiers, countrymen, and worshippers who had come up to the Great Festival, and had remained beyond the walls. Distinctly, over all the rush and thunder of the flames, rose the groans of the wounded in the Temple; the howls of the zealots, in the Upper City, from behind where Miriam stood; and the short, sharp scream of agony, that told some human soul was passing away, beneath the thrust of sword or blow of dagger.

"Father Abraham, what will become of us, when they storm this place, also? And they seem already advancing to the attack," cried the handmaidens, wringing their hands. "Oh! mistress, is there no escape?"

"Calm yourselves," replied Miriam, summoning her courage, in order to reassure her maids, as they crowded around her. "Surely, now, John and Simon will listen to terms of accommodation."

But the Jewish leaders, even in that crisis, stubbornly refused to capitulate. Titus, shocked by the outrages that had attended the storming of the Temple, listened, once more, to his gentler nature, and made a last attempt, before storming the Upper City, to bring the besieged to reason; offering life to all who would lay down their arms, and acknowledge the Roman sway. But John and Simon replied that they had sworn an oath never to surrender. "Let us pass freely through the gates," they said, "with our wives and children, and we will abandon the city, and betake ourselves to the wilderness." "No," was the stern reply. "It is too late for such terms. Refuse my last offer, and I give you all to the sword, and raze your city to the ground."

Thus the final hope of escape was cut off.

When Miriam heard of this, she went and fetched her father's sword, and then summoned to her presence an old servitor, who had been an aged man, even when she was a child. All the other male attendants of the family had been, long ago, drafted into the army, to defend the city. He only had been left, because he was considered worthless.

"You have been in our service," she said, addressing the old man, "father and son, for many generations, have you not?"

"For five generations," answered the aged servitor, startled by seeing her there, holding that antique sword in her hand, and with that look of fixed rigidity on her face. "For five generations; and we have always served faithfully and well."

"I am going to put your fidelity to the test." She drew the sword carefully, almost lovingly, from its scabbard, as she spoke, and then ran her finger over its keen edge, as if to assure herself of its sharpness. Judith might have felt, in like manner, the blade with which she was about to slay Holofernes.

"This sword," she said, seeming satisfied with the trial, "has been in our family for ages. Tradition says that it was given to one of my ancestors by King Solomon himself. It is certain that it is older than the Captivity. It was borne by one of our name when he fought with the Maccabees. No son is left to inherit it, and therefore I give it to you."

"To me!"

"Yes! But in trust." She hesitated; then, with brave resolution, went on. "When cities are given to the sack, the old are slaughtered, and the young sold into captivity; but an even worse fate, I have heard, befalls the women. From such a fate I would be spared." She looked at him keenly. "Do you understand?"

He turned as white as a ghost, and his aged jaws began to chatter.

"I wish you to promise." She did not say "swear," for the early Christians interpreted

literally the injunction, "Swear not at all," and never used oaths. "I wish you to promise," she said, deliberately, "that, when the worst comes to the worst, when no other hope is left, you will do for your dead master's child what, I know, you would do, in similar circumstances, for your own daughter."

For a moment the old servitor had been appalled by Miriam's proposal. But he came of a race that, more than once in history, had killed their wives and children, in the last extremity, and then killed themselves, sooner than surrender to a foe. The blood rose red into his wrinkled cheek, and his bleared and faded eyes kindled. There was something in the heroic look and attitude of Miriam that called up an answering heroism in his own soul.

"I promise," he said, solemnly. "As the Lord is my God, I will do unto you even as I would do unto my own."

"I am satisfied," replied Miriam. "Take this sword; gird it to you; never be without it, day or night. And," here she paused, and looked him full in the eye, which never flinched, but answered back as resolutely as her own, "when I give the signal, you will do your work, and quickly."

"I will," said the old servitor, as he took the weapon. Then, suddenly kneeling, he kissed her hand fervently, and his stern nature giving way for one moment, he burst into tears.

Up to the fall of the Temple, the people defending the city had really believed, the great body of them at least, that they would finally repulse the Romans. Their priests and leaders, the zealots especially, had told them, that, in His own good time, God would avenge His cause. When they discovered the falsehood of these assertions, when they saw the Holy of Holies go up in smoke and flame, they rushed from insane confidence to mad despair. Citizens suspected of favoring the enemy, that is members of the moderate party, were no longer assassinated in secret, as Miriam's father had been, but openly murdered in the Upper City. Even the little discipline, that had prevailed, was lost. Rapine and slaughter stalked abroad. The crowd slew the unarmed, to diminish the number of mouths, for the famine was now more terrible than ever.

For weeks, in consequence of this disturbed condition of affairs, neither Miriam nor any of her handmaidens dared to venture abroad, and the great gate of the court-yard was now kept locked and barricaded day and night, to repel marauders. Thus she waited for the end.

The end was at hand. More than five months had passed since the siege began. Finding their cause hopeless now, John and Simon fled. The limestone peninsula, on which Jerusalem stands, was even then perforated with countless caves and fissures, many made entirely by the hands of men, others only enlarged in that way. In these vaults and galleries, extending far under the ground, and leading, not only from building to building, but from hill to hill, and even into the valleys beyond, the two zealot leaders now sought refuge, with the pick of their soldiers, abandoning the city to its fate.

The Romans, one morning, saw the ramparts almost abandoned, and seizing the opportunity, poured over them into the city. Soon fire and slaughter raged, and rioted everywhere. Crowds of fugitives, insane with terror, deserted their houses, their safest refuge, and fled aimlessly along the streets, only to be overtaken and cut down by the pursuing soldiery. When the streets had been thus depopulated, the demoralized troops began to break into the houses; and scenes were then enacted, such as the Evil Spirits, themselves in torment, shuddered to behold. The torch was applied to the combustible parts of every edifice. Whole blocks of houses were soon in flames, and as the conflagration spread, the smoke rose in lurid masses, till the sun itself was either blotted out entirely, or only looked forth, at intervals, red and angry, as if the Judgment Day had come.

Miriam heard the shrieks of the fugitives, the shouts of the soldiery, and the roar of the advancing fire. She had retreated, with her handmaidens and the old servitor, to the roof of the palace, which, like all roofs in Jerusalem, was flat. Access was had to this roof by a doorway leading out of a tower in one corner. With a last faint hope, she trusted to remain concealed there till the fury of the assault was spent; for the high battlements, she knew, would hide her and her attendants from the streets below; and there were no loftier edifices near from which they might be overlooked, and so discovered.

But, on a sudden, there was a hurrying of feet in the street underneath, followed by a wild shriek for mercy, and then a savage laugh of mockery and triumph. One of her maidens, forgetting everything in her horrified curiosity, peeped through an embrasure, to see what was happening. This betrayed her to those below. She was greeted with a savage howl, and immediately ponderous blows began to thunder against the great gates of the court-yard. The massive wood resisted, for awhile, the assault; but finally was heard crashing in. Then came the sound of thronging steps on the stair-case, and in the apartments underneath.

The maid, who had betrayed them, threw herself at Miriam's feet, clinging to her robe, and kissing it frantically.

"Forgive me. Oh, forgive me," she cried. "I did not think of this. Or rather kill me at once."

"Commend yourself to God, not to me," answered Miriam, drawing aside the hem of her garment. "I am but a poor, weak woman, like yourself. I shall soon be in His presence, and shall need His forgiveness myself. There, rise, let us die becomingly. Gather behind me. This old man and I will die first, to give you courage; we will pass the sword to you as we fall."

Even then the terrified handmaidens, with but one or two exceptions, did not understand her. But they huddled together around Miriam, in the further corner of the roof.

Rapid steps were now heard approaching the door that led out on to the roof. Then quick blows descended on the door. But it was built of stout planks, and resisted for some time. At last the soiid wood began to quiver beneath the incessant blows rained on it. A gap appeared. Wild shouts of exultation rose from behind it. With one last terrific stroke, it reeled from its hinges, and the mad crowd rushed through.

At the head strode a savage of colossal stature, a giant from the wilds of Scythia. His huge, coarse, red beard, and half-bared, hairy arms, were the very types of the lowest and most ruffianly brutishness.

His eyes ranged rapidly over the group before him, and rested greedily on Miriam at last.

"Ha!" he cried, with wolfish exultation, "this is spoil indeed. Choose from the rest, comrades. Here is mine."

He advanced on Miriam as he spoke.

Fortunately there were a few steps yet for the giant to traverse.

Miriam turned to the old servitor at her side, and bowed her head.

"Quick, quick," she said, in a hurried whisper.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

VINTAGE.

BY HOWARD MELVILLE.

The golden Spring-time called the flowers,
  And into gladdening life they sprang;
From leafy trees, and woodland bowers,
  The notes of thrush and robin rang.

And in the woodland's soft, cool shade,
  We sat and told our warm true love;
And watched the white cloud's shadow laid
  Across the sunlight far above.

Such was my sky, in those sweet days;
  A sky with but a mist upon;
My life was musical with lays,
  But soon the Autumn-time drew on.

The Autumn time, the vintage time!
  I looked to find the golden grain;
The seeds sown when life seemed sublime.
  Now yielded but the fruits of pain.

For he had gone, and in my heart
  The thorns of care grew side by side
With love's sweet rose; they would not part,
  And soon the love-flower drooped and died.

And this, the vintage of my life;
  And this, the harvest whence hope fled;
A Winter of discord and strife
  Drew on, and sunny Spring was dead.

SCARCE MORE THAN YESTERDAY.

BY MARY W. M'VICAR.

It scarce seems more than yesterday
  Since we, two merry children, played,
Or talked, in childish confidence,
  Of plans for all the future laid.

Since from the old foot-bridge we threw
  Our lines into the shallow brook;
Lines made of soiled and knotted string,
  A crooked pin, the only hook.

Or, resting on the grassy bank,
  You talked, in trustful, boyish way,
Of that which, when a man, you'd do,
  Wishing the time less distant lay.

Scarce more than yesterday, and yet
  Those buds of childish hope, so sweet,
Opening to fair fulfillments, lie
  In rich profusion at your feet.

But down the misty slope of years,
  Those far-off days come back to me
Like yesterday, e'en while I hold
  Your laughing boy upon my knee.

THE TRIAL BY FIRE.

BY BERTHA ALLYN.

Little Mrs. Manning was as dainty a bit of womankind as it would be possible to find. Petite and graceful, charming in figure, face and manner, she was the light of her own home, as well as of society.

And yet, pure, innocent, lovely as she was, the breath of envy did not pass her by. Disappointed rivals declared that she was selfish, heartless, and recklessly extravagant, and that, ere long, Horace Manning's vast wealth would be "as water spilled upon the desert sand," through her vanity and wastefulness.

But the gentleman in question did not appear to be troubled with any of these misgivings, for he was seldom long absent from the side of his sparkling little wife, and his tender devotion was the subject of remark wherever they went; while the love-light which danced in her eyes, whenever they chanced to meet his, was not to be mistaken for anything but genuine love for him personally, and not for his fortune.

But was she "selfish, heartless, and recklessly extravagant?" Certainly not "selfish and heartless." "Extravagant?" Perhaps some, who looked only at the surface, might think so. But extravagance is a relative term. She did love jewels, and fine laces, and spent a great deal of money on them. But then she had a splendid allowance, and could afford to do it. Her husband not only encouraged her in such outlays, but was continually making her gifts, unasked, of rare diamonds, or priceless old point. What would have been folly in a poor man, was not so with him. He liked to see her adorned like a queen, and he wronged no one in so adorning her. Is it not, moreover, as much the duty of the really rich to spend, as it is of the poor to economize? How can the poor live at all, if the rich live meanly?

They had been married, now, five years, and in all that time had never exchanged a hard word. Prosperity, too, had continued to smile on them. Only on her last birthday, her husband had given Maggie a superb necklace of diamonds. As she kissed him for the gift, she had said, "Ah! though I love the glittering things, I love you, Horace, a thousand times more."

The ninth of November, 1872, will long be remembered in Boston. In a single night, hundreds were made homeless, and hundreds more were ruined in fortune. In that terrible conflagration, Horace Manning was one of the principal sufferers. Nearly all of his worldly wealth vanished in a few hours, while hundreds who were dependent upon him for their daily bread, were thrown out of employment, with their month's wages unpaid.

For thirty hours he neither slept nor tasted food, but stood and watched, with aching heart and reeling brain, that terrible conflagration. Then, bowed down and broken, he sought his home, and there groaned out the agony which he could no longer control.

"Horace, husband, why will you give way thus? All is not gone, while you are left; and Maggie and I will help you bear it."

So spoke his fond wife, drawing his throbbing head upon her bosom, and kissing, with quivering lips, the deep lines which those long hours of suffering had stamped upon his brow.

"What is the loss of our wealth," she continued, "compared to what the loss of health, or the love which we bear each other, would be?"

"Ah! but you don't know, my darling, how dreadful it is to be poor. You have never known a care. What could these little white hands do toward earning your daily bread?"

"They can do a great deal. And I begin to think that their very whiteness is a shame to me. They ought to have known, long ago, how to wash and iron, bake and brew, and sew, and have made ready for such an emergency as this. Your anticipated poverty, Horace, does not daunt me in the least. It but draws me closer to you, with a feeling that, perhaps, I can now be to you a true help-meet, instead of the idle, almost useless plaything which I have been. I doubt not that the lesson will be hard to learn at first, but I am ready to begin; and, with a cheerful willingness, I think I can surmount every obstacle. While I have your love and confidence, I am happy. Take these from me, and I shall be crushed. So, do not grieve for me."

And that strong man could only gather the brave little comforter in his arms, and weep as only strong men do weep.

"Bless you!" he said, when he could speak. "But though you have comforted me more than I can tell, yet my heart is bursting for my

people. Oh, my poor people! Pay-day is at hand, and I have not a dollar with which to pay them."

"Ah! Your people! For the moment, I had forgotten them," murmured Maggie, with an expression of dismay.

Then, suddenly brightening, she asked, eagerly,

"How much do you owe them, Horace? How much would it take to pay them all?"

"From five to eight thousand dollars. How little a sum that seemed to me three days ago! And now I would almost give my right hand for it. For I know that some of those poor fellows must go hungry, unless they are paid. Oh, Maggie, it is almost more than I can bear! It nearly drives me mad!"

"Horace," returned his wife, solemnly, though she was pale as death, "we have always professed to believe in an overruling Power; and now I tell you that God will provide. It seems dark now, but I feel that all will, before long, be made right. Tell me, could you know that every man had his month's wages, would you be comforted?"

"Inexpressibly, now that you bear it all so bravely. And I suppose that, some time in the future, I shall get something on the insurance. But it seems terrible, all this fearful waste of property——"

"I wish you would try not to think of it. Can you not go to sleep? Rest here a few minutes, and I will bring you a strong cup of coffee to brace up your shattered nerves."

She gently lowered his head upon the pillow, and then glided swiftly from the room. Twenty minutes passed, and she was back again, bearing a steaming cup of fragrant Mocha.

"Now drink this, dearest, to please me."

He could not resist her, and drank it to the dregs.

"You did make it strong, Maggie," he said, "for it was almost bitter; but I feel it will do me good."

A queer expression curled his wife's lips at his remark, and the quick color for a moment flushed her delicate cheek. But, setting the cup aside, she gently smoothed his head, until, beneath her light touch, he fell asleep.

Then up she sprang, all strength and nerve; gave a hasty glance at her watch, and began hastily to array herself in a dark traveling robe. Her next move was to unlock an elegant casket, which stood upon her dressing-table, from which she took, set after set of costly jewels. These she fastened about her person and clothing, and then rang her bell.

Soon a light tap upon the door answered her summons, and going just outside the room, she found, as she expected, her maid.

"Mary," she began, in low, hurried tones, "can I trust you to follow implicitly the directions I am about to give you?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the girl, quietly.

"I thought I might. I am going away. It is now eight o'clock, and I shall be just in time to catch the New York train. I want you to tell your master, when he awakes, that I am out, but that I will soon come back, and that I told you to bring him a cup of tea. And, Mary, I want you to put a teaspoonful from this vial into the tea. He is so exhausted, that he will be sick unless he sleeps a long time. Will you remember?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I shall be back to-morrow evening," she went on. "I do not wish Mr. Manning, under any circumstances, to know where I have gone. Are you sure you understand?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, then, send James around at once with the carriage, for I have no time to lose."

Another hour, and Maggie Manning, the devoted wife, was speeding rapidly toward New York. The brave little woman did not sleep until her goal was reached, her business transacted, and she had returned home again. Then hearing, that, although her husband had twice aroused and asked for her, he was now sleeping again, she threw herself upon her bed, and snatched an hour or two of rest.

She was at length wakened by her maid, who said that Mr. Manning had woke again, and was anxiously asking for her.

She rose, bathed her wan face, and hastened to him.

"Maggie, I think—I am sure—I have been drugged," were his first words. "Did you do it?"

"Yes, dear, I did," she answered, bravely, "and I know you'll forgive me, for you sadly needed rest, and your nerves were so wrought up that sleep, without an anodyne, was next to an impossibility. Besides, I could not accomplish what I wished to do, unless I had you obediently under this little thumb of mine," she added, laughingly, with a spice of the old mischief that had attracted him so when she was a girl.

"What do you mean?" he asked, astonished.

"I mean that I have been to New York, and back again, since I saw you last."

"To New York and back! Are you crazy?"

"I think not. Now listen, dear, and I will explain all. You said you would be inexpressi-

bly comforted if you could only pay your help, and that it would take from five to eight thousand dollars to do it. I knew my jewels were very valuable, for I own that I have been fond of jewels. When we could afford it, it was all very well. But now——"

She stopped a moment, and then went on.

"So I determined to take them all to New York, where most of them were purchased, and sell them. There would be no chance of selling them here just now, you know. I have been very successful. Brother Walter transacted all the business for me. Here, dear, are ten thousand dollars, and you can now lift that heavy burden from your heart."

She drew a package from her bosom, and put it into his hands.

"Maggie, Maggie! darling! You have sacrificed all those for me."

He could say no more, but drew her to him, and for awhile there was a holy silence in that room, each heart being too full for words.

"Sacrifice!" at length Maggie answered. "It was no sacrifice, Horace. I remember, five years ago, when you gave me that necklace. I was nearly, yes, entirely overcome by your lavishness; and I kissed the gems, and said to myself that you were more precious to me than jewels; and God knows I would rather never wear another ornament, or bit of lace, my too especial weaknesses, you know," she added, smiling, "than see you suffer as you have, the last few days. Believe me, I have been truly happy in doing this."

Her looks did not belie her words, for her beautiful face glowed with a light of self-sacrifice, that was almost holy.

"You have, indeed, proved that your love for me is above jewels, though of that I never questioned. But of the strength and depth of character which you have shown, I had never dreamed. I can now believe that you will not shrink at the idea of being a poor man's wife."

"Shrink! No! I can stand at your side, as long as you will stand; but when you allow yourself to be crushed, then I must fall, too; for you are my strength, my pride, and my glory. This is only one of God's furnaces, in which we are being tried; and I feel we shall both come out purer and better."

Her words were a prophesy. Fortune has smiled on them again, and they are happier, too, for having passed, for a time, through this TRIAL BY FIRE.

BEREAVED.

BY LIZZIE EVERETT.

A VACANT chair at the table;
An empty pillow in bed;
A voice that is silent forever;
The loved one, the loved one is dead.

Sadly I sit in the twilight,
The little ones round me at play;
But asking, with lips that quiver,
"Where, where is papa to-day?"

"No need to watch at the window,"
I say, "or list' at the door;
He's gone with the angels forever,
Where pain and parting are o'er.

"And out of the windows of Heaven,
'Our Father' is watching through,
To see if you're good little children,
And trying his will to do.

"And when your probation is ended,
And when life's journey is through,
He'll send the bright angels to bear you
To those heavenly mansions, too."

SAD MEMORIES.

BY ELLIS YETT.

EARTH'S saddest mem'ries! What are they
The loss of wealth and fame?
Not so, if to misfortune clings
No taint of sin or shame.

That friends, who, passed from earth away,
Are hidden from our sight?
Not so, if, resting in the Lord,
They dwell in realms of light.

Earth's saddest, bitterest thoughts must be
Of love and trust betrayed;
The loss of confidence and hopes,
On which the life was stayed.

A broken life, for blissful dreams
Of happiness and peace;
A weary longing for the grave,
Where life's sad sorrows cease.

LEFT BY WILL.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

[illegible]day had been wet. Toward night it cleared, and there was promise of a beautiful sunset.

"I am going for a long walk over the hills, Lucius," said Mrs. Conyers to a servant she met in the hall—an old family servant, who was at once the comfort and bane of her life. "I will have some tea when I get back."

Lucius was gracious enough to promise that she should, then he added,

"No news yet of the young gemman, Miss Elsie?"

"No, Lucius; I thought he would have got here by this morning, but I suppose I was mistaken about the day the steamer would arrive."

"Ah, I knows dem steamers, consarn 'em!" returned Lucius, with a lofty air—for Lucius was a traveled man.

As she walked rapidly forward, Elsie was thinking of the "young gemman," concerning whose non-arrival the magnificent Lucius had spoken. He was her ward. though she had never yet seen him. Her ward—Elsie could not say the words without laughing; yet she sighed, and felt frightened, too, for she was barely twenty-one herself, though she had been a widow for a year; and to be left guardian to a growing boy, who must be at least fourteen, seemed at once ludicrous and terrifying.

This was the way it happened.

When Elsie Barrington was eighteen, she married Edgar Conyers—a man old enough to have been her grandfather, and whom she had known and been petted by all her short life. Her mother made the match, of course. Elsie's father had died when the girl was fifteen—died insolvent.

The old gentleman adored his young bride; and Elsie, knowing no more about love than I know about Chinese, was acquiescent, and, indeed, quietly happy during her wedded life.

At the time of his marriage, Mr. Conyers had written to a friend of his, who lived in the South of Europe, that he was taking to himself a wife, the daughter of their former friend Barrington. Now Mr. Barrington had another daughter, Elsie's half-sister—a widow of near forty, residing in South America. Mr. Mannering took it for granted that it was she whom Conyers had married, and wrote back his earnest congratulations.

Only three months before his death there came another letter from Mannering.

"My health is failing fast," he [illegible] go any day; the sooner the better. I will ask a last favor of you, Edgar. You will remember my writing to you, two years since, that my poor sister was dead, and had left me guardian to her boy. When I go, I want *you* to be his guardian. I have appointed you in my will. In case you should follow me, the guardianship will devolve upon your wife."

The two friends died about the same time. Almost the last words Conyers spoke were to confide his friend's nephew to Elsie's care. A letter Mannering wrote, just before his death, informed them that he had decided his boy was to travel for another year under the charge of a tutor, then go home.

Elsie wrote one letter to the orphan, kindly, gently telling him that when he returned to America, her house was to be his home, and promising to fulfill, as well as she could, the duties which had devolved upon her.

Soon after her husband's death she and her mother sailed for South America, to visit Mrs. Barrington's step.daughter; and I fear that, in spite of her wise resolutions, Elsie thought very little about her new charge. However, not long before the time where I begin my story, she received a letter from Lester Warne, her ward; a very short letter, beginning, "Dear Madam," and ending with a "Yours respectfully," in which he informed her that he was coming home.

Busy with her own affairs, Elsie simply wrote to the lawyers in New York, who had charge of the boy's future, that, after Master Lester Warne's arrival, she would go down to confer with them—and there the matter rested.

It was past eight o'clock when Mrs. Conyers reached the house. The May evening had been so sweet, she had been beguiled into wandering farther than she intended. When she entered the hall, Lucius met her with his usual grand bow, and the information,

"If you please, madam, de trablers has arrove; de young gemman, being non compos with a sick headache, has retired, but de odder, I spose he'es de tutor, waits in de library."

Elsie ran up stairs to get rid of her wraps and thick boots, and slip into another black dress.

"I dare say he is an old pump—tutors always

are," she thought, as she took a glance at her pretty self in the mirror; "still one likes to be decent, even if one sits alone."

Down stairs she flew. She was a little, lithe thing, with great, soft blue eyes, and golden hair, looking more like seventeen than twenty-one; but in spite of her gentle manners and caressing ways, she was as decided a woman as one could find.

"Now for the old prose," she thought, as she opened the library-door. "It is a shame that mamma should be out to-night of all others! I hope the old thing won't talk either conchology or geology, at least."

She entered the room—a handsome, luxurious chamber, which was Else's favorite retreat. A fire was burning in the grate—Elsie liked a fire as long as she could make any pretence for having one. Her reading-table was drawn up, as usual, in her pet corner, her pet arm-chair beside it, but, lo and behold, the stranger had established himself in that special nook. He was half lying back in the seat, so that she could only see the top of his head, and below, his legs stretched completely out upon the hearth.

"I know I shall hate him," she thought. "If he had the brains of an oyster, he would have known by instinct that he had taken my favorite place. Well, he must be deaf into the bargain!"

She was half way across the room by this time, but the audacious tutor had not stirred. In passing a table her loose sleeve swept a book off, which fell to the floor; still he did not move.

"If I had a percussion-cap, I'd crack it on the top of his old head!" thought Elsie.

On she floated to the hearth. As she reached it the gentleman rose with a start, but, instead of being elderly, he was an exceedingly handsome young fellow, looking about twenty-six, tall, elegantly formed, with beautiful black eyes, and a heavy, curling, black mustache.

"I beg ten thousand pardons!" cried he, not a bit confused, though he looked a little bewildered by the golden-haired apparition which had so suddenly appeared before him. "I believe I was fast asleep."

Elsie felt somewhat fluttered by the sight of such a Prince Charming in place of the elderly pump she had looked to see; but, of course, it was not in keeping with her dignity as mistress of the house to show it. She said, gravely,

"You are tired from your voyage, I presume."

"Not that; I never suffer on ship-board," he replied. "But we have had such a fatiguing day of it. When we changed at Poughkeepsie, I stupidly took the wrong train—we went careering up toward I don't know where; then had to wait a whole age at some by-station for a return train."

"It was very vexatious," Elsie said, pleasantly, though in her heart she was thinking this tutor much too free and unembarrassed for his position. "I fear your young charge is quite worn out. My servant told me he had gone to bed."

"Yes; poor little fellow! he suffers terribly from sick headaches, and is quite done up."

"Can I do anything for him, or is he better left alone?" she asked.

"No, thanks! Sleep is all he wants. That magnificent colored individual gave him some capital tea, and he went fast to sleep as soon as his head touched the pillow. He'll be all right in the morning," answered the tutor, with a carelessness which did not please Mrs. Conyers.

"I hope Lucius is attending to your dinner," was all she said.

"Oh, thanks! We dined at that station where we were detained; but, if you will excuse me, I'd be awfully glad of some tea."

"Lucius will bring it in a moment."

"And I'll just run up and be sure that little beggar is all right."

When he came back, the tea was waiting, and Elsie was busy with the cups and saucers.

"He's fast as a dormouse," said the young gentleman, again staring at her with his handsome eyes full of undisguised admiration.

"I am glad," said she, and gave him a cup of tea. "Do you like milk and sugar?" she added, waving her hand toward the tray, in sign for him to help himself if he did.

"Yes, both; but I shall spoil it, if I try. Please put it right for me," said he, coolly.

She complied in silence, thinking,

"I wonder when your quarter will be up, young man; when it is, you will be free to find another situation."

He was lazily sinking back again into his former seat, and said,

"I suppose I have taken possession of your mamma's pet corner."

"No, it is mine," she replied, quietly.

He rose, laughing, and made a pretence of offering it to her, though he added, "It's a shame to make me give it up. I'm awfully comfortable; and, besides, I'm ever so much the oldest!"

She was struck dumb! She said, coldly,

"Pray keep it, if you like; I will take mamma's place."

"Your mamma is out, the man said."

"Yes; I am very sorry."

"So am I. Naturally, I am crazy to see her!" he said, laughing. "Do tell me what she is like. I don't know her at all, you know, I mean

to be awfully fond of her. I dost on elderly people."

If her mother could hear him; the stateliest, haughtiest woman that one could imagine!

"I did not even know she had a daughter," he went on. "I was quite dazed when you came in. I beg your pardon; but the sooner I get the hang of the family, the fewer mistakes I shall make. Lucius called you Miss Elsie. Am I to—or——"

"You may call me Mrs. Conyers, if you please," she said, as he paused, leaving his sentence unfinished, and dropping her words out slowly and distinctly.

"What!" He fairly shouted, springing to his feet. "I beg your pardon! What did you say?"

She began to think him a raving lunatic, but replied composedly,

"I am Mrs. Edgar Conyers."

He set his cup down on the table, stared at her, clapped his hands, and went into a perfect paroxysm of laughter. She was more frightened than angry—he certainly was mad! If he moved again she would ring. Luckily the bell was close to her.

"It can't be!" he cried, as soon as he could get breath. "It is a joke. You just want to sell me."

"I am Mrs. Conyers," she repeated, sternly, fixing her eyes full upon him with a vague recollection of having read somewhere that one may keep lunatics and lions in order, by staring fixedly into their eyes.

He burst into a more insane fit of merriment; laughed till the tears actually ran down his cheeks. Mad or not, there was only one thing to be done—she must leave the room. She rose; but he put out his hand.

"Don't!" he said, brokenly. "I do believe you don't know who I am, any more than I—I knew who you were. Ha, ha, ha!"

"I do not, sir?" she said, in a voice that shook with fear and anger.

"Oh, Lord! I think I shall die!" he shrieked. "You are Mrs. Conyers, and I am—Lester Warne!"

She sank back on her chair and stared at him.

"It is true," he said. "See, here are the letters, and all."

He pulled a packet from his coat, laid it on the table, tried to compose himself, but could only go into renewed peals of mirth.

"Who is the young gentleman up stairs?" she asked, still unbelieving.

"Little Thaddy Williamson. I telegraphed you from New York to know if I might bring him up for a few days, till his people could know we had arrived."

"I had no telegram," she said.

"Oh dear! such a bundle of blunders! I said, if not convenient, send me word. As I got no answer, I brought him. Oh, please laugh! I shall die if you don't. Mr. Montagu will be here to-morrow; he will tell you. Indeed, indeed, I am Lester Warne!"

She believed it at last. The ludicrous side suddenly struck her, too. She laughed until she was almost hysterical; and he laughed till he was forced to go and fling himself on a sofa, and hold his sides in sheer exhaustion.

It must have been a good half hour before they were sane enough to get at the facts in the case. He had supposed her a middle-aged lady; his uncle would have considered him a boy till he went on crutches. The explanations on either side were so often interrupted by bursts of laughter that they were a long while getting through them; by the time they ended, the pair felt as if they had known each other for years.

"I shall call you 'Guardy,' as the children do their guardians in novels!" cried he. "And you shall call me 'Ward;' nothing else, I insist on it."

Then they shrieked again.

The upshot of the matter was that ten o'clock came before they were aware. The carriage brought Mrs. Barrington back without their hearing it, and they were so earnest in conversation that the stately lady entered the room unperceived by either. She had heard from Lucius of the arrivals, jumped to the conclusion that this handsome young fellow was the tutor, and stood aghast at the sight of her daughter laughing and talking with her ward's instructor as freely and familiarly as if he had been an old friend.

"Oh, mamma, back at last!" cried Elsie, when they percieved her.

"Back at last!" returned the old lady, in an icy voice, and glaring at her offspring with anger and dismay.

"This is Lester Warne," said Elsie, trying hard to say the words composedly.

Now Mrs. Barrington was rather deaf, though she would have gone to the stake sooner than admit it. She did not catch the name, but disdained to ask. She wheeled slowly round and confronted the stranger, who had risen.

"I hope your young charge is quite well, sir," said she.

It was too much; neither of her listners could keep from laughing again like mad; and the old lady stood gazing from one to the other with a face of indignant horror and outraged pride, which ought to have turned the offenders to stone.

Before Elsie could find voice to explain, her mother said,

"Mrs. Conyers, it is past ten o'clock. As your ward's tutor is doubtless fatigued, it would be a kindness on your part to have him shown to his room, where he can finish his mirth at his leisure."

"Oh, mamma, this is Lester Warne!" cried Elsie. "This is the boy we have been expecting! Oh, Mr. Warne, mamma ordered a huge rocking-horse for you last week, and I a Shetland pony; you shall ride them both to-morrow."

"With pleasure," said he; "and you shall wear the beautiful gold spectacles I have bought for you. I did not know what to buy for an elderly lady, and so I hit on those."

When Mrs. Barrington was at last made to comprehend the truth, she was shocked and horrified; but the absurdity of the thing was too much even for her grandeur, and she laughed more heartily than anybody had seen her do in twenty years.

"Mr. Montagu, the lawyer, will be up to-morrow," Mrs. Barrington said; "he will know how to manage. Of course, Elsie must resign her—ha, ha!—her guardianship at once."

"Not a bit of it!" cried Warne, resolutely. "I don't believe she can. She has accepted the trust; she is my guardian, and must stay so for a year yet. I do not reach my majority until I am twenty-five—that is in my father's will. You can't turn off a poor orphan!"

All laughed again.

"At least he can stop for a visit, mamma," said Elsie. "You know, next week the cousins are coming. The house will be full of young men. He can stay, too."

"I can't even draw my allowance without your signature, Guardy!" said Warne. "I hope you mean to tip me, for I am awfully hard-up. Your gold spectacles were frightfully dear. I was sorry afterward that I did not buy you an agate-headed walking-stick."

The next day Mr. Montagu, the lawyer, arrived, according to arrangement. The absurdity of the business was too much at first even for his legal composure.

After a long conversation, the matter was definitely settled. Mr. Montagu decided that to attempt any changes would only give added publicity to the business, and perhaps be the means of exposing Mrs. Conyers to unpleasant remarks. She could perfectly well sign the checks whereby "her ward" would draw his allowance, and, as far as their neighbors were concerned, it would be easy enough to make them suppose that Mrs. Barrington was the guardian, that is, if it was found necessary to say anything. Fortunately, neither Elsie or her mother were of the order of women who go about confiding their private affairs to forty-five different intimate friends; and the matter of the guardianship had been from the first so distateful to Mrs. Barrington, and so terrifying to Elsie, that they had never talked about the business at all. After a couple of days Warne took little Williamson down to New York to confide him to the care of his relations. The poor child had been sent to America to try what his native air would do for him, while his mother was condemned, by the verdict of the physicians, to the equable climate of San Remo. Warne made his stay in town as short as possible.

The next week, as Elsie had announced would be the case, the house filled with a party of relatives who had not seen the mother and daughter since a year before the death of Mr. Conyers. Of course, they knew nothing about the guardianship, and cared less. They all knew who Mr. Mannering was, and nothing could be more natural than that he should have confided his nephew to the care of Mrs. Barrington, the wife of one of his very oldest friends. So, all through the pleasant summer, Lester Warne, under one pretext or another, remained at Beechcroft.

When autumn came, Mrs. Barrington decided that Elsie's health required change, and the advice of a physician, and so took her down to the house in New York. The plain English of all which was (though the mother did not know it) that she was herself weary of leading a retired life, for Mrs. Barrington craved amusement and excitement as much as if she had been eighteen.

Of course Elsie did not go into society, or receive beyond seeing intimate friends in a very quiet way. But Mrs. Barrington went out constantly; it was a sacrifice, but she submitted to it for her daughter's sake.

"I never have shrunk from my duty, Elsie, and I never shall," she reiterated, over and over. "You cannot remain a recluse forever at your age. I must go about, in the meantime, and keep people in remembrance of the fact that you exist, else, when you appear in the world again, you will be utterly forgotten. I am sure you understand my motive, child."

"Yes, mamma," Elsie would answer. Then her mother would kiss her, and sail off to opera or ball, majestic in velvet and diamonds; and if she could catch Warne, would take him with her. But that young gentleman showed a strange distate for what is called "society." He liked best to spend his evenings in Elsie's drawing-room. Of course, he lived at a hotel, but, under one pre-

text or another, he managed to dine six days in the week at her house, reading to her, or talking, while she netted, or embroidered, or drew, or went on with whatever employment she might chance to have on hand. He went out with Mrs. Barrington, if he could not avoid it, but usually managed to find some excuse for getting back to Elsie before the evening was over.

Mrs. Barrington never wearied of talking of his perfections to Elsie, and Elsie said, "Yes, mamma," and nothing more, till, sometimes, Mrs. Barrington was seized with the idea that her daughter did not really appreciate "the boy," and used fairly to reproach her with her indifference.

"Because," said she, "after all, grown man though he may be, he is your ward, and you ought to care; and, Elsie, strong as he looks, my own opinion is that his chest is very delicate. His great-aunt died of consumption when she was twenty. I was a tiny child at the time, but I remember it well. She was a beautiful creature, and he looks very like her."

But Else never seemed much concerned, and frequently Mrs. Barrington grew fairly vexed with her indifference. The time came when Lester Warne, too, had reason, or thought he had, to feel dissatisfied with Elsie's conduct. They had been the best of friends all winter; as frank and free in their intercourse as if the tie between them had been that which unites brother and sister.

It was early spring when Warne first noticed this inexplicable change in Mrs. Conyers. In another month she proposed to go back to Beechcroft, and a month after that he would reach his ridiculously prolonged majority, and his twenty-fifth birthday.

Quietly as she lived, Warne had more than once had an opportunity of being jealous. A man does not need to love a woman in order to be jealous. The merest boy will be annoyed if any feminine on whom he considers that he has special claims, venture so much as to appear interested in the conversation of any other masculine, young or old.

And Elsie had hosts of admirers. Half a dozen men were only waiting till nine months of her second year of widowhood were complete, to lay their hands and their fortunes at her feet. And Warne knew this better than Elsie herself; for, indeed, though she liked men's society, Elsie never thought about love, or being made love to. That sort of thing had been hitherto so entirely kept out of her life, that she dreamed but seldom, and then very vaguely, of such a consummation ever reaching her. She had been very happy this winter, but she did not ask herself why, till suddenly there came that change in her, a change so noticeable, that even Mrs. Barrington observed it, and discussed its possible meaning with Warne.

Lester, himself, had quite made up his mind. She was in love with the lawyer, Mr. Montagu. Montigu was still young, handsome, and poor. She feared that her mother would object, and dreaded to let the truth be known.

Just as she was preparing to leave town, Lester came to her one day, and announced his intention of making a trip to California. She received the news with such unfeigned satisfaction, that he nearly lost his senses, and set off the very next day, to Mrs. Barrington's undisguised despair.

He did not come back, and seldom wrote. It was September before he returned. He was recalled by a letter from Mr. Montagu, reminding him that he would only have time to reach the East before his majority would arrive.

"It is necessary that you should be punctual," the lawyer said, "because Mrs. Conyers contemplates a voyage to Europe, and desires definitely to settle all affairs connected with her guardianship before her departure; a matter rendered the more imperative because I also expect to be absent from New York for several months. Our house is engaged for a lawsuit in the case of an American established in St. Petersburg, and I have been deputed to go over and attend to it."

It was not difficult, as Warne told himself, bitterly, "to put two and two together;" and a letter from Mrs. Barrington, which reached him at the same time, aided his faculties considerably in that attempt at multiplication. She wrote that it was rumored Mr. Montagu was to be married. As for Elsie, what ailed her was beyond her mother's comprehension; but she was evidently guarding some secret, and living in fear of her parent's discovering it, and Mrs. Barrington was nearly frantic.

Of course, under such favorable circumstances for behaving like a donkey, no masculine could have resisted the opportunity. Lester stayed in California till autumn, and went mad with rage and jealousy sixteen times each day.

It was toward the close of a September afternoon, that he once more found himself driving along the well-remembered avenue to Beechcroft. He had reached New York on the previous evening, had disdained to call upon Mr. Montagu, and in the morning set out on his journey up the Hudson. Letter after letter had reached him from the lawyer, bnt had received no answer. At last Mr. Montagu wrote:

"You are delaying my marriage; embarrassing Mrs. Conyers beyond measure. I must leave America before the end of September. If this letter meets with no response, we shall leave your affairs in the care of my partner."

So, on Warne came, more to torture himself by the sight of their happiness, than for any other reason.

He was at the house. He was in the library. Mrs. Conyers had started up at sight of him, and was trying to speak some words of welcome. She had left off her black, and it seemed to him that the gray dress made her look changed, and unlike herself.

He tried to be completely at his ease; began a dozen subjects, and never finished a sentence. When he perceived his utter failure in doing the dignified and indifferent, he turned sulky, and said several provoking things, man-like. She took no notice. She talked pleasantly. At last, she pointed to the papers scattered about the table, and said,

"I was just going over these, in order to send them to you. I received them all from Mr. Montagu yesterday."

"And you are going to Europe!" he said, rather than asked.

"Yes. Mr. Montagu is obliged to sail next week——"

"Oh!" he interrupted, with a harsh laugh. "Then I am in time for the wedding."

"No, indeed, you dreadful young man!" she answered, trying to speak playfully. "That took place four days ago."

He turned deathly white, and leaned back, helplessly, in his chair. He had thought himself prepared for the worst, but he perceived his mistake now. He would not give way. He would speak.

"At least, I am not too late to offer you my best congratulations," he said, with an effort, as if each word were a load.

"Offer him and Clara Vaughan, you mean," laughed Elsie, looking at him strangely.

"Aren't you married to him?" he exclaimed.

She blushed scarlet, then grew pale Had he looked at her, he might have seen that her eyes showed that a sudden light had dawned upon her.

"Perhaps you will go over these papers with me," said she. Not that she at all knew what she was saying.

She held a letter toward him. He took it as blindly as it was offered. He could not speak. So, he tried to read it while he got his senses back. He did read; and when he had finished, he understood the reason of the change in Elsie Conyers. He had been worth a hundred thousand dollars. The companies in which it was invested had failed during the past winter. Elsie had been trying to use her influence with her husband's executors—she herself was not really free yet—to turn over that amount of her own fortune to his credit. She had persuaded them at last. She thought she was handing him a letter from Mr. Montagu. She had given him the executor's letter instead. They had consented to her plan simply because they found that it was positively certain that the whole of Warne's money could be recovered in the course of two years.

A sudden exclamation, which Warne uttered, made her look up. She saw, then, what she had given him; tried, insanely, to snatch the paper from his grasp. He seized both her hands in his, and said, in a choked voice,

"May God pardon me! I cannot forgive myself."

He had not meant to say more, but something in her pale, agitated face gave him courage.

"Elsie," he whispered, "I'll accept your money on one condition—that you give me yourself, too."

She did not speak; but she let him draw her head down upon his shoulder, as he asked,

"Shall it be, Guardy?"

Then he caught her tremulous answer,

"You are free now, Ward. It is for you to choose."

"THE NICHT WAS THE NICHT."

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

He sat by his hearth, and the peat glowed red,
The wind it was wild in the glen—
And askance at his three, tall sons he said,
"The nicht *is* the nicht, if the men *wor* the men."

Then one got up, and he went to the door:
The others they followed him soon.
They clomb the hill, and they traversed the moor—
And weird was the low-waning moon!

By dawn they had come to a high, lone
And they slew their foe in his bed;
His wife and her babe, and their children dear—
The eagles they screamed o'er the dead.

He sat by his hearth, at the twilight fall,
Like a gray old wolf in his den.
And the three came in, and they said—'t was all—
"The nicht *was* the nicht, and the men *wor* the men."

ONE WINTER.

BY MISS JULIA A. EASTMAN.

THE Scotia had come into port two days before, and our upper hall was blockaded with packing-boxes. Down stairs, upon the hat-rack, in the vestibule, there hung a huge, rough German overcoat, having the smell of the sea lurking in all its pockets. A full beard, and a pair of square shoulders, towered above the curls and chignons in the family breakfast-room. Moreover, Virginia, was up, and down to breakfast. These all were symptomatic items.

Cousin Fred had come home on the Scotia.

It was, as I have good cause to remember, an October morning. The distant hills were blue, the near hills all colors. Through the still air there floated down from overhead the cry, far, faint, but shrill, of the wild-geese, their V-shaped phalanx pointed southward.

From below, in the valley, came up the drowsy murmur of the river, flowing on toward the sea behind a tender veil; a veil whose warp was silver mist, and whose woof was golden light. Up on the slope of the hill the old house sunned itself, standing in the midst of its wide gardens, overlooking its broad terraces, while the woodbine, most gorgeous of them all, flung out its crimson glories from gable and cornice, trailing its blazing splendors over turret and balcony.

I remember, Kitty wore one of those blood-red leaves in her hair that morning. It fairly seemed to light up the dark old stairway, and to serve instead of the white plume of Navarre when our youngest sister led the family charge from the breakfast-room to the upper hall.

"Now, then, for the spoils of the Egyptians," Fred had cried. "Come, Aunt Dora, I'll carry you up stairs;" and only the most strenuous protest had saved mamma from being seized by force of arms.

The house is the oldest in the county. It was built in the old colony times, before the war of Independence. The great upper hall is square, with a dozen large chambers opening off its four sides, with the grand stairway, sunk like a well, in the centre, and with a skylight whose stained glass makes red, blue, purple, and orange glories, of all rays, from above.

Who is there, in this day and age of the world, who does not know the charm of opening boxes packed in Europe? Dennis had seen to the unbuckling of straps the night before; the locks had been unfastened this morning; and now, Kitty and the rest of us were rejoicing in the midst of paper parcels, cases of Russia leather, and caskets, velvet or satin-lined.

"It is my corals that I'm bent on finding," Kitty confided to my ear. "Fred."

Our cousin was standing on the rug. There was an open fire, a concession to mamma's occasional asthma, and to Virginia's perpetual chills. She was always at freezing point, was always carrying about some sort of wrap, and requiring to be shawled and shielded. This day, I remember, it was a mantle; a fleecy, white affair, having a purple thread running through the border. That purple thread was where the mourning came in; for Virginia, Mrs. Arnot, our stately, blonde cousin, was a widow, and just now in that stage of bereavement indicated by white raiment with lavender trimmings.

"I declare, Aunt Dora, this is the jolliest old place I've seen in four years—since I went away, in fact. What! Freezing!" And Fred, who was beaming round on everybody, and everything, turned quietly toward Virginia. She had given one of her dainty little shivers, and was murmuring something about "draughts in old houses." Fred seized the fleecy shawl from the arm of the sofa, shook out its folds, and then threw it over her fine, full shoulders.

"There! Now, you'll do," he said, cheerily, as he folded the ends, and held them crossed over her chest; then stood looking down at the face below him. Such a clear-cut, white face it was, with fringed, drooping eyes. She had lifted them an instant in thanking him, and then slowly had dropped them again. I saw their meeting look, and something in it flashed an old memory across my thought. Fred had sailed for Europe the day Virginia became Mark Arnot's wife. There were those—Virginia I believed to be of them—who connected the two circumstances; who had pictured Fred as roaming about the Continents, a forlorn pilgrim, through all these years, carrying with him a heart in a chronic condition of fracture on this one woman's account. Watching the pair now, she seated there, with her cold, white smile, and Fred shining down on her his sleepy, pleasant, gray eyes, the old story came back to me. Glancing away from them, I caught Kitty's look. Great,

dark, soft eyes she had, but something had troubled their deeps to-day. She turned, walked across the polished oak floor, to throw a lace veil over mamma's hair; then she returned to her delving.

"Well, little gipsy," cried Fred, taking one of her braids in his hands. She had a fancy for plaiting her hair in two heavy plaits; and through the morning she was tripping about like a German peasant-girl, with the braids hanging to her knees—shining, black braids, each larger than her wrist. "Every one has grown young but you. I left you a little girl, picking wintergreen berries, out on the mountain. Do you remember?"

"I do remember," answered Kitty, demurely, and with a twinkle in her eyes. Virginia was watching them under cover of her slow-moving lids. Her every motion was measured. She even winked with a grand stateliness, "and I remember it was out there among the wintergreens and trailing arbutus that you promised me—what?—a set of corals."

Fred took his keys from his pocket, and walked off toward a small traveling-satchel, while Kitty sat down upon the corner of a box, she pulled one of her braids over her shoulder, and sat playing with it as she went on.

"I suppose, Cousin Fred, you've no idea of the anxiety I have had about those corals. Ever since we heard by the cable that the Scotia had sailed, I have watched wind and weather, made my days a weariness to my family and friends, and my nights a weariness to myself, all for fear there would be a storm at sea, and the vessel would be wrecked, and I should lose my c——"

"Cousin," interpolated Fred. He came tripping down the room with that spring of the arched foot which we all remembered. In his hands were two jeweler's cases, a small and a large one. The small case he opened, and gave to Mrs. Arnot, standing at her side as she examined it.

"Cousin? Certainly not," proceeded Kitty. "I have plenty of cousins, and I am constantly increasing my stock by birth and marriage. But corals! I've never owned a bit of coral."

Our cousin had taken the small case from Virginia, and now placed it in Kitty's hands. Her delighted cry brought us all about her, and we saw, lying on its purple velvet cushion, a small and exquisite brooch, a stone-cameo, set in brilliants, and bearing on its face the features, in profile, of Fred himself.

"Why, Fred," cried mamma, "it's your very self." And Alfrida, who is our eldest, added, "You, Fred, whom we could never induce to so much as sit for a tintype; you, to spend a king's ransom on the semblance of yourself. Not that I know how much a king's ransom would amount to, any more than I know what such a bauble as that would cost. But——"

"But it is very beautiful," said mamma.

"I had it cut for a friend," explained Fred. Thereupon he closed the case, and slipped it in his pocket. I had expected he would give it to Virginia. So, I am sure, had she. It would be exceedingly becoming to her white, statuesque beauty. She understood her style too well to attach ribbons and pendants to herself. Diamonds were vulgar, she said; but cut stones, cameos, were her delight. Fred remembered her fancy, I thought.

"Here, Kitty, are your corals." And he drew her off to the sofa, and opened the larger case. Kitty gave a little exclamation. I understood it when I saw the jewels. The wintergreen berries, in their clusters, shaded from pink-white to deep red, were imitated in the carved coral necklace, ear-rings, brooch and bracelets, while each held somewhere a flower of the rose-tinted, shell-pink arbutus. Our little sister was very quiet, it seemed, as she carried her treasures first to mamma and then to Virginia, and the rest of us for inspection; then, closing the case, she said to her cousin, standing near her, "You did remember;" and that was all.

But something came into her face as she said it; something new and strange, and which I had never noted there before. It was a waking up, as it were, of a new life, the woman in the child, and I recalled it many times afterward. Oh, how I recalled Kitty, as she stood there among us that day, with the blood-red leaf in her black hair. I remember when, a week later, I came across a crimson woodbine-leaf on the floor of the hall; I turned, faint and sick, thinking of all that had come between those days.

Kitty—by-the-by, Kitty, like a hundred other household-pets in their generation, was called by a name to which she had no claim. Her baptismal title was like her ball-dresses, too long for every-day wear. Theodora Ashburnham, to explain this reckless appropriation of alphabetical capital, I have only to mention our family name—Pym. The long prænomens of which we girls were the victims, were legacies of compensation for our hereditary and inalienable poverty. Kitty had returned once more to the unpacking, Fred had brought out a box, and with the remark, "Here, Mrs. Arnot, is a bit of frivolousness for you," had flung a string of amber beads about Virginia's Clytie neck. She had replied, "Oh, how very pretty!" but without raising her eyes. The old hall was becoming every moment a greater litter of foreign curiosities. There

was a portfolio of Venitian photographs here; yonder a case of Swiss carvings in wood; there a dainty breakfast-service from Dresden; French gloves and laces thrown down beside engravings from Rome, and in the midst of all, Fred was standing and talking of Paris dress-making.

"I have a dress apiece for you somewhere, but I believe those ponderous boxes are to be sent out from town to-morrow," he said.

"The idea of Paris dresses for us," said mamma. "What will poor little Miss Payne say? She who has been seamstress in the Pym family for a generation."

"Ah, but you know Pope has a new application in these days," said Fred, laughing.

"*Worth* makes the *wo*man," he quoted; and Alfrida, quickly seizing the quotation, added,

"Want of him the dowdy, I suppose;" and then some one cried out that she had found a case of cameos; and thereupon our cousin exclaimed,

"Oh, Amy! I was mindful of your housekeeping, that is to be. No blushing now. Here is a box over here, that I'm going to open with my own hands. Come, Kitty; you shall help me. Where's the hammer?"

From an inner bed-room, there was a child's voice calling, "Aunty!" Max was at the end of his morning nap. I started to cross the room. I have a remembrance of seeing Kitty stoop to pick up a nail, of hearing a sharp sound, as of splitting of wood; then of seeing her rise up quickly, start back with a little moan. Then I was aware of Fred springing toward her, throwing up his hands with a wild cry.

"Oh!—what have I done!"

Then all was confusion in an instant. Mamma fainted, and Virginia's self-possession revealed itself in her standing up and whirling round like a creature demented. Alfrida rushed off, inconsequently, for camphor, and only Kitty herself was quiet.

"The doctor, please, Fred," she said; and while Fred cleared the stairs in two bounds, she sat down with her back against the bannisters, and one hand pressed against her left eye. Her face was quite white, but her voice was like herself, as she said,

"Amy, attend to mamma, won't you? And then bring me the hand-mirror from my bureau. And call Tenty to take care of Max." For the child was shouting lustily all the while.

I brought the hand-mirror. Kitty took it steadily, then held it up where she could examine the wound.

"Yes," I heard her say, very low. Then she leaned back, with both eyes covered.

"Can't I do something?" I asked.

She shook her head, and I just sat down beside her, on the floor; and not a word was spoken until the Doctor came. There we sat like two women of Jerusalem, in their place of wailing: Kitty, with her covered eyes, and I, with mine fixed on her white chin and quivering lips.

"Now, let every one go out but Amy. I want to ask Dr. Jaynes a question."

The wounds had been dressed; they had carried her to her own room. It had been made quite dark, and I had to feel for the little hot hand which I was holding now in both mine. I could just trace the outlines of a figure where the Doctor was standing in front of the bed. Mamma and our old nurse, Tenty, had gone away, and closed the door after them.

"Now, Doctor." Could this be our Kitty, who had been troubled by hot weather, and cold weather, and peevish if the wind veered round to the wrong quarter? Could this be her voice, so calm and sweet when she was suffering pains which the bravest would find it sore trouble to bear? "Now, Doctor, you are going to let me know the worst. You will tell me all about it, please."

So still it was, there in the black dark. Dr. Jaynes did not answer her until she said,

"Nothing can be worse than my imaginings. I wish to know the truth."

"The truth is this, my child," answered the gruff old man, kindly; "that you have given your eye an ugly cut with a jagged, rusty nail. It will cost you the sight of it, but that you won't miss much. One eye is as good as two, for most purposes. Your danger is of fretting, and throwing yourself into a fever, or losing the eye itself, and, possibly, the sight of the other."

"Will the scar——" Here I felt Kitty's hand stir in mine. "Will it be a serious disfigurement?

"Bless your dear heart, no! Who thought our little woman was so chuck-full of vanity? But no more talk to-night. Go to sleep, now. Good-night."

"Amy," she spoke, as I was letting the Doctor out. I stepped back, and received a whispered message, which five minutes later I had the opportunity of delivering. I was returning from closing the front door after Dr. Jaynes, was coming through the hall, with its litter of beautiful things, when Fred started up out of the shadow. Even the hall had been darkened out of regard to the opening of that one door.

"Oh, Amy!"—and I saw such a haggard face bent toward me. "Will she quite hate me?" And he wrung my two hands in his, and fixed on my own his wild, tearless eyes.

"No, indeed, you foolish boy," I answered, as lightly as I could. "I was to tell you that you weren't to fret, for it wasn't very bad."

"The brave child! Tell her I shall hate myself forever, if she doesn't get well very soon."

It had been Fred's hand that had sent the rusty nail flying out of the packing-box, to lodge in my poor girl's eye. It was a present for myself, which they had been bringing to the light; a statue, a copy of Dannecker's Ariadne. There it lay, now, with the lathe-supports still under the slender limbs. I looked at it, at all these memorials of travel, and I thought, is it possible I cared for these things only this morning? It seemed a hundred years ago.

We could not read to Kitty, for we could have no light. We were to keep her cheerful in every possible way. Alfrida repeated volumes of poetry. I sang everything I had ever heard. Fred described every city and nation of the known world. Theatres, picture-galleries, town life and peasant life, court presentations, and Bedouin encampments; oat-meal in a Scotch shealing, and dinner with a grand duke. All these experiences were pressed into service, to entertain our prisoner in the dark. Kitty enjoyed everything, even to her breakfast; and it was good to hear her laugh ring out through the old rooms. But suddenly there came a change.

It was a week after the accident, when the Doctor came from the sick-room, one day, with a scowl of disapproval.

"Wrong! Fever! Irritation!" he growled, clutching his gray beard. We all knew this beard-symptom. "Something has excited her! What?"

No one knew. Who had been with her latest last night? The quietest person in the house. Mrs. Arnot. She had been selected for evening sessions, for this very characteristic—quiet.

"Amy," whispered Kitty, after the Doctor had gone, "don't let Virginia come in to-day. She's very sweet and beautiful, but—I hate her."

Verily, our little sister was "irritated." Long afterwards, I knew what the mischief was. To-day I only lay down and took Kitty's hands in mine, watched through the dim half-light, to which my eyes became wonted; the white bed, the great braids lying out, so long and heavy, on the coverlet, the white folds covering the poor, painful eyes, and the patient lips and dimpled chin.

"Where is Fred, Amy?" she asked, presently. I had thought her falling asleep.

"Fred!" Then I remembered I had not seen him to-day. "Out walking, I think."

"Don't let him come in any more, dear."

"No, Kitty."

Ten minutes later, when Kitty had dropped into an uneasy sleep, the door opened noiselessly, far enough to admit a beckoning hand.

"Miss Amy," began Tenty, the nurse, as soon as I could join her in the hall, "your mother wishes me to ask, have you seen or heard anything of Mr. Fred?"

"Nothing. He's off on one of his long walks, probably."

"He wasn't at tea last night, nor yet at breakfast this morning, an' his bed wasn't slept on; an', Miss Amy, your mother is worried, like."

"Oh, Tenty, Mr. Fred can be trusted to take care of himself. Don't let mamma trouble." And I reflected that a young man who had made the ascent of the Amazon and the Pyramids, was not likely to come to grief on the native heath of his own hills. Nevertheless, I did wonder what spirit of unrest had entered in and taken possession of our cousin; and whether Virginia had anything to do with it. Kitty's disquiet, her sudden antipathy against Mrs. Arnot, her edict of expulsion with regard to Fred, Fred's own strange conduct; all these détails puzzled me. To them were added these items that afternoon.

Caleb, our farmer, coming from the grist-mill, five miles away, had met a man walking fast over the hills, in the edge of the forest, and after sunset. "Walkin' along, right in the teeth o' the wind, and the storm a comin' up; a walkin' with his head down, and his hat-rim a slouchin' over his face; an' jist as he got 'long by me, I happened to look up, an' then I see 'twas Mister Fred. He didn't 'pear to see me, an' I rid 'long an' made 's if I didn't see him. But sence I've ben a thinkin' on 't, it has 'curred to me 't mebbe he wasn't quite right in his 'ead, catched fever, like as not, in them forrin' parts, or else on ship-board. Thought I'd jest mention it."

We were just sending a man out in search of our cousin, when the front door opened, and a figure entered. Drenched with rain, spattered with mud, having a bedraggled, worn-out appearance, we saw, in spite of all, that a deeper change had come over him. It was Fred, but Fred with the look of years, and such hard years, too, upon his face.

"I'll not have any tea to-night. How is she?" he asked, hoarsely; and, before I could remonstrate, there was a sound of hurried words, then some one brushed past me, and I heard,

"Some one must go for Dr. Jaynes. Kitty has thrown out her arm in her sleep, and done herself injury."

The last word was spoken at the same instant that the door closed behind Fred. In ten minutes Dr. Jaynes was in the house, in two hours a despatch had brought out from town the m[illegible]

distinguished oculist of this country. What the precise nature of the new trouble was, and what the operation required for its relief, there is no need to tell here. Enough that the horror of blackest days came after this. In their midst Mrs. Arnot went away, sailed for Europe. The morning she left I heard her say to Fred,

"My poor friend, I would comfort you if it were in my power, but," speaking in her calm, polished tones, "owing to this fearful accident, this disfigurement to her hand, she can have but one feeling for you."

"I know I must always be hateful to her," said Fred, bitterly enough. Then I came in, and found Virginia in the most becoming of purple traveling-suits, sipping her coffee, while Fred, with his back to her, stared gloomily out the window. Virginia went; Fred stayed till my sister began to mend, then he also left.

"Amy," he said, in his good-by, keeping his eyes fixed with unspeakable earnestness on mine, "Amy, if she is ever willing to see me, whether it's next year, or twenty years hence, telegraph me, and I will come—come from anywhere in the known world." Then he wrung my two hands, and flung himself down the steps.

The snow lay deep on all the uplands the first time Kitty was brought down stairs. Then she lay on her sofa for that day, and for many days, her eyes fixed on some place a great way off—eyes where the tiniest of scars showed the trouble which had been. But, though the great anxiety was over, Kitty still grew no stronger.

"Amy," she said, one morning, April hyacinths brightening the room, "Amy, I'm not sure but I am to be one of those mentioned as the people, 'whose strength is to sit still.'"

She smiled such a sad, white smile, and put up her face for mamma's morning kiss.

"See here, listen," cried our mother, glowing over a discovery in the daily paper. "'Married, at the United States Embassy, in Paris, Virginia, eldest daughter of Charles Pym, to—' whom do you suppose?"

"Fred Waltham," answered Alfrida, who had been too deep in her German to see or suspect anything of all that had exercised my mind.

"Not at all," answered mamma. Kitty sat up, her face just awful in its intensity. Faces take that look two or three times in a life. "To Mark Arnot, Senior."

"Her father-in-law! That shows a millenial state of affairs," cried Alfrida. "She will get the Arnot consols by this means. Kitty!"

Kitty very quietly whitened, and would have fallen to the floor had I not been watching her. I kept on watching for a week, and at the end of that time I telegraphed to Fred, in St. Petersburgh.

"Come home."

There was a tangle, and it waited his unraveling. Whether Kitty loved or hated her cousin, I had been trying all these months to decide. I had decided now.

And so my story ends with another steamer coming into port, another great-coat, with the smell of the sea in its pockets, and not another, but the same pair of square shoulders towering above the curls and chignons in the breakfast-room. But Virginia was not there.

"It was all that quiet creature's, if you can believe it," Kitty confided to me. "Just fancy her plot. She came to me and told me that Fred was willing to marry me out of honor—marry a disfigured woman as a reparation for the harm done to her. Think of it."

"Yes, and I understand the rest of it. To persuade Fred that he was horrible to you because he had done you the injury."

"Ah, well! I can forgive her, since she failed. She will make a good wife and mother, I believe. Most likely she had the consciousness of a fitness for conjugal life, and felt justified in straining a point to get herself into her element."

Kitty has her home, and I have mine. There is one piece of statuary in my house, which my cousin's brother will never look at. It is my lovely Ariadne of Dannecker.

SHADOW.

BY CHARLES DEAN.

DARLING, my darling! the sad winds are sighing;
Swiftly above me the dark clouds are flying;
O'er my lone pathway their deep gloom is lying;
  Shrouding my soul in the darkness of night.
Loved one! on thee I am fondly relying,
Powers of darkness and evil defying:
Wilt thou not heed my heart's passionate crying;
  Brighten my pathway with love's magic light?

Darling, thy name I am fondly repeating;
Calling to mind our last sorrowful meeting;
Striving to still my heart's violent beating;
  Looking beyond the deep gloom of to-day.
Darling, my darling! my heart's dearest treasure!
Trusting our future to Heaven's wise pleasure,
Gladness and joy shall be our's without measure;
  Darkness and shadow shall all pass away.

THE DAYS OF SEVENTY-SIX.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75.

CHAPTER V.

A NATION had taken up the sublime cry of one man, "Give me liberty, or give me death!"

While that cry, embodied in the Declaration of Independence, was sweeping through the land, like the burning splendor of a prairie fire, the people close to that spot where the heart of a great nation was beating into life, gave themselves up to deeper enthusiasm and wilder joy. Again and again they called for another public reading of the paper that had gone forth, an inspiration of freedom to the world.

In that paper the elements of a great power had found voice, and every patriot burned with desire to hear it for himself. Many had been unable to reach the grounds, which lie around the State House, in time to hear the first reading. Others had been forced back to the outskirts of the crowd, and could not hear. So, four days after its passage, a second reading of the Declaration was announced, and the eighth of July became a gala-day, as the first had been, and with it came new rejoicing, and more tumultuous enthusiasm.

Hours before the time appointed, the great square which opens on Walnut street was crowded; for people came flocking in from the neighboring country, from the near State of New Jersey, and from every portion of the city, until all the streets in sight of the State House were thronged by a vast multitude, bright, eager, and overflowing with enthusiasm. Even the walls and fences were obliterated by the human beings that climbed upon them, and could only be discerned by long ridges of blackness, lifted above the level of the crowd.

As the throng grew more dense, young men and boys were crowded up into the great overhanging trees until the massive limbs bent under their weight, and from the windows and house-tops, crowded like bee-hives, these restless human beings seemed like mountain-eagles, that had swooped down among the branches. The crowd, being mostly of men, would have filled the grounds darkly, but for their bright, eager faces, their cheerful greetings, and the flashing eyes that met everywhere with glances of kindred happiness. Besides, there was some rich gleams of color on the house-tops, and in the windows, crowded with the patriot women of the city; some gayly attired, and wearing richly-hued scarfs, which they flung upon the air, now and then, in answer to greetings from the crowd. Others, in garments of soft, gray tints, fluttered like doves among their more gorgeous sisters, and looked out upon the pageant half-timidly, as a sequence of strife that they had been taught to condemn, let the object be what it might, as a wrong to humanity.

On that day the houses of the Royalists were closed, in haughty protest of a Declaration which they had no power to prevent, but received with intense bitterness. But on the outskirts of the crowd, and in some of the buildings, a few of these haughty malcontents might be found looking gloomily on the great concourse of people, or turning from them with curling lips and gleaming eyes. unable to endure a scene which threatened to uproot all their prejudices of caste, and drag them into the chaos of a social as well as political revolution.

Both among the Patriots and Royalists of the time was a vast floating element, that drifted with the tide, and joined each party as it rose, always the most noisy and reckless in its advocacy of what seemed to be the strongest, and carrying disturbance wherever they went.

Wherever a group of such persons happened to centre in this vast crowd, the shouts were loudest, and the commotion most turbulent.

I have said that the houses overlooking the square were all crowded with human beings; but in this the dwellings of some staid old Quaker families must be excepted. Making peace a great principle of their religion, these people kept aloof from all demonstrations connected with the great strife which disturbed the land; but in some cases human curiosity was stronger than religious principle, and through the bowed shutters fair and demure faces might be seen peering out upon the great concourse of people, as imprisoned doves look from their cages.

In one of these houses, looking through the half-closed shutters, was a fair, eager face, that

unconsciously drew the attention of those persons gathered nearest the window; for, hovering there, in the shadow, those large blue eyes, and the soft, light hair, which caught a stray sunbeam now and then, took a strange, picturesque beauty almost mystical. The face was unknown to all who looked upon it, for Grace Kingsford had been so exclusively brought up, that few persons in the crowd would have recognized her, had that sweet face been wholly exposed. As it was, those who saw it caught the gleams of a lovely picture, and looked again, because it was so beautiful.

Near the window, and just within the narrow vein of light that fell through the blinds, a little old woman, upright as a lily-stalk, sat in a straight-backed chair, as prim and sad-colored as herself. A plain gossamer cap, without plait or ribbon, cast the faintest possible shadow on her calm face. Upon a stool, covered with gray maroon, her small feet were planted cozily, and seldom swerved from the exact line worn by their constant pressure. Her neutral-tinted dress, gored like an umbrella cover, fell smoothly down her small limbs, decorously covered the ankles, and terminated there. Across her narrow bosom a transparent kerchief, of shere muslin, was folded, and over that a little silk shawl, tinted like a dove's wing, was neatly pinned. Partly gray and white was the little woman, from head to foot; hair, eyes, garments, all partook of these restful tints, near which the fair beauty of the girl, though delicately toned, seemed absolutely brilliant and worldly.

The old woman, in her straight-backed chair, was knitting with a gentle motion of the fingers, that allowed no cheerful rattle of the needles, such as gave homely music to the fireside work of a New England woman in those times. She took the needle in and out of the sheath, pinned at her right side, with dainty stillness; but, with all this, her work throve and grew faster than was usual under noisier and seemingly swifter hands. Though she now paused in her work, the old Quakeress now and then cast quiet glances through the opening between the shutters, and, in her noiseless fashion, took interest in the gathering of the crowd which was driven so closely beneath the parlor windows, that the room was filled with a great rustle from the swaying throng, and a nearer hum of voices, that seemed almost in the room. From those windows, to the wall inclosing the State House grounds, the street was packed with new comers pressing forward for a better view. Beyond that was the great multitude, swaying to and fro, until a portion of it swept through the great entrance-hall of the State House, and was carried by the human current into Chestnut street, as yet less densely filled.

The clock at one end of the State House began to strike. With the first sound, a great hush fell upon the crowd. Not a word was spoken; not a breath seemed drawn. Every face in that vast multitude was turned upon one object—the platform, upon which a young man stood, with a roll of vellum in his hand.

The stillness lasted a full minute; then it broke in a wild, deep, simultaneous rush of voices, that thundered through the city like a mountain flood broken loose.

The man upon the platform raised his hand. While that mighty shout was dying in the distance, a great hush fell upon the multitude, and one voice swept over it like the blasts of a trumpet.

It was not needful that Rufus Barringford should refer to the scroll of vellum in his hand. The words it contained had been written on his heart in letters of fire, and like fire they kindled, his eyes burned upon his lips, and rolled with the force and sweetness of martial music over the great, silent multitude that listened.

It was a glorious sight. That ocean of faces, the flashing eyes, the parted lips through which the breath came in hushed sobs, the hands clasping strange hands in swift, impulsive brotherhood; all this subdued, and held in thrall by the voice of one man, who turned the wisdom of statesmen into music, while he stood upright, fully conscious of the mighty import of each sentence as it came from his lips, and trembling, from head to foot, with the magnetism that linked him with the newborn nation surging at his feet.

Behind him, upon the platform, built that men of science might watch therefrom the transit of Venus, but destined for even grander things, sat old Ben Franklin, looking benignly down upon his brethren in toil, nodding his massive head, as some sentences he had helped to form, resounded upon the air, or smiling up into the speaker's face, when that voice made his own thoughts more grandly luminous than they had ever seemed to himself.

There, too, was John Adams, critical, ambitious, but wholly patriotic. Hancock, who seemed to have dropped from the British court on to that platform, with his patrician habits, finely-cut features, and courtly education, linked to a soul republican to the core, and brave as the rudest man in the throng at his feet. Beyond these, crowding the platform with moral greatness, came other men, each one of whom had periled for-

tune and life, when his hand signed the rough scroll which the speaker held, and each ready to sign it again with the blood of his own heart, if that were needed, to free his countrymen.

Pale, firm, thrilled with a new sense of the momentous thing they had done, these men looked down upon the uplifted faces of their countrymen, thousands upon thousands, every one fired with patriotic joy, and felt, perhaps for the first time, how grand a thing it is to live or die for one's country.

The reading was ended. Then the crowd, as if pulsed by one heart, drew a deep sob that swelled into a mighty roar of thanksgiving. The bell, swinging high up in the great square tower, on whose rim had been written years before, "Proclaim Liberty throughout all the Land, unto all the inhabitants thereof, rung and rung again."

Then it was, while the shouts of this great multitude of freemen was thundering through the air, that the old bell pealed out its glorious mission for the second time, and, through the wild tumult of rejoicing, its brazen music rose loud and clear above all other sounds, proclaiming "Liberty throughout the Land," thus obeying the spirit of prophecy that had written itself deep in the metal it consecrated.

CHAPTER VI.

In all that vast crowd, though given up to enthusiasm that amounted almost to frenzy, there was one being sitting alone in the shadow, who was inspired by the scene as no other person could have been, for with her intense patriotism was deepened by intenser love, two passions that lift the souls they inhabit almost into the immortality of angels. The ambition of a thorough woman always comforts itself in the object of her love. The embodiment of all her enthusiasm, all her hopes for self and country, stood before Grace Kingsford in the splendid presence of that one man whose voice rang over the crowd, so clear and trumpet-toned, that every word fell upon her heart, thrilling it as harp-strings tremble under the music they create.

Since the night when she had fallen senseless at her father's feet, struck blind by the flash of his uplifted sword, she had neither heard the voice or looked upon the face of her lover. She knew that he had wrested the sword from the hand uplifted to cut him down, and, after standing a moment, face to face, with the white rage of the proud old patrician, had calmly fastened it in the brackets above the mantel-piece, and left the house, only bending his head as he passed from the room. It was that she might hear that voice, and look upon the splendor of her lover's face once more, that Grace Kingsford had stolen into the house of her old Quaker friend that day, and timidly besought permission to see the great political pageant from the concealment of those bowed shutters; and it was that no one might dare to question the propriety of this act that Abigail Boardman had brought her knitting-work, and kept gentle guard in that straight-backed chair.

For a time Grace looked forth timidly, watching this great human tidal wave swell and heave toward the State House; but when *he* appeared, when that wild, deep shout of receptance swept over her, all timidity fled, the heart swelled in her bosom as a night-blooming cerus bursts into bloom when overflooded by starlight. The young blood burned in her cheeks, and the blue of Heaven itself turned dark in her eyes.

When his voice first reached her, she was shaken with proud, tremulous joy, from head to foot, and for one moment turned her triumphant glance on the little woman who was looking down at her knitting, and intensely occupied with a seam-stitch taken in the wrong place; a mistake that denoted unusual excitement; beyond that the waxen cheek had a tinge of color, and the gentle Quakeress had moved her feet an inch or two on the drab foot-stool, another evidence of unusual perturbation. But these signs of sympathy were nothing to the ardent appeal of the girl, who longed to throw herself in the woman's arms, and tell her, with tears and kisses, how proud, how very, very happy she was. Her own worship was not enough; she would gladly have brought that quaint little woman down upon her knees by the window, to listen, breathlessly, as she did.

All this ardor was answered by demure silence and a faint click of knitting-needles. So Grace turned away impatiently, and half-sitting half-kneeling at the window, listened, beaming with happiness, and, with both hands pressed against her heart, which leaped and quivered like a bird trying to escape its nest when apple-blossoms are thickest and sweetest around it.

As the stillness deepened in the crowd, and that voice grew so clear that she could drink in each syllable it uttered, those little hands left the heart to its own tumultuous beating, and covered her eyes, which were full of happy tears. Thus she knelt and listened, until a great shout rose up from the multitude. Then, all unconscious of the impetuous act, she pressed her hands against the shutters till the ribbon that tied them gave way, and leaning out, she saw the whole glory of the scene. Hats waving,

hands uplifted. The windows and house-tops crowded with women, who flung out handkerchiefs and scarfs, and tossed down their flaming breast-knots, or tore the July flowers from where they had been clustered about the casements, and scattered them to the wind, giving a grace to the scene which no one had ever witnessed before.

This was the crowning moment of Grace Kingsford's life. She lived to be an old woman, and tell of these things with gentle pride, but never, in all her after years, did she come so close to perfect happiness as then.

All at once, as she leaned from the casement, smiling, weeping, trembling, a great blackness that had rolled up from the East, unseen or uncared for by the multitude, broke over the city in a sudden tempest of wind and rain. Thus, the wings of the storm bore the shouts of the people upward, where the Heavens themselves threw out silver banners of rain, and answered the bells with reverberating thunder.

Awestruck and silent, Grace sunk to her knees and covered her face with both hands. When she looked out again, the crowd was breaking up. The platform was empty, and a press of people were moving tumultuously up the street.

"He is gone. I lost sight of him a minute, and now he is gone," she whispered, piteously to herself.

As she spoke, two horsemen appeared, pushing their way slowly up the street. One was an officer, in all the pomp of military splendor, unusual, in the poverty-stricken army, mounted on a blooded war-horse, and greeting the people who made way for him with a lordly grace that would better have befitted the British court than the streets of Philadelphia on a day like that.

The other, who had fallen behind, blocked in by the crowd, rode more carefully; and though often greeted on his way, never once failed to answer word or bow with cordial friendliness. More than once he checked his horse to accept some proffered hand-clasp, though the rain was beating on him.

In his progress, he was crowded close to Abigail Boardman's dwelling; so close seated in his saddle, he came to a level with her parlor window. One glance, a faint cry, that broke from the girl who stood there, and Barringford gave his horse to a man in the throng, and came close to the casement.

"Grace, is it you? Oh, how little I hoped to see you here, or anywhere! Tell me, how is it with you?"

Her hand had stolen through the casement, and clung to his. Her eyes, humid as wet violets, and as blue, were lifted to his.

"I could not keep away," she said. "It is wrong, perhaps; and every one, even you, may be angry with me. But my heart was here, and I followed it."

Barringford bent toward her.

"I angry! Not with you, Grace. To look into your eyes one moment, dear girl, is a blessing I had not dared to hope for. But tell me, have you been very unhappy? Has any one been cruel to you?"

"There can be no cruelty so great as that of forbidding me to see you," answered the girl, sadly.

"Your father has gone so far as that?" questioned Barringford. "But I could expect nothing better, though I did hope that some little remnant of the old friendship might remain. It was a bitter parting when I left you, that night, lying so still and pale at your father's feet, Grace. But I could not have reached you without striking your father down."

Grace shuddered.

"I was so grateful, when I came to myself, and found him standing there alone. At first, I dared not look around. Oh, it was an awful fear! I feel the glitter of that sword now."

"Still, it did no harm. Rage, itself, took away your father's strength, or it might have been worse; for I would have died then and there, rather than have used hurtful violence."

"I know, I know! Thank God that you are both alive! He says little; but I feel that he is very, very angry with me. I never knew what it was to see him frown before. Oh, Rufus, I am almost afraid of him."

Barringford pressed the little hand that still clung to his, with passionate force.

"Take courage," he said. "In these days we learn to meet and conquer difficulties. It would be cowardly to despair—that is, in a man. The love of woman makes him brave and resolute, as I will be."

Grace looked into his face, with smiles in her tearful eyes. His strength made her hopeful.

"So long as your heart is with me, I shall never despair," he said. "The freedom of my country, and you at my hearthstone, be it ever so humble, and I ask no more."

"Ah, if I dared to hope so much!" answered Grace. "But even these few moments are ours by accident. It may be months, years, before we meet again."

Barringford smiled.

"I think not, darling. I do not yield the right of wrecking the best hopes of my life to any man. I have made no promises that should keep us asunder. Nor will you, if you love me."

"If I love you! Oh, you little know!"

"So long as I am sure of that, nothing shall dishearten me."

"Then you will be always hopeful," answered the girl. "To-day I have learned to love myself, because I am dear to you. Do you know, Rufus, while you were standing there, so high above the crowd, I wondered if it could be possible that it was me you loved. If, among all those bright ladies that showered smiles and favors on you, I was the chosen one. You see how humble love can make one. I think there is a great deal of pride in it, after all, only one gives it all away."

Barringford smiled brightly upon the sweet, earnest face, turned with such childlike trust upon him.

"You witnessed the scene. You may, perhaps, have heard a little of the reading.'

"I heard it all. I have folded every word in my heart—so proudly, so proudly."

"That is because you are American; and to such, man or woman, such words as I have read to-day make a noble appeal."

"I do not know. It is enough for me that you believe in them, and that men I have been taught to revere join with you. The whole thing is too grand for my handling. Still, when that paper was read, and I heard the voice of the people go up, so like the roar of the ocean, I longed to be wise and eloquent as you are, that I, too, might stir men's hearts, and bring out their strength. For a little time I forgot how young and helpless a poor girl is."

"Helpless! Great Heavens! If you women knew how much influence lies in the beautiful delicacy of your sex, no one of you would exchange it for our rough power of thought and strife."

Grace laughed gayly. As she leaned forward, the rain was dropping jewels into her hair, and pelting her lover in the face.

"These moments are too precious for such wise talk," she said, restless that a syllable should be wasted that did not speak of the love between them. "See how fast the people are breaking up, and we have so much to say."

"So much, that it will take us a lifetime to say it," answered the young man, smiling.

All at once she snatched her hand from him, and flung it up in dismay, before she could speak. A panic had seized upon the crowd. Arms were frantically waved, hats shaken in the air, and a lane of empty space appeared, as if by magic, where men had been swarming like bees. Then two wild horses came tearing down Walnut street, dragging a ponderous carriage after them, which leaped, and jarred, and swung to the right and left, as its wheels bounded up from the stones, and crashed onward with a violence that cleared its own passage, and threatened to dash it to atoms every instant.

"Great Heavens! It is your father!" cried the young man, rushing in the direction of the carriage.

Grace followed him, with wild, frightened eyes. It seemed to her that shriek after shriek cut through her lips, still they uttered no sound, but only turned white, and then blue, with the terror that held her dumb. She saw Barringford force his way through the crowd, leap into the open space, seize one of the horses by the ponderous bit, and force his head down by his own swinging weight. Then she saw the vicious beast rear, lift the brave man from his feet, and hurl him down under the wheels of the rocking carriage. A crash, a tumult of voices, a new sound of rushing hoofs, and the girl sank down, not insensible, but helpless. She knew that the carriage lay a wreck in the street, that a woman had been hurled from it, and that a man, her own father, was standing upright in the crowd, looking downward upon something with a face of marble. She saw, also, a war-horse, with empty saddle and rattling stirrups, struggling in the crowd, where some one had seized upon him by the bit, and his rider, the military man who had passed so proudly up the street only a few minutes before, was waving back the people who swarmed around the wreck of the carriage.

But where was *he?* Was it his dead body that pale old man was looking down upon so gloomily? No, no! Surely, that was his face, white as snow, on which drops of blood has fallen. But he lives. He stands up unsteadily, as a drunken man strives to keep his feet. His face is turned toward her. He tries to smile, and wipes some drops of blood from his temple.

Did her father know that his life had been saved by Barringford, and would he give no sign of gratitude in return for the awful peril into which the young man had plunged?

The crowd was dense and turbulent. In its midst those mad horses were flinging up their heads, and snorting out their wrath, in their furious efforts at freedom.

What were they doing now? That officer was leaving the wrecked carriage, bearing a woman in his arms! It was her—Rhoda Clyde.

CHAPTER VII.

THAT morning, Mr. Kingsford had entered his wife's sitting-room more tranquilly than he had seemed since the day he had driven young Bar-

ringford from his house. He had relented in nothing; but the sad, sweet face of his daughter, who, since then, had moved about the house like a frightened bird, had troubled him greatly.

Mrs. Kingsford could not have received her husband otherwise than kindly; but she was made sad and heavy-hearted by the trouble that had fallen on her child; so sad, that tears came into her eyes when she saw the disappointed look that rose into those proud eyes when they fell only on herself.

"She has gone out. Our daughter is so accustomed to plenty of fresh air, that she languishes in the house," said the gentle lady, reading the question in her husband's eyes, and generously saving his pride the pain of asking for the young creature whose trouble haunted him.

Kingsford's face brightened a little. He had noticed, with a tinge of self-reproach, that Grace had given up her work among the flowers during the last few days; and in the house had seemed to avoid him as a wounded bird flutters away from the hand that has struck it. He was glad now to hear that Grace had taken to her favorite occupation.

Mrs. Kingsford understood this feeling, and it troubled her; for she knew well that Grace had no heart to go, as of old, among her roses, and that the cruel events of the week could never pass off so lightly as her husband seemed to hope. Indeed, a sensitive feeling of guilt brought unusual color to her face; for she had guessed that some deeper reason than a walk in the fresh air, or a desire to see Abigail Boardman had prompted Grace to leave her home that morning. Kingsford walked about the sitting-room awhile, in a restless way, sometimes treading on the square of carpet that covered the centre of the room, sometimes standing on the polished oaken border, looking out of the window with half-furtive glances, hoping to see his daughter moving about in the flower-beds, as was her habit.

Mrs. Kingsford noticed his restlessness in silence, and kept busy over a length of muslin embroidery, of a pattern that seemed to occupy all her attention. Almost for the first time in her life she felt at variance with her husband, and the pain of it held her silent.

After waiting at the window awhile, Mr. Kingsford gave a little, unconscious sigh, and moved away. His wife's silence chilled him, and he shrunk from questioning her of the cause.

"When Grace comes in, tell her that the flowers in my library are all withered. She has forgotten to bring fresh ones."

"In the library," said the lady, lifting her eyes suddenly, and checking herself with a hot blush. "I think the child has not been there since—— But I will tell her."

"Do."

Kingsford walked gloomily away, stung by his wife's hesitation, and anxious about his daughter. The lady followed him with her eyes. She, too, was miserably unhappy. The beings she most loved had fallen into sudden antagonism, and her gentle heart was wrung by it. Now, more than ever, she felt the unnatural position in which she was placed. At the first step, she had failed to hold her position; had shrunk, with almost cowardly sensitiveness, from open advocacy of her daughter's course.

She laid the embroidery down in her lap, and seemed to study the pattern with anxious minuteness, without seeing it at all, for her heart was full, and her thoughts painful. She mused thus.

"He trusts me, and I have not the courage to tell him where the child has gone. Am I to help her in this way? No, no. Cowardice will soon end in deceit; I should have told him at once. It is all my fault. She would not have gone had I forbidden it, ever so faintly. Ah, me, how will all this end?" The lady had taken off her thimble, and put her bright, gold-bowed scissors into their velvet case, thus delaying the moments as long as possible. Then she put her work-lachet on the little round table, and went slowly out of the room, trembling inwardly, but resolute to speak the truth.

In the great open hall she paused to listen, almost hoping that the steps that sounded from the library might not be his. To brave this man in his wishes or opinions was a new and terrible thing to her. Softly and timidly she lifted the latch of the library, and went in.

Kingsford was pacing up and down the floor, ill at ease, but ashamed of his own restlessness. He paused in his walk when his wife came in, and seemed waiting for her to speak. She laid her hand on his arm. It trembled somewhat, and so did her voice.

"Grant, I did not mean to say that Grace was in the garden. I sometimes fear she will never go there again."

"Never go into the garden again? And why not?"

"Because she is so unhappy, Grant."

"Unhappy! And why? Because she has been snatched from the crafty influence of a traitor?"

"Grant, our daughter loves this man."

"I love her, but rather than see her his wife, I would place her in the grave with my own hands."

The lady shrunk back, and covered her face with both hands.

"Oh, this is terrible!" she exclaimed.

"Not so terrible as the mingling of my blood with that of a man who, under a guise of loyalty, steals the soul of my child, and dares to boast of it to my very face."

Here Kingsford checked himself, for the reproachful sorrow in his wife's eyes had its effect.

"There, there, Martha," he said, laying his white hand upon hers. "You are not to blame for this. If the man could deceive me, how could you detect his falsehood?"

"I think he loves our girl," answered the lady; "and to honest affection you and I ought to be very forbearing. What would the world have been to us without it?"

The proud man looked down into that sweet, womanly face, and his own softened as he answered, more kindly,

"But honest affection cannot exist with dishonor. This man has deceived us, Martha."

"He has been silent, rather than treacherous," suggested the lady.

"He is a traitor! A coward——"

Kingsford broke off here, and a tinge of crimson rose to his face. For there, above the high mantel-piece, an old gold-hilted sword lay upon its gilded brackets, unsheathed, and glittering, as Barringford had left it that night, after he had so firmly wrung it from the mad hand which was about to strike him down. No, he would not brand the man who had so bravely saved him from crime, as a coward.

"Our child loves him."

"A baby's love, that will soon blow over, when a brighter and grander destiny is open to her."

Mrs. Kingsford smiled faintly, and shook her head.

"Women, even young women, do not change so easily, Grant."

"Do not judge of the sex by yourself, Martha."

"I can judge of my daughter by myself; once loving, she will prove unchangeable."

"Wait till this burst of rebellion is quelled, till this nest of hornets is driven from Philadelphia, and Howe's troops come in. Many a noble young fellow, with the best blood of England in his veins, will be at her feet then, and she can take her choice from the peerage."

Again Mrs. Kingsford shook her head.

"If all England, from the throne down, had been laid at my feet, I should still have rested here," she said, with a deep breath, for her husband's arm had drawn her within its embrace, and his hand was pressing her head to his bosom; for her very opposition was so sweet and womanly, that it charmed him into forgetfulness of his prejudices, for the time, at least.

"Remember, it was not a rebel against the king that wooed you," he said, almost playfully. "There, now; go and send Grace to me."

Mrs. Kingsford shrunk from her husband's bosom, and cast an appealing look into his face.

"Do not be afraid. I shall say nothing harsh. Grace is a good girl, and is sure to come right without harsh measures. Send her to me."

"But she is not here," faltered the lady.

"Not here! Where is she, then?"

"I—I gave her permission to go out. She is pining in-doors."

"Gave her permission to go out on a day like this, when the streets are black with traitors! Alone, too!"

"She went early, while everything was quiet."

"But where is she now?"

All tenderness had slowly disappeared from the man's face, which was set and hard once more.

"She is with Abigail Boardman, who will bring her home when the streets are quiet."

"With Abigail Boardman! There, in the very heart of the hornet's nest! You permitted this, madam?"

"Yes, Grant. I permitted it. She was so restless, so unhappy."

"Knowing that this man was to be first and foremost in this treasonable display?"

"I hardly thought of that."

"And she went alone?"

"No. A servant went with her. It was arranged that Rhoda Clyde should go, but at the very last she declined. So I promised to drive down later, and bring her home."

Kingsford stood looking at his wife in cold astonishment. Had the spirit of rebellion come into his own house, and seized upon the heart of that gentle woman, who had gone counter to him for the first time in her life? Were the two beings he most loved steadily opposing him? Was the very atmosphere of his home tainted with treason?

"And you expected me to forgive this?" he said, frowning blackly on the poor lady. "You join my enemies, and sanction disobedience in my child, and call yourself an honorable wife."

"That I will always be," answered the lady, with tears in her eyes. "But there is one right which belongs to a woman, above all others, that of independent love. I cannot deny that to my child."

"But you can deny obedience to your husband?"

"When have I ever done that, Grant?"

"Now!" was the stern answer; and, going to his writing-desk, Kingsford rang a hand-bell of antique silver, with angry violence.

"Order the carriage!" he said, to the man who appeared at the door.

The servant bowed, and disappeared, wondering at the disturbance in those two faces.

Again Kingsford rang the bell, and the man came back a little startled.

"Tell Miss Clyde that I wish her to get ready for a drive; and see that there is no delay about the carriage," was the second order, still more imperatively given.

When the door was closed, Kingsford turned upon his wife with a bitter smile.

"I will not go after my daughter like a policeman, and thus proclaim her disobedience to that horde of rebels. When a mother is willing to risk the good name of her child, it behooves one to shield it at any cost."

The poor lady shivered under the bitterness of this speech. Never, in her life, had anything like it fallen upon her. She could not speak, but turned away wounded and sorrowful.

Scarcely was she gone, when Rhoda Clyde came into the library with a bonnet on, and a lace scarf thrown over her arm.

"Have you noticed that the skies are clouding?" she said, doubtfully. "We may be caught in the rain."

"No matter," was the terse answer. "Our drive will be a short one."

Rhoda cast a swift glance at the speaker, and a single word broke from her lips.

"Oh!"

"Are the horses ready?"

"The horses? I think not. They cannot be harnessed in a moment, and most of the men are away from the stables. It is hard to keep them in place on a day like this."

"In place? Where are they?"

"Among the rabble, down yonder, I fancy," answered the girl, shrugging her shoulders, and giving a disdainful wave of her hand in the direction of the State House." "It seems to me as if the whole world were crazed with rebellion."

Kingsford looked at her in some surprise. Of all his household, she had seemed the most liberally disposed toward the rebels; but the frank scorn in her face pleased him, and his own brightened a little as he said,

"I am grateful that one loyal soul can, at least, be counted in my house. A few minutes ago I was not sure even of that."

Rhoda laughed pleasantly.

"Well, I think you can depend on me, though I think it is hard work to keep one's skirts clear of the contagion. Only this morning, I was almost drawn into the rabble, down yonder, from pure tenderness of heart; but, remembering all that I owed you, even that could not sway me."

Kingsford understood her, and his proud heart recoiled from this crafty allusion to his daughter. She saw this, and triumphed inly.

"There was a time when your best friends might have doubted so much loyalty," he said, with a gleam of her own craft in his eyes, "when we almost expected to see you taken captive."

The girl flushed red, then her face grew white and serious.

"You did me injustice, Mr. Kingsford. Others may follow the lead of a passionate heart, and become traitors to everything else: but I would trample love to ashes under my feet first. It is hard, cruel as the grave; but I have done it. God grant that one that we all love will be as strong."

Tears stood in the girl's eyes. She turned away, that the man she addressed might not see how much pain her words had brought with them.

He looked at her in astonishment. Had she, indeed, fought against her own heart, and conquered, while he had supposed her cast off and disappointed. Was she a grand creature, capable of self-abnegation, worthy of a hero, or only a vain creature, striving to hide defeat under a false pretence?

Before he could fully make up his mind, the door opened, and Mrs. Kingsford came into the library with her bonnet on.

"It will be better that I should go with you," she said.

"But, dear Mrs. Kingsford, I fear that a storm is brewing," said Rhoda, quickly, "and you are so delicate."

"Still, I prefer to go," was the quiet rejoinder. "And the carriage waits."

Kingsford did not speak, but, taking up his hat, waited for the ladies to pass out.

True enough, clouds arose, sweeping up the sky like the rush of waves on a turbulent ocean; black, fleecy clouds, that gave forth low mutterings of thunder as they rolled and surged toward the zenith.

Mrs. Kingsford gave an anxious glance at the sky, but said nothing. As she stepped into the carriage, no hand was extended to help her, though her husband stood close by the steps. For the first time in her married life this thing had happened, and the inattention or studied neglect wounded her keenly.

Perhaps he did not notice this; for the storm itself seemed to escape his observation, though the clouds were scarcely darker than his own face. Stern and moody, he seated himself, and

the carriage swept away. As it turned into Walnut street, a few drops of rain began to fall. The coachman would have increased his speed, but the side-walks were full of people, coming up from the State House, and not a few walked hurriedly up the middle of the street, thus rendering greater speed dangerous.

As the crowd thickened, the wild storm broke over them with such sudden fury that the young, spirited horses grew restless, threw back their ears, and threatened rebellion. Mrs. Kingsford turned pale, and the unpleasant smile that had stirred Rhoda's lips from time to time deepened into a sneer at this timidity. She, herself, was recklessly fearless, and loved the excitement of danger next to the fierce joy of strife. Mr. Kingsford seemed heedless of the danger, as he had been of the storm, but cast stern glances upon the crowd that hurried past him, feeling that each man was his enemy.

Still the horses tossed their heads, jerked fiercely upon the reins, and struck the stones angrily with their hoofs, thus giving warning of danger that might have disturbed the audacious courage of Rhoda, if she had not been more intensely occupied by the military horseman receiving homage from the crowd as he rode grandly up the street, as if he, too, were lifted far above all threats from the storm.

As her eyes fell on this man, they filled with smouldering fire, and a strange smile cleft her lips till the teeth shone through.

While the horseman fascinated her eyes, a man hurrying by the carriage, suddenly waved his hat, shouting. The horses started on one side, gave a desperate pull which ground the massive bits into their mouths till the blood started, scattering the crowd right and left; but the coachman was fiercely aroused, and they might have been brought under control, but that instant a flash of fire shot athwart their eyes, a great crash of thunder burst over them, and, with a mad leap, they dashed away, hurling those three white faces through the crowds like demons let loose. The military man in front, wheeled his war-horse into the middle of the street, deserted in the swift panic, and sat, for one breathless instant, upright as a statue in the very path of the wild horses. As they rushed up, his horse leaped forward, he clutched at the drifting reins, lost them, and saved his own life by throwing his war-horse back upon his haunches, while the carriage went by him like a whirlwind. An instant, and the brave horse thundered after the carriage, and stopped only as he had been taught to do in battles, when it blocked up the way, a heap of ruins, from which a man, with blood on his temples, and the whiteness of death on his face, reeled back against a tree that saved him from falling under the feet of the multitude.

The officer took no heed of this man, but leaping from his horse, lifted Rhoda Clyde from the earth, to which she had been thrown in a wild dash for life, and carried her out of the crowd—a marble thing, with half-open eyes, and deathly stillness of the heart.

A girl leaning, panic-stricken, from the nearest window, saw another deathly form, half-buried in the torn cushions of the carriage, and with a cry of distress rushed into the street. As her arms were outstretched toward her mother, in an agony of dread, they were coldly put aside by the hand that had never touched her, save in tenderness before.

"Do not touch her, Grace Kingsford," was the low, but firm command. "This day, for the first time, coldness and strife have arisen between us. She is dead. You have killed her."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN OFT-TOLD TALE.

BY ALICE WALTON.

I HAVE loved you dearly, dearly,
Since that day, so long ago,
When the sun shone clearly, clearly,
And I heard the fresh wind blow.

When you vowed that, dearly, dearly,
You would love me evermore,
While the birds sang clearly, clearly,
And the waves broke on the shore.

When your blue eyes clearly, clearly,
Smiled like the sky o'erhead,
Oh, I loved you dearly, dearly!
And I wish that I were dead!

Could I not more clearly, clearly,
Looking down from Heaven, see
What is that which dearly, dearly,
As he once did cherish me,

Hath of late so clearly, clearly,
Turned my lover's heart away
From me, who dearly, dearly
Love him more and more each day.

Blessed Heaven! dearly, dearly
Did he love me once, I know.
I implore thee, clearly, clearly,
All my unchanged truth to show.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, a morning-costume for a young lady, made of speckled camel's-hair, the style known as Knickerbocker, which comes in every variety of shades of brown and gray. Our model is speckled brown and gray, trimmed



with dark-brown. The under-skirt has a demi-train, and is untrimmed, except with three bands, cut on the bias of the dark brown, put on plain. These bands are three inches in width. The tunic is long, and round in front: at the back it falls in folds, fastened together with a brown silk bow and ends. The edge of the tunic is finished with a bias band, like the skirt. Deep cuirass bodice, with simulated buttoned back, and pointed collar. Coat-shaped sleeves, with tabs in the battlement form, similar to those on the back. The front corresponds in style. The band round the bodice is narrower than upon the tunic and skirt. Four dozen buttons will be required, and one yard of brown silk for binding the battlement squares, and to make the bow and ends; the latter should be lined with crinoline. For the complete suit, sixteen yards of suiting will be necessary, or, for only the tunic and the basque, five yards. This will look well worn over a partly worn black silk sktrt, or even cashmere.

Next is something more elaborate, suitable for a visiting costume, of which we give a front and back view. The under-skirt is of black cashmere. First there is a knife-plaiting, four inches deep;'then a puffing; another knife-plaiting; and then another puffing. This is again repeated, bringing the trimming quite high on the skirt. The tablier is round in front, and looped in the



back to form a pouf. It and the cuirass bodice are of plaid black and gray camel's-hair. The edge of the tunic is trimmed with a narrow knife-plaiting of the black cashmere. Sleeves, piece down the back of the bodice, scarf, and bow and ends, are all of the black cashmere. This design may be carried out in any of the dark colors. Very dark blue and green are the most

fashionable. Twelve yards of plain cashmere, and four yards of plaid camel's-hair serge.



A rival power is already rising to dispute the supremacy of plaids. We mean stripes, either alone, or combined with self-colored materials, and arranged in various ways. Thus plain skirt, with flounces, puffings, or ruches of some fabric to match, but self-colored, also; tunic of the same fabric, but striped; self-colored bodice, striped sleeves; in fact, every combination, so that it is done with taste, and a certain harmony. We give, opposite, a walking costume, made of entirely striped material—a woolen serge in black and gray. The skirt is trimmed with two cross-cut, gathered flounces. The tunic is cut square, bordered all round with a flounce, same as the skirt, and fastened up the back with a drawing-string, further ornamented by bows and sash-ends filling up the space where the frills meet. The cuirass bodice is trimmed with a narrow band of the material, cut on the cross. This material comes in double-width, from one dollar to one dollar fifty cents per yard. Sixteen yards.

The next is intended for a young lady's morning-dress. It is made of dark, winter chintz, or cheap woolen material. The skirt is bordered with a gathered flounce, headed with a puff. Polonaise, Princess in form, and draped at the back five inches from the waist; bow at the top, and bow and ends at the end of the drapery.



Sleeves, pockets, and back of the Polonaise, are trimmed with puffings, like the under-skirt. Standing collar, with points to turn over. Six-



teen yards of yard-wide material, or eighteen yards of ordinary width, will be required.

Next is a beautiful suit for a boy of three years. It is made of delicate gray silk poplin,

trimmed with silk braid and modern point lace, or, what is better for wear, guipure lace. The skirt is kilt plaited, and the paletot is slashed



at the back and sides, where it is trimmed, as may be seen from the design, with buttons, braid, and lace, as is also the deep sailor collar.

Next we have a pinafore for a girl of seven years, made of white pique, trimmed with open work embroidery, and pearl buttons. The bottom of the pinafore is bordered with a plaiting

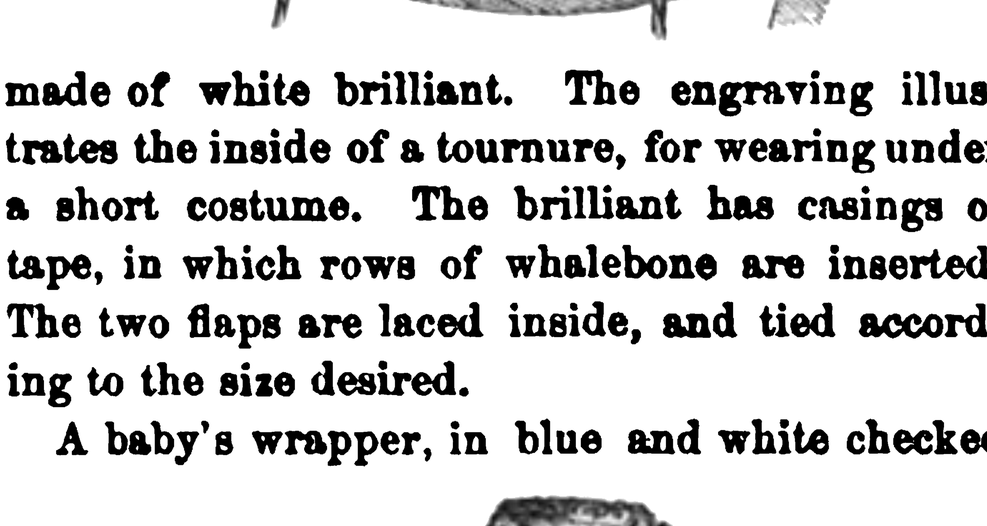


of Victoria lawn; the fastening is at the left side, while the embroidery is carried the entire



length of the skirt. The neck has a double row of embroidery, separated by a narrow band of the Victoria lawn, stitched down by the machine. Same on the armholes.

We add two designs for "bustles." The first is of white horse-hair cloth. It consists of a plain piece at each side, with a series of graduated frills at the back. Every portion is neatly bound with scarlet worsted braid. An elastic band finishes the waist. The second is



made of white brilliant. The engraving illustrates the inside of a tournure, for wearing under a short costume. The brilliant has casings of tape, in which rows of whalebone are inserted. The two flaps are laced inside, and tied according to the size desired.

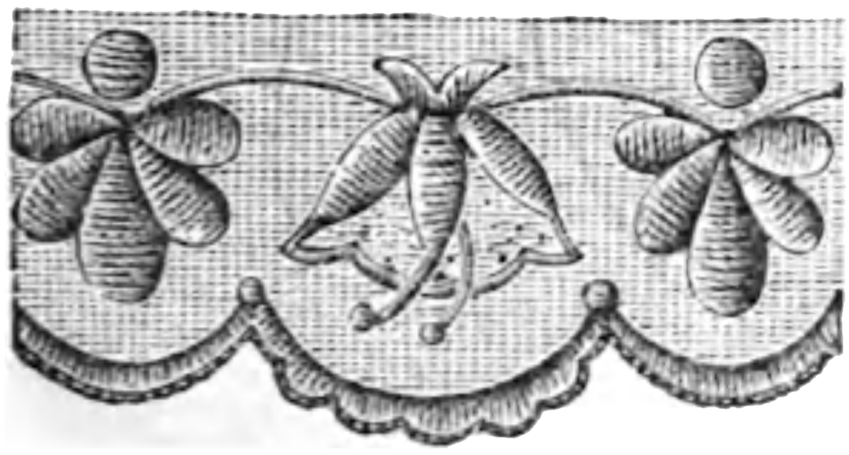
A baby's wrapper, in blue and white checked

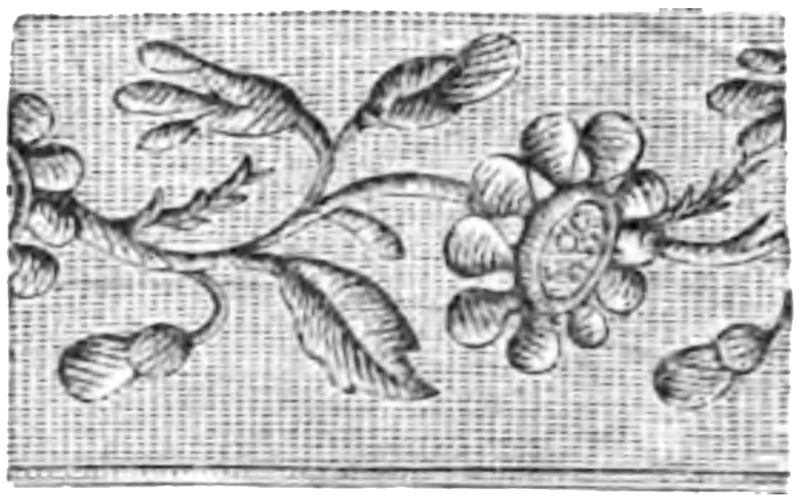


flannel, trimmed with blue or white mohair braid.

IN WHITE EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





We give, here, two unusually pretty designs in white embroidery. One is for edging, and the other for insertion. They are both of the very latest patterns that have been designed.

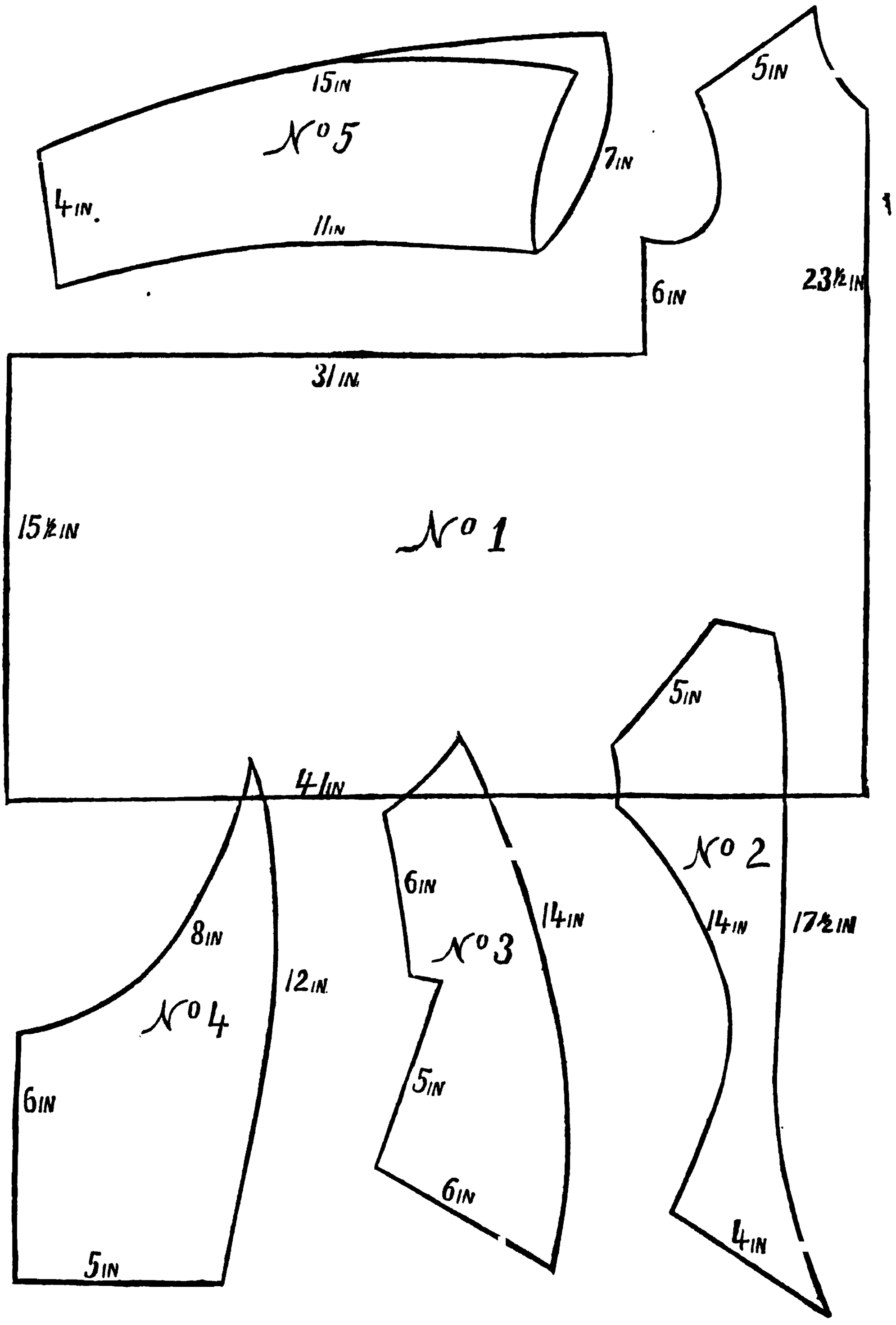
KILTED SUIT FOR A GIRL OF SIX YEARS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

This suit is Princess in style, their being no join at the waist. The skirt, at the back, is kilt-plaited, sewn to a waistband, and tacked beneath the basque. A belt is sewn to the seams beneath the arms, and is fastened in front with hooks and eyes. The frock buttons down the front. The band round the skirt, basque, and collar, likewise on the sleeve, may be either wide mohair braid, or a lighter shade of the same material as the frock. Our model is made of dark navy-blue bege, trimmed with a cross-band of a lighter shade; but alpaca, merino, or serge, may be used.

We give the front and back of this suit. The pattern consists of five pieces: see diagram.

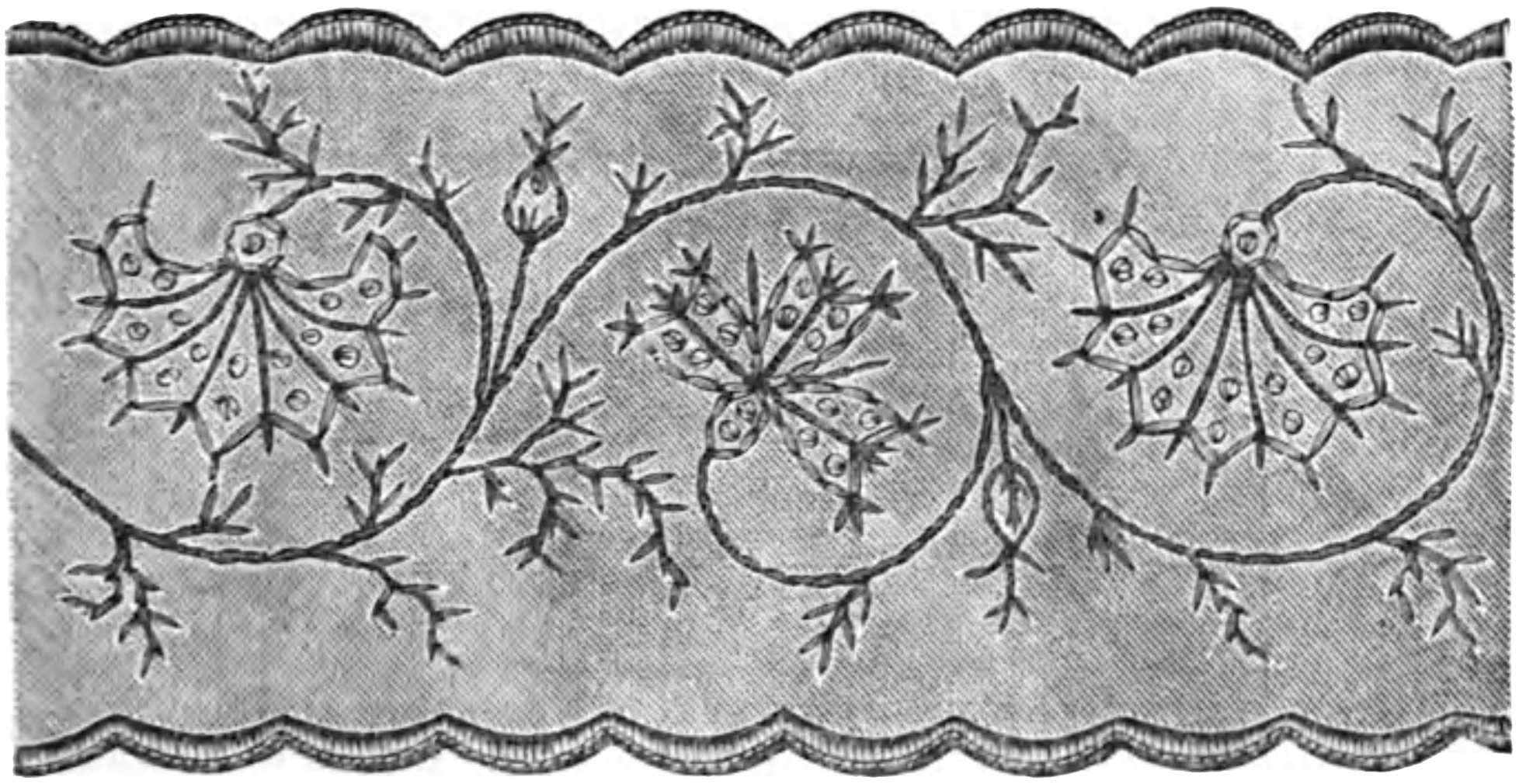




No. 1. Front of Bodice and Skirt in one piece in the Princess style.
No. 2. Half of Back.
No. 3. Half of Side-Body.
No. 4. Half of Sailor Collar.
No. 5. Half of Sleeve.

BORDER—FANCY STITCHES.

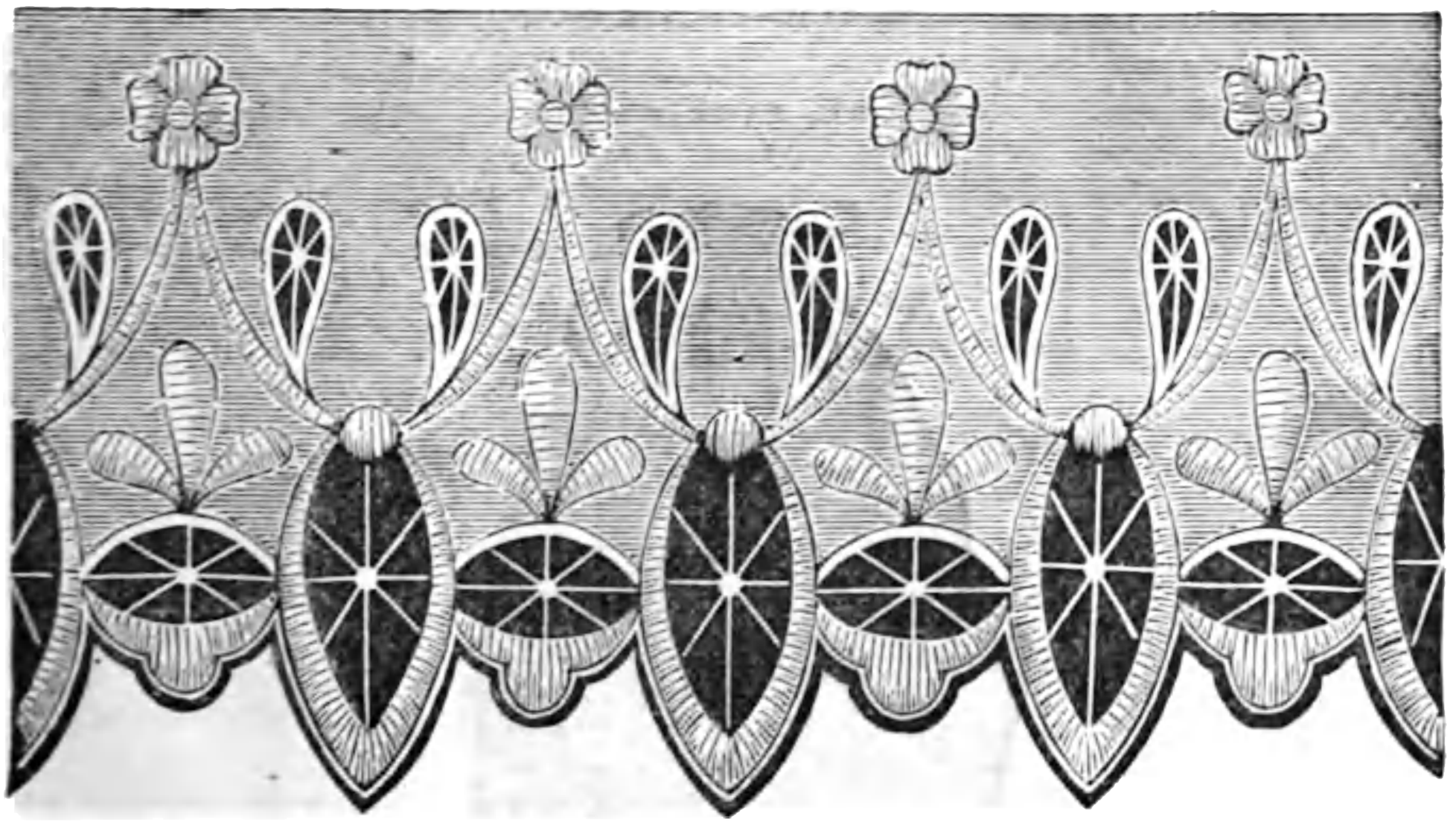
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This border is worked on cloth with silks of various colors, and the design is reproduced in Russian embroidery, back-stitch, herring-bone, and French knots. The edge is scalloped and button-holed. It is useful for table borders, cushions, etc. In white or colored cottons, on brown holland or pique, it makes a suitable trimming for girls' frocks, etc.

BORDER—ENGLISH EMBROIDERY.

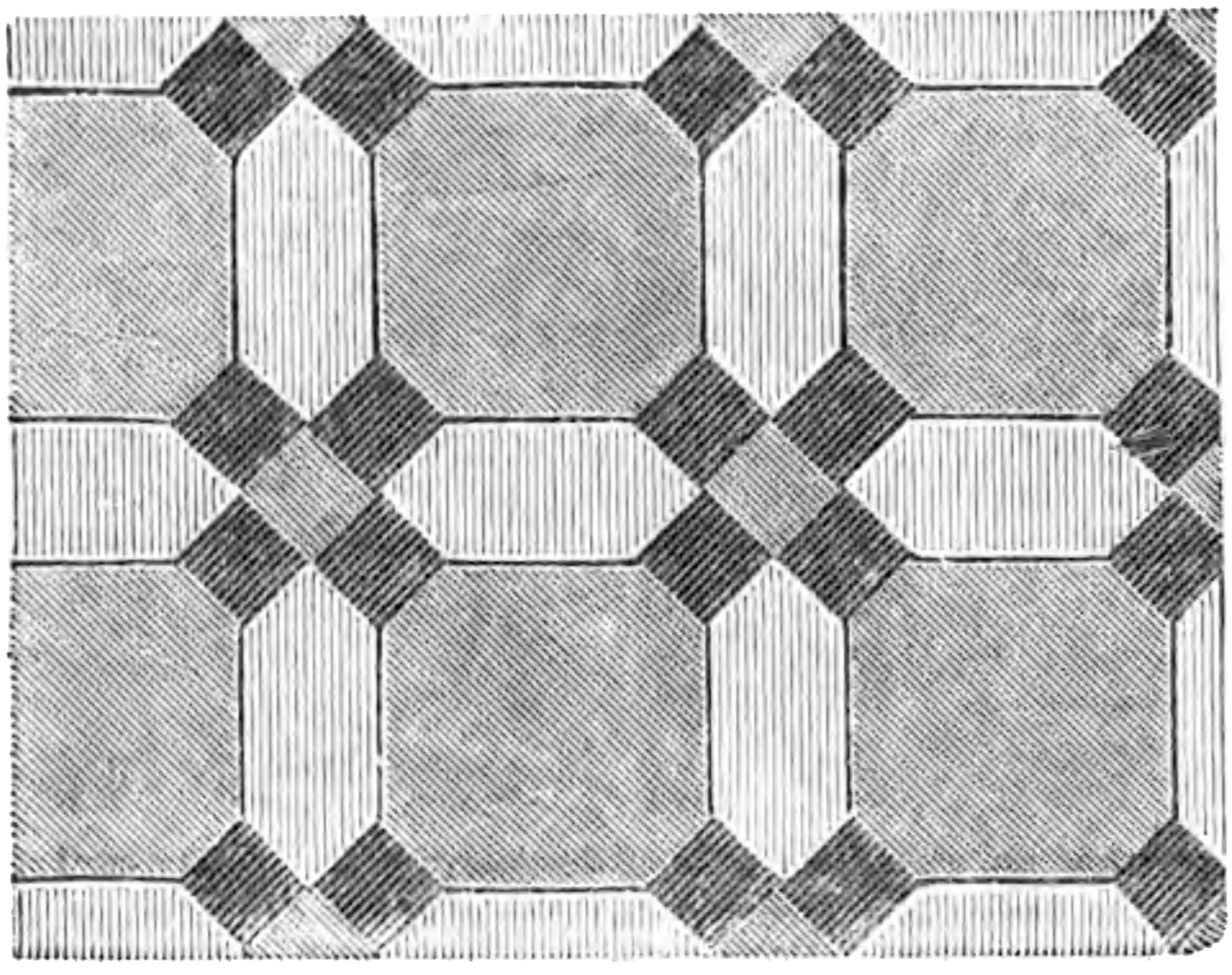
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Either silk, cashmere, muslin, or clear nainsook, may be used for the foundation of these borders. The embroidery is that known as "broderie Anglaise." The design is overcast; the inside of the leaves where the material is cut away is filled in with wheel stitches. The branches from which the flowers spring are well padded, and is then worked over with satin-stitch. The edge is cut out in scallops and button-holed.

PATCH-WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This design may be carried out in either silk, velvet, or cotton, and may be enlarged to any size desired. The various sections should be cut out in tin, and the papers used for lining cut by the tin shape, so as to insure similarity of size and correctness of form.

WORK-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This useful bag is rather a receptacle for materials for working. It is made of gray twill, and ornamented with braiding carried out in color. The bottom is millboard, lined with twill.

CHILD'S JACKET, TRICOT AND CROCHET.

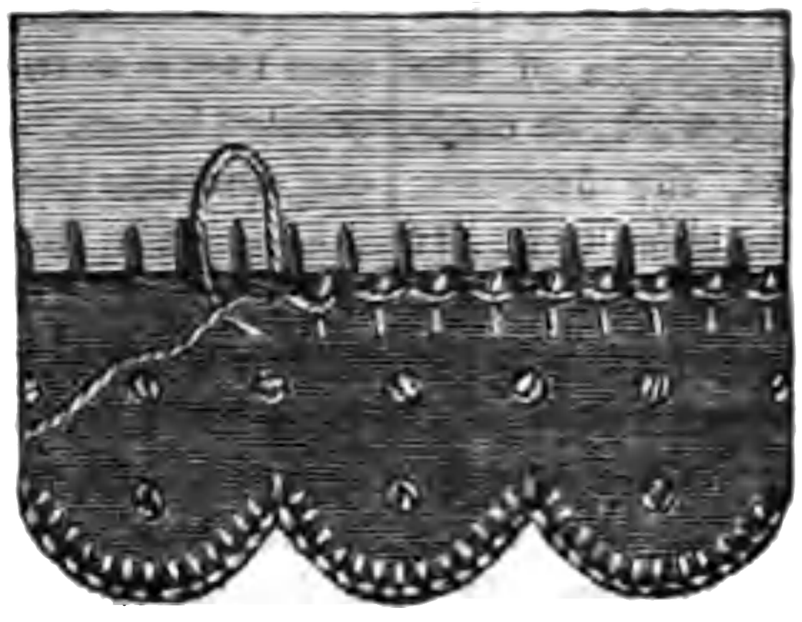
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Meterials: Quarter of a pound of violet, one ounce of white, two ounces of black Berlin wool, medium size tricot-hook.

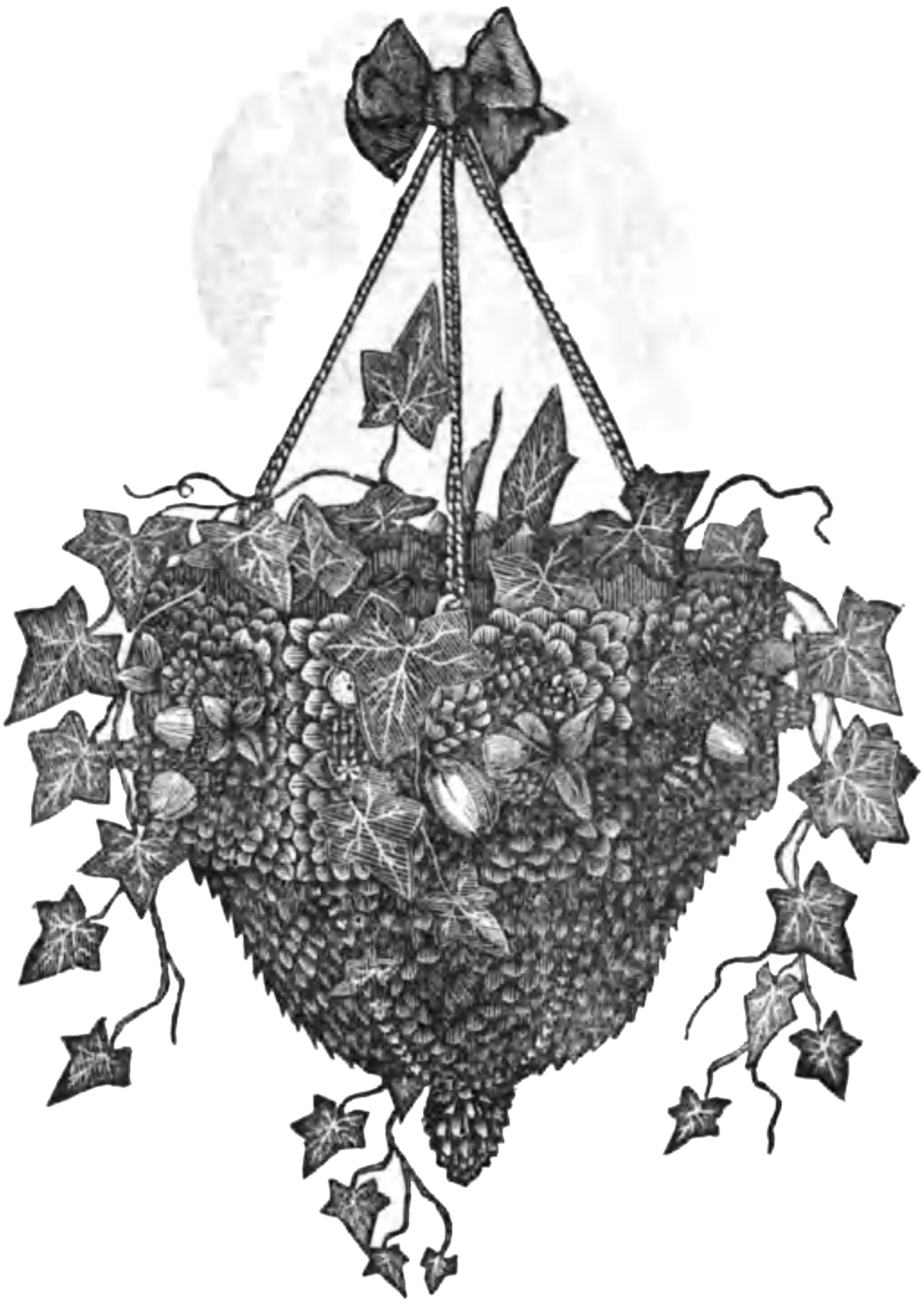
Cut out in paper the size and shape required, allowing for the width of border shown in the full size. The foundation of jacket is made in ordinary tricot-stitch with violet wool, and worked to the paper shape. When finished, join the separate parts by sewing together. Begin the border at the top of the jacket on the left side. With white wool, pull up two loops of tricot separately, then work off the three loops on the hook, one chain. Repeat: fasten off. In each succeeding row pull up a loop under each of the two next horizontal loops separately; work off the three loops together, one chan. Repeat; fasten off at the end of each row. Work two rows white, and six rows black. To round the corners, work two stitches in one in the first row at the corner, and increase in the following rows of border, so that it lies flat. The edge is worked with white, as follows: One double in the first, * four chain, one treble in the first of the four chain, pass over one, one double in the next. Repeat from * The sleeve is made the same as for foundation of jacket. The top cuff is the same as border. The lower cuff is made with a small hook, and worked tighter. The collar, which is like the border, is worked separately and sewn on to the jacket. The neck is drawn in with a cord made in chain-stitch, and finished at both ends with a tied tassel of violet wool.

EMBROIDERED TRIMMING FOR UNDER-LINEN.



BASKET CONE-WORK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The back is straight, and the front is shaped according to design. The foundation of the basket may be either of wicker-work or cardboard. If the former is used, the fir-cones, beech-nuts, acorns, etc., must be glued to it. If of cardboard, the smaller ones may be soaked in water till they are soft, and can then be sewn to the foundation with a needle and brown silk. The larger ones must be glued. All should be thoroughly cleaned with a nail-brush and water before placing them on the foundation. If a card foundation be used, it should be covered with glazed brown paper. If wicker, any common basket answers the purpose; but it must be painted brown. The stones of plums, peaches, etc., and also nut-shells, look extremely well, arranged with the cones and other articles used for the work. When finished, the whole should he brushed over two or three times with a good, dark, copal varnish. Cord or chain is fastened to the basket to hang it up by, and the ivy is then put into it without water, to hang until it droops, and it must then be replaced with fresh.

INFANT'S FIRST BOOT—KNITTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Materials: One ounce pale-blue wool, one ounce white, three steel pins, No. 14.

Cast on fifty-one stitches with the blue wool.

1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th Rows: Plain knitting, increasing one in the middle of each row; this is done by knitting one at the front and back.

7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th Rows: Plain knitting.

12 Row: Purl.

*13th Row: With white wool knit twenty-three, knit two, slip one, knit two, slip one. knit two, slip one, knit two, turn; purl two, slip the blue stitch, purl two, slip the blue stitch, purl two, slip the blue stitch, purl two, turn; take one stitch from the right needle, slip it on to the middle needle; knit two together, knit one, slip one, knit two, slip one, knit two, slip one, knit one, take a stitch from the left needle, knit two together, turn; purl two, slip the blue stitch, purl two, slip the blue stitch, purl two, slip the blue stitch, purl two, turn. Take the blue and knit the eleven stitches on the middle needle, taking one stitch from both side needles and knitting the two together, turn, and knit again the stitches on the middle needle. Repeat from * twice more.

For the next pattern knit the first stitch, make one, slip one as if for purling, knit one. Repeat.

The eleven middle stitches for the front of shoe, knit one row, purl one row. The purl side is the right side. In the following row, knit one, slip off two, as if for purling. Repeat.

In the next pattern row, make one, slip one, knit two together. Repeat. These two last rows are repeated. The decrease is made in every alternate row before and after knitting the eleven front stitches.

When the eleven middle stitches have been worked fourteen rows in depth, purl with the blue wool one row. With white wool make two, knit two together. Repeat. In the following row purl with white wool, purling the made two stitches of the last row as one stitch. Knit a row with white, purl a row with blue. In the next row with blue make two, purl two together. Knit with white a plain row. Knit a row with blue; cast off, and sew up the sole and back on the wrong side. On the top crochet as follows: one double, four chain, pass over one, one double in the next; repeat from * all round. Make a chain with the blue wool, and run through the lower row of holes; finish the ends with a tassel.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Our Centennial Gift.—With this number, we send out as a supplement, as advertised in our Prospectus, the engraving of the "Declaration of Independence," after Trumbull's celebrated picture. It has been very carefully engraved, as will be seen, in line and stipple. The numerous faces made it a very difficult bit of work. It is undoubtedly the best copy ever made of the picture, with the exception of Durand's, which was larger, and therefore easier to engrave. This supplement has cost us several thousands of dollars extra, but we cheerfully pay it, partly to show our appreciation of the generous support which this magazine has received for so many years, but principally to enable us the better to illustrate the article, in this number, on the "Signers." This engraving is not, and never was intended as a premium, as a few persons have supposed, but as a supplementary illustration, an integral part of the book itself; and so it was explicitly advertised. All we can afford, as we have often said, we put into the magazine: premiums to subscribers, to induce them to subscribe, we never give: "Peterson" is, as all admit, worth every penny we ask for it, and more. To give a premium for getting up a club, which involves more or less trouble (though, we believe, not much with "Peterson") is quite a different thing: and such premiums we give, and shall always give. But, though we do not put our "Centennial Gift" on the footing of a premium, we may say, in passing, that it cost more than those generally given by other magazines, and which are so loudly trumpeted.

The Style of Hair-Dressing has but little altered; rings of hair and loose waves of hair are still worn above the forehead, and the parting is frequently at the side; "smooth, silken braids" are now never seen. Philippe, the leading Paris hair-dresser, makes very pretty coiffures with two curls rolled in a peculiar manner, and encased in an invisible net, which hangs very low at the back. The top of the head is crowned with small ringlets. Two curls are often fastened with a bow at the back, and chignons entirely of curls are still fashionable, although not nearly so popular as last year. Tulle, studded all over with rose leaves, looks very graceful intertwined among the hair; it has a soft, becoming effect on the face, recalling to mind Isabey's exquisite miniatures. For demi-evening toilets, and even for afternoon toilets, there are bows for the hair made of faille ribbon—black, navy-blue, or chestnut-brown, with braid either of the same color, or of gold or silver. The newest neck-tyes are made of white lawn, the ends being exquisitely embroidered and hem-stitched all round; and lawn fichus wrought with color are among the prettiest additions to morning lingerie. The latter are merely squares of snowy lawn, folded in three-cornered fashion, and scalloped at the edge with navy-blue, turkey-red, or black. They are worn high over the shoulders, and are held in place in plaits with a bow at the back of the neck, while the ends are crossed in front.

The Pictorial Souvenir.—We will send for a premium, (if preferred to the "Christmas Morning") either our "Pictorial Souvenir," or our "Gems of Art." Each of these has twenty-five engravings similar to, and of the size of "Snow Birds," in the present number.

The Thirtieth Year.—A lady writes, "This is the thirtieth year I have been taking your magazine." We hope she may live to take it for thirty years more. A lady of such good taste deserves to live forever.

Framing the "Centennial Gift."—Many subscribers will prefer to bind up the "Declaration," given as a supplement in this number, with the magazine. But others, perhaps the majority, will wish to frame it. A cheap, yet pretty way of doing this, will be to first smooth it out, if it requires it, with a warm flat-iron on the back, and paste it on gray paper or Bristol board: then paste colored calico (red is the best) at the back, and turn it over the front some two inches, mitreing the corners, and attaching them to the wall with large, round, flat drawing-pins at each corner. This gives the appearance of a frame with gold nails. In a boudoir many little pictures would look well done in the same way with red cotton velvet. Or, of course, you can have it framed, in the regular way, in either walnut, or gilt, with a glass over it; but this is more expensive.

A Charming Dress.—A lady writes to us from Paris, that one of the prettiest dresses of the season, was a tulle dress, made by Worth. It was of the color of milky amber. The tulle skirt was covered with plaitings: and the tunic, of Oriental silk to match, was very long at the right side, while on the left it was draped to the waist, and fastened there with a tuft of brown velvet leaves and fruit in the form of miniature chestnuts, of the same shade as the leaves. White tulle dresses are again becoming fashionable, the skirts trimmed with plaitings and double tunics, crossed with garlands of ruby-colored roses and velvet leaves.

Bonnets for Concerts, Receptions, or Weddings, are new often made entirely of flowers. Some are round wreaths, absolutely like wreaths for balls; lace is intermixed with them, and lace lappets are added. We have seen black bonnets made of forget-me-nots, pale and small, with light-looking foliage; others of large violet pansies, with burnished gold hearts, white blond lappets, and a ruche of white blond among the flowers; a third floral bonnet consists of dark ivy leaves, mixed with golden berries, with a bow and lappets of old point d'Angleterre. Olive leaves and golden fruit, with Spanish blond.

For Afternoon Wear the material called Sicilienne still takes first rank with the Parisians: blue, plum, and chestnut-brown being preferred to any other colors. Brown Sicilienne is trimmed with braid of a lighter color, intermixed with silver threads; in fact, silver and gold are now introduced into the passementerie of all costly toilets that are of dark color. These metal braids and the tabliers, made entirely of Spanish fringe and netting, are the novelties of the present season.

We Pre-pay Postage, on all mail subscribers, remember! Up to last year, subscribers had to pay it themselves, at their own post offices, at an additional expense of from twelve cents to twenty cents each, *over and above the subscription price*. Bear this in mind! The postage we paid in 1875 was over ten thousand dollars. All this the subscribers now save. "Peterson" is now cheaper than ever.

"Best Ever Issued."—The Danville (Ill.) Commercial says of our January number:—"It is the best ever issued, and that is saying a very great deal. It seems to us that everybody will take 'Peterson' in 1876, it is so cheap and yet so good. As a guide for the fashions, it has no rival."

"I Have Tried Others."—Says a lady, remitting for 1876, "I have tried other magazines, but find 'Peterson' the best."

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS may be made at the price paid by the rest of the club. If enough additional subscribers are sent, to make up a second club, the person sending them will become entitled to a second premium, or premiums. Always notify us, however, when such a second club is completed. These additions may be made, moreover, at any time during the year. Back numbers to January can always be supplied. Go on, therefore, making additions to your clubs. By-and-by, almost before you know it, you will have filled a second club.

WHAT THEY SAY.—A lady writes:—"Your January number has come to hand, and it is perfectly splendid. The 'Christmas Morning,' too, cannot be beat." Another writes: "Your 'Christmas Morning' is received. You can't tell how delighted I am with it. It is framed and hung, and is very much admired. I think it the handsomest steel engraving I have ever seen sent as a premium-plate. The continued story, 'The Days of '76' is just splendid. I am very impatient for the next number."

"CAN'T COMPARE."—A lady remits her subscription for 1876, and says:—"I have taken your magazine, off and on, for twenty-two years; and I think it the best I ever read. I think I never will try to do without it again. Last year I was presented with a three dollar magazine, but do not think it can compare with Peterson."

"THE MOST POPULAR."—Says the Lynn (N. Y.) Republican: "Peterson's Magazine is, no doubt, the most popular periodical in America, of its class. It has the largest circulation, and is constantly increasing the number of its readers."

REVIEW OF NEW BOKS.

Personal Reminiscences. By Constable & Gillies. Edited by R. H. Stoddard. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.*—If this last volume of the "Bric-a-Bac Series" is less entertaining than some which have preceded it, the fault lies, not with the accomplished editor, but with the comparative poverty of the material. Constable was a very efficient man for a publisher, no doubt, especially as publishers go; but not a particularly brilliant writer, or talker; and hence his reminiscences, that, in the hands of a literary artist, might have become appetizing, are just the least bit heavy on the palate. The material furnished by Gillies is more promising. Gillies was a literary Bohemian of the most decided stamp; continually in debt, and generally from his own fault; with ambitions, as is so often the case, far ahead of his ability; for if there is one thing which second-rate literary men excel in, it is in forgetting the Greek advice, to "know thyself." Gillies, however, knew many remarkable men, and his anecdotes of them are frequently interesting. He introduces us to Goethe, De Quincy, John Kemble, and to others; and, with no little chaff, he gives us a good deal of wheat.

Ballads of Home. Edited by George M. Baker. 1 *vol., small 4 to. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—This is a selection of poems appropriate to the title, and illustrated with wood engravings. The poems are from popular writers, such as Holmes, Kingsley, Moore, Hemans, Longfellow, Tennyson, etc., etc. The illustrations, though only on wood, are nevertheless very good. The paper, type, and binding, are in the best taste. We recommend the volume as one of the most choice of its character that the season has produced.

The Pennsylvania Song Collection. Devoted to School and Home. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Lancaster: J. P. McCaskey.*—A collection of songs and hymns for schools and homes, nursery and fireside, with the music. The selections are in excellent taste. We are glad to see so good a book coming from the thriving city of Lancaster, in this State.

Brigadier Frederick. By Erckmann-Chatrain Translated from the French. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—The scene of this novel is laid in Alsace, during the Franco-German war. The narrative has all the force, naturalness and pathos for which these authors have long been celebrated. The work, moreover, in the English translation, is exceptionally good. It reads, indeed, as if written originally in English. There are no traces of French idioms. Nor are any words of French extraction used when a pure Anglo-Saxon equivalent can be found. This cannot be said of one translation in a hundred, and is a success of which the translator should be proud.

The Chevalier Casse-Cou. By Fortune du Boisgobey. The Red Camelia. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: De Witt.*—This is a translation from the French, and is the first part of a story, which will be finished in a succeeding volume, under the name of "The Search for Ancestors." We cannot help complimenting the publisher on the very neat manner in which he has issued the book. At first we thought the volume had been printed and bound in Paris, so clean is the type, and so tasteful the cover. Why do not more of our publishers issue their books in this enticing style?

The Literature of Kissing. By C. C. Bombaugh, A. M., M. D. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This book is divided into six different heads, "The Kiss In History," "The Kiss In Poetry," "The Kiss In Dramatic Literature," "The Kiss In Fiction," "The Kiss In Humorous Story and Anecdote," and "Miscellaneous Aspects and Relations." Everything about kissing, from the first kiss recorded in the Book of Genesis, to the present hour, is to be found here. If the volume had no other merit, it would be valuable for its choice selections of poetry, all being upon kissing.

Household Elegancies. By Mrs. C. S. Jones and Henry T. Williams. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Henry T. Williams.*—A book full of suggestions in Household Art and Home Decorations, and profuse with engravings illustrating and explaining the text. Certainly a woman can be engaged in few things so praiseworthy as in making the home of husband, father, or brother, not only comfortable, but tasteful. People with plenty of money can always purchase beautiful things: the difficulty is to get pretty trifles at a small cost; and this problem the work before us very fairly solves.

Getting To Paris. A Book of Practice in French Conversation. By Francis S. Williams, A. M. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—This appears to us to be a very excellent treatise. We recommend it, therefore, to such persons as may desire to learn sufficient French to enable them, if they travel, to buy their railroad tickets, bargain with landlords, etc., etc. The book is full of lessons in conversation, in English and French, which the student may practice.

"Nearer, My God, to Thee." By Sarah Flower Adams With designs by L. B. Humphrey. 1 *vol., small 4 to. Boston: Lee & Shepard*—An exceedingly dainty little volume, handsomely illustrated, printed on paper as thick as vellum, and bound in excellent taste. All this, to set forth a poem, which, on account of its true religious fervor, to say nothing of other reasons, fully deserves such embellishment.

Going West; or, The Perils of a Poor Boy. By Oliver Optic. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—The popularity of this writer never wanes; nor should it; for he writes, if possible, better and better. This story is certainly one of his very best.

Brought To The Front. By Elijah Kellogg. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—Another of the popular "Forest Glen Series," by the author of "Saved by the Wind," "Wolf River," etc., etc. A capital story for boys.

The Asbury Twins. By Sophie May. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—This is one of "The Maidenhood Series," and even better than its predecessors generally, It is capitally illustrated by Miss L. B. Humphrey.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"A Joy Forever."—The Fond du Lac (Wis.) Journal says of this magazine: "It is a joy forever in many an American household. The last number is one of surpassing merit. As a fashionable magazine this periodical is peerless, while its literary matter ranks it with the highest of those magazines that make literary excellence a specialty. Remembering its merits, the low rate at which it is furnished is surprising." We have hundreds of similar notices, but have only space, at present, for this one.

Advertisements inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson'" has had, for twelve years, an average circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village, and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., for terms, etc., etc., or W. J. Carleton, No. 39 Park Row, New York.

T. B. Peterson & Brothers have the best list of novels and romances of any publishing house in the United States, embracing the works of such writers as Dickens, Scott, Maryatt, D'Israeli, Wilkie Collins, etc. Send for a Catalogue.

"More Beautiful Still."—The ValleyRecord (N. Y.) says: "We thought the December number of 'Peterson's Magazine' could not be beaten, yet here is the January number, even more beautiful still."

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. II.—Spasmodic and True Croup.—*Continued.*

In the previous number, one of the main causes of spasmodic croup was duly considered—indigestion, or improper food in the alimentary canal; in which connection more stress should be laid upon the pernicious custom, especially in the country and villages, of giving *cake* to visiting children. Scarcely are the mother and child received, ere the party visited brings in a large slice of her richest cake, and places it in the hands of the babe. At the tea-table, "a little of everything" is allowed. The meal is finished with more cake, and the child soon after is taken home filled to repletion, if not sick! How often do such children, before midnight, awake, after a short sleep, with high fever and croupy symptoms, let the mother call to mind. The gums, if much swollen, purple and congested, may be a source of high irritation, and the cause of a sudden attack of croup; and, if so found to be, should be freely lanced.

If there is no appreciable exciting cause, and the child has been constantly with and under the watchful care of the mother, and she knows that no food of a heavy nature, or indigestible in character, has been given the child, then the attack can be readily relieved by fractional drop-doses of aconite and belladonna, in alternation, every ten or twenty minutes.

But in a majority of cases, and in those prone to the disease, the alvine evacuations will often be seen to resemble white-lead paint, pastry, and of intolerable odor. This condition must be corrected as soon as possible, as the paroxysms will continue, and the child continue to emaciate, so long as this state of the bowels exists. These feeble children will derive no benefit from gum-lancing, but will bear purging till these morbid secretions of mucus have disappeared. Great benefit, also, will be derived from pure air, even sea air, and warm salt-water bathing. The diet of such children, but a few months old, must be simple; merely barley water, or thin gruel, strained, till the first eight teeth appear; then mutton broth, rare beef, beef tea, etc., may be added.

This disease, sudden in its attacks, and of short duration, must not be confounded with inflammatory or true croup, and the mother continue to vomit her child at every paroxysm. This is mistaken and fallacious treatment. As before said, if these attacks happen soon after the child has indulged in nuts, rich cakes, pastry, or even lumpy panada or gruel, or a full meal, the stomach must be promptly emptied by an emetic, and then the spasmodic respiration will cease.

True Croup is inflammatory in its nature, affecting both the larynx and upper part of the trachea, (wind-pipe,) and insidious in its approach. This acute inflammation of the mucous lining of those parts has always a tendency to terminate in the formation of a false membrane on its free surface, thus giving rise to the name, membranous croup. This disease is generally preceded by a slight attack of hoarseness, cough, and remittent fever, for a day or two before the acute symptome of croup manifest themselves. But these symptoms are frequently so mild as to be overlooked by the busy mother, till she is suddenly startled by the child awaking, during the first sleep, with a loud, hoarse cough, followed by a sense of suffocation, a whistling sound, a painful and hoarse articulation, or complete loss of voice; heat of skin intense, and anxiety extreme.

These attacks may be unwarily brought on by the mother taking a child slightly indisposed, suddenly, from a hot room to a cold one, or by accomqanying a friend to the door with her babe in her arms, and occupying some ten minutes, or more, in the few last words and good-by kiss! Or from the habit of children alternating, during their play, the excessive heat of rooms and out-door exercise; or going out to "cool off," bareheaded and necks bare. All these habits and exciting causes, of not only croup, but catarrh, are, more or less, under the control of the mother, and should be obviated. If this disease extends into the bronchial tubes, as is indicated by a distressing and almost constant rattling respiration, attended with frequent cough, the danger is great, as this extension is one of the most frequent causes of death. In these cases, the extremities soon grow cold; the face assumes a death-like appearance; the lips become purple; stupor succeeds, alternating with a senseless stare; the face becomes more and more discolored, and death soon closes the distressing scene.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS.

Scotch Collops.—Cut the remnants of some cold roast veal into about the thickness of cutlets about two inches square. Flour the meat well, and fry a light brown color, in butter. Dredge again with flour, and add half a pint of water, pouring it in by degrees. Set it on the fire, and, when it boils, add an onion and a blade of pounded mace, and let it simmer very gently for three-quarters of an hour. Flavor the gravy with a tablespoonful of lemon-juice, half a teaspoonful of peel, two tablespoonfuls of sherry, and a tablespoonful of mushroom catchup. Give one boil, and serve.

An Economical and Delicious Way of Cooking a Rabbit.—Take a nice, fresh rabbit, cut it into joints, and fry it brown, with some slices of pickled pork, and some onions, shred fine. When nice and brown, take it out of the frying-pan, and put it in a stew-pan, with water sufficient to cover it. Pepper and salt to taste; thicken with some flour and butter; add forcemeat balls, but be sure not to put the fat out of the frying-pan. Let the gravy be the thickness of rich cream.

Rump of Beef, Stewed.—Get half a rump of beef, take out the bone, sprinkle the meat sparingly with Cayenne pepper, and bind and tie it up firmly with tape. Put into a stew-pan with stock to cover it. Add four tablespoonfuls of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of catchup, one large bunch of savory herbs, two onions, twelve cloves, pepper and salt to taste, and simmer very gently for four or five hours, or until the meat is perfectly tender, which may be ascertained by piercing it with a thin skewer. When done, remove the tape, place the meat in a deep dish, which keep hot. Strain and skim the gravy, thicken it with butter and flour; add a glass of port wine, and any flavoring to make the gravy rich and palatable. Let it boil up. Pour over the meat, and serve.

DESSERTS.

College Puddings.—Take eight ounces of bread-crumbs, eight ounces of suet, eight ounces of currants, one ounce of citron-peel, one ounce of orange-peel, a little sugar and nutmeg, three eggs, beaten yolks and whites separately, and a glass of brandy. Mix well, and shape them into balls; rub them over with egg, and roll them in flour. Fry a nice brown in boiling butter or lard, and drain them on blotting-paper. Or they may be put into small moulds and baked in the oven. In either case serve with wine or brandy sauce.

Plum Pudding.—A pound of raisins, a pound of currants, a pound and a quarter of beef-suet, four ounces of chopped apples, eight ounces of mixed candied peel, one pound and eight ounces of bread-crumbs, three-quarters of a pound of moist sugar, eight eggs, half a pint of milk, a glass and a half of brandy, half an ounce of powdered cloves, and cinnamon and nutmeg, grated; a few coriander-seeds, pounded some grated lemon-peel. Boil six hours.

Mince-Meat.—A pound and a half of beef-suet, a pound and a half of apples, a pound and a half of raisins, a pound and a half of currants, a pound and a half of moist sugar, quarter of a pound of candied peel; half a tumblerful each of port wine and pale brandy; the juice and grated rind of two lemons; one pinch of salt, and powdered mace, nutmeg, and cinnamon to taste.

Queen of Puddings.—Soak a pint of bread-crumbs in boiling milk, and the yolks of four eggs, well beaten, and sugar to taste. Bake in a pie-dish; when cold spread jam over the top, and over that the whites of four eggs, beaten to a stiff froth, with four tablespoonfuls of white sugar; put into the oven and bake a very light brown. Flavor with essence of vanilla or lemon.

CAKES.

Scotch Short-Bread.—Rub one pound of butter and twelve ounces of finely-powdered loaf-sugar, with the hand, into two pounds of flour, and make it into a stiff paste with four eggs; roll it out to twice the thickness of a penny-piece; cut it into round or square cakes, notch the edges, put slices of candied peel, and strew some caraway seed on the top, and bake them on iron plates in a warm oven.

Scotch Scones.—Four pounds of flour, one ounce and a quarter of cream of tartar, two ounces butter or lard, three-quarters of an ounce of soda, one ounce of sugar, one ounce of salt. Rub into the flour the other ingredients, and make the whole into a proper consistency with either sweet or butter-milk. Bake in a quick oven.

Sugar Cakes.—Take half a pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, one pound of flour, three eggs, milk enough to form a dough. Beat the butter and sugar together; whisk the eggs light, and add them; then stir in the milk and flour alternately, so as to form a dough. Roll it out, cut it into cakes, and bake in a moderate oven.

Caraway Cake.—Sift half a pound of rice-flour into a dish. In a deep pan cut up half a pound of fresh butter, and mix with it half a pound of powdered loaf-sugar. Having warmed them slightly, stir together the butter and sugar till very light and creamy. Break five eggs, and beat in a shallow pan till thick and smooth. Then stir them gradually into the pan of beaten sugar and butter, alternately with the flour, a little of each at a time. Add by degrees a teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon and nutmeg, mixed, a wineglassful of rose-water or of brandy, and half an ounce or more of caraway seed, thrown in a few at a time, stirring hard all the while. Butter a square iron pan; put in the mixture; set it in a rather brisk oven, and bake it well. When done, sift powdered sugar over it; and when cool, cut into long squares.

Gingerbread-Nuts.—Dissolve a quarter of a pound of butter in three-quarters of a pound of molasses, put it into a pan large enough to hold the rest of the ingredients, and when almost cold, stir in one pound of dried and sifted flour, half a pound of coarse, brown sugar, three-quarters of an ounce of ground ginger, and the peel of a lemon, grated; mix all these well together, and let it remain till the following day, then divide it into pieces, the size of a nut, and bake them on buttered tins in a quick oven.

Chocolate Frosting to Put Between Layers of Cake.—Three cups of crushed sugar, with a little water to dissolve it, boiled to a syrup till it will hair on the spoon, whites of two eggs, beaten stiff. When the sugar is boiled, pour into it the eggs, beating all the time; then put in chocolate enough to taste, and color nicely; add a small pinch of tartaric acid.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FIG. I.—EVENING-DRESS OF LIGHT-BLUE SILK.—The front of the dress falls very plain, and has one deep ruffle of the blue silk, headed by a very narrow ruffle of white silk, which stands up. The back of the dress, which forms a train of medium length, is composed of alternate ruffles of white and blue silk, to within half a yard of the waist, when it is of the blue silk only. The deep cuirass basque is of white silk in front, strapped across with blue silk, in a diamond shape, with a narrow ruffle of the white silk on either side. Short sleeve, with three deep lace ruffles. Fichu of white lace, low in the neck, finished with a bow on the left shoulder, and a rose in a blue lace in front. Blue velvet ribbon around the neck; pink roses in the hair.

FIG. II.—EVENING-DRESS OF LEMON-COLORED SILK.—The back is quite plain; the front and sides are trimmed with plaiting of the silk over black velvet. Over-dress of white gauze, long, and untrimmed at the back, but trimmed with white fringe in front, and at the sides, and looped up with black velvet bows and pearl buckles. The low waist is of the lemon-colored silk, with a point in front, and a deep-plaited, fan-shaped basque at the back. It has sleeves, and a high drapery of the white gauze, trimmed with bows of black velvet.

FIG. III.—DINNER-DRESS OF BLUE SILK.—The skirt is deeply trimmed with knife-plaited ruffles, and two quite deep puffs of the silk, edged, top and bottom, by two narrow ruffles. The waist has a coat basque at the back, is open at the neck, and is worn with a black net sleeveless jacket, and embroidered with jet, which is quite open in front. The long, loose sleeves are trimmed to correspond with the skirt.

FIG. IV.—DRESS OF PINK SILK, FOR A SMALL EVENING PARTY.—The skirt is trimmed with two knife-plaited and two scalloped flounces, alternating. The apron-front, and long,

square, train-shaped tunic at the back, is formed of alternate rows of black and white lace. A trimming of the same finishes the high and open waist. Long, plain sleeves, with rows of black lace, forming a cuff. Pink roses in the hair.

FIG. V.—BALL-DRESS OF WHITE TARLATAN.—The front of the skirt is trimmed with two flounces, and a puff in front; band of tarlatan embroidered in the colors of the natural flowers, separating the wide-bottom flounce from the narrow one above. The back of the train is plain. The sides are trimmed by a wide-plaited ruffle, which passes beneath the puff at the back, which is very plain, and is trimmed with bouquets of roses, buttercups, daisies, and grasses. The waist and train of the dress, at the back, is cut in one, in the Princess style, and the waist is low and square in front, with a plaited basque. The flowers in the hair, and on the front of the waist, correspond with those on the skirt, except that the long grasses are omitted.

FIG. VI.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF SMOKE-GRAY COLORED SILK.—The under-skirt has two deep ruffles; the upper-skirt one narrow one. The low jacket is of black Sicilienne, trimmed with a band of black ostrich feathers, edged with a narrow band of gray. Black velvet bonnet, with large tea-rose under the brim.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS OF OLIVE-GREEN CAMEL'S-HAIR, trimmed with a worsted fringe, worn over a silk petticoat of the same color. Black cloth jacket, trimmed with wide silk galoon and fringe. Olive-green felt bonnet, trimmed with olive-green and gray ostrich feathers.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-DRESS of BLACK SILK, trimmed with gray and brown plaid *limousine*. The black under-skirt has a bias plaid *limousine* ruffle; then a knife-plaited one of black silk; then two puffs of the plaid, edged, top and bottom, with narrow ruffles of the same. The over-skirt and basque are of black silk, edged with a bias band of the *limousine*. The collar is also bias, but the sleeves are made the straight way of the plaid. Large pocket of the *limousine* on the black over-dress. Brown felt hat.

FIG. IX.—HOUSE-DRESS, OR EVENING-DRESS, FOR MOURNING. Black silk, and black silk grenadine. The silk slip is trimmed with two narrow plaitings, headed with a deep flounce, fastened down with a row of stitching. Tunic and jacket bodice of black silk grenadine. The tunic is gathered down the front, and ornamented with bows. There is a large gathered pocket, entirely of silk, in the left side of the tablier. The bodice opens, heart-shaped, with silk.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give our usual variety this month; two new styles of hair-dressing, one more elaborate than the other, and suitable for small evening parties, or even for large parties, if flowers took the place of the jet ornament and comb; the other simpler, and good for more general wear. We also give two of the newest styles of bonnets, of the many styles now in fashion, and the back and front of a low black velvet waist, to be worn over a thin Swiss muslin body, by a young girl.

THE POLONAISE DRESS, that is, skirt and waist cut in one, which is so becoming to most figures, that it has never gone quite out of fashion, though for awhile the separate skirt and jacket generally replaced it, has come again in favor. They are not as full and puffed in the back as formerly, but are straight, simply-shaped garments. There are always three long seams down the centre of the back and these continue over the tournure. Instead of the side seams commencing in the shoulder-seam, they start like the centre one, from the back of the neck. Worth calls this revival the "pelisse Polonaise." It somewhat resembles a gentleman's double-breasted frock coat in shape. It is open plainly from the waist down the back, has pocket-flaps on the sides, and is fastened with buttons in front. Some are made of black brocaded silk, with facings on the collar, and cuffs of cardinal red silk, slight lines of the same on the seams of the back; others are of black, basket-woven natté silk, draped with a sash on the tournure. There is no decided shape yet popularized, but there is a strong attempt to bring Polonaises again into fashion.

EVENING DRESSES are composed of two or three materials; the very richest brocades, damasks, and velvets, being used for middle-aged ladies.

LARGE COATS, very much like a man's overcoat, are gaining favor. They are long and wide, fall in but very slightly to the waist, and are by no means graceful; but they are comfortable wear, they are so warm. They are fastened with a double row of very large gimp or silver buttons. The sleeves are wide enough to slip on easy, and the square pockets are sufficiently roomy to contain a book, a handkerchief, and a purse. They are trimmed either with wide braid or with fur, skunk being used on the coffee-colored cloth, and lynx on the silver-gray. The most stylish Ulsters reach to the feet. Large circular cloaks and long jackets, lined with fur, are also in vogue. Confections of all sorts show a decided increase in length. They are made of heavy Antwerp silks, (which are double-width,) also of Sicilienne and ordinary gros grains. They are lined with squirrel lock, and bordered with a black fox, or with black Alaska sable.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—WATER-PROOF CLOAK OF BLACK AND RED PLAID, cut in a shawl shape, the round hood being sufficiently large to be worn comfortably over the head. Dress of any dark-brown cashmere.

FIG. II.—WATER-PROOF COSTUME OF DARK-GREEN.—The skirt and basque being trimmed with wide worsted braid. "Red Riding-Hood" of red flannel, pinked at the edges, and drawn with a bow of ribbon on the top.

FIG. III.—DRESS FOR A YOUNG LADY.—It is of gray homespun, trimmed with checked homespun. The skirt is ornamented with two cross-bands of check, each terminating with a point. At the back there is a plaiting of plain material. The tablier has three stripes of check down the front; it terminates squarely at the back with a check sash. Jacket bodice, with pointed waistcoat. A band of check encircles the jacket. The sleeves have plain cuffs, with a pointed band above. Gray felt hat, trimmed with a gray wing.

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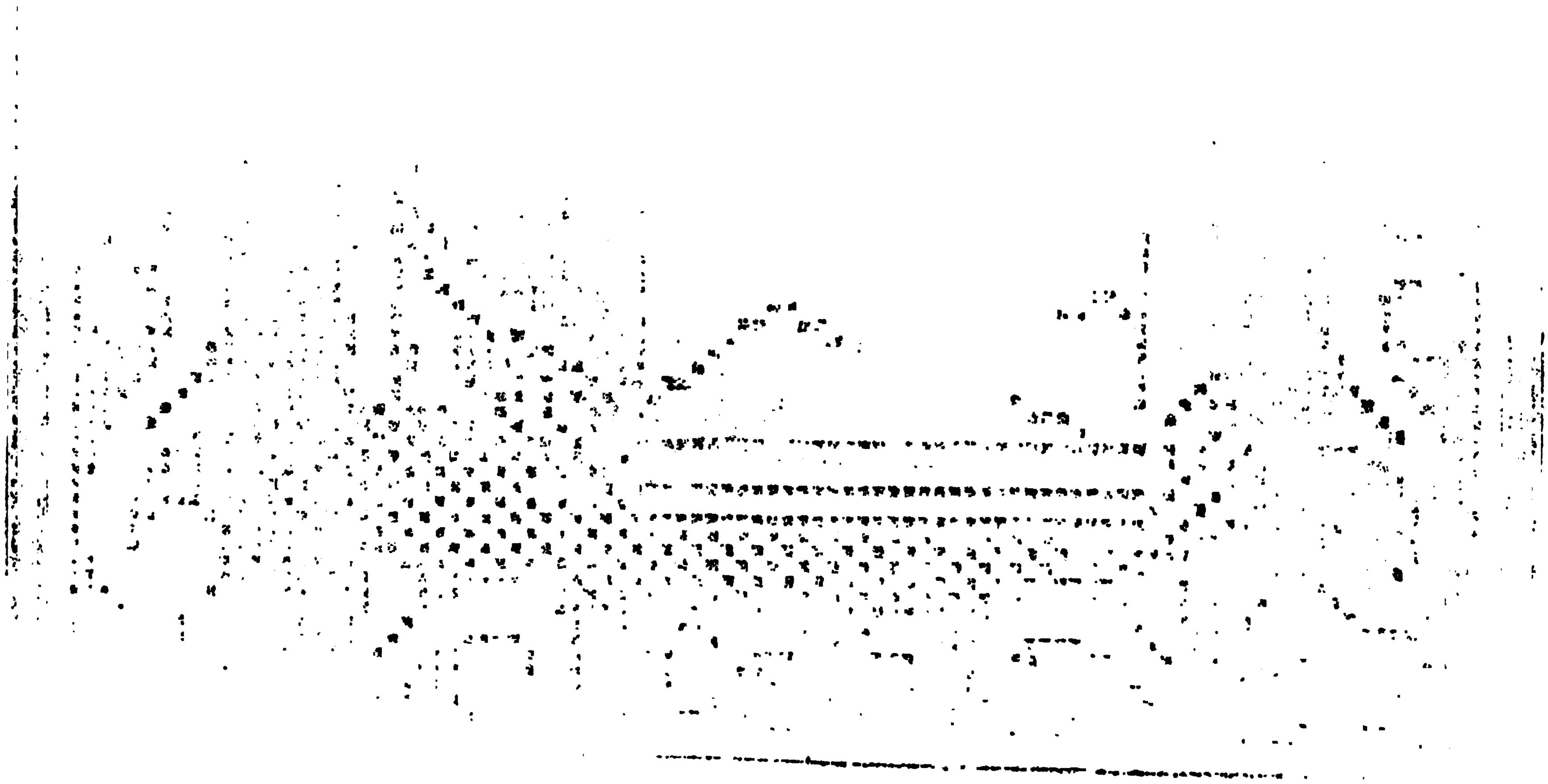


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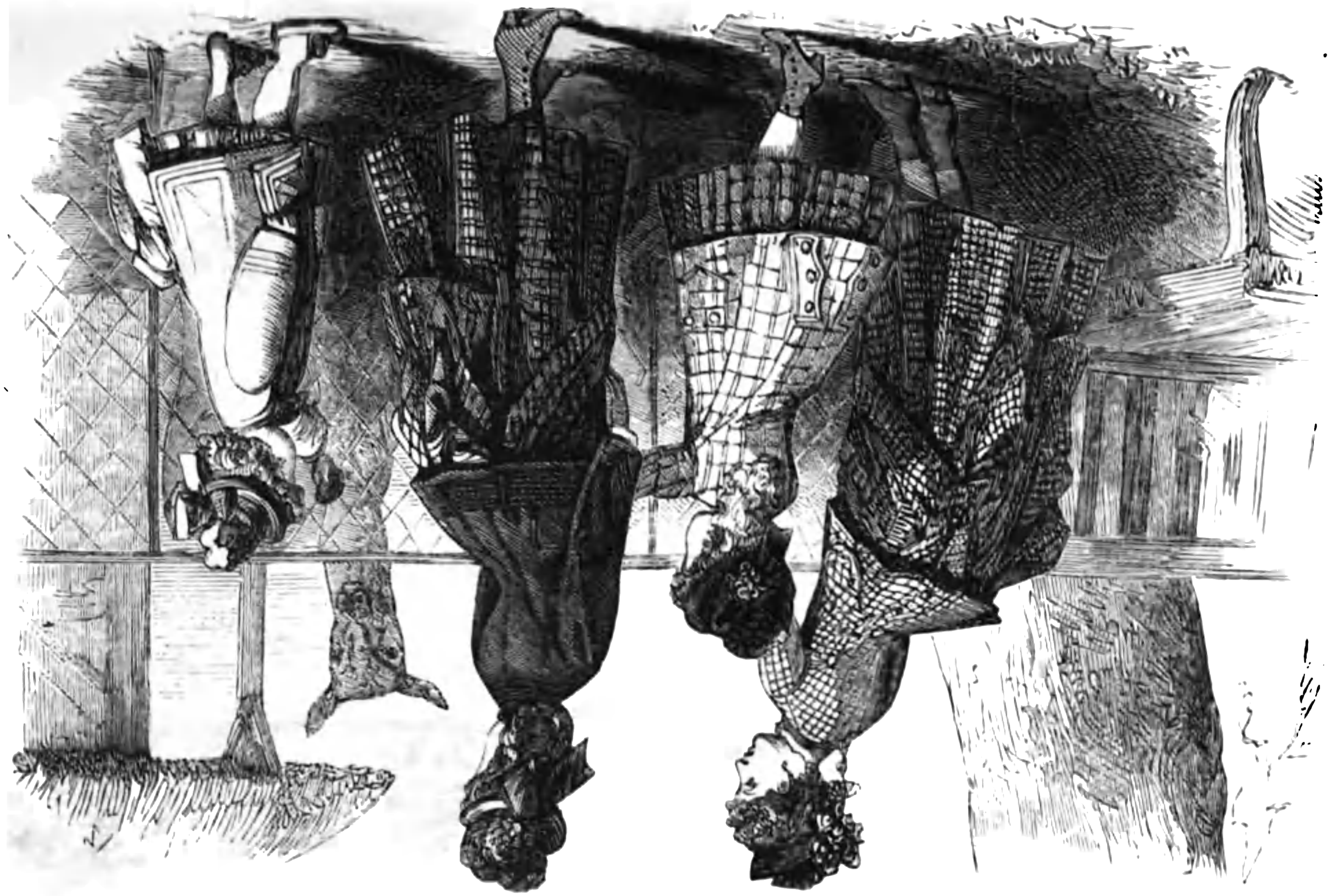
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GRACE. [See the Novelet, "*The Days of '76.*"]

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MARCH.





OPERA, OR EVENING CLOAK.



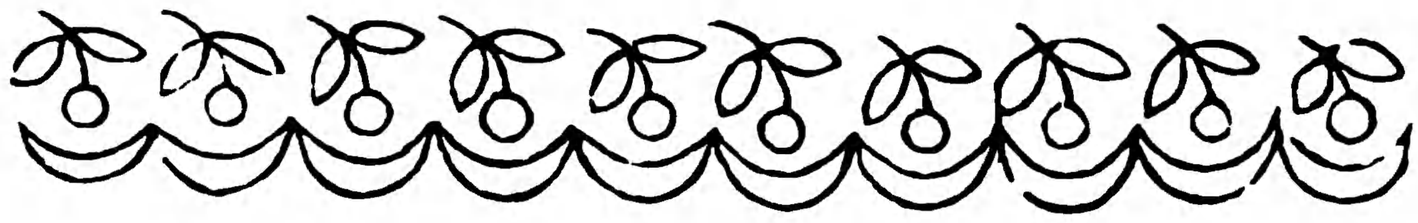
CLOTH MANTLE FOR SPRING.

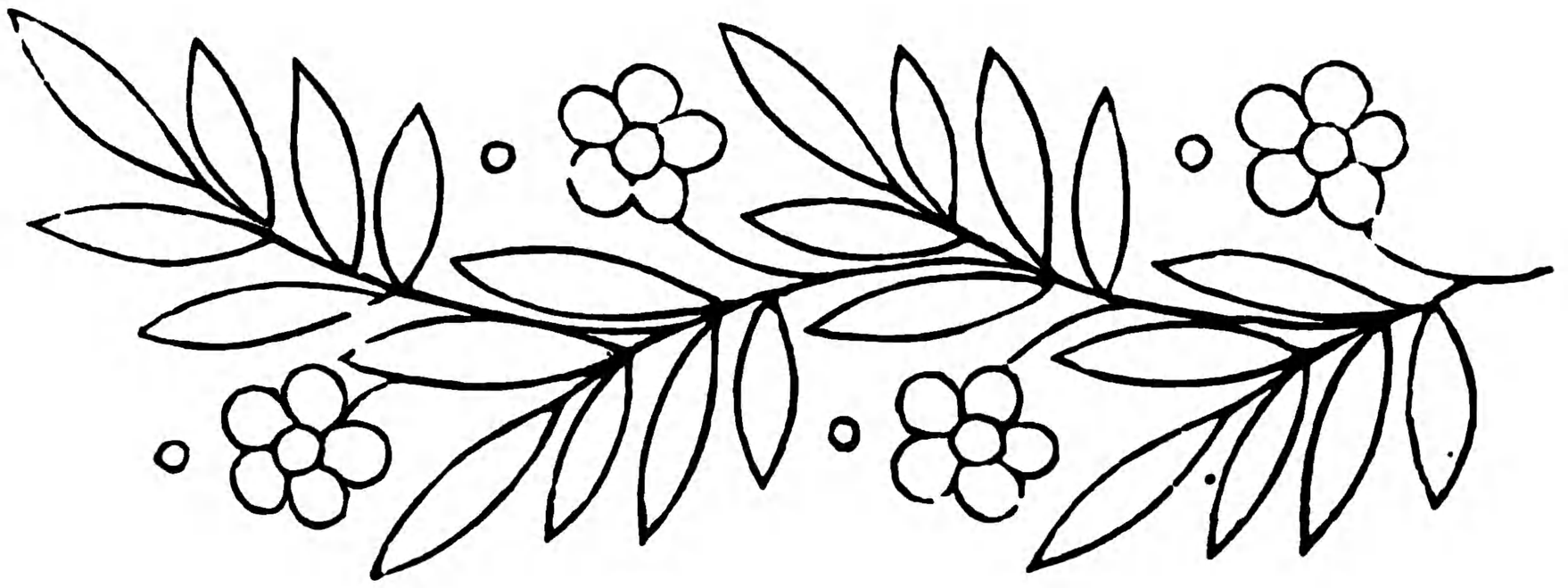


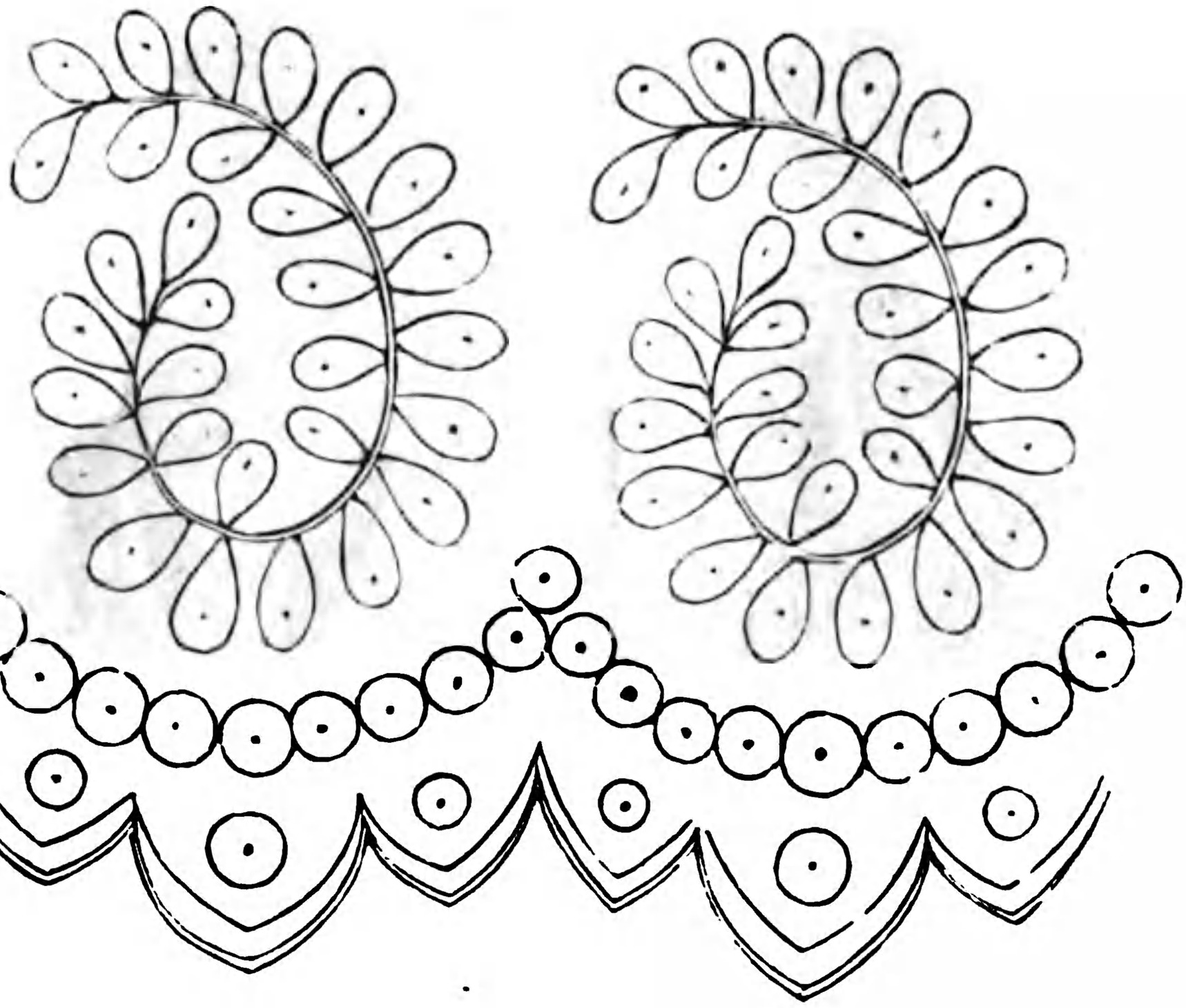
WALKING-DRESS OF CAMEL'S-HAIR.



CARRIAGE-DRESS. GIRL'S DRESS.







EDGING. EMBROIDERY FOR FLANNEL. OPEN-WORK EMBROIDERY. BRAIDING.

Pour Etrenne
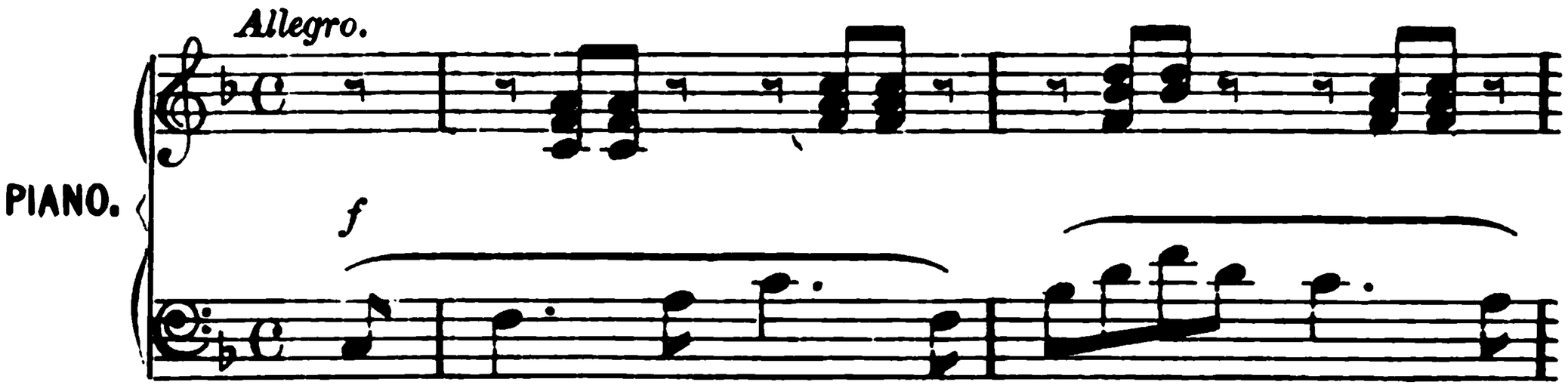


Aline Julia

Marie

JOYOUS FARMER.

R. SCHUMANN.

As published by SEP. WINNER'S SON, 1003 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia.



JOYOUS FARMER.

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WATER-PROOF CLOAK FOR SPRING.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXIX. PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1876. No. 3.

SOCIAL LIFE A CENTURY AGO.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.

WHAT was the social life of a hundred years ago? How did our great grandmothers dress, amuse themselves, and spend their time? We propose, in this article, to answer the inquiry.



SEDAN CHAIR.

We select society in Philadelphia, because, in 1776, this city was the most typical of the several American ones. It was not only the largest and wealthiest, but its central position made it a favorite resort for visitors in winter. It had well-paved streets, and broad side-walks, when even Paris was without the latter. It was brightly lit at night also. The wide avenues intersected each other at right angles, and were shaded by noble forest trees. Jefferson, even after he had been abroad, considered Philadelphia the most beautiful city in the World.

The houses of the wealthy were large and substantial, constructed of brick, after the best English models. One of the oldest had been built as early as 1700, by a wealthy merchant of that day, and became, subsequently, the residence of William Penn. We give an engraving of it.



THE PENN MANSION.

Another mansion, erected shortly after this, likewise for a wealthy merchant, was also a good



THE GOVERNORS' HOUSE.

specimen of the time, and was occupied by successive governors. Another, built about 1750, belonged to Dr. Duche, Rector of Christ Church. Another became the residence of Gen. Washington, when President. We give engravings of all three of these.

The country-houses, that abounded in the vicinity, were not less spacious and costly. We engrave a view of the interior of Hope Lodge, where Governor Keith lived, This stately mansion was erected as far back as 1720.

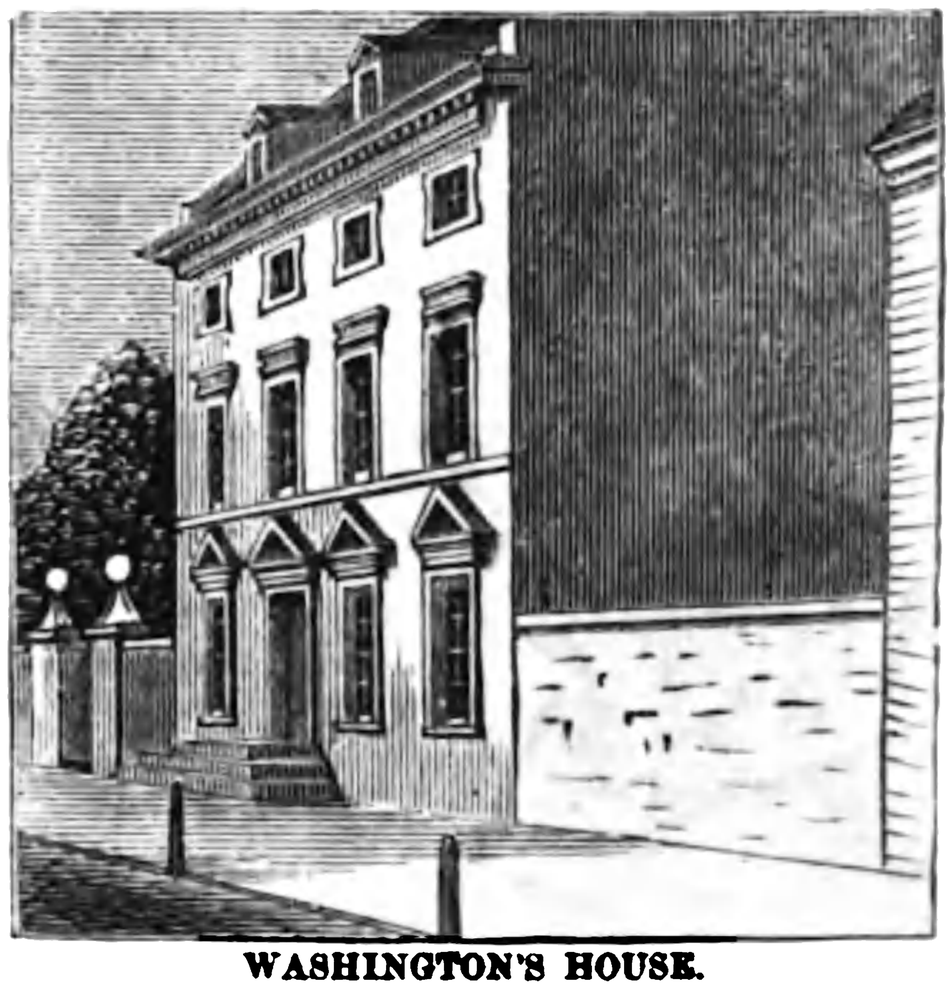
The citizens of Philadelphia were divided into two broadly-defined classes, the gentry and the tradespeople. The former consisted of the richer merchants, the public officials, the professional men, and a few proprietors of independent fortunes. The tradespeople were easily recognized by their plainer attire. Mechanics wore their aprons even in the streets. The gentry and tradespeople never mixed socially.

The number of families that constituted what was called "society" was comparatively small. The city, though the largest, as we have said, in



REV. DR. DUCHE'S HOUSE.

the Colonies, had hardly forty-five thousand inhabitants. New York, however, had only twenty-five thousand, Boston about the same, Baltimore six thousand. Lists of the Assemblies, or public dancing parties, which were given every winter by the gentry, have been preserved, and they rarely show more than fifty names of ladies. The Marquis de Chastellux, who came to America with Rochambeau, holding the rank of Major General, was a frequent guest at evening parties in Philadelphia, and he seems never to have met more than thirty ladies at a time. He describes one of these Assemblies. The dances were country dances, and the minuet. Let us quote from the lively Frenchman, and try to realize the scene, a hundred years ago. "A manager, or master of ceremonies," he says, "presides. He presents to the gentlemen and ladies, dancers, billets folded up, containing each a number; thus fate decides the male and female partner for the whole evening. All the dances



WASHINGTON'S HOUSE.

are previously arranged, and the dancers are called in their turn." Certainly rather stiff, all this. The Marquis, at least, seems to have thought so. He tells a story, too, of a young girl, who began to talk to her partner, and so forgot her turn, and whom the Manager reproved



INTERIOR OF HOPE LODGE.

by calling out, "Miss, take care what you are about. *Do you think you come here for your pleasure?*"

The Marquis describes a private ball, also, which appears to have been even more select. "There were near twenty women," he says, "twelve or fourteen of whom were dancers; each of them having her partner, as is the custom in America; with this partner she dances the whole evening, without being allowed to take another. It is true," he adds, "that every severe law requires mitigation, and that it often happens that a young lady, after dancing two or three first dances with her partner, may make a



BALL DRESS, 1776.

fresh choice, or accept of the invitation she has received. Strangers have generally the privilege of being complimented with the handsomest women. The ball was suspended, toward midnight, by a supper, served in the manner of coffee, on several different tables. The ball continued till two in the morning."

The dresses worn at these festivities, were those fashionable in Europe at the time. A dress cost more, however, than now, but it was not so often renewed. Women were just as eager to follow the latest modes as they are at present. All the richer ladies sent to London for their wardrobes in 1776, exactly as wealthy women send to Paris for them in 1876. We give, here, a costume of the day, one of the most elaborate, however. Hoops, it will be



GENTLEMAN'S FULL DRESS, 1776.

seen, were enormous. Shoes were high-heeled. The hair was worn at the most extravagant height, even more so, often, than in the illustration. It was piled up, and puffed, till the fabric became a veritable tower of Babel. The dressing of the hair took so much time, that, when a ball was given, the hair-dressers hardly had food or rest, and many ladies, in order to make sure,



HEAD-DRESS, 1776.

had their hair dressed, and sat up the whole night before. There exists, in a private family in Philadelphia, a sketch made by Major Andre, of the head-dress of a famous belle of that period. We give an engraving of it here, with this explanation of its authenticity, lest our readers should think it a caricature.

To these balls ladies usually went in sedan chairs. The hoops worn, when in full dress, were

so enormous, that it would have been difficult to get in or out of any vehicle that was swung high. When a lady entered a sedan chair, the chair was brought into the hall, and placed level with the floor. Her hoop was then tilted up in front of her; she stepped in; and in this plight she was borne off by two stalwart porters. We give an illustration of a sedan chair as the initial letter of this article.

The gentlemen invariably wore breeches, silk stockings, and shoes, at these entertainments. We give one of these costumes, also an elaborate one: very few wore coats and waistcoats so much embroidered. Boots did not come into use, in Philadelphia, even in the streets, until after the war. The coat, waistcoat and breeches, in full dress, were of silk, or even velvet. Even for morning wear, coats were generally gay in color. John Hancock, when he came to the first Congress, wore a scarlet coat. We have now before us an original miniature of a gentleman, who fell in one of the first battles of the war, and who is represented in an evening costume of purple silk, with an elaborate laced cravat. A fashionable riding-dress is thus described. "I was attired," says the wearer, "in the most gaudy trappings of a French beau; my hair powdered and perfumed: my queue, tied in a double knot; and a gold-headed cane, attached to a button-hole of my scarlet coat." This, we must explain, was the costume in which he set forth to ride, on horseback, for a journey of sixty miles.

The women of Philadelphia, the belles of these balls, were noted for their erect carriage, graceful movements, and brilliant complexions. They seem to have been a more vigorous race than their descendants, though not less beautiful and fascinating. They owed this more robust health, no doubt, to their active habits. They lived a good deal in the open air. They performed many light household duties, which are now left, at least in rich families, to servants. They were not broken down, in girlhood, as too many now are, by excessive and prolonged study. They were, in consequence, less nervous. They possessed gayer spirits. They could endure fatigue, even trouble, better. They not unfrequently made the journey to New York or Baltimore on horseback, wearing a mask to protect the complexion. Sometimes they went even as far as Boston in this guise.

Manners, on the whole, were more primitive than now. Among the gentry, good manners were moulded on those of the upper classes in England; but even with this class something of an antique flavor, a half-Arcadian simplicity, remained. One proof of this was the custom, at that time prevalent, of sitting at the front door,



DANCING THE MINUET.

on pleasant days, toward evening. Many houses had a porch. Nearly all had at least seats on each side of the door-steps. Here the young ladies sat, dressed in their best; and here the young gentlemen came to pay their respects. It was a custom more common, of course, with the tradespeople than with the gentry; but it prevailed with both classes. Nearly everybody in business, no matter how extensive, lived in the house where it was carried on.

There was, however, very considerable refinement, with all this simplicity. Many wealthy young men went to Europe to study law, or medicine, and a few were even graduates at Oxford. Girls were always educated in America, however; generally at day-schools, or at home. There were as yet no boarding-schools in Philadelphia. Ladies were not as showily educated as their sisters of to-day, but, perhaps, they were really better educated, at least for all the purposes of life. In true womanliness, in purity of thought as well as of deed, in modesty, and in nobleness of character, they certainly were not inferior. They spoke, and wrote, a racy, idiomatic English. They were sympathetic, without being coquettish, earnest without being prudish. They seem to have been infinitely charming. This, at least, was the impression they left, not only on de Chastellux, but to an even greater degree on Lauzan, and others of the younger French officers, all of whom speak rapturously of their naturalness, modesty, sprightliness, and fascination. We have ourselves read letters, belonging to Philadelphia families, written by ladies of that day to absent husbands; and there is nothing, not even the famous epistles of Mrs. Col. Hutchinson, that excels them.

In fact, letter-writing was cultivated as an art. There were no telegraphs; the mails were slow; postage was expensive. Hence a letter was not an every-day affair. It always had news, and the news was told racily. Something of this habit was carried into conversation. Fewer books were read then than now, but they were of the very best kind, and they were more fully digested and assimilated. There was such a thing as talk in those days. The French officers mention ladies, both in Philadelphia and in Boston, distinguished for their brilliant conversation. The talk, when studied, did not seem so. The repartee appeared to be spontaneous, and usually was. There are still left, in Philadelphia, ladies who inherit these old traditions, who are vivacious without being fast, and whose chief charm is a certain sympathy, or magnetism, or both, which is a compound alike of heart and intellect, and which is infinitely bewitching. A total absence of self-consciousness, producing the most exquisite ease and self-possession, was the charm, then, as now, of a high-bred Philadelphia woman.

We can hardly speak as favorably of the men of that day. Swearing was not uncommon, even among gentlemen; gaming ran high; hard-drinking was frequent. At all entertainments, punch was the beverage. A dinner was a very stately affair. The Marquis de Chastellux thus records his impressions of one. "It was served," he says, "in the American, or, if you will, the English fashion, consisting of two courses; one comprehending the entrées, the roast meat, and the warm side-dishes; the other the sweet pastry, and confectionery. When this was removed, the cloth was taken off, and apples, nuts, and chestnuts, were served; then healths were drank. The coffee, which came afterward, served as a signal to rise from table." Dinners *a la Russe* were then an unknown quantity. Even yet there are houses in Philadelphia where they are considered a barbarous innovation.

Nothing struck this elegant Frenchman, accustomed to the atmosphere of Versailles, so unpleasantly, and with good reason, as this custom of drinking healths. Fortunately, it has long ago gone out of fashion. "I find it an absurd, and truly barbarous practice," he says, "the first time you drink, and at the beginning of dinner, to call out successively to each individual to let him know you drink his health. The actor in this ridiculous comedy is sometimes ready to die with thirst, while he is obliged to inquire the names, or catch the eyes of five and twenty persons. The most civil of the Americans are not content with this general call; every time they drink they make partial ones, for example, four or five persons at a time."

The Philadelphians entertained at tea, as well as at dinner. The Marquis describes one of these tea-parties as an "assembly pretty much like the *conversazions* of Italy; for tea here is the substitute for the *rinfresco*." After another tea-party, he writes, "This was the first time, since my arrival in America, that I had seen music introduced into society, and mix with the amusement." He then tells how a young lady present played on the harpsichord, for though the piano had been invented, it had not yet come into general use, and the harpsichord, which had quills instead of hammers, was still the general favorite. Another young lady sang, "with timidity," says the Marquis, "but with a pretty voice." Then one of the gentlemen sent for his harp; accompanied the singer, and played several pieces. By this time, the mercurial Frenchmen, for there were several present, had

become enthusiastic for a dance. So "the Vicomte de Noailles," (poor fellows! most of them died by the guillotine,) "took down a violin which was mounted with harp-strings, and made the young ladies dance, while their mothers and other grave personages chatted in another room." A pretty picture! Almost idyllic!

There were other entertainments. Private concerts were held at the houses of many of the wealthy. At these, bits of operas, especially burlesques, were sometimes produced. A favorite performer was a wit of the day, who afterward became a grave judge. Fashionable calls were made in the morning, or strictly speaking, about noon. The dinner hour, at least among the rich, was from four to five o'clock.

The dinner-party, after all, was the most frequent method of entertaining; and then, as now, Philadelphia was noted for its hospitality. Nothing, in the social life of the place, seems to have struck John Adams with such force, as these dinner-parties. He writes home to his wife, amazed at what he thought their luxury and prodigality. "We go to Congress, at nine," he says, "and there we stay, most earnestly engaged in debates upon the most abstruse mysteries of state, until three in the afternoon; then we adjourn, and go to dine with some of the nobles of Pennsylvania at four o'clock, and feast upon ten thousand delicacies, and sit drinking Madeira, Claret, and Burgundy till six or seven, and then go home fatigued to death with business, company, and care."

The country around Philadelphia is one of the richest in the world. Its beef, butter, and other edibles, were famous even then. Venison and canvass-back were common, when in season. The West India trade brought plenty of green turtle. The cellars of the wealthy had long been famous for choice Madeira wines. At these dinner-parties full justice was done to every delicacy. The consequence was that gout was almost universal. Many of the most eminent men of 1776 were crippled, by that disease, long before they were fifty; and plenty of their descendants, inheriting the malady, have cause to regret the turtle and madeira of "that good old time." There was actually a club called the "Glutton." Another club, higher in character, survives to this day. Lafayette, as well as Washington, were often its guests, at the Fish-House, on the Schuylkill. A glimpse at the manners of the time may be got from a famous punch, which is still brewed at this club, after the old receipt; but which we moderns dare only sip of, it is so potent, instead of drinking it by goblets full, as our great grandfathers did.

It must not be supposed, however, that deep potations were peculiar to Philadelphia. They were the fashion of the times, and prevailed in the other Colonies also; in fact, among all English-speaking peoples. They were even worse in London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, than in America, as the diaries and letters of that day abundantly show. Washington was one of the very few abstemious men of his generation.

The wedding entertainments were quite expensive. The house of the girl's parents was generally filled with guests to dine, who afterward stayed to tea, and subsequently to supper. "For two days," says old John F. Watson, the garrulous Annalist of Philadelphia, "punch was dealt out in profusion. The gentlemen saw the groom on the first floor, and then ascended to the second floor, where they saw the bride: there every gentleman, even to one hundred in a day, kissed her. Besides this, the married pair, for two weeks, saw large tea-parties at their home, having in attendance every night the groomsmen and the bridemaids."

These marriages were almost universally happy. There were no divorce suits at that period, to be the scandal of courts, and the gossip of newspapers. Young couples married for love, and had faith in the future. Nothing impressed the French officers so much as the domestic felicity they saw everywhere. The Marquis de Chastellux, who had remained a bachelor up to the age of forty, went home, and married shortly after, on which Gen. Washington wrote him a congratulatory letter, which we quote, for its playful, even jocular character, that could hardly have been expected from so grave a personage. "I saw, by the eulogium you often made on the happiness of domestic life in America," writes the great man, "that you had swallowed the bait, and that you would as surely be taken, one day or another, as that you were a philosopher and a soldier. So your day has at length come! I am glad of it, with all my heart and soul. It is quite good enough for you. Now you are well served for coming to fight in favor of the American rebels, all the way across the Atlantic ocean, by catching that terrible contagion, domestic felicity, which, like the small-pox, is a plague a man can have only once in his life."

The minuet, of which we spoke in an earlier page, was a stately, yet graceful dance, which has long gone out of fashion. We give an engraving of it, with appropriate costumes.

And now, fair reader, you begin, perhaps, to have some idea, by aid of pen and pencil, how our grandmothers and great-grandmothers lived, a hundred years ago.

LOVE UNDER THE SNOW.

BY NELLIE WILDER.

"I do think it is too bad; it isn't half fair."

"What is the trouble?" asked Mr. Williams, as he looked up, from his paper, at the troubled face of his niece, Kate Allison,

"Why, only to think that I left the city, and came off up here, to spend a quiet winter with you, and all because I was heartily sick of the frivolities of the life I was leading there. But, just as I fancied myself nicely settled, who should follow me but that detested Frank Edwards. And, to make the matter worse, you insist on my accompanying him to the ball at Prairie Centre, to-morrow night."

"If you will go to the ball to-morrow night," said her uncle, "you shall not see, nor hear of Frank for three months afterward, unless you ask for him."

"Oh, uncle!" exclaimed Kate, bounding to her feet with joy. "Will you do as you say, really and truly?"

"Yes, really and truly. Do you agree?"

"Yes, indeed," said Kate. And she danced merrily out of the room.

"Why, Albert!" exclaimed Mrs. Williams, addressing her husband, as Kate left. "How could you?"

"Never fear, little wife. It will be all right, in time," he replied.

Mr. Williams, with his quick perception, knew Kate almost better than she knew herself, and he believed that she really loved Frank in her heart, and that all she needed was to be let alone for a time, to find it out herself. He knew, too, that the more her friends tried to influence her in Frank's favor, the less likely she was to discover her own feelings toward him.

The next evening found Kate ready for the ball, and in high spirits at the bright prospect before her.

Frank and she started early, for they had nearly ten miles to go, over a wild, unbroken prairie, with not a house, and only one tree, known as the "Lone Tree," between Mr. Williams' and Prairie Centre, the little town where the ball was to be held.

"Now, Edwards, if it is storming to-morrow, don't try to come home," admonished Mr. Williams, as he assisted in wrapping Kate in the buffalo robes. "I believe from appearances we will have a 'blizzard,' as our storms are called, before many days; and to be on the Prairie then would be to freeze to death, perhaps."

"Never fear," replied Frank, "the sleighing is splendid, the roads level, and we will soon be there."

But Kate was more timid, and anxiously asked her uncle if he really thought there would be one of those terrible storms. Mr. Williams reassured her by saying, "not to-night."

They rode gayly along for awhile, enjoying the ride over the sparkling snow, and did not notice how fast the cloud was rising, that was so small when they started. But when they reached the "Lone Tree," the storm, in all its fury, burst upon them.

None but those who have passed through one of these storms can have an adequate idea of the wild terror of a "blizzard" of the north-west. It bursts forth on the most unexpected occasions, the wind blowing a perfect gale, and the sheets of ice and snow striking with a blinding force that none can endure long at a time; all this, with the thermometer at thirty below zero, and, perhaps, even lower; it is enough to make the stoutest heart quail. What wonder, then, that Kate, when she realized that one of those dreaded storms was upon them, should give a half-smothered cry of fright?

Frank reassured her, as best he could, by telling her that they were more than half-way to their destination, with a good, trusty horse. "We will reach the Centre yet, without much difficulty," he said. Then covering her completely with a buffalo-robe, he urged his horse to greater speed, and pushed forward through the blinding snow. In an incredibly short time the road was blocked up, however; but Frank only urged his horse the harder, feeling that they were driving for life. On, on they went, until Frank thought they were certainly almost there, and he knew full well his faithful horse could not endure much more, when he suddenly spied a dark object close before him, and at the same moment his horse stopped. Getting out of the sleigh to see what it was, he found, to his horror, that it was the "Lone Tree," and knew they were lost. With a cry of despair, he sprang back into the sleigh, thoroughly frightening Kate, who jumped to her feet, asking the cause of her alarm. For a moment he did not reply. Then,

with a calmness that surprised himself, he explained it all to her.

Kate, with despair in her voice, exclaimed, "Oh, Frank, what shall we do?"

The answer that struggled on his lips for utterance was, "Freeze to death!" But, with a powerful effort he forced it back, and told her that the only plan he knew of was to form as good a shelter as they could of their sleigh and robes; then let the snow drift over them, and remain there until morning.

Kate begged him to drive home, but he explained the uselessness of the attempt. "Besides," said he, "I cannot force our horse through the storm any longer. He is completely worn out."

Kate gave a reluctant consent, for she felt that Frank was correct; so, with all speed, they arranged their shelter, for both were already very cold.

For a long time not a word was spoken; each seemed busy with thought. Kate, unable to bear the silence longer, finally asked Frank to speak to her.

"Speak to you?" said he, "I did not suppose you would ever wish to hear me speak again. I thought you must always hate me, for bringing you here to freeze."

"Oh, Frank, don't speak so," she sobbed, hysterically.

The tone of his voice, more than his words, was like a two-edged sword to Kate. She thought of the way she had treated him, and the bargain she had made with her uncle only the day before; all this, unnerved as she was, was more than she could bear. She buried her face in her hands, unable to say another word.

Frank drew his arm around her, and there, under the snow, he told her the old, old story, that is always old, and yet is always new. He told her how he had hoped to win her love, and how often, when he thought his cup of joy was almost full, she had dashed it to the ground, leaving him almost in despair Poor Kate! she was completely conquered. Nestling to him, she acknowledged that she had loved him all the time, "Only everybody tormented me so," she sobbed, "that I never suspected it."

We will not follow them through all the hours of that long night. Suffice it to say, that time sped swiftly, when on the wings of love. Near morning the storm abated, and the poor horse that had been left to his own devices, went home, thoroughly frightening the good people there. Mr. Williams made all haste to search for the lost ones, fearing, however, that he would only find their dead bodies. Taking the direct route for Prairie Centre, he came at last to the drift that they were under, and spying the corner of a buffalo-robe, raised it, and beheld the fugitives seemingly enjoying themselves finely, and unaware that morning and a fine day were upon them.

With many sallies and jokes he took them into his sleigh, and soon had them safe at home.

At the door, Mr. Williams informed Frank that Kate could not see him again for three months. "That was the condition" she made, he said, archly, "before she would go with you."

Kate's answer was to box her uncle's ears.

"Don't listen to such trash," she said to Frank, taking his arm, and with that she marched into the house, completely ignoring her uncle's compromise.

AT NIGHT.

BY NANNIE A. HEPWORTH.

Just two little words, my darling,
You said at parting this morn,
A whispered good-by of courage,
Of tenderest wife-love born.
I thought, as I caught the sunshine
Of trust in your eyes' clear blue:
How easy to heed the warning—
Could I do aught than "be true!"

For then I saw not the trials
Waiting to darken my way,
Nor dreamt of hov'ring temptations
That might have led me astray,
Had it not been for the good-by,
You uttered with faith so bright,
That, shining all day before me,
Has proven a beacon of light,
Nerving and guiding me onward,
And bringing at night to you,
The love which crowdeth with blessings
One who has helped me "be true!"

And thus in the unknown future,
Though toilsome and rough my way,
From the words you whisper at parting,
I'll gather strength for each day;
Ay! for the years that are coming,
Number they many or few,
In life and through death, my darling,
To God and you I'll "be true!"

HOW DEACON WISEMAN WENT TO THE CIRCUS.

BY ROSALIE GRAY.

Deacon Wiseman, all the old women of the place declared, was "dreadful sot in his ways." In his own family his will was as unchangeable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. As to his wife, it never entered her meek, little head to dispute any of the rules which he laid down; with her, "the deacon says," was the end of all controversy; and the deacon usually had considerable to say upon all points that came up.

Circuses were his especial abomination, and it did seem that all the circus managers in Christendom had combined to annoy him, for surely there was no place visited so frequently as Oakville by these "inventions of the Evil One," as the deacon termed them. When their advertisements appeared in the village paper, he would solemnly read them aloud, at the breakfast-table, with such comments as he considered appropriate; he would piously thank Heaven that no one belonging to him was so far gone on the road to perdition, and so lacking in self-respect, as to be willing to be seen in such a place. Then he would furnish his children with money as gravely as though he were providing for their funeral expenses, remarking,

"You can do as you please about going to the circus. I wish you all to act from your own convictions of the right, not from compulsion. But you know my views on the subject."

To attend the circus in the face of all this, required more courage than the deacon's children generally possessed. There was a single exception, however.

His son, Aristarchus, had grown to the estate of manhood, married, and brought his bride to his father's house. She was a bright, merry young thing, a universal favorite, and soon wound herself around the old deacon's heart to a surprising extent. Not long after she came to Oakville, a circus was advertised, and the deacon, faithful in the discharge of his duty, discoursed upon the iniquity of such exhibitions, and wondered that the performers were not struck dead, as a righteous judgment upon them, for their wickedness.

Estelle, the young bride, was very much amused, during the morning, to see the people pour in from the surrounding country. Whole families, including the unconscious babe, drove in, in their farm-wagons, from many miles away, carrying with them hay for their horses, and cheese and gingerbread for their own refreshment, thus saving the expense of hotel-bills. Then came the circus. The chariot was a large, gilded affair, quite gorgeous to behold; a live lion rode upon it, unchained, and a hyena, in the same free condition, lay at the feet of a woman. Then there were beautifully-caparisoned horses, stepping proudly to the notes of music; and quite a procession of cute-looking little mules, covered with skins, to represent zebras.

"I think I should like to go to this circus," said Estelle. "I never went to one in my life."

The old deacon looked up as if he had felt a sudden shock of electricity.

"Why do you care to go, Estelle?"

"Oh, because I never have been, and I should like to see what they do. Besides, it is so dull here, there is so little going on." And then she flew to the front door, to take a survey of a group just in from the country. There were the farmer, his wife, and ten children, all crowded into one wagon, and all looking the picture of happy expectancy; while two of the boys were so full of delight that it was effervescing in a series of somersaults performed over the other occupants of the wagon.

"Perhaps, father," said Mrs. Wiseman, "we had better not undertake to thwart Estelle, as she seems anxious to go, she may think we wish to control her."

"I have nothing to say," replied the deacon. "Of course, Estelle must do as she pleases; but it does seem as though Satan had crept into my household."

Mrs. Wiseman looked mournful, as she felt it her duty to do in conformity with the deacon's present frame of mind. Then she sought her son, Aristarchus, and suggested, that as Estelle had evidently set her mind upon going to the circus, perhaps he had better take her. Aristarchus learned that many of the best families in town were to be represented there, accordingly he invited his wife to go.

Estelle found everything new to her, and she enjoyed the performances as much as any of the children. At the tea-table she was quite full of what she had seen, and astonished the deacon, as well as the other members of the family, by breaking forth with,

"Father, you ought to go to the circus!"

"*I* go to the circus?"

"Yes, certainly; you have no idea of the wonderful things they do there."

"I hope I never may have," piously ejaculated the deacon.

Estelle paid no heed to this, but continued. "One man stood on a globe about two feet in diameter, and walked upon it all around the inclosure; then, still keeping it under his feet, he walked up and down an inclined plane."

"You don't mean to tell me that a man did that, and never slipped!" exclaimed the deacon, who had no more idea of what transpired at a circus than an infant; for his views in regard to it were so well known, and so emphatical, that no one had ever before ventured to describe it to him.

"Indeed I do," replied Estelle, "and they did much more wonderful things than that. Why, father, one man stood on the ground, while another climbed up him, and stood upon his shoulders; then a third climbed up them both, and stood upon the shoulders of the second man.

"Do tell!" exclaimed the deacon and his wife, in the same breath. "And they didn't tumble over?"

"No, indeed. But after they had stood for a few moments, the top one ran down the other two as nimbly as a squirrel, and sprang lightly to the ground; then the lowest one seized a man in each hand, and, with the one still on his shoulder, he walked half across the inclosure."

"That won't do, Estelle!" cried the deacon. "I was beginning to believe your first story, but this is utterly impossible. I see that you are trying to impose upon my verdancy."

"Indeed, father," put in Aristarchus, "she is not joking at all; everything she has told you is positively true."

"You ought to go and see for yourself," added Estelle. "I know you would be delighted."

"What else did they do?" inquired the deacon, unable to repress his curiosity.

"A man rode a horse swiftly around the ring, while his little daughter, six years old, stood straight upon the top of his head, with nothing to support her."

"The poor little thing!" sighed Mrs. Wiseman. "And she lived?"

"To be sure she did."

"What else did they do?" again demanded the deacon, leaning forward, breathlessly, while his tea remained untasted, and he had forgotten to help himself to a biscuit.

"I shall not tell you anything more," replied Estelle, laughing. "You must go and see for yourself; go this evening, father; it will do you good, and surely there is no harm in it."

"I go to the circus?" said the deacon, hesitating. "Do you really advise me to go?"

"Of course, I do," said Estelle. "You ought to go."

The other members of the family exchanged meaning glances, and did their best to conceal their amusement.

When all arose from the table, the old deacon walked up and down the hall, musing upon what he had heard. He did very much wish to see for himself the wonderful things which had been described to him. Then Estelle came up, and passed her hand through his arm.

"Come, father, it is time for you to get ready to go."

"Do you really mean that I had better go to the circus? How can I?"

"Why, it is the easiest thing in the world. Here, you are within a stone's throw of it."

"True. But had I better go?"

"Certainly. I really think you ought to go. How can you speak for or against that which you know nothing at all about? After you have been once, you can advise intelligently on the subject."

"A very good argument," said the Deacon. "I had not thought of that before;" and, shortly after, the old women of Oakville put on their bonnets, and went out to inform their neighbors that they had "jest seen Deacon Wiseman a goin' to the curcus! Couldn't it be that he had took leave of his senses."

The Deacon now saw sights such as had never assailed his vision, waking or slecping, before. He laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks, and sat leaning forward, with breath suspended, while some of the most daring feats were being performed. Finally, he was unable longer to contain himself, and, seizing his hat, he ran home, that his effervescing feelings might have some vent.

"Mother, mother!" he called, frantically, through the house.

"What is it, father? Is the village on fire?" cried the partner of his bosom, springing from her bed, in alarm, and appearing before her excited lord in white drapery.

"No, no!" was the response. "But such wonderful things they are doing at the circus! I had to come home to tell you. Why, mother, women stand upright on horses going at full speed; and then, as if that were not enough to break their necks, they have hoops put in their way, and they spring through them, landing on

their feet, on their horses' backs, they keeping up the same speed all the time!"

"You don't say so!"

"Yes, I do!" contradicted the Deacon. "Then a man rode two horses at once, both going at full speed. He was standing up, with a foot on each, and a little boy stood straight on the top of his head!"

"And he didn't tumble off?"

"No, indeed. I was expecting him to every minute; and was so glad to see the doctor there, handy, in case he broke his neck. Men walk up each other, as if they were ladders, and stand on each other's heads and shoulders, just as if that were what heads and shoulders were made for."

"Why, how you talk! What is the world coming to?"

"I tell you, mother, it is well worth seeing; and if you were dressed, I would have you go along. But I must be off, or I shall lose some of it."

It was not long before the Deacon rushed in again.

"Mother, mother! It won't do for you to miss all this. You must get up and dress yourself, and come to the circus. A man climbs up a rope, to a horizontal bar, which is thirty feet high, and hangs there for some seconds, suspended by his hands; then he reverses himself, and hangs suspended by his feet, head downward. It seems to make no difference with these fellows which end they stand on. Then another man comes on, and the first one catches him by the ankles, and they both hang head downwards. But come, mother, aren't you ready? We shall lose a great deal."

"Yes, I believe so," replied his wife, absently. "But do you think they are real men, or aren't they just images dressed up, and made to move by pulling wires?"

"Not a bit of it," replied the Deacon. "They are just as much alive as you and I are."

"Now, mother!" exclaimed Aristarchus, laughing, as he met the couple at the front door, "pray, do go back and put on your bonnet. Don't disgrace us all by running off to the circus in your night-cap."

"Oh, I forgot all about that!" replied Mrs. Wiseman, hastily making the desired change. "I was in such a hurry to see those two men hanging in the air, with their heads downwards."

"I hardly think you will see that performance," retorted her son. "They don't usually remain in that position for over three weeks at one time."

However, Mrs. Wiseman saw enough to make her rise on tiptoe, and hold her breath with anxiety. She "never saw anything like it." She declared "all the men acted as if they were made of India-rubber, and strung on wires, and they seemed to feel just as much at home on their heads as on their feet."

For days the Deacon could talk of nothing but the wonderful things he had seen at the circus.

"Then, father, you think some of the 'inventions of the Evil One' are well worth seeing, do you?" remarked Estelle, slyly.

The Deacon fidgeted, cleared his throat, and finally concluded that we could not always judge of things until we had seen them for ourselves.

ADELAIDE MOORE.

BY FRANK FULLER.

Oh, many and many a year ago,
In a cottage by the moor,
A maiden there lived, whom angels knew,
By the name of Adelaide Moore;
And this maiden was loved, and loved by me,
In this distant region of yore.

The angels envied her love and mine,
In this cottage by the moor;
They envied the hope of a heaven below,
Of me and my Adelaide Moore;
And seraphs above came wooing my love,
And whispered their mystical lore.

The angels of light knelt down at night,
In this cottage by the moor,
And took my bride from my sorrowing side—
My bride, my Adelaide Moore.
Yet never forever can seraphs dissever
My soul from the soul I adore.

Through nebulous mists they bore her far,
My beautiful Adelaide Moore;
Nor marked the place of her sepulchre,
In this distant region of yore.
Yet I follow her eyes, streaming down from the skies,
Beside the loud-sounding shore.

I follow her eyes, bending down from the skies,
Her violet eyes of yore,
To shadowy graves, near madrigal waves,
Along the resounding shore;
Yet her soul ever smiles, 'mid Elysian isles,
The soul of my Adelaide Moore;
It gleams and glides o'er the ghoul-haunted tides,
That never will reach the shore.

I dwell alone in this world of moan,
From my beautiful Adelaide Moore;
My heart never longs, without bringing me songs
Of my beautiful Adelaide Moore;
And dreams never rise, but I see the bright eyes
Of my darling, my bride, my life in the skies,
Breathing their love-songs of yore,
Their songs of the dim, distant yore.

THE DAUGHTER OF JERUSALEM.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 126.

CHAPTER VII.

When Miriam had left her lover, in the manner narrated in an earlier chapter, he remained, for some time, motionless, stupefied, and bewildered. But recovering his self-possession, he realized that it would be impossible, after what had passed, to remain a guest at the villa. Accordingly he took out his tablets, wrote a hurried, vague apology to the Prince, and then summoned his principal servant.

"I am suddenly called away," he said. "Get ready my horses and attendants, and follow, with the luggage, on the road to the coast. I will walk ahead."

The servant was too well trained to betray his surprise, and departed on his errand; while the young Roman, casting one last look toward the house, bent his steps down the hill-side.

He walked on, until the sun was high in the heavens, his thoughts in such a tumult that he hardly knew what he did. Now anger got the better of him, and he bitterly reproached Miriam: now his sense of justice prevailed, and he bemoaned his adverse fate. At last even his prejudices began to be shaken.

"After all," he said, "what do I know, except by hearsay, against the Christians? Can it be possible that one so pure, so noble-minded as Miriam, can hold to a faith that is guilty of the abominable crimes imputed to this one? Surely there must be some mistake. Miriam is incapable of that hatred toward all the human race which is attributed to her sect. On the contrary, she has frequently said that all men are of one blood, that they have a common Father on High, and that the true Deity is not an avenging foe, but a beneficent parent. I had thought these were her sentiments as a Hebrew believer, and they struck me as strange, after what I knew of the intolerance of that faith; but they are evidently her convictions as a Christian; and if so, then the popular cry against the Christians must be an error."

A single incident, often the most trivial, sometimes decides a life-time. At that moment, the young Roman was half-minded to turn back, apologize for what he had said, and ask to be instructed in Christianity, when the arrival of his servants diverted his attention, and directly after, a body of Roman cavalry was seen winding down a hill in front, and the leader of the cohort, on coming up, recognized the young noble, and stopped respectfully.

"I am," he said, "the bearer of a message to you. By great good fortune I find you here. The general-in-chief, concerned for your safety, has sent me to say, that, fearing he may yet have to move on Jerusalem, he hardly thinks it safe for you to remain there. I am glad to find that you have already taken the alarm. These are my dispatches."

The letter was from Titus himself, offering the young man a command in the army, and urging him to leave Jerusalem at once. "Even the power of Imperial Rome," it concluded, "cannot protect you, if you remain. You will surely be mobbed. Come and join us! Your own personal merits, to say nothing of the claims of your family, will assure you rapid promotion. But if you prefer to return to Italy, I will give you an escort to Cesarea, and commend you, myself, to my august father, Vespasian."

Two days later found the young man at the camp of Titus. The martial impulse ran in his blood, as in that of all of his race: so he decided to stay and watch the progress of events. No doubt the hope that he might see Miriam again somewhere and somehow, assisted him to come to this conclusion.

We must not suppose that Titus was wholly absorbed by his preparations for war. The Roman general was fond of relaxation, even of pleasure, and was surrounded by what was almost a court, for the wives of his principal officers had followed from Cesarea, bringing many fair and noble virgins with them. It was an age also of exceptionally fascinating women. In the marble busts that have come down to us, we behold a type of beauty, not indeed the very highest, not such as that of Miriam, but one which, from its very voluptuousness, was, to the luxurious nobles of the time, even more generally alluring. There never was a period in history indeed, not even that of Louis the Fifteenth, when society was at once so polished and yet so sensual. Messalina and Agrippina are names that recall vices of the worst kind, nay, if we are to believe Tacitus, crimes of the darkest dye

even. But there was nothing in their faces to betray this. On the contrary, they were rarely beautiful, and with a beauty only short of the very highest. The greatest of living sculptors has stated it as his opinion, that, in the bust popularly known as that of Clytie, we have the likeness of Nero's favorite wife, Poppæa. Yet the features, with their almost infantine grace and delicacy, give no idea of that cruelty, which, for eighteen hundred years, has been associated with her name. Berenice, of whom Titus himself was so passionately enamored, had a countenance, as may still be seen in her bust, of absolutely ravishing sweetness. To these bewildering attractions were added all the arts of the most finished coquetry. The languishing glance; the sympathetic manner; the witchery of charms, half revealed, yet half hid, were as well understood in the Rome of the first century as in the Paris of the eighteenth. They were even better understood, or, at least, more unscrupulously practised. It was the difference, after all, between a sensual Paganism and a Christian age, even though a debased one.

A dozen beautiful sirens, we can call them no less, vied with each other, in seeking to captivate the young noble. Even Titus himself favored their designs. "I have heard," he said, "that Atilia is more than half enamored of some Hebrew princess, and that this entanglement was the secret of his lingering so long at Jerusalem. Be it yours to win him from this delusion. One Roman is enough," with a light laugh, alluding to his own passion for Berenice, "to be captivated by a daughter of Judea. I can preach better than I can practise. We must secure this prize for some Roman beauty."

There was one of these beauties, and a great heiress, who bore a striking resemblance to Miriam, if that can be called a resemblance where the higher element, the soul, was almost utterly wanting. But the likeness, in mere person and face, was quite close. It attracted the young noble immediately. A heart is often caught in the rebound. Very soon the fair Julia began to be congratulated on her conquest.

"I don't know," she said to her confidante. "He is incomprehensible. At times I am sure he is mine: his eyes look it; love trembles in his voice. Then, all at once, his thoughts seem far away. I fear that his attachment to that Hebrew girl is stronger than we have been told. What incantations does she practise?"

Meantime months passed, and the siege began. But while the mighty engines thundered at the walls, while the beleagured thousands began to suffer the pangs of famine, the dance, and song, and feast went on, in scores of the beautiful villas without the city, which had been abandoned by their owners, and were now occupied by the Romans. Titus himself appeared at the choicest of these entertainments, and banqueted reclining on a couch and garlanded with flowers; while fair women sought his smiles, and Lydian boys played on flutes, and beautiful female slaves waited at the table. And after the feast was over, lovers walked in the villa grounds, and exchanged vows, under the soft light of oriental skies.

In these festivities, the young Roman participated also, as became his rank and the fashion of the times. Gradually he began to spend more and more of his days with the beautiful Julia. She, on her part, originally intending only to gratify her vanity through his conquest, was now herself a captive. She loved with all the passionate fervor of Italy, and, loving thus, omitted no art, neglected no fascination, to secure the object of her affections. He, on his side, began to ask himself, seriously, why he should not accept the good things the gods had thus provided for him? "I shall never see Miriam again," he said. "There is a gulf between us that is impassable. Is it wise to abandon life to a hopeless dream?"

Has the reader ever seen the opera of Tannhauser? Or read the medieval legend on which it is founded? If so, he or she can understand, in some degree at least, the temptations of the young Roman. Like the hero of that story, he began insensibly to yield to the sorcery of the senses. For what the blandishments of Venus were to Tannhauser, that the voluptuous personality of this woman was to the Roman.

One evening, after a banquet prolonged beyond midnight, with wine, and song, and languishing looks, when even the coldest natures had become impressionable, he and she sauntered, alone, down a thick alley of cedars, that cast an almost impenetrable shade. Gradually her whispered words, her sighs, her passionate glances fired his blood. Her white, rounded arms, bare to the shoulder, clung to him; her lips were close to his own; a curl brushed his cheek. In another moment he would have clasped her to his heart, and uttered words which would have bound him to her forever, when, suddenly, through the night air, deep and sonorous, and coming from some unseen source, rose an awful, and what seemed a warning, cry.

"Woe, woe," it said, "woe to Jerusalem. Woe, woe, woe!"

His fair companion started from his side in affright. Like all of her race and creed, she was profoundly superstitious. The words, indeed, were in the Hebrew language, and she did not understand them; but the tone was such that she felt, instinctively, that they had some awful meaning, for they made her blood freeze cold.

The young Roman shuddered also. He remembered where, and when, he had heard those words before. Was it, indeed, a warning? He looked around, but could see no one.

"Woe, woe, woe," cried the unseen speaker. "A voice of ruin from the East and from the West, from the North and from the South; a voice of ruin against the City and against the Temple, against the bride and the bridegroom, and against all the people!"

Superstitious terror had now overcome all other feelings in his companion. Her limbs would scarcely support her. She clung, in desperate fear, to the young Roman.

"Take me away," she cried, "take me away. Oh, what awful imprecations! Is it an angry god?" She glanced in horror around.

As she fled, dragging the young Roman with her, her pace increased to a run, but the fearful voice followed.

"Woe, woe," it said. "To the bride and the bridegroom. Woe, woe!"

CHAPTER VIII.

It was the next day after this incident. Our hero, temporarily disillusioned, and still quivering with the memory of that awful cry, had felt in no mood for visiting the beautiful Julia. On the contrary, he began to think of many neglected duties, and, among others, went to visit a sick soldier belonging to his command. Here he found a stranger, whose face seemed not unfamiliar.

"Surely," he said, "I have met you before; but I cannot recall where."

The stranger, a venerable man of saintly presence, answered,

"I have seen you, noble sir, at the house of the Prince ——"

"Ah, I remember. You are a Hebrew rabbi, I believe. Do you know," he said eagerly, "anything of the Prince or his daughter?"

"They are shut up in Jerusalem. The Prince believed that his duty led him there."

"And you?"

"I thought differently." He hesitated a moment, and then said, "You are a Roman noble, and can be trusted. I am no Hebrew rabbi, but a Christian teacher, and my call was to remain outside."

"A Christian!" exclaimed his hearer. A sudden suspicion flashed on him. "But what do you here? Is my legionary a Christian also? I have heard that your strange, your detestable sect, makes great progress among the common people."

"Call it not detestable," interposed the old man, kindly, lifting one hand in deprecation. "You little know what you malign. Ah! I would to God," he added fervently, "you could but see the truth, and be as we are, always excepting the persecutions we endure."

The young Roman thought of Miriam, of her purity, and of the atmosphere of a higher life which seemed ever to surround her. He recalled his half-formed resolution, on the day he had left her, to return, and ask to be instructed in the truths of Christianity. He laid his hand on the old man's arm.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I ought not to have used that phrase. And I can, as you say, be trusted. I will not betray you, nor your convert here. Nay! I would fain know something of this Christianity which Miriam professes. Ah! tell me something of her."

"I know nothing. We have not heard a word from the Prince since the siege began. But once or twice I have been informed that his tall, soldierly figure has been seen on the ramparts. The prayers of the faithful go up, daily, for him and for his daughter," he added, fervently.

They had much more conversation; and before they parted, the old man said to his companion:

"If you are in earnest, come with me to-night. I have to administer to a small congregation of believers, and you can then see for yourself what manner of persons we are."

Accordingly, when darkness had set in, the old man called for the young noble, and together they proceeded to an abandoned villa, a mile or more from the camp, where, in an upper chamber, about fifty persons were assembled. A few of them appeared to be natives of the country, but mixed with them were Greeks, and Egyptians, and Parthians, and even Assyrians, and also, much to the visitor's surprise, many Roman soldiers. After singing a hymn, there was a short prayer, and next another hymn was sung. Then the old man arose and began to speak.

His discourse consisted of a short statement of what Christians believed, and was substantially the same profession of faith, as that which

has come down to us, in what is called the Apostles' Creed. But it was delivered with all the earnestness of one, who had been cotemporary with the events of which he spoke, and who, though not himself a disciple at that time, had subsequently been personally acqnainted with the apostles.

"I was present, brethren," he said, "at the outpouring of the Holy Ghost, at Pentecost. I saw Peter heal the lame man at the gate called Beautiful. I was among those who were praying, at the house of Mary, the mother of Mark, when Peter came to us, after the angel had loosed him from prison. It is on no hearsay evidence, therefore, that I build my faith. Of all that I speak, I do know, and of a certainty," he added with emphasis. "I was present when Herod, robed in his royal apparel, sat on his throne, and made that oration to the people, against those who believe, that caused his parasites to cry out, 'It is the voice of a god, and not of a man.' It was for this, the angel of the Lord smote him, as all know, because he gave not God the glory, so that he was eaten with worms and died miserably. By these and many other signs we are assured of that which we believe, and we glorify God therein.

"However, my brethren," he continued, "if any man should think us given way to a delusion, let him consider that we win no wealth or honor, are benefited in no worldly way, by becoming Christians. Every inducement, on the contrary, lies in the opposite direction. To adopt our faith is, literally, to take up the Cross. We must tear ourselves from father and mother, brother and sister, sometimes from even wives and children; we must meet obloquy, poverty, outlawry, frequently death itself. What saith Paul himself, in his epistle to the Corinthians, a copy of which one of the brethren has but lately sent to me? 'Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day have I been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness.' And after that, and but recently, we know, he suffered death. So, too, did Peter. So did the blessed James, before them, at the hand of Herod. And why do we face the axe, even crucifixion, when there is worldly honor and greed on the other side? It is because, as Paul hath said in the same epistle, we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ."

He paused a moment, looking around his audience, until finally his eye fixed itself on the young Roman. Then he resumed:

"For the great secret of our faith, that in which it differs from all others, is that it teaches the Resurrection of the Dead. Not obscurely, not as a blessed possibility, as with some of the Roman and Greek philosophers, but as an actual fact, of which the Resurrection of our Lord, known to more than one here present, is a type, and will remain forever a proof. What saith Paul again? 'Now I say this, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption put on incorruption. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. Oh Death, where is thy sting. Oh Grave, where is thy victory?'"

The burning words, the spiritual exaltation, the sure confidence with which this old man spoke of the future life, in which a glorified body, freed from the weaknesses of the flesh, should be the heritage of believers, carried conviction to the young noble. He felt that, all his days, he had been stumbling along darkly; that his fathers' faith gave him no certain hope of immortality; and yet, ever since he could remember, he had thirsted for some such assurance of a life to come that should be certain and authoritative.

But he resolved, before committing himself openly, to inquire further. For this purpose, he procured, the next day, from the speaker, such written expositions of the Christian faith as were then available. He studied, in this way, the acts of the great Teacher, as he went up and down Palestine, healing the sick, feeding the hungry, preaching glad tidings to the poor. He read and read the Parables; pondered over the Sermon on the Mount; was moved to alternate pity, indignation, and admiration by the closing events of Calvary.

All this time the siege went remorselessly on. The New City had fallen, famine had set in, the days of the Temple even were numbered. In vain the young Roman tried to obtain information of Miriam. Spies brought intelligence of public events, of the struggles of the factions, but rarely anything about private individuals in general. At last the news of the Prince's assas-

sination came to hand. This increased the young man's anxiety for Miriam tenfold. He pictured her now as without a protector, friendless, suspected, perhaps herself about to fall beneath the secret dagger.

Finally the Temple was stormed. The young Roman was with Titus, when the inner cloisters were carried, and helped to cut down, with his own sword, some of the most violent of the demoralized soldiery. But, as we have seen in an earlier chapter, the effort to check the rapine and butchery failed. The Holy of Holies was sacked; the flames seized on all; and the House of Solomon, and Hezekiah, and David went up in smoke and fire.

It was the night after this, that the old man again appeared, asking for the young noble.

"Have you heard anything of Miriam?" eagerly said the latter. "Perhaps you have means of information that fail us. Surely, she could not have been among those who fell yesterday."

"No, she is at her father's palace," he said, "in the Upper City; that is, if she still lives; and it is borne in on me, with especial significance, that she does live."

"I rejoice unspeakably to hear you say so," answered his host. "Perhaps the leaders in the Upper City will now accept terms; and in that event she will yet be saved."

The old man did not reply that he knew John and Simon too well to expect them to surrender; for he could not bring himself to destroy the last gleam of hope in the young man's breast.

"I have come to tell you," he said, "that a few of the faithful meet again to-night, and I thought, perhaps, you might wish to be there, especially as one will be present, who not only has seen, in person, our risen Lord," he spoke now in an awed voice, "but was with Him in most of His ministrations."

"One of the twelve, do you mean?" answered the young Roman, in a voice hardly less awed.

"One of the twelve, and that one, whom many call the 'best beloved.' There is some risk, but we have chosen a house much more remote than the other, and a later hour, that of midnight. I came, believing that if you had doubts still, you will have none after hearing this holy man."

Beyond Bethlehem, in a secluded valley, the young Roman found the house to which he had been directed, and to which he had gone on foot, and unattended, the better to escape observation. He noticed, among the audience, several soldiers, and even a Centurion. He himself wore a dress which concealed his rank.

The services were similar to those on the last occasion. After the singing of the second hymn, an aged man arose, apparently about seventy years old, with a frame slightly bent, and with long, thin, silvery hair falling low down on his shoulders. His face arrested attention before he uttered a word. It was one which told a tale of many sorrows, but of sorrows that had been overcome, and its prevailing expression now was that of perfect calm, of almost divine benignity. His voice was low and musical, and full of pathos, the tones almost infantine in their sweetness.

"Beloved," he said, extending his long, thin, transparent hands over the congregation, as if in silent blessing, "this is the message that ye heard from the beginning, that *we should love one another*."

With this exordium, he began a narrative of events that he had witnessed in connection with Him—something like that told in the Gospels, only more condensed. Its peculiaritly, however, was that it paused, everywhere, to speak of God as a God of love. "Little children, love one another," he would say, as the narrative went on.

But it was not mere lip-service, not merely professions of good-will, that he meant by this, as he took care to enforce on his hearers. "Let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth," he continually said.

The text, to which he ever recurred, was the necessity of charity in its widest sense, or, as he otherwise phrased it, *love*. "For love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God: he that loveth not, knoweth not God; for *God is love*."

As the young Roman looked on that calm, pure face, from which shone peace ineffable; as he heard the low, pathetic voice inculcate its sentiments of love to all men, he wondered at the delusion which had once made him regard Christians as enemies of the human race.

When the narrative reached what seemed, at first, its hopeless tragedy; when the hearer saw, in imagination, the skies darkening, and hope gone forever, he half started to his feet, half drew his sword, as if to interfere. But when the speaker went on to describe the three Marys at the Sepulchre, the appearance to Thomas, and finally the Transfiguration, he actually did rise, springing to his feet, as if by some divine impulse.

"I also will become a Christian," he cried. All doubt, all hesitation, was gone. In face of the great truth of the Resurrection of the Dead, the glories of immortality, his prejudices, inherited from a Pagan ancestry centuries old, gave way forever.

The aged apostle stopped for a moment, at the

interruption. Every one looked around. But it was only for a moment the old man was silent.

"Whatsoever is born of God," he resumed, "overcometh the world. The world passeth away, and the lust thereof; but he that doeth the will of God, abideth forever. Little children, abide in Him, even as our new brother, with God's grace, we trust, shall abide also."

The services closed with a benediction.

"Grace be unto you, mercy and peace, from God the Father, and from the Lord Jesus Christ," were the words of the old man, as he extended both hands in blessing over his flock.

It was thus the young Roman became a Christian.

CHAPTER IX.

One morning, a few weeks later, our hero was aroused from sleep, by the announcement that a stranger waited without, wishing to see him.

"I would not have ventured to call you, for I knew you had been on guard till after midnight, and that it was against your orders," said the servant, "but it is the old man who comes here often, a Rabbi, I believe, and he insists that his news is most important."

The visits of the old man had occasioned a good deal of gossip among the servants, for they all knew him to be a Jew. Some thought him a spy, some a renegade, and some a Rabbi.

The young noble desired his visitor to be shown in.

"Up, up," said the latter, entering, "not a moment is to be lost. You do not know, of course, or you would have been under arms an hour ago, that John and Simon seem to have abandoned the Upper City to its fate, for the ramparts are deserted. An assault has been ordered, and is even now going on. You alone can save Miriam, and if you would save her, not an instant is to be lost."

Horrified as he was, the young Roman did not lose his presence of mind. On the contrary, he realized, immediately, what to do, and was all life and energy.

"I am not on duty to-day," he said, "and that is why I knew nothing of this. I was worn out, too, with being on guard. But I will go at once. I will take with me a picked force of my own men. Fortunately, I once visited the Upper City, and know the way to the Prince's palace. Ho! there, without."

In a few rapid words, he issued his orders, buckling on his armor as he spoke, so that, by the time he was accoutred, fifty select legionaries were waiting without.

"God speed you, and give you success," said the old pastor, fervently. "Would I could be allowed to go with you! But my prayers in your behalf shall be unceasing."

The assault had already been going on, for more than an hour; the ramparts had been carried; and the streets were full of men, women and children, flying from the swords of their pursuers, when the young noble reached the Upper City. His feelings of horror and anguish we will not attempt to describe. "Too late, too late," he repeated to himself continually, as he forced his way, with difficulty, through the crowded thoroughfares. Riot and rapine reigned everywhere. Already whatever was combustible had been fired, and large portions of the town were wrapped in flames. Fallen timbers, in many places, obstructed the way. A rain of fire fell around. On every side were heard the screams of women, the oaths of men in despair, and the fierce shouts of the conquerors, mad with plunder and blood.

Often the masses of the Roman soldiery, and the rush of the fugitive population, mixed together, were so thick as to stop all progress. This happened once when the young noble was almost within sight of the Prince's palace. And when, at last, he had forced his way through this obstruction, and turned the next corner, he found himself completely cut off from any further advance in that direction, by the ruins of a street of houses, which had been fired, and the walls of which had fallen, filling the main passage twenty feet high with smoking debris.

Precious moments were thus lost. He was compelled to retrace his steps. He found himself now in a part of the city unknown to him, and lost his way. "Oh! for a guide," he cried. "Great Father in heaven——"

He had hardly uttered this frenzied prayer, when, as if in answer to it, he discovered, ahead, a tower which he recognized as that of the Prince's palace. The street, in front of the palace, was temporarily deserted, though there were marks of a fray there, and three or four corpses lay piled just before the great gate that led into the court-yard. That gate was shattered, and had fallen from its hinges. It was plain that the palace had been already sacked.

In a moment, the young Roman was in the court-yard, and hurrying through the lower apartments. At every step he expected to stumble over the dead body of Miriam. No signs of either assailants, or assailed, were to be met, however. "Has it been already rifled?" he said to himself. "Is she lost to me forever?"

Suddenly, he remembered the roof, with its

high battlements, and how natural it would be for Miriam to seek refuge there. "Up, up," he cried, as, simultaneously with this thought, he heard footsteps overhead.

He remembered, fortunately, the very staircase that led to this roof. The door, at the bottom of these stairs, was found wide open. This thrilled him anew with fear and horror. Footsteps were heard crowding and pushing above him; then the blows of an axe; then voices in angry altercation. "This way," he cried. "Haste, haste," and he dashed up the stairs.

Just as he reached the last landing, came a terrific crash; then there was a loud shout, then the wild rush of men.

The young Roman was, however, hardly a dozen feet in the rear. "Forward, forward," he cried, breathlessly.

Before the last of the attacking party had passed through the door-way, he was in their midst, and his fifty faithful followers were thronging behind him. The next instant he was out on the roof.

The reader knows what met his eye. Just before him, an enormous soldier, a half-savage recruit, from the upper Danube; beyond this, Miriam, with hands clasped before her, and head bowed: a crowd of terrified women hanging to her robe, and clustering, shrieking, behind her; at her side the old servitor, whom the young noble remembered well, with sword uplifted.

A moment more, and the sacrilegious hands of the ruffian would have touched Miriam. But that moment was enough.

The young Roman, with a cry of defiance, that diverted, as he had intended, the attention of the savage, dashed forward, and before the ruffian could defend himself, the avenging weapon had smote him to the earth.

Miriam, startled by that cry, in which, to her astonishment, she recognized the voice of her lover, looked quickly up. She had already, as we know, tasted the bitterness of death. In the revulsion from despair to hope, hope so sudden and unexpected, her brain reeled, she staggered, and would have fallen, had not her lover caught her in his arms. Then she fainted.

It took but a minute to clear the roof of the assailants, for when they saw their leader fall, and recognized the high rank of the young noble, they either fled, or cried for quarter,

"Go," said the second in command, "and let this be a lesson to you. A soldier need not be a ruffian. It is well for you that the fate of this savage," and he spurned the body with his foot, "was not your own."

The siege of Jerusalem ended with the fall of the Upper City. John and Simon did not, however, succeed in escaping. Both were captured. The former, for some reason, found favor with his conquerors, and was spared his life; but the latter was led in chains, at the triumph of Titus, and afterward put to death.

The city was entirely destroyed. A few of the original possessors were allowed to buy back the sites of their houses; and after awhile dwellings arose here and there. But Jerusalem never became what it had been, and the Temple was not suffered to be rebuilt. Miriam's lover, now her husband, purchased her father's palace, Miriam naturally wishing to retain a house that had been in her family for generations.

When she heard that the young Roman had become a Christian, her cup of bliss was full. There was no longer now any impediment to their marriage, and as the troubled times rendered a protector necessary for her, the ceremony was performed at once. The old pastor officiated at it, and when he gave his blessing, his eyes were full of tears. "My children," he said, "you leave to-morrow, you say; and I shall see you no more; but the Living God, whom we together worship, have you forever in His Holy keeping."

It was too painful for Miriam to remain in the land of her fathers; and there were other reasons why her husband wished to abandon Palestine. The young couple went first to Rome, where, for some years, they resided, varied by visits in the summer, to Etruria, for there lay her husband's principal estates. The community of interest, which bound all Christians together, soon made them acquainted with Priscilla and Pudentia, at whose father's house the apostle Paul had lived so long, and with all the rest of the faithful. The imperial government did not, in general, at this time, interfere with the new religion, but permitted its services to be carried on in secret. It was only at recurrent intervals, chiefly in periods of popular excitement, that persecution was resorted to.

Meanwhile, the faithful met in the houses of the wealthier members, and at a later epoch, in the catacombs. Those of the upper classes, who became converts to the true belief, were not, as a rule, molested, even in times of persecution, a very general opinion to the contrary notwithstanding; it was only in a few remarkable cases, where it would seem as if God required a testimony, that the crown of martyrdom was borne.

Later, however, when Christianity had become a power from the increasing number of its adherents, and when the emperors began to dread it as a possible political influence, the per-

secutions became more indiscriminate and savage. Two hundred years had to elapse, before the "peace of the church," before Christians could worship God publicly, protected by the law, and safe from the molestation of the mob.

Thirty years and more after the fall of Jerusalem, Miriam and her husband were driving into Rome, over the Appian way, from a visit to what is now Albanus. It was just as the sun went down. The vast Campagna, now so desolate and solitary, was then crowded with villas; but the general features of the landscape were otherwise the same as at present. There, on the right, was Tusculum, what is now Frascati; further to the east, the wooded hills of Tivoli; and still further in that direction, and rising behind the lower range in front, the snowy crests of the Sabine mountains. On the left, stretched the vast blue plain of the Mediterranean, with its fleets of white-sailed or many-oared galleys, making for the port of Ostia. And before them, tower rising above tower on the lofty walls, and in the back-ground innumerable white palaces and temples, with gilded roofs everywhere blazing in the sunset, stretched, far and near, all-conquering, imperial Rome. The hum of its millions of inhabitants, gathered from every quarter of the globe, rose, even at that distance, in the still, sweet air.

Miriam turned to her husband.

"How beautiful," she said. "Yet, if the beloved apostle is to be believed, or rather if the letters written from Patmos are his, all this splendor and power will fade away, as that of Jerusalem faded before it. Oh! my husband," and she looked at him with eyes as full of love as thirty years before, nay! with eyes speaking a love even holier than then, "if it is to be, let us hope it may not be in our time. We have been so happy."

"I have no doubt," was the answer, as the husband gazed fondly at her, "that the writing is that of the blessed apostle, him whom I once met, and to whom, under God, I owe my conversion. Nor do I doubt that even this mighty, this all-conquering city, will fall. Babylon and Thebes have preceded it: ruin is the common fate of all. Rome, alas! as we know, and as the apostle has said, is drunk with the blood of nations. But her time is not yet. Our children's children, in the fourth or fifth generation, may perhaps see her desolate. The apostle does not, you will remember, prophesy any definite time. But he sees that God will take vengeance yet for the blood of the saints; that the martyrs, beneath the Throne, who cry, 'how long, oh! Lord, how long,' will be heard, sooner or later; and that then He will let loose the vials of His wrath. But I do not believe it will come to pass till Rome has publicly adopted the faith, and used her imperial influence to extend it throughout the world: and when this happens, a better order of things, a purer civilization, will spring up after the deluge. The law of God is progress."

At that moment, in the dusk of the gathering twilight, a man, apparently about fifty years old, travel-soiled and weary, was seen emerging from the tombs that lined both sides of the road. He carried a long staff, and his gray hairs floated wildly behind him. He wore the dress of a Jew.

Miriam clasped her husband's arm.

"See, see," she cried. "It is the same. We met him last in Jerusalem, thirty years ago, and he does not look a day older."

The hapless man had now approached the chariot. Lifting his haggard face, he waved his arms frantically.

"Woe, woe," he cried, "woe to Babylon the great! Her palaces shall be nests of owls. And for her mighty men, and her captains, judgment shall come in a day!"

As the chariot rolled on, his figure gradually receded, and the last Miriam and her husband saw of it was a vague, almost ghostly outline, losing itself, in shadows, among the tombs. But through the gathering gloom, the awful cry followed them.

"Woe, woe, woe! Babylon the Great, the Mother of iniquities—the smoke of her torment shall fill the heavens. Woe, woe, woe!"

THE END.

BY THE DEAD.

BY ELLEN ARMITAGE.

Sweet winter roses, stainless as the snow,
As was thy life, oh, tender heart and true!
A cross of lilies that our tears bedew,
A garland of the fairest flowers that grow,
And filled with fragrance as the thought of thee,
We lay, with loving hand, upon thy breast,
Wrapt in the calm of Death's great mystery;
Ours still to feel the pain, the speechless woe,
The bitter sense of loss, the vague unrest,
And wear, unseen, the cypress-leaf and rue,
Thinking, the while, of lovelier flowers that blow
In everlasting gardens of the blest,
That wither not like these, and never shed
Their rare and heavenly odors for the dead.

JOAN SUNNINGFORD'S LOVERS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

"BEFORE I am thirty," said Joan, "I mean to be a rich woman, and buy back Redclyffe."

This declaration might have made the lawyer smile. Young people are fond of dreams, and Joan was only nineteen when she gave utterance to this resolve; but the project wherewith she followed up the declaration positively startled him.

Joan's father had managed to dissipate a large fortune, and ruin the child's future; having done this, of course he proceeded to indulge in a paralytic attack, and incumber her for several years with the burden of his uselessness; not that she ever regarded his living in this light. When he died, she met with a surprise. An old friend of his, Joan's godfather, had been sensible enough to insure Mr. Sunningford's life for the daughter's benefit, so Joan found herself possessed of ten thousand dollars.

This was the project wherewith Joan astounded Mr. Morley, the lawyer. There remained, in West Virginia, a tract of land that her father's creditors had not been able to touch, it having been, in some way, secured to Mrs. Sunningford and her daughter after her. An old Welsh miner had told Joan that there was a great fortune on the land, (or under it,) in the shape of coal, iron, and lead. Owen Hughes's plan was simple. Joan believed in it, and employed her ten thousand dollars as he advised her to do. Mr. Morley thought her a fool, and told her so, in plain English, but the pair did not quarrel.

Time proved that Joan and the Welshman were right. On the day Miss Sunningford was twenty-seven, she returned to Redcliffe as its mistress, and one of the richest women within three counties.

And now Joan's three-and-thirtieth birthday had come. It was the fifteenth of June, and a day so beautiful that it seemed to have strayed out of Paradise. There was to be a grand fête at Redclyffe, breakfast under a tent, and dancing in the house, when evening came on. The whole thing turned out, what festivities seldom do—a complete success.

For the first time in their lives, it struck her guests, most of whom had known her from childhood, that Joan was really handsome. As a very young girl, she had been positively plain, and, that fact once established, nobody thought of changing the verdict. But to-day, as she stood with her companion, Mrs. Grayson, beside her, receiving her visitors, not a soul but was startled by a perception that a great change had come over her during these years, without their being aware of it.

For a long while people had looked upon Joan as a predestined old maid, and she, longer than anybody else, and with better reason, for she knew what other folk were ignorant of, that she had never received an offer of marriage. Joan used to laugh when she thought how odd it was, then sometimes she used to sigh.

The birthday fête went on toward night. Mr. Morley was there among the potentates. Mr. Airley, the Rector, was there too, growing gray now, but as pleasant and genial as if he had been twenty, instead of forty-seven, and Joan's dearest friend always.

The sun had set, people were leaving the breakfast-tent, the music struck up, and the young folk rushed off toward the house. Joan had just reached the grand colonnade which ran along the front of the mansion. A knot of men were gathered about her. She was talking and smiling, but a little weary, nevertheless, of all the flattery and sycophancy, Mr. Airley knew, as he watched her.

A carriage drove up the avenue.

"Who has dared to think of going already?" cried Joan.

But it was an arrival—two gentlemen. Out of the vehicle sprang an old friend of Joan's from Albany.

"I could not get here before," was his explanation; "but I vowed that the day should not end without my congratulating you." Then he drew his companion forward, adding, "I have brought you an acquaintance. He was sure you had forgotten him, but I made him come."

And Joan looked up into a face which carried her back so many years that they seemed a whole life away. She grew a little pale, perhaps, but it was dusk, so one could not be certain; then held out her hand, and said, "I am very glad to see you, Mr. Tylney; very glad."

A tall, handsome man, of about thirty-five, for whom, when later he appeared in the ball-room, at least a baker's dozen of young ladies conceived a romantic attachment, and for whose sake they repeated Tennyson, by moonlight, during a whole week.

When Joan was only seventeen, Herbert Tylney had spent a summer in the neighborhood, and Joan had known her one gleam of romance. He never made love to her, but Joan had reason to think he loved her. When autumn came he went away, but though he expressed regret at parting, he did not speak of a possible return. He was poor, and ambitious; he meant to win both wealth and a name. Joan never blamed him after he was gone; she only feared that she had been unmaidenly in letting her heart go out unasked. She had deceived herself. He had meant only to be brotherly and kind; he was good, noble—ay, perfect.

Joan lived her sorrow down; it had long become a sadly sweet memory, rather than the recollection of a real grief. Three years after his departure, she heard of Tylney's marriage to a rich woman; later, of his success as a lawyer and politician. He was a distinguished man now, and a widower, and here he had suddenly appeared before Joan.

He remained three days in the vicinity, then went away. A week after, he came back. His first visit was to Redclyffe.

"If you tell me I may," he said, "I mean to spend my vacation here. I have found a delightful old inn between this and the village, but you must promise to let me visit you every day."

Joan was frankly delighted. At first she only thought of him as a friend. She believed herself years past romance of any sort—a predestined old maid. But the time came when she could no longer deceive herself. She had done so in the old days, but now Herbert Tylney cared for her, meant to ask her to become his wife. He had almost done so before she thought such a thing possible. Joan was startled—fairly alarmed, and proceeded to hold commnnion with herself.

Joan, the girl, had loved Herbert Tylney. Did Joan, the woman, love him? For the life of her, she could not answer this question; but it was very sweet to think of being loved by him. She had learned, in many ways, to prize her liberty, though it had its sad, solitary side. If he did love her, ought she not to think of him rather than of herself? He had always been her ideal of manly excellence, as he had been her ideal of manly beauty.

"They say we shall soon have no more Joan Sunningford," the Rector said to her one day, when she had gone down to his house, to consult about some matter connected with their charities.

Joan blushed like a girl, but she jested and laughed. She had not seen the Rector for nearly a week. It seemed to her that he looked pale, and changed; but he denied being ill, only a little tired, he said. He thought of running away for awhile, if he could find some one to take his place.

It was sunset when Joan reached the great iron gates of Redclyffe; her home, which she loved so dearly; her home, which she had won back by her own energy, and the goodness of God. Joan could never pass those gates without a throbbing heart. To-night it fluttered more than usual; for, as she walked on, after holding a brief colloquy with old Mrs. Wade, the lodge-keeper, she saw Herbert Tylney coming down the avenue.

"I have been up at the house, talking with Mrs. Grayson," he said. "She began to think you must be lost; so I was setting forth in search of you."

"I have been to the rectory," Joan explained. "Do you know, I fear Mr. Airley is not well. He looks so worn and pale."

Tylney displayed fitting sympathy, but Joan perceived that he was thinking of something else. He put her hand on his arm, and led her toward the house; but when they reached the steps, he said,

"It is too lovely to go in-doors. Come, walk in the garden."

Joan knew that the moment, which, with a woman's tact, she had avoided for days, had arrived at last. Her heart beat so violently, that she could scarcely hear his voice. Did she love him? Joan, the girl, had loved him. The feeling must always have remained, only repressed, hidden; and it would be so beautiful, so precious, to make the happiness of a great and good man like him.

He drew her on to the centre of the vast garden, where a fountain bubbled and laughed, and the flower-beds stretched out on either side, odorous with the evening dew. They sat down upon a rustic bench. Tylney was still holding her hand, just as he had first held it when he clasped it over his arm.

"Do you remember our once sitting in this very spot, years and years ago?" he asked, softly. "You had never been back to the old place since your father lost it; but you came to be my guide. Do you remember?"

"Yes," she answered, simply; but she was thinking, what had there been connected with their past, so slight or trivial, that she had forgotten it? Then she heard his voice again.

"I think you know what I have come here to ask," he was saying. "I have not attempted to

disguise my feelings. Joan, dear Joan, I love you. I have had so little happiness. I want it so much."

She longed to stretch out her disengaged hand, and put it in his. Some inexplicable shyness kept her from doing so.

"My life, that looks so successful, has been so dreary," he went on, in the deep, low tones which had so often thrilled her heart in the old days. "My first marriage was wholly an ambitious one. I needed money to make my future what I meant it to be."

Could she have heard aright? Joan felt as if an iron door had suddenly shut between her soul and his. She drew her hand from his arm, and sat motionless. For an instant she could not speak.

"Joan," he continued, "you had reason, in the old times, to think that I treated you ill; but you are not a woman to be hard and unforgiving."

She replied, without looking at him.

"I do not know what you mean;" and she spoke the truth.

"Ah, Joan! But I meant it for the best. I could not afford to marry unless I married a fortune; and we were both very poor. I felt so guilty when I went away. Your face haunted me even when I stood at the—— But, never mind. I will tell you all these things later. Answer me, Joan——"

"Answer me first," she interrupted, in a slow, difficult voice, still with her eyes turned from him, and gazing out across the flower-beds, toward the western sky. "You did know that I cared for you in those days?"

"I—I—— You make me show so silly and vain," he said, laughing a little, too full of himself to notice how oddly her voice sounded.

"Never mind that. Answer me!"

"Yes, then. Was it not true?" he whispered, tenderly.

There was a keen pang at Joan's heart; not grief, such as wounded love brings, but sorrow, disappointment. Her idol had turned to clay before her eyes. He had admitted that, in the by-gone days, he trifled with her affections; he had left her without a word; he had been mean enough to marry a woman for her money. And this was the man whom she had trusted, believed in, been proud to love!

Joan put her two hands before her face, and burst into the bitterest passion of tears that I think that she had ever shed in her whole life. Tylney was absolutely alarmed. When he tried to take her hand, to speak soothing words, quite unable to comprehend the cause of her agitation, but supposing that it betokened pleasure at his avowal, she pushed him aside, and looked at him with indignant eyes, whose fires quickly burned up the tears that filled them.

"Will you please to go away?" she said. He felt as if he must be dreaming, or mad. "I cannot even talk to you. I don't know how. You are a stranger to me."

He sat, staring at her, dumb and helpless; still uncomprehending; only he realized, vaguely, that this Joan was a revelation as new as if an unknown creature had taken the place of the trusting girl, and frank, confiding woman, he left so unhesitatingly, and thought to win so easily.

"I knew a man, I believed was you," she went on, in the same stern, repressed tone. "Once I loved him! Ah, yes! I am not ashamed to own it. When you came back, I still believed you that man. I did not love him any longer, but I would have married him if that could have made him happy. But *you!* No, I don't know *you!* Go your way, and let me go mine."

She left him without another word: fled so quickly, that he could not have stopped her, even if he had not been too dazed and dumb to speak or move.

The next morning she received a long letter from him, full of entreaties and prayers. She answered it. She explained, clearly, her feelings, and Herbert Tylney went away convinced, at last, that there remained no hope. She was not hurt, not offended. She had expressed the whole in that first indignant cry, "I don't know you. Go your way, and let me go mine!"

So Joan went back to her daily life, a little saddened by the revelation which had come to her, but certainly not unhappy. For years Herbert Tylney had been only a dream; now he was dead!

She told the story to no one save Mr. Airley. From him she had no secrets.

Six months elapsed. Then Joan formed the acquaintance of Stuart Wortley, a man about her own age. He was not handsome, like Tylney, but a person with whom no one could become intimate, and fail to trust his sincerity, and feel a rest in the companionship of his firm, earnest nature.

He and Joan waxed great friends. By the way, it was the Rector who made them acquainted. He had known Wortley from the time the latter was a boy, and had often talked admiringly of him to Joan. A man who, born to a large fortune, and left his own master in early youth, had been wise and sound-headed enough to avoid the shoals whereon young men in that position

so often manage to wreck their whole future. Circumstances had rendered the Rector cognizant of his whole story, and he recounted it to Joan at a period when he had no more idea she and Wortley would ever meet, than that he should himself undertake a voyage to the moon. Joan had never forgotten the history. In spite of having had to deal so much with the prosaic, stern side of life, Joan had rather a weakness for romances, whether those found in books, or acted by living human beings.

Wortley had been betrothed to a beautiful girl. All this happened eight years before he and Joan met. The wedding-day was fixed. He was to go south to claim her. The eve of the morning he proposed to start on his journey, he read in a newspaper a gossiping letter from some New Orleans correspondent, which contained the account of her marriage. He found that there was no mistake. She was married; and having been a celebrated beauty in her native city, of course the affair created sufficient interest to make it worth while for the journals to devote long paragraphs thereto.

Joan could not help thinkIng of the tale when Wortley was introduced to her. She thought that, in spite of his cheerfulness, he looked like a man who had suffered. She pitied, and felt drawn toward him at once. So, as I said, they became fast friends.

The Rector possessed a troublesome conscience. Deceit or concealment were more oppressive burdens to him than arson or murder would be to many men. He could not forget that he had revealed his friend's secret to Joan, and reproached himself deeply therefor, though, as I told you, he had at the time no idea the pair would ever meet, as Wortley had been for years living in Texas, and had repeated over and over, in his letters to Mr. Airley, that, for at least a double decade, he had no intention of returning to the Atlantic States. But business, unexpected, and of great importance, brought him suddenly to New York. He could not refuse himself the pleasure of visiting his old friend, and once there, he stayed, haunting the neighborhood in which Joan Sunningford lived.

The Rector could at length endure no longer the sense of his own misdoing. He told Wortley that he had informed Miss Sunningford of everything connected with the bygone romance. To his astonishment, Wortley did not seem in the least annoyed; rather glad of it, in fact.

"I like her to know me thoroughly," he said. "She is a woman in a thousand."

"Ay, that she is," the Reetor answered; and, after Wortley had left the study, he sat for a whole hour at his desk, leaning his head upon his hand, thinking deeply, but not of his half-finished sermon; sorrowfully, too, one might have said, had there been any one there to watch his face.

So it came about, one day, that Wortley let Joan perceive he was aware she knew his secret, and they grew more intimate than ever. The time arrived, too, when Joan told him her own poor, bald attempt at a story; and he was so moved, that she looked rather wonderingly at him, and did not know how to be grateful enough for his kindness in taking an interest in what concerned the past of a grave, commonplace spinster like herself.

It was late spring. Wortley had been absent for awhile. By her pleasure at his return, Joan realized how she must unconsciously have missed him, for the Rector had been in one of his hermit-moods, and kept aloof, so that she was a good deal alone.

Very often, when we think the play played out, and believe that we have done with romance, so far as active personal interests are concerned, proves the period fate chooses to raise the curtain on a new act. She did so in Joan's case. One morning, Stuart Wortley came to see her, and asked her to become his wife.

When they had both regained a tolerable appearance of composure—it is only boys and girls, or people who have worn away every possibility of feeling, can talk seriously about so solemn a subject, without a tremor of awe—Wortley opened his whole heart to her.

"We have both loved," he said; "both had our miserable little tragedy; both buried the poor, dead dream, and gone on as bravely as we could. See, we have been flung together for some wise purpose. We have tastes and sympathies in common. We hold the same views in regard to the responsibility wealth gives. We are both a little solitary, and a little sad."

Joan sighed. She did not know it, but he caught the sound.

"Perhaps I am speaking too boldly," he went on; "but, Joan; mayn't I call you so?"

"Yes," she answered, with a smile, though there were tears in her eyes. "Yes, call me Joan. I like the homely old name."

"You would miss me, somewhat, if I went away, wouldn't you, Joan? These weeks of absence showed me what a hold you have taken on my life. Did you miss me a little?"

"Very much," she replied, courageously. "I did not know how much, until you came back."

His face brightened as if the sun had suddenly shone over it.

"Joan," he said, "will you come with me? Will you cast in your lot with mine? We will try to make something out of life yet. Never mind if our acquaintances do laugh at the old bachelor and the old maid for their romantic folly. We will sit by our fireside, and laugh, too. Won't you come, Joan?"

"If you want me," she answered, softly. "Yes, I will come."

So it was settled, quietly enough; but I think they were both very happy. They decided to be married in the autumn. For the present, their secret was to be told to no one but the Rector. They went together to give him the news. He did not seem unprepared for the announcement. His manner awed them both a little, for he received the tidings rather in his character of priest than friend. But he was glad; no, he assured them that he should be glad, very glad, when he had time to think more about it. Then he went away, and that night was called from home on business, and remained absent for a week. He looked pale and worn when he returned; he admitted to them that he had been much troubled and worried, but he did not explain the nature of his errand, or its annoyances; and there was something new and strange in his manner, which prevented either asking any questions, well as they knew him.

But after that, he was just his ordinary kind, good self. They went often together to see him, and he was always very glad of their visits. Joan was quietly content, but as the weeks went on, she perceived that she did not love this man whom she had promised to marry. She liked his companionship, she respected and trusted him, but there was no love in her heart; instead of that, a sentiment of profound affection, such as she might have given a brother. Then she laughed at her own folly, in expecting to feel like a young girl, and told her feelings to Wortley, by way of punishing herself; and he laughed too, though he did not half like her admission, and she saw that he did not.

The weeks went on to midsummer. Joan had been in the habit of making a journey at this season, but she decided not to do so now.

"I shall not be able to live here so constantly, as I have done," she said to Wortley, "so I mean to stay quietly where I am, until—until——"

"The ogre drags you off," smiled he, seeing that she hesitated to finish her sentence; and Joan blushed as if she had been sixteen, instead of three-and-thirty.

A few days after, business called Wortley away for a week. The night before he went, he told Joan that he had ordered any letters which might come for him to be sent to her house.

"If there should be one with a Memphis postmark on it," he explained, "be good enough to open and answer it for me. It will be about that fund for the school. You remember?"

Joan promised.

He set off on his journey; he was going into Vermont. Just two days before the time for his return, there did come a letter for him with the Memphis postmark on it.

Joan opened the letter, of course, and this was what she read—at least the substance of it. The letter was from the woman to whom Wortley had been engaged. She was a widow now, and she wrote to justify herself in his eyes. She had been made to believe him false, had been shown letters purporting to be from him, which proved conclusively his treachery. She married an old admirer at three days' notice, and after her marriage learned that it was he who had worked out the whole villainous scheme. He was dead now; she was free.

Every line and word showed that she still loved the man whom she had doubted, though she tried hard to make it clear that she only told him the facts in justice to herself. It was a perfectly womanly, sweet letter, feminine to the last degree. She even managed an excuse for sending him her photograph. Joan knew it was because she wished him to see that, in spite of all she had suffered, she was as beautiful as ever. Sitting alone, in her room that night, Joan Sunningsford wrote to Wortley, giving him his freedom.

"I know," she said, toward the close, "that your first thought will be of me—a dread that I may suffer. I fear that nothing I could say would set your mind at ease, or change your view of what you would believe right, (though mistakingly,) therefore I am obliged to act by myself, and before your return.

"When you come back, you will not find me. You will never see my face again until you are married, or until you have proved to your own soul that the love, which was so strong, has, indeed, utterly died out. But that cannot be. Only look at her face; only read in that beautiful countenance what she has suffered! And she loves you still! You may not discover this in her dear letter, but I am a woman, and I feel it. Go to her, my friend, my brother, and take with you the heartfelt wishes and prayers of Joan."

So Joan sent away her last lover. The next morning she was closeted for two long, long hours with the Rector, and that very evening she and Mrs. Grayson went down to New York.

A couple of days later, the neighborhood was startled by the tidings that the mistress of Redclyffe had sailed with her friend for Europe.

So another year went by. Joan and Mrs. Grayson were established for the summer at Interlachen, in the loveliest of cottages in that loveliest of summer retreats.

Joan had months before received letters announcing Wortley's marriage—such dear, honest, sweet letters from both; and she read them over and over till tears of thankfulness shut the lines from her sight. Was she happy? Oh, yes; only a little lonely. Life looked rather cold and empty, and she reproached herself, because it required an effort to be absolutely content. Existence looked very long, too, as she stretched her thoughts away across the future. She might, she probably should live to be an old, old woman. Why, she had still almost ten years between her and the period comprised under the doubtful term of "middle age." She seemed, after all, of such slight use in the world! True, where society was concerned, she could play her part. True, she could be faithful to her stewardship. She could help the poor, and the erring, raise the fallen; but, busy as she might make her life, there would always be time to feel a lack—room to shiver over her loneliness. Other women had near ties—mothers, or brothers, or sister's children, or, sweeter yet, little children of their own, and husbands to be petted by and tyrannized pleasantly over—but she had nothing!

Then she tried to get aloof from such thoughts, telling herself that she was ungrateful, wicked, and reproached herself more, much more than there was any necessity for; but when she finished, the work had to be begun all over again. The longing, the ache, the weary feeling that life lacked something to round it into perfection, remained just as strong and poignant as ever.

She made up her mind to return to America early in the autumn, and asked Mrs. Grayson if she should object. Mrs. Grayson was placidly indifferent; her one fault, under all circumstances.

"I feel as if I were wasting my time, wandering about in this aimless fashion," said Joan. "I must go home, and find some work."

Mrs. Grayson held up her hands, in astonishment.

"I should think you work enough wherever you go," cried she. "Whether it is in London, or Paris, or Rome, you are always doing something for somebody, from morning till night."

"But that's not work," returned Joan. "No, no. I shall grow fat and lazy, if I don't find some real occupation; and I am not tall enough to be fat, or lymphatic enough to be lazy, in comfort."

"You do put things so oddly," laughed admiring Mrs. Grayson.

"I shall just write to the Rector this very day," pursued Joan, too full of her subject to notice her friend's remark, "and tell him I am coming, and ask him to find me something to do, unless he wishes to see me turn into a caterpillar. He's sure to have lots of ideas to help me with."

"How nice it would be to see him again," said Mrs. Grayson, with more animation than she often displayed. "My dear, after all, there is nobody like the Rector."

"I should think not, indeed!" cried Joan, indignantly. "Who could be, I would like to know?"

"Nobody, my dear," replied Mrs. Grayson, quite startled by Joan's energy.

"Then what did you mean by your 'after all,' you stupid old darling, you?"

"Nothing, whatever, my dear. It was just a—a figure of speech, as it were."

"Then if you do any more figures of speech, I'll bite a huge piece out of you," cried Joan, kissing her, and laughing heartily, some how so much cheered by her sudden recollection of the Rector that she fell in higher spirits than she had in months. "By the way," she continued, presently, "it is a long while since I have heard from him! Why, I ought to have had a letter at least a fortnight ago. I'll write to him this minute, and a rare scolding I will give him for his lack of punctuality; and I shall say that we mean to dawn upon his horizon in September."

"In September," repeated Mrs. Grayson, contentedly.

She folded up her work, and left the room on tiptoe, because Joan had already seated herself at her desk. At such times the dear old soul would always creep about with a quietness and meekness which were positively exasperating, though Joan was careful never to tell her so. Miss Sunningford's letter, in spite of her beginning it in such haste, was destined never to be finished. She had just turned the second page, when the door opened, and in walked the Rector, in the flesh, though, for a second, Joan was almost inclined to think he must be an apparition. She fairly shrieked. Then she jumped up, and positively hugged him before she knew what she was doing. They were both horribly confused for a moment, and after that they laughed and half cried for joy.

It came out, when they could talk sanely, that the Rector had come over to establish a friend's

son at some German school. The Rector had not been well, and his friend thought the voyage would be of benefit to him. He did, indeed, look far from being in good health, but he speedily got away from that subject, and forced Joan to talk about herself. She told him exactly her state of mind, showed him her unfinished letter, spoke of the Wortleys, and he could see that she had unalloyed delight in their happiness.

"My lovers have all gone from me," she said, laughing. "They came late, and disappeared quickly. I have nobody in the world but you, to pet and scold me; so I must go home to be near you."

He was silent. He had turned his face away.

"Well, won't you say you are glad?" she asked, impatiently.

"Yes, yes. I am glad; only too glad," he answered. He was looking at her now. Something in his eyes startled her into a perception of the secret which had lain at his heart for years. "I'm an old fool!" he exclaimed, brokenly. "I am almost fifty—and I love you! Don't laugh at me, Joan, though I deserve it. I never thought to tell you. I don't know why I do now, but I love you."

He did not realize what he was saying. She never knew what she answered. But when they regained their senses, he was holding her two hands, and asking, eagerly,

"Can you really care? Are you sure?"

"Now I think about it, I know I must have loved you all the while," returned Joan, smiling up at him through a mist of happy tears. "All the while. I wish you had asked me before."

LINES.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Say, what shall I give for the New Year.
Thou youngest and dearest of friends,
Beside all this world of good wishes,
That my heart, in its faithfulness, sends?
If fancy and power went together,
A thousand rich objects should come,
Through the drift of this cold winter weather,
To cheer and to brighten thy home.

If this New Year could clasp in the seasons,
The Spring, with its sunshine and showers,
The Autumn, all ruddy and crimson,
And June, with its glory of flowers,
I would gather them in from the Winter,
Spring violets, misty with dew,
Should give to the roses of Summer
A tinge of their heavenly blue.

In a cup of the scented magnolia,
All brimming with fragrance, and white
As the snow in its virginal falling;
I would prison a song, in its flight,
From a bird, in the stubble at Autumn,
While stealing his grain from the sheaves,
Or a gold-throated robin, new-mated,
And building his nest in the leaves.

If ice were to diamonds frozen,
And hail could be rounded to pearls,
I would wrest them, all flashing together,
From the storm, where it eddies and swirls.
If cherries could harden to rubies,
If hemlock to emeralds turned,
I would gather a handful of jewels,
That glittered, and trembled, and burned.

Then into some great golden lily,
With its cup all aglow from the sun,
I would pour the rich harvest of beauty,
When my work of affection was done.
And the lily-cup, grandly o'erflowing
With odor, and brightness, and cheer,
I would bring unto thee, with a blessing,
To open the glorious year.

But Nature refuses her treasures,
And mantles her bosom with frost;
Dead leaves nestle down in the hollows,
The songs of the Summer are lost;
For birds have deserted the orchard,
The wren and the robin have fled,
And low in the hush of the valley,
The gentle wild blossoms lie dead.

The river sweeps onward in silence,
Or whispers of bondage and woe,
'Neath its armor of translucent crystal,
Embossed with white dashes of snow.
The hedges are barren and dreary,
With brambles all ragged and bare,
But the bitter-sweet tangle is golden,
With the glow of the red berries there.

The oak, with its massive old branches,
Held out to the drift of the storm,
All twisted and knotty with aging,
All weird and fantastic in form,
Has caught up the sleet in its falling,
And sheds it, in icicles, down
On the rocks, that lie mossy beneath it,
Like jewels let loose from a crown.

Still, ice is but jewels in seeming,
The drops that a sunbeam has kissed;
Such gems as we grasp in our dreaming,
That turn into vapor and mist.
But the heart has its own holy treasure;
Like pearls from the depths of the sea,
A blessing, without stint or measure,
My soul is now sending to thee.

THE DAYS OF SEVENTY-SIX.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 149.

CHAPTER VIII.

Two women, pale, and apparently lifeless, were carried into Abigail Boardman's house that afternoon. One had lines of care on her face, as if smitten down in the midst of some great mental pain. The man who bore her staggered, not under her weight, for that was hardly too much for his strength, but from the weakness of a sudden shock, that had bereft his stately person of half its natural power.

Stern, pale, and trembling with agitation, this man bore his wife into Abigail Boardman's parlor, and laid her down on the drab cushions of a straight-backed settee, over which he stood in an agony of wounded pride and keen apprehension.

As Kingsford bore his wife into the house, the military officer who carried Rhoda Clyde rushed past him, and mounted the stairs swiftly, as if the girl were but a child in his arms. The flash of his epaulets, and the ring of his gilt spurs on the stairs, checked the crowd that swarmed up to the door-step, and some person, more thoughtful than the rest, softly closed the door; for there, standing in the entrance-passage, he saw a fair, slender girl, supporting herself against the wall, with her face buried in her hands, and shuddering from head to foot, as if some absolute blow had dashed all the strength from her body.

A man, leaning against a great elm-tree, that shadowed the house, caught a glimpse of this drooping figure, and, as if struck by a swift thought, shook off the dizziness that had disabled him, and, still reeling a little in his walk, made his way into Chestnut street, to the house of a doctor that he knew of.

This was all the service that Barringford dared to offer the man who had become his bitterest enemy, or the girl that he loved with such tender devotion.

Meantime, the officer had carried Rhoda Clyde into an upper chamber, with cold, white walls, against which a half dozen upright, rush-bottomed chairs stood, like sentinels, along the strip of a well-scoured floor, that made a narrow lane outside of the square, home-made carpet, in which a dry, dust color was the predominating shade.

In the centre of this carpet stood a four-posted bedstead, adown which curtains of drab worsted hung in straight lines, tied with rigid precision to each of the slender cherry-wood supporters, and under which plethoric feather-beds were heaped on each other, in luxurious roundness. On the pillows of this bed, white and shining, like sun-struck snow crust, the officer laid the girl down, without, however, releasing her entirely from his arms, which had held her, from the first, in a close embrace.

Something had chanced since he first lifted Rhoda from the ground, that brought slow fire into his eyes, and a smile, almost of derision, on his lips. Still holding her partially in his arms, he knelt by the bed, and looked down in her face, not with apprehension, or even anxiety; but the half-scornful, half-triumphant smile deepened on his lips as he gazed.

A scarcely perceptible quiver of the white eyelids, that swept the whiter cheeks with their lashes, and a faint stir of breath, perhaps, between the parted lips, had brought swift enlightenment to his evil heart, and kindled it with audacity. Clasping his arms more tightly, he bent forward, and kissed those lips once and again, then the smile almost turned to a laugh in his eyes, as he leaned back and saw the redness come slowly to the mouth he had kissed, that had seemed so cold and white, for he also saw that the girl was still feigning unconsciousness. Had Rhoda Clyde seen the expression of that bold face through the tangle of her lashes, or had she become fully conscious?

All at once she started up from the pillow, her cheeks aflame, and her eyes bright with wrath.

"How dare you?" she said, wrenching herself from his hold, and recoiling back among the pillows like a leopardess ready to spring.

The man's countenance changed in an instant, for, on all occasions, he was a magnificent actor. If his smile had offended her, it changed now to a look of the most tender humiliation. He arose from his knees, and walked to a window, as if

struggling with some deep emotion. Once she saw him lift a hand, and sweep it across his face, as if tears had blinded him.

"How dare you lift me from the street, even if I had died there? I would rather the crowd had trampled me to death, than have rested one moment against your false heart. Thank Heaven, I did not know, I did not know."

The man turned from the window, acting his part well; for he seemed deeply hurt by the reproaches she was hurling at him.

"Has it come to this?" he said. "Is your hatred so bitter, that death is sweeter than my touch?"

"Sweeter, a thousand times," she answered, passionately. "I could deny food to my lips, and perish for the want of it, because yours have again dared to touch them."

The man knew, in his heart, that she had, by seeming unconsciousness, led him on to the rudeness she resented; but he gave no sign, only answering,

"Have you no compassion, Rhoda? Does no gleam of the old feeling plead for me?"

"Plead for you! Can hate plead?"

"Hate! No. I was speaking of love."

"Can love plead? Love, dead and buried fathoms deep in its own ashes? You should know—you, who have crucified it in your own bosom."

"No, no! I may have struggled to kill it; but the offence you so resent proves how fruitlessly."

Rhoda gathered herself up on the bed, and sat gazing at him with steady fire in her eyes.

"You say this to me—now, when it is an insult!"

"I say it because its truth is my keenest misfortune. Rhoda, I have conquered in war, where other men have shrunk from the chances. I was willing to brave a few difficulties, even in these perilous times; have taxed my strength in vain. But here I confess myself powerless."

"You wish me to believe this? You, the husband of another woman?"

"You must believe it, girl, because it is the truth."

Rhoda answered this with a low, scornful laugh.

"And if I could; if I were idiot enough—— But, no, no. The time has gone by. There can be nothing but hate given back for treason like yours."

"Yes, one thing, Rhoda."

"One thing? What?"

"The next best thing to love—friendship."

'Friendship with you? Never!"

"You are right, girl. It must be love, or nothing."

"Nothing! That is equally impossible," said Rhoda, with a strange, wistful look in her eyes.

"Yes, that is impossible. We have planted the past too thickly with thorns or roses."

Rhoda shook her head, murmuring dreamily,

"If life were worth anything, he has saved mine."

The officer came softly toward the bed, and held out his hand.

"It is unnatural that you should hate me, Rhoda."

The girl did not shrink from him this time, but allowed him to take her hand for a single instant, though the touch thrilled her with a pang of bitter feeling, that left nothing but pain behind it.

"You have forgiven me?" said the man, with gentle persuasion in his voice. "Or, knowing all, you will?"

Rhoda looked up one instant, then her eyelids drooped, and her lips began to tremble.

"You have filled my life with pain, and now save it," she said. "Was it worth while?"

"Is it worth while to save my own soul?" he answered.

"I do not know. I do not know. As yet, you you have told me nothing."

"What can I tell you, except that, for a brief time, ambition became my master? You cannot tell how one passion conquers another among men. You cannot possibly know the burning desire which urges a proud man to seek dominion over his enemies; and no one has keener foes than I have. At times, Rhoda Clyde, I have been ready to trample my own soul under foot, rather than see men of inferior intellect, doubtful courage, and lacking the strong will that should make the greatness of a soldier, coolly reaping the harvest I have sown, while full of self-glory over the work I have done. I have seen such laggards put over my head by men who know less than nothing of the great work which has cleared the way to the Declaration read to us an hour ago. If you could, for one moment, feel the burning sense of wrong heaped upon me by this Congress of men, who never will appreciate the service I have done to the cause for which they give others the honor; even you, a woman, would not marvel that I grasp at anything that gives me power among them. Remember, that what love is to woman, ambition is to man."

Rhoda Clyde looked at the man, as he spoke, with such impetuous force, that a strange trans

figuration of countenance swept the pallor from her face. It brightened slowly, as with the dawn of some keen, hard thought, and, for half a minute, she sat with her eyes fixed on his but seeming to look beyond him, while both remained in dead silence.

"You cannot understand all this," he said, at last. "To woman love is the one controlling passion. The force of other desires that consumes men's souls is nothing to them."

Rhoda smiled with ironical coldness.

"You judge all women by one small type," she said, "and sometimes may chance to judge them wrongly. Even I can imagine what ambition is to a brave man."

"Then you can find the heart to forgive it."

"I could have found the strength to share it, to build it up, to glory in the pre-eminence of a man who made himself great to me, first of all persons in the world. I could have gone hand-in-hand with the being I loved to any position that lifted him above others, without pause or hesitation, let the obstacles have been what they might. What Sarah Marlborough was to her husband, I could have been."

The man regarded Rhoda as she spoke, wonderingly. The fire of her words, the splendid color that flashed over the pale whiteness of her face kindled his admiration. For the first time, perhaps, he realized what power of help he had flung away, when he so coolly put that gifted young creature out of his life.

"What the Duchess of Marlborough was to her husband, Rhoda? Why, that was everything."

"Because she partook both of his love and his station. Because she was grandly mated with a brave man, who worshiped her." She went on. "And in this became so remarkable that to our day she stands out the most prominent personage of a period brightened beyond others by human intellect. She was a proud woman, therefore ambitious; loving, and ready to centre everything in the man she adored, and who worshiped her. Out of this, more than from his own bravery, the Duke won the greatness that so long outlived him."

"You are determined to make me feel all that I have lost," said the man, with an impatient gesture. "You will not spare me. In my life and my projects all your interest has fled. Well, I may have deserved it."

Rhoda was now sitting on the edge of the bed with her clothes disordered, the lace of her kerchief torn aside, revealing a neck white as lily-leaves underneath, and her garments all in confusion, glittering and gorgeous, against the dull, drab, background of the curtains. From her head, made picturesque by the abundance of her falling hair, to the small shoes, with their high, red heels and dainty buckles, she made a picture that aroused more subtle feelings than the man had expressed when speaking of the ambition which was, indeed, his ruling passion. Rhoda saw herself framed in the carved scroll-work of an opposite mirror, and, being an artist in her soul, gloried in the beauty that had undoubted power over him yet.

"I may have deserved that the past should be held as a curse against me; but with so much that is grand in your nature, Rhoda, is there no power of forgiveness? Can you sacrifice nothing to the man who loved you with all his soul?"

"Loved me?"

"And who dares not say that he loves you yet."

A flash of vivid light seemed to shoot across the mirror, as Rhoda lifted her eyes for a single instant. The next, they were downcast, and veiled, as if she had not heard the half-whispered words which, with all his boldness, the man hesitated to utter, for he had loved this woman, and, in some sense, the spell was on him yet.

"You have saved my life," she said, gently, "and for that, worthless as it is to me, and every one else, I must be grateful. But for you, I might have been trampled to death by the horses."

"Rhoda, Rhoda, that is nothing!"

"Not if it wins the forgiveness you crave?" she questioned, lifting her eyes to his face with a swift glance of the old fire. "Not if it makes me your friend?"

"Girl, girl, is that possible?"

The man came a step forward; but Rhoda held up both hands, to prevent his eager approach.

"Go," she said; "go now. I am faint. I cannot think steadily."

"But some other time you will repent all this."

"Some other time? Yes, unless I am tempted to——"

"To hate me again?"

"Hate? Oh, hate is never loud spoken. You should know that. Besides, a woman's wrath is so transient, fierce as the storm that is just passing, and as brief. Why should you care for it?"

"Because I care for you, Rhoda."

"Ah!"

"Because you have proved more than a woman—an angel, capable of forgiveness."

Rhoda again put up her hands, and he saw that she was growing pale again.

"Yes, I will go now. It is cruel to oppress you even with my thoughtfulness. Good-by."

The man almost knelt as he took her cold hand, and held it firmly in his clasp, as if the fire in his own veins could warm it into some gentle response; but no dead bird ever lay more cold in its nest than those fingers met his.

"The shook has been terrible. How cold you are! Lie down, and try to forget everything, except that I love you better than my own life. Do not believe me when I say that ambition is the strongest passion a man has. That is a treason you should not forgive. There, now, rest well. This once! This once!"

Humbly, almost abjectly, the man lifted Rhoda's cold hand to his lips, and went out of the room, treading lightly as he went down the stairs.

The moment he was gone, Rhoda started up from the bed, ran to the window, and looked out, striving to catch another glimpse of him as he passed into the street. She saw him pause before the house, beckon a young mulatto, who was leading his horse up and down, and throw himself into the saddle with the powerful swing of a strong man used to such exercise; but she also saw that he allowed the mulatto to settle his foot in the heavy stirrup, and made his horse curvet airily, while the lad stood back with his cap uplifted, as if he were doing homage to some monarch.

The expressions that swept Rhoda Clyde's face were swift and complicated as the impulses in her bosom. At first she looked out triumphantly, then a glow of admiration followed. Again, as the lad held the stirrup almost kneeling in the mud, while he bent to his task, then stepped back and lifted his cap, a gleam of mocking scorn predominated, and she laughed within herself.

"Ah, how my apothecary apes the king," she thought. "And this it is to be a patriot. This is the equality he speaks of, and fights for. See how his horse rears, scattering his freeborn brethren right and left. How easily, how grandly he sweeps through the crowd. I wonder if it is love or hate, contempt or devotion, that I feel? A royalist at heart, he is the greatest enemy of the king. A hero in courage, Congress puts weaker men over his head, and rewards him with a war-horse. Out of such elements, what is there that a woman's vengeance may not work out? Oh, how I love—how I hate this man! This keen feeling shifts from joy to anguish so wildly that I cannot tell which it is."

Not till this martial figure was lost in the crowd, did Rhoda leave the window. Then she went slowly back to the bed, and lay down under the shadow of those drab curtains, not to sleep, that was impossible; but, while she seemed to rest, a thousand whirling thoughts swept across her face, and her eyes grew bright, like stars, or dim, like shadowed waters, as memory or plans for the future held possession of her brain.

"But for her," she whispered to the strange, wild face that looked on her from the mirror; "but for her, I might forget. She shall never mount to greatness by his side. Never, never! So long as I have a tongue to persuade, or beauty to allure. He has not forgotten, he cannot forget. The world shall no longer hold it a question of doubt whether I rejected him or he gave me up. His own conduct shall settle that. Of all the strong passions that make up his character, one thing is wanting, the prudence that subdues fierce desires into quietness, the self-control that curbs will into strength. Did he possess these, my power over him would be nothing. As it is! Oh, as it is!"

CHAPTER IX.

Barringford came across the Park with the physician by his side, still unsteady in his walk, still white from the shock those wild horses had given him. The gentle lady, who had been so truly his friend, was in peril, perhaps dead; for so she looked, as Kingsford had carried her past him, in the street. While there was a chance of serving this fair, good woman, he had no thought for himself, no real consciousness of the injury he had received. Indeed, he forgot the causes of enmity that should have kept him back, and was going into Abigail Boardman's parlor with the physician, when he saw Grace Kingsford standing near the door, with both hands to her face, and weeping bitterly. This brought the young man to a knowledge of his own position, and he hardly had strength to ask the question that made his heart stand still as it was whispered.

"Is she worse? Is she dead?"

Grace dropped her hands, and reached them toward him, trying to smile, though the effort brought fresh tears to her eyes.

"She is alive, but, oh, Rufus, my father will not have me near her. She cannot speak. She is in pain, and sometimes I can see her eyes searching for me; but I dare not go to her. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

Barringford held her hands close, but his own were cold as marble.

"I will go to him. I will say that all the blame is mine. Do not cry so bitterly. All will be well, if the dear mother is only alive."

"Hear how she moans!" said Grace, piteously.

"Thank God, that she can moan," answered

the young man, relieved from his greatest dread by the sounds of pain that reached him from the next room. "I had a terrible thought, that we should never hear her voice again."

Barringford would have gone into the parlor then, with a generous impulse to save Grace, by taking some great blame on himself, but that moment Abigail Boardman glided through the door rather more swiftly than usual, and with a faint look of alarm on her placid countenance.

"Is she worse? Is she much hurt?" he questioned, laying his hand on the closely-sleeved arm of the Quakeress.

Abigail did not stop to answer, but glided up stairs, smoothing down her sleeve as she went. Entering the spare bed-chamber, she went to a closet, and taking some old linen from a shelf, began to tear it into strips, measuring them off with exact precision, but losing no time. While in the midst of her work, she saw Rhoda lying a heap of gay silk and lace, half-buried in the feather-bed. Now the glow of rich colors always had a disturbing effect on Abigail, and this mass of warm hues affected her as scarlet fires some animals to wrath. She walked up to the bed, still tearing at her linen, and looked searchingly down upon the girl. The tumbled state of those obnoxious garments, the masses of hair falling loose upon the pillows, and, above all, those shoes, with high, red heels, sloping down to the hollow of the foot, warmed her decorous old soul into something like resentment.

"Is thee so hurt, that thee cannot lie smoothly on the bed?" she questioned, tearing another strip of linen, with a faint jerk of the hands, that seemed an enormous outburst of passion to herself.

"No, I am not hurt; only shaken a little," answered Rhoda.

"Not hurt? Then, why is thee here, when there is need of help below stairs?"

"Help," said Rhoda, languidly. "Who is hurt, then?"

"Had thee listened, thee might have heard the groans."

"Whose groans? Not Mrs. Kingsford's? What has chanced to her? I did not think—I did not know. What is the matter with Mrs. Kingsford?"

"Her arm is broken, it is to be feared."

"Her arm? Great heavens! I will go down at once."

Rhoda sprang from the bed, and was hurrying to the door, but Abigail stood in her way.

"Not as thee is dressed," she said, with gentle severity. "Men are standing about the door, and might look in."

"What do I care for men at the door?" cried the girl, impatiently turning to the glass, and making a hurried attempt to force her hair into something like order. "One does not think of a grand toilet when people are hurt, and moaning like that?"

"Thee must take a little time," said Abigail, resolutely closing the door, and passing down stairs with the bandages laid smoothly over her arm, and feeling as if she had shut in a storm that threatened the decorum of her house; but she was checked in the passage by Grace Kingsford.

"Oh, Abigail, Abigail! Tell me, is she dying?"

"Dying, Grace? There is no one likely to die."

"Thank God! Oh, you are so kind, Abigail, so kind! Has she asked for me? Does she know that I must not come in?"

"Thee must come in," answered the Quakeress, in her firm, mild way. "Nothing should keep a child from her mother. Come."

Grace cast one farewell look at her lover, hesitated an instant, and passed into the parlor, looking timidly at her father, who stood, stern and pale, near the settee on which Mrs. Kingsford lay. A frown darkened his face as she came in, but he moved a little on one side, that she might find a place near the couch.

As if she felt the gentle presence of her child, Mrs. Kingsford opened her eyes, and made a faint effort to smile; even tried to lift her hand, but the pain that followed left her faint and helpless again.

"Thee had better stand away now" said Abigail Boardman, addressing Mr. Kingsford. "More room and steady hands will be needed here. Hush, child! These sobs trouble her."

With gentle force, Abigail led the girl into another room, and, after that, took Mr. Kingsford by the arm, and softly conducted him through the same door, and up to the chair into which Grace had fallen.

"Does thee wish to break her heart?" she said, with much earnestness. "What has the child done, that thee should seem to be made of iron to her?"

Grace lifted her face, all pallid and tear-stained, with a look of piteous entreaty.

"Oh, father, what have I done?"

Absolutely against his own proud will, Mr. Kingsford laid his hand on the girl's shoulder; and when she began to sob, he said, in a voice hoarse with emotion,

"Be quiet! Be quiet! This is no time nor place——"

Here he broke off, almost with a cry, for out

of the next room came a sharp shriek of anguish, that made every nerve in his frame shiver.

Then Grace sprang to her feet, flung herself on her father's bosom, and, with both arms about his neck, trembled and listened.

Another shriek, fainter than the last; a moan or two, and all was still in the next room, save the low voice of the surgeon, giving orders, and the subdued steps of Abigail Boardman, as she moved to and fro, obeying him.

Breathless with expectation, trembling with fear of another outcry of pain, the father and child stood together, all differences between them lost, for the time, in overwhelming sympathy. Scarcely a breath was drawn; no sound, or word, passed between them, until Abigail opened the door, and said, in her usual calm voice, which no sorrow or joy could much disturb,

"Come in, now. It is all over. She is faint, but resting. Come in, and be still."

The proud old man, half angry with himself already, for this weak relenting, stole into the room where Mrs. Kingsford lay, not insensible, but so weak from pain, that she seemed like a dying creature. Grace followed her father, and, kneeling by the settee, kissed the lips, still white and quivering with spent agony, until a shadowy smile flitted over them. Then the heavy eyelids were lifted, a glance full of grateful love passed from father to child, and the brightness spread over that sweet, worn face, as we may imagine perfume to affect a fading lily.

Then the lips moved, and Kingsford bent down, holding his breath as he listened.

"You have forgiven her and me?" they whispered.

The stubborn man knew, in his heart, that it was not so, but he bent down and kissed the lips that made this gentle appeal, sighing because it was not altogether a seal of perfect contentment.

There was no excitement in this scene; all emotion was hushed, all sounds kept down. Abigail Boardman stood a little way off, with her slender arms folded on her bosom, looking placidly on. The tumult without had subsided, and she almost heard each distant rain-drop as it fell from the eaves to the side-walk.

In the hush and depths of this silence, a swift tapping of high-heeled shoes came from the stairs, the door was flung open, and Rhoda Clyde came, like the rush of an autumn breeze, into the scene. With a quick glance, she saw the softened expression of Kingsford's face, the smile still trembling on the lips of that wounded lady, and some vague plan or expectation of her own was disturbed.

"Ah! Thank God, she is not dead! I saw young Barringford in the hall, talking so earnestly with the surgeon, that it took away my breath."

A dark frown gathered on the face of Kingsford, and his wife opened her eyes with a sudden shock. Abigail Boardman came forward quietly, but with a light in her eyes that seldom kindled their placid blue. She was either disturbed by this sudden rush into the room, or more keen-sighted than most persons of her quiet nature.

"Mr. Barringford—thee is speaking of the young man who was almost trampled to death in stopping the horses. He brought the surgeon here. No one else thought of it," she said. "It is not strange that he should wait to learn if the great danger is past."

"Strange! Of course not. I was only embarrassed by finding strangers in the entry, and was not aware that Mr. Barringford had acted the brave part you speak of," answered Rhoda, sinking down by the couch, in all the disarray of dress that had so disturbed the little Quakeress. "It certainly was not to him that I am indebted for my poor life."

Something in this speech aroused the latent antagonism in Kingsford, while its high tone offended him. Looking down upon his wife's face, he saw that it was contracted as with new pain.

"If Mr. Barringford is here, I must not allow him to depart without due thanks," he said. "He certainly threw himself in front of the horses, and checked them in their maddest plunges; was hurt by them, I greatly fear."

Rhoda looked up, in surprise. This change did not please her; and, knowing the haughty nature of the man, she had not expected it. Grace, who knelt by her mother, softly kissed the face against which her's rested, and knew that the caress was returned as one recognizes the sympathy which has no visible expression.

Mr. Kingsford acted upon his word, and went into the hall in search of the man with whom he was in bitter enmity, but who had met that enmity with an act so brave, and magnanimity so grand, that both must forever lie a burden upon him. The very pride which grew out of his patrician birth and breeding, urged him on to an acknowledgment of a deed that had saved the life most precious to him, while it recoiled more sternly than ever from the obligation imposed by it. Therefore it was with a sensation of relief that he found the hall empty.

And now the days went wearily on, while the mother hung between life and death, for a fever set in, and Mrs. Kingsford entered, as it were, into the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The physician could not understand this fever. Hap-

pily he did not know its cause. For it was not the injured limb, it was the anger of her husband, it was her pity and sympathy with Grace, racking her mind with anxiety, that prevented her recovery.

During these days of dreadful suspense, poor Grace felt, at times, as if it would almost be a blessing if she could die. Her father rarely had a kind word for her. She saw, of course, nothing of her lover. When not at her mother's bed-side, she wandered about the house, heavy-eyed, with white cheeks, or sought a secluded bower in the garden, where, shut in by tall bushes from observation, she could give way, unchecked, to her grief. There she sat, day after day, with clasped hands, crying out, from the depths of her tortured soul, against the cruelty of fate, or praying, with streaming eyes, that God would preserve her mother to her, even if everything else went.

CHAPTER X.

The dwellings in our great Atlantic cities of the present day, with all their wealth of architecture and luxury of adornment, bear but a comfortless comparison with the spacious houses, extensive grounds, and native parks that allowed space for flower-gardens, breezy trees, and pleasant lawns around the rich man's mansion, and the poor man's cottage. Then the environs of a city were only circumscribed by the wishes and taste of its inhabitants, and every city in the country had an aspect of rural freshness and beauty which years of abounding wealth has cramped into vast labyrinths of brick and stone, so closely built in some places that the air of heaven scarcely finds room for wholesome circulation. Then the mansions of prosperous men were embowered with fine old trees, brightened by flower-gardens, and approached through inclosures that would pass for towns in the present day.

Along the banks of the Delaware, now covered with evidences of commerce and trade, Philadelphia stretched itself into a succession of residences that, for space and grandeur, could scarcely be excelled on this side of the Atlantic. There the architecture of Old England had been duplicated in the thrift and glory of a virgin soil and forest-trees, God-planted, in the wonderful beauty which no art has ever approached.

Along this beautiful stream every dwelling had its garden, its lawn, or door-yard, from which the thrift and glory of natural wild-flowers could never be swept quite away; its grove of oaks, or walnuts, perhaps; and a thoroughfare winding in and out with the sweep of the river, such as few cities of the earth could boast. Here and there, making the scene more picturesquely rural, some pretty cottage, or stone farm-house appeared half-buried in apple-orchards, or brightened in the spring-time by the pink-bloom of peach-trees, or snowy loads of cherry-blossoms.

To the rich and the poor, alike, nature gave her finishing touches of beauty, and in the breadth of its grounds, the luxuriance of its soil, and the stateliness of its dwellings, Philadelphia was perhaps unequaled, certainly not excelled, in the country, at the time it proclaimed a free government.

Not only on the Delaware, but up the banks of the beautiful Schuylkill, noble mansions were scattered with an effect more and more picturesque, as the scenery became grander and more wildly beautiful.

The Kingsford mansion formed a grand connecting-link between these suburban dwellings and the more compact buildings of the city. With a fine sweep of the river in full view, with all the grandeur of stately old forest trees shading it, with broad flower-gardens full of glow and color, it possessed all the breezy freedom of a country home, while a pleasant nearness to the city brought the hum and subdued excitement of active life to its gates.

Those great stone lions crouching at the entrance, kept guard over the broadest highway and finest drive in the neighborhood. From this back portico, gazing across the slope of a velvety lawn and through the branches of well-grouped trees, one might watch the white sails of sloops and such small craft as plied up and down the river, carrying the farm produce of the country to market, and returning laden with household stores.

Around that dwelling there was no lack of movement and life, no chance of beautiful adornment that an artistic inheritance of taste had not embellished.

The servants of this family were trained to the most perfect subserviance. The eldest house servant never ventured on a smile or a word of the familiarity that made a cordial link between master and servant in other families. The hearty laugh of an old gray-headed black was never heard in that mansion when its master was within hearing; and nearly all servants were then black.

But the autocratic rule of no one man could ever suppress the jolly humor and affectionate warmth of a household negro in those days. The very distance color then made between the races, was a kind of safeguard against encroachment on the one side, and an inducement to encouraging kindness on the other.

The Kingsford mansion, like many others in and about Philadelphia, had outbuildings devoted to the household servants, pretty ornamental cottages, where the colored people could, to a certain extent, live their own naturally idle lives, and throw off the restraints that lay rather heavy upon them in the great house. There the old men and women rested from their years of labor, and the young people of the kitchen then became happy and jovial when their work was done.

At a certain age, however, custom gave to the old servants, when their strength was well-nigh spent, the right of retirement and rest from hard work, sometimes leaving them good-natured pensioners on the family they had served, with a right to glory in its prosperity, and take a share in its pride, up to the last minute of their lives. Occasionally these old negroes might drift away from the home mansion, earn a little money for themselves, and enjoy all the comforts of independence without anxiety for the future.

An old servant of Mrs. Kingsford, who had been married to a free woman of the neighborhood, celebrated for a dainty method of getting up fine laces, had taken this late lease of life, and gradually withdrawn to her cabin, which stood, like a mammoth bird's nest, just above that most romantic gorge through which the Wissahickon pours its bright waters into the Schuylkill. From taking his rest in this rustic shelter, now and then, the old man gradually made it the home of his old age, still holding himself as a part of the family in which his life had been spent, and glorying in it as the henchmen of old gloried in the prowess of their lords.

Not till the crisp hair on his temples was half white, did old Nelse betake himself to Sally's cabin as a home. Even then he scorned to name it as such, and always bestowed that honor on the stately mansion of the Kingsfords'.

At this time the bright spring waters of the Wissahickon had plenty of trout under the shadow of its ferny banks, for no dam had ever checked the flow of its waters, and nothing but a bridge of logs had ever spanned them. Indeed, old Sally's cabin was almost the only human habitation on the beautiful stream, whose waters made her linen white as drifted snow, and on whose ferns the delicate laces intrusted to her, were spread out like cobwebs, that a puff of air might blow away.

There was not a shadowy hollow in that stream, from its mouth to the innumerable springs that gave it birth, that Nelse was not familiar with. The trout might hide beneath drooping ferns, or float among tangled tree-roots, where they stuck, down through the shelving banks, ever so cunningly; but while their jeweled sides seemed hidden even from the sun, a great blue-fly, or a tiny rose-bug, would drop into the quiet waters, float along the surface, rise, fall, seem ready to fly away, and tempted beyond all prudence, a dart would be made, a flash upward, and so the poor jeweled thing lay quivering on the bank, the spoil of that cunning old darkey..

The fish thus patiently caught became a source of profit to the old man, and it was whispered among his younger associates that he had silver and gold coin hid away, a small fortune.

Nelse was the owner of an old boat, which was given him, in a dilapidated state, but was soon remedied by his craft as a carpenter, and he had also dug out the trunk of a mammoth beech-tree, which swung side by side with the larger craft, in a little cove, partly formed by an abrupt curve of the river, partly dug and deepened by the old man's spade.

When Nelse had a fancy for extensive trout-fishing, he usually planted himself in the canoe, and slowly followed the Wissahickon up to its bright tangle of springs, where the larger boat could not go. One day, he was coming down from one of these excursions, when his course was checked by the unusual sound of dipping oars, and, leaning forward, and peering down the shadowy stream, he discovered the outlines of a boat, pulled swiftly against the current, and a glimmer of mingled colors, such as only a female could wear.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EARLY VIOLETS.

BY P. B. MARSTON.

SOFT, subtle scent, which is to me more sweet
  Than perfumes that come after, when the rose
  In all the passion of her beauty blows;
Here, even in this busy city street,
Thou openest to my soul such sights as meet
  The eye, when quite forgetful of past snows,
  The earth beneath the sun's kiss throbs and glows,
And each thing feels the luxury of heat.
  Thou art his lady's voice to one who waits
  In Summer twilights at her garden gates:
Her face not seen as yet; thou art the rare
  First note of Nature's prelude, that brings soon
  The Spring, like a divine and varying tune,
Till Summer music vibrates in the air.

"MY COUSIN KATHERINE."

BY FANNIE HODGSON BURNETT.

How it was that I got the idea that she was a middle-aged woman I hardly know, but certainly that was the idea I had. A woman neither young nor handsome, and tough enough, even for her age, was what I expected to see when I cast eyes on Miss Kitty Macnamara. And what a surprise the girl was to me, to be sure.

"Larry," says my mother, plaintively, "do try to be agreeable to Miss Kitty Macnamara. Just to think of all that money going out of the family, when it might be kept in it, if you'd be a bit civil, and not so off-hand."

I bit my lip, and said nothing, feeling that the safest plan. When I was out of humor, as I spoke, I was lost; and I was often enough out of humor, bad luck to me! And my mother often, unconsciously, exasperated me.

"You'll never be settled in life, Larry," she would say, "if you don't dress better, and lay aside that rag of a hunting-suit. There is not a girl in the county will look at you. And you, with the face you have, and the figure, six feet if you are an inch, and letting your good looks run to waste, as you do."

She was always worrying herself about my not marrying. That was worse than her fretting over my dogs, and horses, and guns. Our family was a fallen one. We had been grandees a generation ago, and our estate had ranked among the finest in Ireland; but extravagance and bad management had been the ruin of us, and, at twenty-one, I, Lawrence Ogilvie, had found myself heir to nothing but debt and a large broken-down house, a great burden of beautiful wild land, needing money at every turn, and last, but not least, an old name, and a hot, evil temper. We were so poor, indeed, that but for my dogs and gun, there were times when we might have had a bare table.

"You must make a fine marriage, and retrieve the family fortunes. Money will make money for us," she said, "and we can clear our name and right our people, and live like Ogilvies once more. If you'll only lay aside your ragged attire, and dress like a gentleman, and pay court to some of the daughters of the county gentry. What girl might not be proud to marry you, Larry, my dear? Young, and handsome, and an Ogilvie." But, for my part, I took a savage pleasure in wearing my stained green velvet until I could afford to buy a better, and I did not care for the county gentry and their daughters a jot. I had notions of my own about borrowing a woman's money, and giving her my soul for security.

As to Miss Kitty Macnamara, it never crossed my mind that she was a young woman. Young people did not come to our house. My mother's relatives were all old maids, or elderly married people; so if I gave her two thoughts, the first was that I would keep out of her way, and the second that she might have shown better taste than to come troubling her poor relations.

I held to my resolve of keeping out of her way, and did not see her for two days after her arrival, but on the third she came upon me.

I was standing at one end of the table, cleaning my favorite gun with my own hands, as I always made a point of doing, when I heard some one coming up behind me. Because I knew it was a woman's footstep, I guessed it to be hers, and would not turn round, pretending not to hear.

But she was not to be rebuffed. She came to the table and stood close to it, so close that her white dress almost touched me, and I was obliged to raise my eyes.

When I did so, I blushed hotly, and lifted my cap in a manner, perhaps, not as amiable and graceful as it might have been. Instead of being an old woman, she was a young one, tall and lithe in figure, with soft, black hair, and soft, black eyes, and a soft, babyish white skin; and she stood there, smiling at me like an innocently bold child. I hesitated a moment, and then laid my cap down among the old weapons on the table. It was impossible to put it on again.

"Kitty," she said, in a simple, abrupt fashion, quite as if she was sure I understood.

"Kitty," said I, amazed, and a bit vexed, though not exactly at her.

She nodded.

"Macnamara," she added, brightly, and not at all abashed.

"What!" I said. "Miss Macnamara?"

"Yes," she answered. "Of course, I am. Kitty Macnamara. Who else could I be?"

It is not my way to be afraid of women, and I was not afraid of this one; but she had a queer effect upon me. My mother calls all unmarried women "young ladies;" but Kitty Macnamara

was not a "young lady;" she was a girl. She might have been twenty, or twenty-one, or twenty-two, but she was a girl. She was, as I have said, tall, and she carried herself like a young queen; but she was a girl. Her white gown fell in straight, simple folds about her feet. Her dark hair was wound, loose and softly, round her head, and a child of six might have looked at me as she did, when she said to me, in that innocent, suggestive way, "Kitty."

She somehow impressed me at once with the idea that no one had ever treated her coldly, or spoken an unkind word to her, in her life.

Her hands hung lightly clasped before her, and she looked at my table with a wistful face. Like a child again, as if she knew she must not touch.

"Your mother sent me," she said. "I wanted to see the armory, and she thought, perhaps you would not mind showing me the things. I can wait until you have finished."

I pushed my work aside.

"I would rather take you now," I said. "Do you suppose I would keep you waiting? This way, if you please."

I knew I had not said the right thing, and that my manner seemed rough enough; but she did not appear to be disturbed. She kept by my side as I strode down the hall, and neither of us spoke until I pushed open the door of the armory. Then, after a single glance around her, she spoke, nodding her head slowly.

"Ah! I shall like this," she said. "It is like living two lives at once. There is my life, you see, and the lives of the men who used these things. It is many lives, in fact. I wonder how much happened to the man who broke that sword, and how much depended on its remaining unbroken. I should like to know."

She had spoken more to herself than to me; but I answered her.

"A great deal," I said. "Life depended on it."

"And it broke," she said, sadly.

Then she held out her hand for it.

"May I hold it?" she asked.

I took it down, and gave it to her.

"And it broke!" she said again. "Ah, poor fellow!" with a little shudder. "When he heard it snap, he knew it had failed him, and the end had come!"

"He fought with the broken blade," I said, my blood tingling as I remembered the story. "He fought with it after he felt his death-wound. One of his vassals took it out of his dead hand afterward. He was an Ogilvie, you know."

"Afterward," she said, softly, and then gave it back to me.

I do not know now long a time we spent in the room together. Somehow, I found that I had more to say to Katherine Macnamara than I had ever said to a woman before. Perhaps it was because she seemed so sure that I was ready to answer all her questions.

She asked a great many, about the weapons, about their owners, and their lives; odd, fanciful questions for a girl to ask, upon the whole. She turned back to the dead wearers of helmets and breastplates, and swords, as if her whole soul was in the matter. She touched things in a pretty reverent fashion, and her eyes saddened over them when a tragic story revealed itself.

Once or twice she invented a story for herself, and suggested new ideas to me, in a grave, child-like way.

"That is bright, and looks almost new," she said once. "See, it is not hacked or scratched at all. Don't tell me about that, please. It looks sorrowful; as if some one had died very young, and people had loved and mourned him, so that his sword was like a sacred thing, and was left untouched."

I was startled and moved. The story was a sad one, the saddest of many that were full of pain; and, knowing it myself, I could not help liking the girl for her fanciful tenderness.

After all, the morning was not wasted. At least, I had found out that I need not hold myself aloof, and that existence might go on for me, in its usual way. When I returned to my gun-cleaning, I was in a better humor with myself, with my mother, and with fortune generally.

But existence was not to go on in its usual way. When I went in to dinner, I found that a trifle of change had taken place already. The generally barren, cheerless room had brightened itself in a style new to me. My mother had had somebody at work. Things were in their right places; the dark oak floor had been polished afresh; the fire of logs burned clearly in the huge fire-place. Some of our store of long-unused silver and porcelain had been brought to light. We had fallen into the habit of living in a careless, bare fashion, and had not made the best of things; but her visitor's presence had aroused my mother's pride. She had attired herself in her best.

Kitty Macnamara stood near her, a new vision to me, in pale purple, and with a pale pink flower in her hair. As I entered, she turned round and looked at me; and though her glance was quite an unconscious one, I knew, yet that instant I felt hot, and angered, and restless.

A little shade of wonder passed through her

eyes; an innocent amaze at my uncouth attire, at my rough demeanor, and unceremonious entrance. They were things to which she was unused.

Several times, during the meal, when I glanced up, I encountered her eyes again. She seemed to regard me with a grave curiousness. I wondered, grimly, how she liked the barren poverty about her, and what she had meant by braving it. She must have known something of it before she came.

She had meant something, it appeared; for, after dinner was over, she told me so, in a way that startled me.

I had gone to a window, and stood looking out, when she came and touched my arm, lightly.

"If you please," she said, "I want to tell you something."

I had no words ready, so I suppose I only stared at her like a slow, ill-mannered fellow, as I was.

"I want to say that I hope you will not be sorry that I came," she added, in the quietest and simplest fashion possible. "I did not know, until a few hours ago, that—that you disliked strangers so much."

"Who told you I disliked strangers?" I demanded, half-angrily.

"I cannot tell you that," she answered. "I learned it by accident; and you must not be angry with any one, for my sake, through me. I should not have said anything, but that I came here with an object, and I should be sorry to have to relinquish it. I—I hope," looking at me very gravely, with her great soft eyes; "I hope you will not dislike me."

I did not know what to say again, and was ready to curse myself for my clumsiness. But even if I had had a fine speech ready, it would have been thrown away upon her, I fancy. She did not give me time to utter one.

"I hope you will not," she began, and then broke off, to begin again, with positive eagerness. "Please, try not to think of me as a stranger," she said. "I do not feel as if I was a stranger, I know you so well."

I could not help speaking then.

"You know me?" I exclaimed.

A faint color stained that babyish white skin of hers, and she replied somewhat timidly.

"Yes," she said. "I have known you a long time. I have heard so much. If it had not been so, I should not have come."

Instantly, it occurred to me that some one had been laying bare to her the history of our humbled pride and fallen fortunes, and talking of what was no one's business but our own, mine and my mother's. So, I responded, something roughly,

"You are very good, to take so much interest in us, knowing of us only by hearsay. I hope we deserve your sympathy."

She looked actually frightened.

"Oh!" she cried hurriedly. "That is wrong, indeed. You are making it very hard for me. Please, don't, don't be angry with me, as it will be worse than if I had not spoken at all."

"Oh, I am not angry," I answered.

It was impossible to avoid talking to her. Her childish openness got the better of a man. Recluse as I was, I saw that she knew no more of the world than a baby, and that she was guided entirely by her own innocent, romantic notions of right and wrong. She was without fear, and without suspicion.

It was queer enough, how this slim slip of a girl changed things for us. One felt her influence strangely. The house seemed full of her, and yet she was a quiet presence. The servants put their best foot foremost for her sake, and my mother began to have an aim in life. Even I, myself, was guilty of a weakness. When I came down to dinner, the second day, my mother glanced at me with delighted approval, and afterward managed to whisper a word or so to me.

"Ah, Larry! You are a gentleman now, dear," she said. "That's as it ought to be."

I shrugged my shoulders, half-vexed both at her and myself.

"Why should I frighten her?" I said. "She is used to fine feathers, it seems. If shabby black is better than shabby green, one may as well wear it."

"You are not shabby now," she said. "No man could look better. You——"

"Shall I show you the hole under my elbow?" I interposed, "or the tear I have pinned together in the lining? I wonder how Miss Kitty likes the fit of my coat. Perhaps you had better tell her it belonged to my father, and that he wore it when he had grown elderly and stout."

"Oh, Larry, Larry!" cried my mother, shaking her head. "You have a queer temper of your own, sure enough."

I often thought of what the girl had said about her object in coming to us, but she did not refer to it again for many a day. Her manner toward me was always just what it had been during our first interview. She was simple, frank, and fearless. She never hesitated to ask me any trifling favor; to show her this or that; to guide her here or there; to explain this thing or the other,

If I had been a less surly fellow, we should have made great progress in a very short time; but, being what I was, we did not seem to learn very much of each other. Sometimes I thought that she tried, in a girlish way, to become better friends; but friendships were not easy for me, and I was so accustomed to silence and solitude, that words were always slow with me.

But my coldness was only apparent. Something, nay, many things, about the child pleased me. Led by a whimsical impulse, I went in to her one day, as she sat at work by the window, and stood a minute near her, trying to fashion some decent enough sounding speech to make. But my musing must have lasted longer than I intended, or, at least, she misunderstood it. Suddenly I saw her face change, and she looked up at me in a helpless, distressed way.

"You do not like me," she cried, piteously. "You always look as if—as if I made you angry."

What was I to say to that? I think I must have turned pale. At any rate, I lost my presence of mind, and was more out of patience with myself than ever.

"That is a mistake," I said, and turned on my heel, and walked out of the room, because I knew I should blunder if I stayed.

A kind of fury seized upon me when I found myself outside. I did not want to wound the child, and I was always doing it. I must be always wounding her, if she fancied that her presence was obnoxious to me. What a clumsy boor I must have shown myself, sullen, and savage, and tongue-tied!

It was a wet, dreary day, but I took my gun and went out to walk my ill-humor off. I wandered farther than usual, and was absent until late in the afternoon. When I returned to the house, I stopped for a moment in the hall, to lay my gun down, and then passed on into the courtyard. I intended going to the stable, but before I was half across the yard, there came to my startled ear sounds which checked me, and brought my heart into my throat. There was the sharp report of a gun, mingled with a crash, and then a low, bitter cry, in a girl's voice; a cry of pain and terror.

A fierce curse, at my own folly and carelessness, sprang to my lips. I had left my gun leaning against a piece of armor in the entrance-hall, and it had been knocked down and the charge had exploded. This flashed upon me in a second.

In another moment I was in the house, in the midst of unutterable confusion, the servants rushing, terrified, from their rooms; my mother exclaiming, wildly, and calling to me; nobody quiet but Kitty Macnamara, who drooped against the wall, her pretty young face as white as her dress, and with blood staining her sleeve.

"Ah, Larry, Larry!" cried my mother, in hysterical reproach. "Havn't I been warning you all along? Didn't I tell you that you'd kill some of us some day, with your dogs, and your horses, and your guns?"

There was no time to waste words. I strode up to the trembling girl, and took her in my arms, as if she had been a child, carrying her into the nearest room, and laying her down upon a couch.

"What have I done?" I said to her. "Where are you hurt? Let me see."

I felt like a villain; and when, as I touched her arm, she began to tremble afresh, a cold perspiration started out upon my forehead.

"I will be as gentle as possible," I said, "but I must see the wound."

The next few moments were simply terrible. The wound itself would have been a mere nothing to a man or woman of strong organization; but to this poor, delicate child it was an actual anguish. The shock she had received had been so great that, in spite of her efforts, she could not control herself. Her large eyes shone with pain and terror, and, at every touch, a little sob broke from her white lips.

When my examination was over, I spoke to her again.

"The nearest surgeon lives five miles from here," I said, "and it is always doubtful whether he is to be found at home. I have dressed such wounds as this one before. Will you trust me to do what I can at once, or will you wait?"

"I will trust you," she said. And then she turned her face away upon the cushion, and lay quite still, waiting for me to begin.

I was scarcely in a condition to be skillful, with my heart beating like a trip-hammer, and that cold sweat beading my forehead, but I knew that at least I did not bungle, and I spared her as much pain as was possible. Still, before I had finished, she had fainted, and I was scarcely sorry to see it.

When I had completed my work, I got up, hurriedly, leaving her to my mother, and went out into the open air. A womanish vertigo had seized upon me. I shook from head to foot, and felt weak to helplessness.

A few minutes later, I heard my mother speaking to a servant.

"Where is Master Larry," she said.

I turned into the hall, and answered for myself.

"You must come back to the parlor," she said. "The poor child wants to see you before we take her up stairs."

Going into the room, I was surprised to find the girl standing up. The next moment I saw why this was.

"I wanted to show you that I was not very much hurt," she said. "I am not, indeed; please believe me. The fainting is nothing. I am never very strong, and always a coward about pain. That is all. I should not go to bed now, but that Mrs. Ogilvie wishes it. Did they tell you how it happened? My dress caught the hammer as I passed, and I gave a little pull without looking. It was all my own fault."

"It was not your fault, at all," I said. "It was mine. I was a heedless fool. I ought to have my neck wrung. But I have beenpunished."

"But I do not want you to be punished," she said, in gentle distress. "That is worst of all."

"You had better come up stairs, Kitty, and have some gruel," suggested my mother, plaintively, as usual. It was her habit to suggest gruel upon all occasions. If a man had been accidentally decapitated, I think gruel would have occurred to her at once as a happy thought.

"Why gruel, in Heaven's name!" I cried. As if it was not bad enough to be shot, without being forced to swallow gruel.

"Gruel never did anybody any harm," returned my mother, with dignity. "I have heard a great aunt of mine say that her father's grandmother drank three quarts a day."

"I will take some gruel if you would like me to," said Kitty, prettily submissive. "I like it, a little."

And smiling back at me with sublime courage, she went away, to be dosed.

From that day forward, it seemed quite natural that I should stay indoors, instead of going out. I dressed the pretty arm every morning, and, through doing so, learned a great deal. I learned to look at the girl's face, and to meet her dark eyes without acting like a dumb idiot. I learned to find words to use, and to have my senses about me. By the time the pretty arm had healed, I think I might almost say that I was a different man.

"I have never asked you to forgive me yet," I said to her, the day I took the bandage off.

"There was no need," she answered. "There was no need, Mr. Lawrence."

"But there was need," I said, brusquely; and, giving way to an impulse of tenderness and remorse, I bent forward, and kissed the scar the wound had left behind.

I was always forgetting she was a woman. I forgot then, and remembered it with a flush of anger at my own transgression. But there was no anger on her face, only a little innocent gravity in her girlish eyes, as she drew her hand away.

"You did not mean to do that," she said.

"No," I said, "I did not. Your child-face betrays me. Now, you have two things to forgive."

"I forgive them both," was her simple speech.

Her child-face did betray me. She was more of a woman than I fancied. She saw many things of which I never dreamed. Her beautiful eyes had a wonderfully clear vision.

"You are very good to me," she said, one night. "Why are you not as good to other people?"

"To other people?" I repeated.

Sensitive as her nature was, she had a curious courage of her own. She met my eyes bravely.

"You are not so kind to your mother."

I gave a slight start.

"Am I ever unkind to her?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered, to my amazement. "You are unkind because you are careless. You are stronger than she is, and you show her that her fancies make you impatient. That is not kind, it was a little selfish. She is not young enough to begin to overcome fancies now, and they seem real to her."

I was stung to the quick, and could not help showing it.

"Is there anything else?" I said.

'Yes," very gravely. "Sometimes—often, you are not very respectful—and she loves you very much."

"Thank you," I remarked, somewhat dryly.

It was sometime before I moved, or spoke again. I could not help being silent. The girl had given me something to think about. She had said what was true, and yet I had never condescended to think so before. I had been impatient enough, and now and then I had been the reverse of respectful.

A slight movement from my companion roused me. She had risen from her seat, and stood regarding me with sad eyes, but, at the same time, with a little air of dignity.

"I am sorry to have displeased you," she said. "But it is true."

"Stay!" I exclaimed, for I saw she had misunderstood me once again, and was about to leave me. "That means that you think I am savage enough to resent what you have said."

She did not answer, but her eyes shone as if tears were on the point of rising in their depths.

"I do not resent it," I protested, almost passionately. "I know it is true, and I wish it was not. Will you believe me, if I promise that I will try to behave myself better?"

Perhaps I frightened her a little with my vehemence. But she was very gentle, and did not draw her hand away this time, when I kissed it. She even let me hold it when I sat down by her side, and talked to her. And then, for the first time in my life, I began to feel that I was not as immovable as I had always fancied myself.

The greatest dullard could guess where the tides carried me to. I, who had held myself aloof from all womankind, even from all the world, fell madly in love now. I could not tear myself from her. I followed her here and there. I was her companion always. I had never been happy before; and I began to be happy. I forgot my poverty, and no longer rebelled against fate. I cared for nothing but to be near this child, and to teach her that she might trust me.

"I was a little afraid of you at first, I think," she said to me once; "but not now, not now," shaking her pretty head, and smiling softly. "Now I know you better."

Happiness was so new to me, that I lived as in a kind of dream. I scarcely thought of the future. Each day was sufficient. Yet I did not tell my love. I imagined that if I revealed my heart to her, she might shrink from me.

So we went on, until I had gone too far to turn back, and then I was checked suddenly. And it was my mother who awakened me.

"It will be a good thing for you, Larry," she said, sitting by the fire, one night; "and it's what I always longed for. I've even prayed that you mightn't harden your heart against her, and throw your chance away. Money's a fine thing, Larry, and there's no knowing how many thousands a year that innocent, baby-faced creature has. And who could help loving her, too? It's a fine thing, though, that she came here so young, before she had seen anything of the world, or met other men. She's the kind of soft-hearted thing to be easily won, you see."

It came on me like a blow. I saw it all at once, what I had actually forgotten before. She had everything that fortune could give her. I had nothing. I was a beggar; and, worse, a beggar who could not beg. And I was taking advantage of her.

"Are you speaking of Katherine Macnamara?" I said; and my blood grew hot as I spoke.

"To be sure," she answered. "Of Kitty."

"Then let me tell you," I said, rising from my seat, "that you have thought of things I have not thought of. I shall never be a rich man on Katherine Macnamara's money, if I live a thousand years!" And I strode out of the room.

It was all over in ten minutes, and less. I had been strong-willed and stubborn from a child. I was full of passionate misery, but I had made up my mind I would stand aside. I would not take this undue advantage of her ignorance. If she had been older, and had tried the outer world, even then I should have made an effort to conquer myself; but, as it was—well, I would return to the old life.

I went back to my dogs and guns the next day. I did not trifle with temptation. I turned away from the pained wonder in the girl's face, and resisted her gentle advances. I went out gloomy and miserable, and came in hopeless and bitter. I was silent and cold, when my heart burned within me. I fought a cruel battle with myself, and would not be subdued. Scores of times, in the days that followed, I met the dark, appealing eyes, and almost gave way to my folly; but it was only "almost." I could not help seeing that, after a little while, the pretty face grew pale and sad, and the sweet voice had a tone of pain in it. She did not understand, and was unhappy. Once I came upon her, sitting alone, in a deep window; and when she turned toward me, there were tears in her eyes, but I pretended not to see them. If I had spoken a word, or if she had spoken, and I had heard a tremor in her voice, I should have shown all my frenzy. Many a day I stayed out late, hoping that, when I reached home, the child would be gone. I used to fancy that she would make up her mind suddenly leave us.

But with all my fancies, I never dreamed of what really happened in the end. I came home one evening at dusk, after a long tramp, and suddenly my mother flew out of the dining-room, and caught me by the arm, trembling with excitement, and panting for breath.

"Larry! Larry! Larry!" she cried; and she shook my arm with all her strength.

"What is the matter?" I said.

"Oh, Larry!" she said, hysterically, "you have got the money, after all!"

"The money!" I stammered. "Whose money?"

"Miss Kitty Macnamara's," she answered.

I thought she had gone mad, but her next words made the matter clearer.

"Come into the parlor," she said. "The gentleman is there—the lawyer—and he will tell you. She is dead, and all her money has come to you; and we have been making a mistake. Ours is not the rich Miss Macnamara at all. She was an old woman, and our Kitty has only a paltry, little income. Come into the room——"

But I would not hear another word. I grew hot and cold. I trembled from head to foot. I clinched my hand to keep from breaking out in some frantic way.

"Where is she?" I demanded,

"She?" faltered my mother.

"I want Katherine Macnamara," I said. "My Katherine!"

"She is in the armory," she answered. "But——"

I broke away from her, and strode through the hall. The door of the room we called the armory was closed, but I pushed it open. I saw the lissom figure in its white dress, standing by one of the tall, deep windows, and Kitty Macnamara turned her fair child-face, tear-wet, toward me.

"I have deceived you, too," she said. "And I did not know, I did not think——"

I took hold of her little wrists, and held them.

"Do you think I have cared for this accursed money?" I cried, in a voice hoarse with excitement. "It has nearly broken my heart. Do you not know that I love you madly, and that it stood between us?"

She started back, quite pale in her wonder.

"Love me?" she exclaimed. "You love me?"

I was but a rough wooer. I could only woo in my own way.

"Yes, love you," I answered. "Love you—love you!"

And then something I saw in her sweet, young face, made me lift both the hands I held to my lips.

"Katherine! Katherine!" I said. "Good Heavens! how I have suffered for you, during these last few days!"

Words came fast enough then. My story told itself. Tears stood in her eyes as she listened, and before I finished, she had fluttered like a bird to my breast.

"My pretty Katherine!" I said. "My pretty Katherine! I pray God that you may learn to love me."

"I need not learn," she faltered. "I have been unhappy, too. I thought that I must go away, and I could not bear it——"

"You shall never go away!" I cried, with tempestuous fervor. "Never! Never!"

What cared I for fortunes and impatient lawyers? Let them wait, while I listened to my pretty Katherine, as she told me her innocent little romantic story—such a tender, unselfish little story, built as it was upon her own simple unworldly lovingness.

"I heard about you when I was a little child," she said; "and I used to think about you, and pity your loneliness always. And then, as I grew up, I used to wonder how far my money would help you. And so I made a little plan. I thought if I could not make you richer, I could make you happier, perhaps, if you would let me. I made up my mind to come here and try to be so good and thoughtful, that you would both learn to love me, and want me to stay; and then I could give my money to your mother, and ask her to let me be her daughter, and your sister. That was what I meant when I said I had an object in coming. I never thought there could be any mistake. When I spoke to your mother of my income, I thought she knew how much it was. I never saw the rich Miss Macnamara in my life. She was angry with my father for giving me her name. She said he did it to get money out of her. She thought everybody was plotting for her money. Poor woman!" with grave speculation. "I wonder what she will do without it now!"

We went into the parlor afterward, to hear the other story; and when it had been told, I knew myself to be one of the richest men in Ireland, thanks to Miss Kitty Macnamara's having died without a will.

"You can live like an Ogilvie and a gentleman, Larry," said my mother, when we were left to ourselves, "and you can marry whom you like."

"Thank you, mother," said I. "That's pleasant news to hear; for, God willing, I mean to marry my cousin Katherine."

And, three months from that day, I did.

IN SORROW.

BY E. F. REECE.

'Tis dark! pitch dark! no star gleams on my way—
No light, aye, e'er so far to guide me by—
No voice with love's sweet tones to bid me stay—
"Eli! Eli! Lama Sabachthani!"

No mother now to shield my weary head
Upon her breast, and soothe the bitter cry,
She too, alas! is numbered with the dead,
"Eli! Eli! Lama Sabachthani!"

Bereft of all that makes life pleasant now,
I long for Death, but me he passes by;
Pain and regret alone are on my brow,
"Eli! Eli! Lama Sabachthani!"

No home, ah! nought that I can call my own;
Destroyed and wrecked near every earthly tie—
I turn from these and look to Thee alone,
"Eli! Eli! Lama Sabachthani!"

MARSHALL'S BARN

BY DOROTHY DALE.

SILVERTON is a quiet, old-fashioned New England town, lying in as charming a bit of country as one could ask to see. Soon after leaving the village, the road toward the south passes an old stone house, which has been standing there since Revolutionary times, and still looks strong enough and ample enough to be the future home of generations yet unborn.

About it, and beyond it, lie broad fields of grain, growing yellow under the August sunshine, and acres of corn, rustling in the summer breeze.

And all this is the property of one fortunate man. Standing upon the broad balcony of the old stone-house, he can look toward the east, and toward the west, and call it all his own, almost as far as he can see.

But, some years ago, the farm had two owners, and Richard Dean, who lived in the stone house, and John Marshall, who owned the land opposite to it, on the other side of the road, were no friends. There had been some ancient quarrel about landmarks, and, like true Capulets and Montagues, the families had nursed their enmity, and transmitted it from father to son, along with the family acres.

There had been Deans and Marshalls in Silverton almost from the time when the town first had a name; but they were from widely different walks in life. The first of the Deans was an English gentleman of fortune, who, in traveling through the country, was charmed with the natural beauty of the place, bought a large tract of land there, and built the stone house of this story. The first of the Marshalls came into Silverton with all his worldly goods in the bundle which he carried under his arm, and the bundle was not heavy. He came, as "hired man," to one of the farmers in the neighborhood. After a year's service, he married the farmer's daughter, who, being an only child, in process of time dutifully inherited her father's acres, and handed them over to her lucky lord.

Since those days there had been great changes. None of the Deans had ever added to their original inheritance, and one of the race had so crippled his resources, by extravagant living, that it became necessary for him to sell a portion of his estate. The Marshalls, from father to son, had ever been a frugal set; and the grandfather of John Marshall was, by this time, able to buy the land which his fast-living neighbor was forced to part with. It was from a dispute as to landmarks, arising from this sale, that the quarrel which we have mentioned sprung. The case was carried to law. The Deans came off victorious, and the Marshalls never forgave it.

Moreover, it was rumored that when Richard Dean, of this story, married the beautiful daughter of the old Silverton clergyman, it touched John Marshall very nearly; so that, between the old wound to the pocket, and the new wound to the affections, the family quarrel seemed in no ways likely to die out.

It reached its climax when the two farmers, who belonged to opposite parties in politics, became rival candidates for election to the State Legislature. John Marshall was beaten, and, choosing to consider his defeat as a direct, personal injury, inflicted by his neighbor, vowed that he would be even with him. And Richard Dean, when he came home, at the close of the session, found that this had been no idle threat.

Across the road, directly in front of his house, loomed up before him the frame of a huge barn. Workmen were busily plying their noisy hammers, loose timbers lay scattered about, great heaps of boards were piled up here and there, ready for use, and all the dirt and rubbish of building defaced the once beautiful meadow.

Mr. Dean stood aghast, and could scarcely believe his eyes. His pretty daughter tripped out upon the balcony to meet him; but almost before the kiss with which she greeted him was off from her pouting lips, she exclaimed, "Oh, papa! Is it not a shame? Could you have believed that any man would be so mean? Is there nothing to be done? Must we have that horrid barn always before our eyes?"

Yes! the barn was there and staid. Mr. Dean found himself powerless. A man has the right to build where he will on his own land, and the law cannot prevent him from putting himself to any amount of trouble, expense, and inconvenience for the very laudable object of executing his spite on his neighbor. In the eye of the law, the barn could not be made to appear a nuisance, whatever it might be in the eyes of the dwellers in the stone house. So there was nothing to be done but to pocket their wrath, and, if possible,

to possess their souls in patience, while the monster grew, day by day, until at last it stood complete in its ugliness, cutting off the view of the beautiful western hills, and the pretty pond, which nestled at their feet, hiding the big knoll where a group of gigantic pine trees kept watch and ward over the meadows below them, and shutting out even the sunset.

The acme of ugliness was reached, and the disappointed farmer's revenge must be fully satisfied, when the building had been painted the brightest, tawdriest yellow that ever disgraced a paint-pot; and "Marshall's Barn" had become a by-word in the neighborhood.

"What can't be cured must be endured," Mr. Dean remarked to his daughter, by way of saying something both original and comforting.

But Miss Alice had no idea of sitting down patiently to endure, when, though a cure was not to be hoped for, matters might at least be mended. The mountain would not move for Mahomet, and the barn was not likely to be more accommodating; but something might, perhaps, be done in the way of hiding it; and Alice was to be seen daily on the lawn, busily at work with her own hands, and superintending the labors of others. Hitherto, the balcony had been left entirely open, with nothing to intercept the beautiful western view; but now vines began to climb there, seeming to vie with each other in hastening upward with their delicate leafy wall, and hanging-baskets, with tall plants and long streamers of luxuriant ivy did what they could in the common cause. Here and there screens of lattice-work were set up, where, one of these days, roses would bloom; and a hawthorn hedge was planted, and coaxed with every cunning device for speedy growth.

All this did very well while summer lasted; but when the autumn winds and frosts had laid bare every tree and shrub, stripped the leaves from the vines, and carried destruction among the flower-baskets, then the barn stood forth again in its nakedness, a great yellow blot upon the landscape. In fact, as they looked out of the balcony-windows of the stone house, it seemed to be the only thing that was seen.

Mr. Dean tried to take the infliction philosophically, since there was no remedy for it, and succeeded in putting it out of his mind about as well as people generally do when a thing is constantly in sight. But Alice, who was a young lady of some spirit, was at no pains either to lessen or conceal her indignation. Her mother had been dead for many years, and, on coming home from school, a year before, the marriage of her only sister had left her sole mistress of her father's house. She had the greatest pride and delight in her ancestral home, and these feelings, together with her artistic sense of the beautiful in nature, were so galled by this hideous barn, set under their very eyes, that she could never look at it without a flutter of wrath, sometimes silent, but often outspoken.

It was during this winter, which followed the building of the barn, that young Marshall, as he was called, returned from Europe. John Marshall had bestowed upon this only son every opportunity for that extended intelligence and culture which those of his name had heretofore considered of little worth, compared to the accumulation of lands and stocks. "There is money enough," he said, "and John shall have what he wants, provided he does not squander it." A sin which the young man did not seem inclined to commit, since, though he knew how to spend generously, he had never yet exceeded the ample allowance granted him by his father.

Sole heir to the Marshall farm, which had grown to be the largest in the county, good-looking, frank, and jovial, and with an ease and grace of manner conferred by three years of foreign travel, he speedily became the lion of Silverton. At the village parties and social gatherings, all united to welcome him, and do him honor, with one exception. A haughty bow was the only acknowledgment that Alice Dean would vouchsafe to his presence. She could not be brought to include herself in any conversation in which he took part, and her cool withdrawal from a group which he chanced to join, would often place their mutual friends in embarrassing positions. Her father, having noticed this on one occasion, when they had been out together, remonstrated with her on their return home, mildly suggesting that she should endeavor to keep her angry feelings a little more out of sight. "The young man is not to blame for his father's conduct, you know," he concluded.

"Of course, not," said Alice; "but he's his father's son, and a chip of the old block, I dare say. No," she added, after a moment's silence, "it's of no use trying. I can never be civil to a Marshall, with that hideous yellow barn staring me in the face."

Five minutes later, Mr. Dean, who had taken up, and was looking over his newspaper, laid it down in a hurry, as Alice remarked, in a slow, deliberate way, as though she had at last made up her mind,

"Papa, that barn will be the ruin of my temper. I am going to set fire to it."

Mr. Dean glanced about the room, half afraid that they were not alone, before he replied,

"My dear child, that may be a pleasant little joke of yours, but it is lucky that there was no one to hear it but myself."

"It is no joke at all, papa. I am quite serious. I have been thinking about it for some time, and I mean to do it."

Mr. Dean took off his eye-glasses, and looked attentively at his daughter. "Upon my word, I believe the child has some such intention," he said to himself. To her he said,

"It is your opinion, then, that you have a right to make way with your neighbor's property, whenever your pleasure is not consulted in its situation."

"It is my opinion," returned Alice, with the confident logic of eighteen years, "that my neighbor has no right to set up an abominable nuisance under my very nose. And if he can't be made to remove it, I think I should be justified in getting rid of it in the easiest way possible."

"And you think, also, upon mature consideration," said Mr. Dean, "that you would prefer the view of four walls in the State Prison, for the next ten or fifteen years, to that of your neighbor's barn."

"Is that the punishment for arson?"

"It is."

"Oh, but I should not be caught. I have several plans, any one of which is quite safe."

"But, unfortunately, you have a witness of your intentions," said Mr. Dean, quite seriously.

"No one but you; and, of course, papa, you would not testify against me?"

"Indeed, I should," returned Mr. Dean, with the air of a stern, impartial judge.

"Oh, papa? I won't believe it!" And Alice took a seat upon her father's knee.

"Yes," said the inexorable father. "I mean it. If you burn up Mr. Marshall's barn, I shall tell all I know about the matter."

"And send me to prison?"

"To be sure. I should be sorry, of course, as it would deprive me of a valuable housekeeper. Nevertheless, I should feel bound to do it." And Mr. Dean looked into the large blue eyes, which gazed at him with such a serious expression, that he was still half in doubt whether she might not be in earnest.

"Come, come, Alice!" he exclaimed, at length. "It is high time for us to put a stop to such talk as this; and, what is more, you must promise me not to harbor such dangerous notions in that busy brain of yours."

"I can't promise. It is impossible to control one's thoughts, you know," returned Alice, with a shake of the head that was comically serious.

"Very well," said Mr. Dean. "Then I must put you in a straight-jacket, and keep you where you will be in no danger of doing mischief."

Here the pretty incendiary burst into her usual merry laugh, kissed her father, bade him good-night, and went away to her own room, coming back to say,

"I won't burn the barn to-night, papa; so you can rest in peace."

It was late in March, and the day had been very warm; one of those sultry days, which sometimes come unexpectedly, and, taking us unawares, half prostrate us with their sudden heat. Clouds had been threatening all the evening; great masses, which seemed to gather blackness as they rolled slowly westward, and at midnight low growls of thunder began to break the stillness, and big drops of rain to patter noisily against the window-panes.

Alice awoke, and lay watching the vivid flashes which now and then lighted up her room, and left it in blacker darkness than before, when suddely there came a sharp, deafening crash, then peal after peal of thunder, which seemed to shake the old house to its very foundations, and to shiver and vibrate through its every inch of stone and mortar.

Alice buried her head among the bed-clothes, and lay quaking with fear, and half-benumbed by the shock. When she at last ventured to uncover her head, and look out from her retreat, the room was all aglow, every object in it as clearly seen as at noonday. It could not be the lightning, for there it remained, steady and uninterrupted, each moment growing brighter and brighter. Jumping from her bed, and rushing to a window, she saw a sight which chained her to the spot, forgetful of everything but what was before her.

The barn was in flames. The lightning had struck it, and set fire to its contents. Tons upon tons of hay were burning fiercely. Their dry masses, kindled into a huge red mountain of roaring, leaping flame, shone luridly upon the black sky, and glared over the country for miles around.

In the weird, fearful beauty of the scene, Alice was, for awhile, totally unmindful that it was of any direct, personal interest to her; but when it suddenly occurred to her what it was she flew to her father's room, half wild with excitement and delight.

Mr. Dean's room was on the opposite side of the house, and he had seen no signs of the fire. Being a sound sleeper, the thunder had only partially disturbed him, so that he was not more than half awake when Alice came bounding to his bedside, exclaiming, "Oh, papa! papa! the

barn is burning; but I didn't do it. You see I was right, though; for Providence has taken the affair into its own hands, and saved me the trouble."

"Alice, are you crazy?" said Mr. Dean, as, by the dim light of the night-lamp, he saw her whirling about the room, performing a rapturous *pas seul*, and looking, in her long, white gown, like a very frisky ghost. She had no little difficulty in convincing her father that she was really in her right mind, and inducing him to follow her, as she hurried back to her post at the window, to watch the remainder of the brilliant spectacle.

There was no more sleep, that night, for the family in the stone house; and when morning broke, cloudless and beautiful after the storm, there lay the untarnished landscape spread out before them in all its old, familiar beauty, and Marshall's Barn a heap of ruins at their feet.

For one short week, Mr. Dean and his daughter rejoiced over this unlooked-for deliverance. They blessed the storm, and congratulated themselves, morning, noon, and night, as they gazed upon the unbroken prospect which had never seemed half so charming before. Then there began to be a stir among the few charred and blackened timbers which the fire had spared—fresh ones were deposited beside them, load after load of building materials arrived, and, to their utter dismay, they learned that the barn was to be rebuilt. Mr. Dean remonstrated to no purpose, and friendly neighbors vainly tried their persuasions on the obstinate old man. Young Marshall, who was deeply mortified and grieved at his father's course, exerted all the eloquence which he possessed to prevent the carrying out of this malicious design; but the only reply which he received was, "See here, my boy! you come and go as you choose, and I interfere with none of your plans. You act your pleasure, and I shall act mine."

So the work went on with all possible speed, and raising-day was at hand. A crowd had gathered, as was usual on such occasions in the country. The huge frame was being slowly hoisted to its place with loud shouts, and cheers, and heave-a-hoys, when some part of the structure suddenly gave way, and timber after timber came tumbling to the ground. Two or three men received hard knocks and ugly bruises, but all escaped without serious injury, with one exception. John Marshall lay upon the ground under a heavy beam, with a broken arm, and a stream of blood flowing from a wound in his head, cut by a sharp stone upon which he had struck in falling.

He was taken up insensible, and laid upon the grass; water was dashed in his face to revive him, and his head bound up in handkerchiefs, to stop the flow of blood. A doctor, who was quickly brought to the spot, sewed up the wound, and bandaged the disabled arm. "What is to be done with him?" he asked, with a grave face, as he concluded the operation. "To move him any distance, in his present situation, would surely prove fatal."

"Bring him into my house, and we will do the best we can for him," said Mr. Dean, who had come out on hearing of the accident.

So the unconscious man was carried in and placed upon a bed, and there he lay for many a long day, prostrate and helpless in the house of him whom he had hated and injured. His son had been sent for, but the messenger was long in finding him. When he arrived the crowd had dispersed, and Mr. Dean was standing by the bedside of his father, while Alice was bathing the invalid's head, and striving to keep it cool with applications of ice.

"Mr. Dean," said the young man, after gazing silently for some moments at his father, who was still in a state of stupor, "I should, in any case, be extremely sorry for such an intrusion as this, but, under the circumstances, I feel that it is truly unpardonable. I will have my poor father removed to-night, if it is possible."

"You must not think of such a thing," Mr. Dean replied, warmly. "The doctor has expressly forbidden it. You must take care of your father here, and in doing so, I trust that you will spare yourself all uneasiness as to intrusion. Make yourself as comfortable as you can, and allow us to render you any assistance in our power."

"Good Heavens! Are we to thrust ourselves upon you in this way, after all that has happened?" exclaimed young Marshall, half-beside himself with anxiety for his father's safety, and mortification at the embarrassing position in which he found himself. "I beg pardon, sir, but your generosity makes me feel more painfully than ever that all claim to it has been forfeited. I can only assure you that even you yourself cannot have regretted the cause of this trouble more than I have done."

"I believe you!" said Mr. Dean, cordially, much affected by this impulsive expression of feeling. He extended his hand, which Marshall received gratefully, while Alice, who had melted at the first signal of distress, wished, from the bottom of her heart, that she had treated the young man with more consideration. Her blue eyes were swimming when he said to her, "Pray, let me relieve you, Miss Dean. I fear you have tired yourself already."

Weeks had passed before John Marshall became fully conscious of his situation. Fever set in, and he grew delirious; and when at last the delirium passed away, he fell into a stupor, which seemed almost more hopeless than his former state. He had been lying, for a long time, with scarcely a sign of life about him, except the feeble fluttering of his pulse, when his son, who had watched over him day and night, saw him slowly open his eyes, and gaze, with a look of faint wonder, about the room. He was then too weak to speak; but when days had elapsed, and he had gained sufficient strength, he asked no questions. The barn, or rather its skeleton, which remained as it had been left on the day of the accident, was in plain sight from a window near his bed, and he would lie, hour after hour, gazing at it, silently closing his eyes at any attempt at conversation, and scarcely giving an answer to the few questions which were put to him.

Young Marshall was sitting, one day, sadly watching his father, and wondering what were the thoughts over which he seemed brooding, when the sick man turned slowly in his bed, and, in a quiet way, as though it were no uncommon request that he was about to make, said to his son,

"John, I should like to have you see that everything belonging to that barn, over the way, is carried off, and the place cleared up. Do it as soon as possible, will you?"

"Certainly, father, if you wish it," his son replied, not knowing whether to be most astonished or rejoiced.

"Perhaps you can attend to it now," said Mr. Marshall. "I do not need you. I think I shall go to sleep." And he closed his eyes, as if he wished nothing more to be said.

Young Marshall was not slow in executing his father's wishes; and two days had not passed before all traces of the barn had disappeared. A few days more, and Mr. Marshall signified his intention of going home, firmly resisting all persuasions to the contrary.

"I shall leave here to-day," he said to his son. "And when I am all ready to go, John, I should like to see Mr. Dean and his daughter. Ask them to meet me on the balcony."

So, leaning upon his son, a weak, broken-down man, he tottered across the threshold over which he had been carried two months before. Sinking into an arm-chair, which Mr. Dean made ready for him, while Alice softly arranged its pillows about him, he said, in a voice shaken with weakness and emotion,

"Richard Dean, I never thought I should have to thank you for anything, but I've been brought to it. You and I were never the best of friends, and a year ago I swore to do you harm as long as I lived. But the Almighty has set His face against me. 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.' And He has kept His word. He has repaid me for all I have done. This thing has made an old man of me, and there's no telling, now, how long I shall last. I want to make my peace with you, Richard, and your family, and to live as friends for the rest of my days, if you can let bygones be bygones."

"With all my heart!" said Mr. Dean, grasping in both of his own the thin, white hand held out to him. "We shall have you a hale, hearty old man yet, and we will begin anew; and from this day, henceforth, Marshalls and Deans shall dwell together in unity."

"That is just what Alice has promised me," said young Marshall, twining his arms about the blue-eyed girl by his side, all tears, and smiles, and blushes, while the two fathers gazed, one with astonishment, which was soon exchanged for gladness; the other with a satisfied look in the eyes, which had long seen what was going on among the young people.

Meanwhile, the sun went down upon a group, the like of which was never seen in Silverton.

The lovers have long been happily married, and an orchard of apple-trees is now growing where once stood MARSHALL'S BARN.

OUT OF THE SHADOW.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

Out of the shadow, and into the glow,
Out of the ebb-tide, and into the flow,
Out of the doubting, away from the fear,
Crown us with patience, fruition is near!
Why hopes have died that so fondly we nursed,
Why some have flourished while others seemed cursed,
Somewhat we wonder, but little we know—
Coming from shadows we welcome the glow.

Out of the shadow, and into the sun,
Something to cheer us at last we have won;
Something to warm us when east winds are chill;
Something, when falt'ring, to stand by us still;
Something our friends cannot add to their gains;
Something our foes cannot have for their pains;
Something the years of our patience have won—
Out of the shadow, and into the sun!

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, a walking-costume for a young lady. The material is a very dark



brown, (what is called an invisible shade,) cashmere, and the costume is composed of two skirts; the under one is cut very narrow, measuring not over three yards, and tightly gored on the front and side breadths. It is ornamented by a deep, gathered flounce, cut on the bias, headed by a narrow knife-plaited frill. For this knife-plaiting, cut straight way of the cloth, and allow three times fullness; fold in quarter-inch plaits; baste each plait carefully, and iron on the wrong side before removing the bastings. The upper-skirt forms a tablier quite deep in front, and edged with a narrow knife-plaited frill. The back is caught up, *en draperie*, and fastened by bows of silk, with fringed ends. From under the sides of the tablier appear pointed pieces, edged by pointed frills, same width as that upon the tablier. Sleeves trimmed to match. Sixteen yards, double-width material, will be required. Buttons for the corsage of dresses are now quite small; and the basque buttons all the way from the throat to the end of the basque.

Next is a walking or house-dress of black serge,



and may be worn either in mourning or out. The under-skirt has a deep flounce, plaited on, two inches from the top, which makes a heading to stand up. The upper-skirt forms a tablier, edged by a plaited frill, and caught up and knotted at the back where it terminates in broad

ends, trimmed with plaited frills to match. The corsage has a basque, deep and square at the back, and edged by a frill. Sleeves cut coat-shaped, and finished to match. A narrow standing collar completes this costume. Sixteen yards will be required, if made in cashmere; if made in any of the fancy woolen serges, basket cloths, etc., of single width, it will require twenty to twenty-two yards. These fancy woolens, in single widths, can be bought from thirty-five cents per yard up to almost any price.

The next has for the under-skirt a plain silk, either black or colored, cut in demi-train at the



back, and furnished with loops at the back to raise it for walking. The over-dress, tunic, and outside jacket, are of striped woolen camel's-hair cloth. The first is cut very long in front, and very narrow, so that it may be draped at the sides to fit quite closely to the figure. The back consists of one breadth of double-width material, bunched up in the back to form a pouf. The edge is trimmed with a wide worsted braid, and finished by a tasseled woolen fringe. The jacket is cut long and square in front, and worn over a vest of black silk. Tiny buttons. A rolling collar, opening low on the bust, finishes the neck of the jacket, terminating with bow and ends of ribbon or silk. Coat-sleeves, cut and trimmed up the back of the arm with three rows of the braid and narrow frilling of the material on the edge. The jacket is simply trimmed with the braid. This will be a good design to utilize a partly-worn black silk. These camel's-hair cloths, in stripe and plaid, cost one dollar and fifty cents per yard; and four to five yards is sufficient for such an over-dress. The worsted fringe can be bought as low as thirty-five cents per yard; but seventy-five cents buys a beautiful one.

Next is a walking costume, with an outside wrap, for a little girl of seven to nine years. It has two box-plaited ruffles on the edge of the skirt, edged with a worsted braid. The tunic is



scalloped out, and bound with same braid. It is plaited up at the sides, and lightly looped in the back, and tied back quite tightly. The under-waist may be either a plaited yoke bodice, or a corsage with basques opening at the back. The outside jacket is double-breasted, buttoning over diagonally from the left to the right side, with three buttons. Pockets, finished by flaps, ornament the front. Coat-sleeves, with three straps of worsted braid, terminating with a button, trims the sleeves. A standing collar completes the jacket. Our design is untrimmed on the edge, but it would be more complete if trimmed with the braid.

We give, now, the back and front of a suit for a boy of three years. The material may be either



dark-blue serge, or brown, or Knickerbocker cloth in black and white, or brown and white.



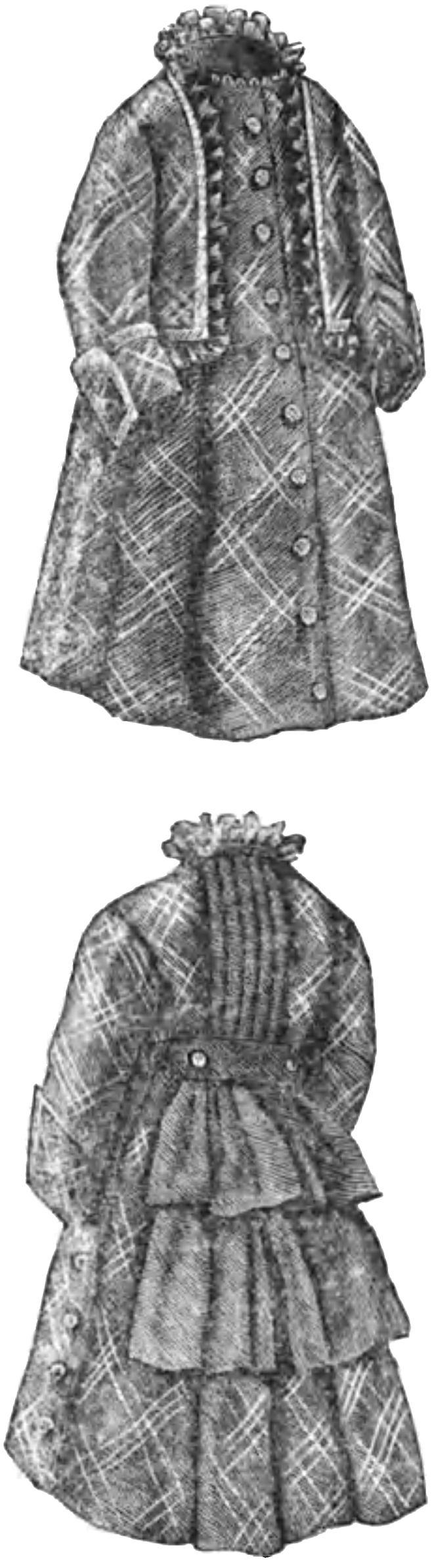
The skirt is plaited at the back, plain in front, and buttoned at the side. The paletot is double-breasted, with a turn-over collar. The basque is cut up at the sides and back. The whole trimmed with a wide and narrow worsted braid. Buttons of smoked pearl. This would look well in pique, trimmed with a wide Marseilles braid.

Next is a dark-blue cashmere frock, trimmed with light blue braid of two-widths. The skirt is plain in front, and kilt-plaited at the back, and the paletot is pointed in front and short at the back. Coat-shaped sleeves, and collar turned-



over. A double row of buttons ornament the front of the paletot from the waist. A ribbon or silk sash, with fringed ends, is tied round the waist, under the paletot. This will also look well made in pique. It is the very latest of the fashions for children.

We also give the front and back of a walking-dress for children of two to three years, suitable for either boy or girl. It is made of woolen plaid, trimmed with braid and buttons. Sash of plain ribbon or silk; also the plaiting up the back is of plain material, to match the sash. These will be found on the next page.



Next we give a suit for a boy of eight years, with vest, pants, and jacket. The trousers but-



ton at the side of the knee. The jacket, vest, pockets, cuffs, etc., are trimmed with braid. Our model gives the design in full.



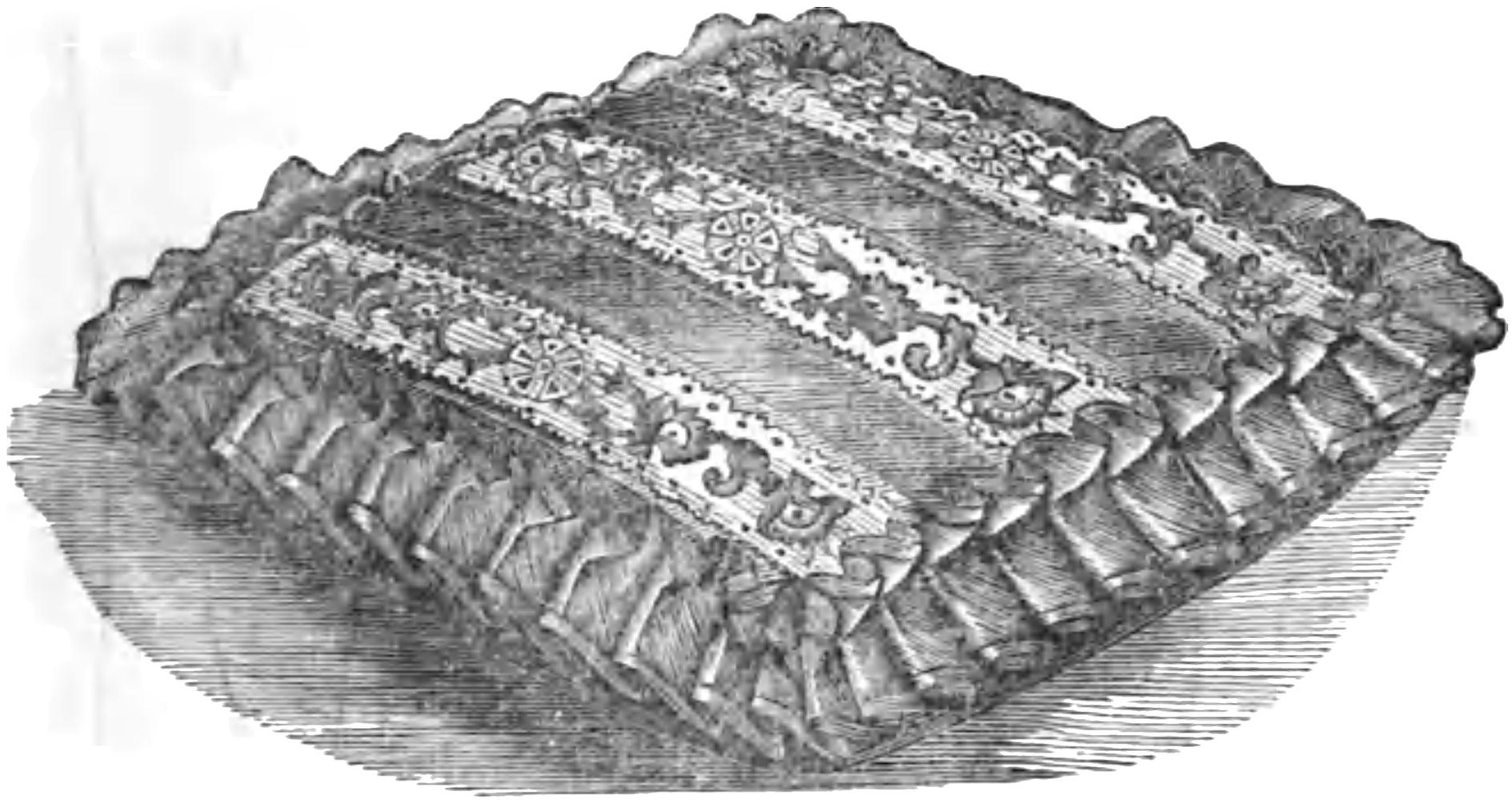
INITIAL LETTERS, IN SATIN STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



SOFA-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



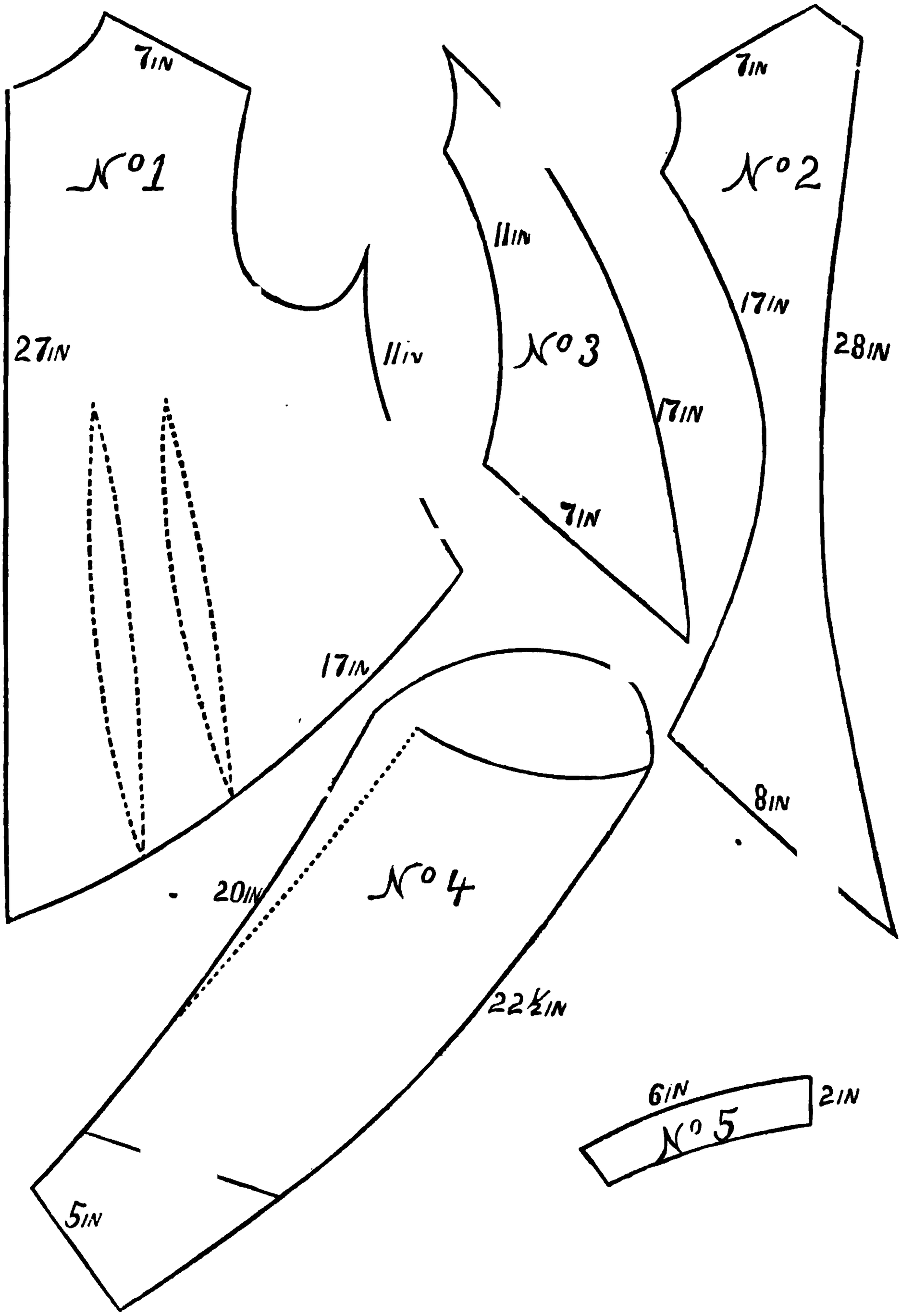
This engraving illustrates the most effective method of putting together strips of fancy work (either strips of embroidered ticking, application, or cloth, or those worked in Berlin wool) for a cushion. The ground-work may be either cloth, velvet, or satin damask, according to the furniture of the room in which the cushion is to be used. It is bordered with a satin quilling to match.

CUIRASS WAIST.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, for this month, one of the fashionable Cuirass Waists, but with long, pointed basques; a new fashion. We also give, on the next page, a diagram by which to cut it out.



No. 1. HALF OF FRONT.
No. 2. HALF OF BACK.
No. 3. HALF OF SIDE-PIECE.
No. 4. HALF OF SLEEVE.
No. 4. HALF OF STANDING COLLAR.

CHEMISE YOKES, WITH TUCKS AND EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



No. 1.



No. 2.

No. 1. consists of perpendicular tucks of cambric, with diamond-shaped sprigs of embroidery, encircled with fine white braid. The whole is bordered with an embroidered edge.

No. 2 consists of perpendicular tucks of cambric, as well as horizontal ones, the two being separated with a band of embroidered insertion, and the latter divided at regular distances with embroidered bands. An edging of embroidery terminates the top and bottom of the yoke, as well as the sleeves.

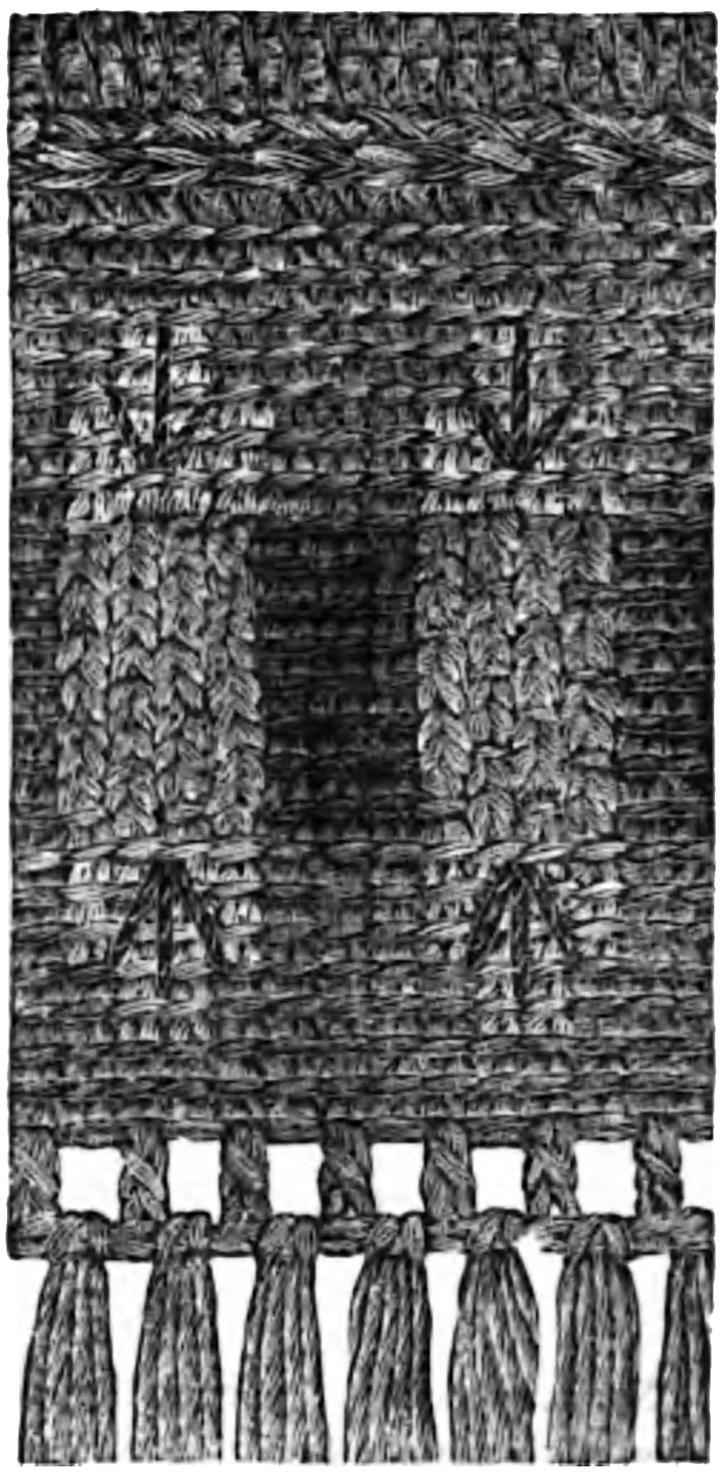
MONOGRAM.



PELERINE—TRICOT, WITH DETAIL OF BORDER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





Materials: Violet, white, black, and partridge wool; white purse-silk, bone tricot hook.

Cut out the shape of the pelerine, and work to the shape in plain tricot, allowing about four and a half inches for the border.

Make your first row of chain with the violet wool the length of the lower edge of the pattern. The decrease is made by working two loops as one in the front, shoulder, and middle of the back.

For the border, work with the four colors; make a chain of twenty-four stitches with the brown wool.

1st Row: Work up eight loops with the brown, eight with black, eight with brown. Work off with the same colors.

2nd Row: Work up five brown, three white, eight partridge, three white, and five brown loops. Coming back, work off with the same colors; after working off two partridge, make three chain, work off two loops, three chain, work off two loops, three chain, work off two loops. Finish the row by working off the remaining loops with their own colors.

3rd Row: Work up three loops of brown, five of white, eight of partridge, five of white, three of brown. Work off with the same colors; in the partridge, work off one loop, three chain, work off two loops, three chain, work off two loops, three chain, work off two loops, three chain, work off one loop. Finish with the colors of the loops.

4th Row: Work up three brown, five white, eight partridge, five white, three brown. Coming back, work off with their own colors; work the partridge off as described for the second row. Finish the rows by working off the loops with their own colors.

5th Row: Work up five brown, three white, eight partridge, three white, five brown loops. Coming back, pull through five brown loops, three white, then through the partridge loops, the same as described for third row. Finish by working off the loops with their own colors.

6th and 8th rows: The same as 1st row.

Now repeat from the 2nd row for the entire length.

For the long stitches, work with a needle and black wool; take white silk, and twist round the black stitches.

On the top edge of border, before sewing on the mantle, work a row of double crochet in alternate stitches of black and white wool.

On the lower edge of border, work with black wool one treble, one chain, pass over one. Repeat. Tie in a loop of fringe under each chain.

For the throat and front of pelerine, work one row of double crochet in black, and one row of one treble, two chain, pass over two, two rows of double in violet; with the violet wool make a chain to run through the treble row. Finish at both ends with a tassel.

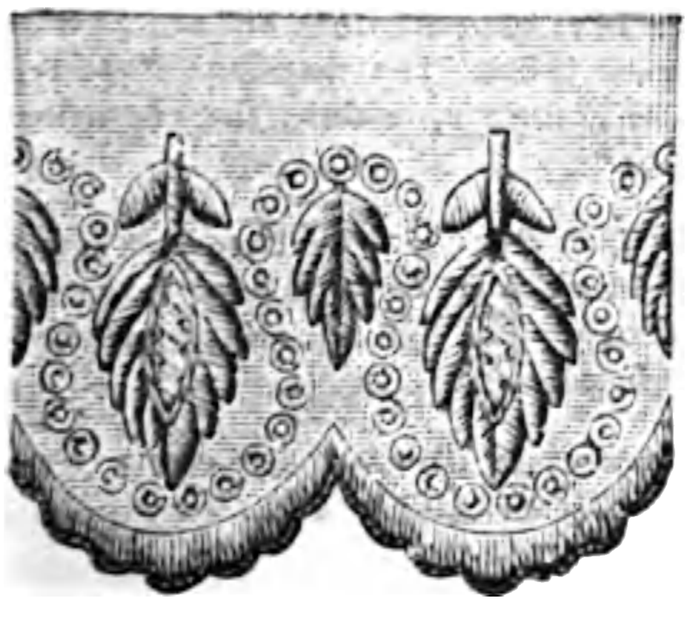
SCRAP-SCREEN.

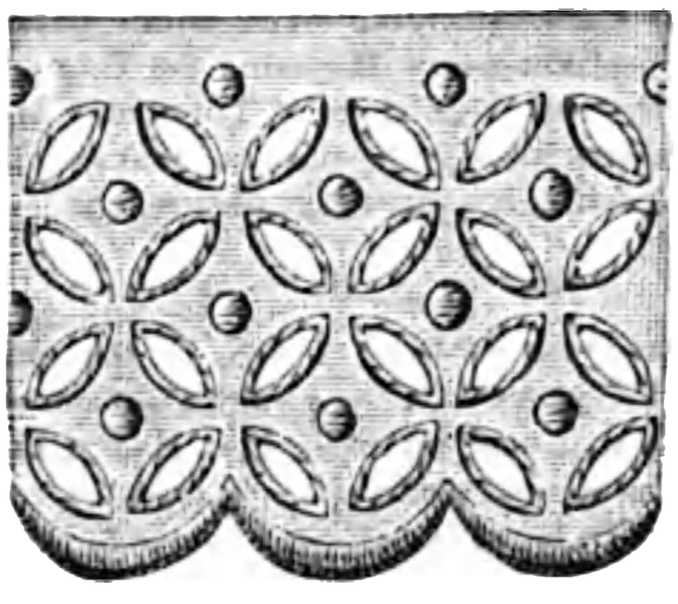
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



W give the design of a "scrap screen,' as we are constantly asked by correspondents for direcotions for them. Of course they can be, and are, made in numerous ways. The engraving gives one of the most simple. The first thing to be considered is the shape of the screen. The one represented stands ou small legs; but this is not usual, as one great use, preventing a draught on a floor, is immediately obviated. We have seen them made with four, five, and even six leaves, rarely with feet, some handsomely mounted in gilt frames, some with borders of colored leather laid on as a finish to the leaves, but the generality plain, A carpenter must, of couse, make the frame-work; he should also stretch on the canvas and lay on the first coat of paper. The leaves ought to be huug with double hinges, so that they may open either right or left. For a plain black screen, a dull lamp-black paper should be used for the foundation. When all the pictures are arranged the whole should ber varnished.

EDGINGS IN SATIN AND OVER-CAST STITCH.





EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

BALL AND PARTY DRESSES are now more or less in demand. In Paris, Worth has made some skirts with paniers, but only for the sake of change, as to be slim in figure, without pouf of any sort, is the fashion of the day. Waists are lengthened to one-half of the entire figure, and all styles are adopted that take away stumpiness and breadth. The special novelty for evening wear is the Princesse robe, (with bodice and skirt in one,) and made of two materials, faille for the front, and brocade for the back. Creamy-white toilets are in great demand, and these, also, are made of two fabrics—faille trimmed with Chambery gauze. The low bodice and over-skirt are of gauze, and the Boiteux tunic, draped higher on one side than the other, is more fashionable than any over-skirt with both sides alike. There are several new trimmings; gauze lace, (a new Spanish blond,) very deep crimped fringe, and satin-broidered lace; also, beautiful appliques of large roses in relief, the veinings of the leaves being marked with chenille. Floral trimmings are arranged in a new way; they are in small bouquets, on extremely soft stems, and are seemingly not fastened by anything. The trains to evening dresses sweep the ground like an opened fan. They are not kept out with muslin petticoats, as heretofore, but a fan-shaped piece of crinoline, about three-fourths of a yard deep, is plaited in the back of the skirt, commencing a few inches above the edge or hem of the train. The upper edge of the crinoline is fastened half-way down the back breadths, where the plaits are confined with either a sash or a bow. An elastic is added inside, to keep the fullness in place; but care should be taken to fasten it low down on the skirt. The crinoline fan is edged with a muslin frill, a wide. frill being added inside the hem of the dress. Skirts thus arranged do not require a trained muslin petticoat beneath them.

RUSSIAN TEA-CLOTHS.—A pretty, new style of fancy-work, is what is called the Russian tea-cloths, embroidered on a greenish-blue cloth ground. They are ornamented first with appliques of very dark antique red and bronze green cloth, and these applications are embroidered with fancy stitches. The table-cloth is edged with woolen ball-fringe, and the monogram of the owner is applique on the centre with dark-red cloth. The Louis XIII. tea-cloths are still prettier. They are crash, or coarse écru linen, with rows of Venetian guipure insertion crossing them. Four rows are required for one cloth. The insertion is wide, and rather thick, and in the centre the initials are embroidered. The cloth is then edged with guipure, beneath which there is a row of exquisite fringe composed of small tassels.

TRUMBULL'S "DECLARATION."—The South Bend (Ind.) Tribune says:—"Peterson's Magazine for February contains one of the best engravings of Trumbull's great picture, 'The Declaration of Independence,' that we have ever seen. The engraving is a three-page picture, and is suitable for framing."

THE ILLUSTRATION of Hope Lodge, in the article on "Social Life a Century Ago," was engraved from an original picture, by that eminent artist, E. L. Henry, Esq. The furniture, carpets, ornaments, etc., represented in it, are such as were to be found in first-class houses in 1776.

WHAT IS TRUE EDUCATION?—A German professor, in Vienna, has lately published a book, in which he maintains that education, especially for girls, should be more practical than it is. His notions may strike some of our very advanced theorists as rather strange. For instance, in his opinion, it is more important that girls should know how much a family with a moderate income should spend on bread and meat, turnips and sugar, than how much oxygen and nitrogen enter into their composition; most important for them to know how much it costs to feed a lamp during a winter, and how much clothing and washing the household needs, or how much fuel is required to cook for five persons. With this supervision over the expenses under her charge, the girl, when she becomes a wife, will be fit, he thinks, to have the care of the house, and to see that all things are in order, and nothing is wasted or lost. His scheme for saving millions of money in six millions of Austian families, by cutting off five florins of needless expense in each family, or making every shirt last ten per cent. longer, would have startled Poor Richard. He rises, at last, into the region of sentiment, by showing how important it is for wives to keep the love of their husbands by understanding them, and making home agreeable and profitable to them. The frugal wife, in her neat dress at breakfast, who sends her husband to his business with good spirits, has more hold on him, year in and year out, he says, than the spendthrift pleasure-seeker, who tries to charm him in the evening by her silks and jewels. The picture of the decline of connubial love, by bad housekeeping, is strong, and will do as well for here as for Germany.

OUR CENTENNIAL GIFT has proved even more popular than we had expected, which shows that the public knows a thing when it is good, and appreciates it. The Daily Nebraska Press only echoes the universal verdict, when it says: "Peterson's Magazine for February is ahead of all others, and contains, as a Supplement, a fine large-sized steel engraving, after Col. Trumbull's celebrated picture, 'The Declaration of Independence,' the Centennial gift of the publisher, to his subscribers for 1876. The plate is very carefully engraved, with fifty-six portraits, and can be taken out and framed, if desired. It is a picture which every family ought to possess. 'Peterson' is one of the few magazines that gets better and better the older it grows. *We have no doubt it will live to celebrate its own Centennial.*"

WE PRE-PAY POSTAGE, on all mail subscribers, remember! Up to last year, subscribers had to pay it themselves, at their own post offices, at an additional expense of from twelve cents to twenty cents each, *over and above the subscription price.* "Peterson" is now cheaper than ever.

"A PERFECT GEM."—Says a lady, who sends a club, "The magazines have come all right, and are a perfect gem, just the thing for ladies. The magazine alone repays me for my time in getting up a club: the engraving is a handsome bonus."

TIDY IN JAVA CANVAS.—We have been requested to give a pattern for a tidy, to be worked on Java canvas, the subject to be humorous. We accordingly print one, in colors, in the beginning of the number.

THE CENTENNIAL GIFT.—A lady writes, "The February number is just received, and the Centennial Gift *is beautiful.*"

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS may be made at the price paid by the rest of the club. If enough additional subscribers are sent, to make up a second club, the person sending them will become entitled to a second premium, or premiums. Always notify us, however, when such a second club is completed. These additions may be made, moreover, at any time during the year. Back numbers to January can always be supplied. Go on making additions to your clubs. You can soon fill a second club.

PERFUMES ARE so fashionable now, that everything appears to be converted into a sachet. Wadded dressing-gowns are perfumed with iris or verbena. Small underpetticoats, of either pale-blue, pink, or cream satin, have scented powder dusted in the lining before they are quilted. Muffs are also used as sachets.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Monumental Christianity; or, The Art and Symbolism of the Primitive Church, as Witness and Teachers of the One Catholic Faith and Practice. By John P. Lundy, Presbyter. 1 *vol., small 4 to. New York: J. M. Bouton.*—A very great merit of this work is that it is not controversial. The history of the Christian Church, and even some details of its faith, during the first three centuries, is involved in more or less obscurity. Mr. Lundy seeks to elucidate these dark points from the earlier monuments; that is, from inscriptions, paintings, etc., in the Catacombs at Rome, and elsewhere. The work is one of great scholarship, and has evidently been the labor of years. It is written in an earnest, sincere spirit, the sole purpose of the author being to arrive at the truth. In preparing for it, Mr. Lundy has visited Rome, Naples, Pompeii, Paestum, Egypt, Palestine, and Constantinople, studying thus, not only the monuments of the Western Church, but also those of the Eastern. He traces certain symbols up through the earlier Pagan religions to what he considers the primitive faith, given by God to man; a faith afterwards degraded, by man's grossness, into idolatry and superstition. The clearness and force with which he expounds the frescoes and inscriptions in the Catacombs of Rome, and other monuments of early Christianity, cannot be too highly praised. Until very recently, these memorials, some of them unquestionably dating back to the first century, were but little known, even to good scholars. Bosio, in the seventeenth century, was the first to explore these records of the past: then the subject was dropped for almost two hundred years; and it was not until the past and present generations that it began to attract general attention. The labors of De Rossi, however, have, within our own time, thrown a flood of light on this subject. Two English clergymen, Northcote and Brownlow, have popularized those discoveries, and those of others, in their "Roma Sotterranea." Mr. Lundy has followed in the same track, only with more industry, a larger collection of facts, and, in most respects, a wider grasp of his subject. He very candidly disavows all originality. He simply undertakes, as an able reviewer has said, "to bring all the multitude of facts and evidences together, to popularize and apply them, to show their bearings upon each other, and upon the great questions which are of interest to Christians." The result is a picture of the primitive church such as exists in no other book. We see the simple, hopeful faith of those who had followed the apostles; we recognize the trials they underwent; we read the pious epitaphs over their graves; we are carried with them into the Catacombs, and realize how they worshipped, and what creed they held. It is like a new revelation. The text is profusely illustrated with engravings, many of them of the very greatest value and significance. The volume is one of the handsomest, as to paper, printing, and binding, that has ever issued from the American press.

Wooed and Married. By Rosa Nanchette Carey. 1 *vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This is a charming novel; a real, old-fashioned love-story; just the book to make the reader young again. The scene is laid in England, and the author is an Englishwoman. The heroines, Dym and Honor are natural, and original. Guy Chichester, the hero, is a noble fellow. Humphrey, honest Humphrey, is one we learn to love. The writer is new to us, though she seems to have written several novels before, among them, "Nellie's Memories," and "Robert Ord's Atonement." We hope to hear from her again. The volume is neatly printed. Indeed, in this respect, this publishing firm, with hardly an exception, stands at the head of all its rivals.

Improved Diary, or Marginal Indexed Book of Daily Record. Devised and Arranged by M. N. Lovell. Erie Publishing Company, Erie, Pa.—This is really one of the most useful books of its kind we have ever seen. It is a daily record, provided with marginal indexes, so arranged that any day of the year may be referred to at once, and the various subject-matter recorded in it may be arranged for ready reference, together with Calendars, Interest Tables, etc., etc. It is neatly bound in Russia leather, in pocket-book style.

Complete Works of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. 22 *vols.*, 12 *mo. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—The publication of a new novel, "Bertha's Engagement," by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, reminds us that her complete works are now published, uniform in size, type, and binding, by the house of T. B. Peterson & Brothers. No one, forming a library, in which American fiction is represented, should be without these books. The set would be a charming present for a wife, sister, or betrothed.

The Chevalier Casse-Cou. The Search for Ancestors. By Fortune du Boisgoby. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: R. M. Dewitt.*—This is the sequel to the "Red Camelia," noticed in our February number. It is issued in the same tasteful style as its predecessor, and looks like a veritable product of the Paris press. It has evidently been translated by a Frenchman into English; however, not by an Englishman.

Throstlethwaite. By Susan Worley. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This author made her mark, as a novelist, a few years ago, by the publication of "Aileen Ferrers," a story of more than usual merit. In the present fiction she shows an advance even on that one; in fact, "Throstlethwaite" is one of the best novels of the season.

In Doors and Out. By Oliver Optic. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—A collection of short tales, by this favorite author, some of them originally published twenty years ago, the rest new. As a good judge, at our elbow, remarks, "Oliver Optic has no rival as a story-teller for the young." The volume is illustrated.

Cousin Caroline's Wedding. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A well-told story, one of the best of Mrs. Wood's, published in a neat style, and yet sold for twenty-five cents. In fact, the publications of this house, as a rule, are the cheapest and best of their kind in the country.

Monfort Hall. By Mrs. Catharine A. Warfield. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—Another capital novel by the author of that very popular fiction, "The Household of Bouverie." It is handsomely printed, and bound in cloth, gilt.

Married Beneath Him. By James Payne. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is by the author of "Lost Sir Massingbred," and is quite up to even that powerful story. The volume is a handsome duodecimo, and is neatly bound.

My Husband's First Love. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—A new story by the author of "East Lynn," printed from advance sheets. It is an octavo in paper covers, and costs only twenty-five cents.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

For Fifty Cents Extra, remember, any subscriber for "Peterson" (but no other person) can obtain either "Christmas Morning," our premium plate for this year, or any one of our other premium plates. In other words, to oblige subscribers, we furnish copies of these splendid engravings at the mere cost of the paper and printing, which is a nominal price, for at retail stores similar engravings sell for five dollars.

Advertisements inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson'" has had, for twelve years, an average circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village, and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address Peterson's Magazine, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., for terms, etc., etc., or W. J. Carleton, No. 39 Park Row, New York.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. III.—Croup, Bronchitis, or Catarrh.

Mothers should learn rather to avoid the *causes* that give rise to sickness in the nursery, than to attempt to treat the various maladies of her children when they do occur. *Prevention* is her province, and very much under her control, if thoughtful; while to *cure* comes under the cognizance of the educated and experienced physician. Therefore, mothers, and especially nurses, should not be too self-reliant, and persuade themselves that they can assume the responsibility of cases, which, terminating fatally, produce a lasting and unhappy impress upon their minds, of neglect of duty toward the little ones, in not calling earlier for professional assistance.

In urgent cases, however, and where the doctor cannot readily be had, a nauseating emetic of lobelia, tartar emetic or hive syrup, with a warm bath, followed by an active purgative, if needs be, can be resorted to by the mother, and will be generally approved of by the family physician, unless of homeopathic faith, and then aconite every quarter or half hour alone, or alternated with spongia or iodine, may be administered till relief is obtained, or the doctor arrives. There is no question but that many cases of true croup may be thus promptly arrested in the very incipiency of its attack. The emetic, and mercurial, and even bleeding treatment, with leeches and blisters to the throat, is still largely in vogue in true or inflammatory croup; but death so frequently ensues thereafter, that it remains a mooted question whether the disease or the treatment is the most destructive to life.

Bronchitis, or acute inflammation of the Bronchial Tubes.—Children of all ages are liable to bronchial catarrh, or "catarrhal fever," an affection commencing with fever, slight sleepiness, often discharges of mucus from the eyes, and frequent cough. If the disease is not arrested, soon a mucous rattling in the chest is discernable and may be heard at quite a distance from the couch. The skin, too, becomes very hot, and the pulse very rapid. When the little sufferer cries after each fit of coughing, the pleura is probably involved in the mischief. The lungs, too, frequently become involved, as indicated by rapid respiration, a dark color of the lips, and by frequent moaning.

In fatal cases the rattling respiration is uninterrupted and more crepatous, the pulse becomes more and more feeble, and more frequent; skin and extremities grow cold, face pale, and lips blue.

In favorable cases, the rattling is not audible, except just before the return of the cough; the little patient becomes more lively, and sleeps with less interruption of the cough; but as the disease declines, there is danger of intestinal inflammation, as dysentery, which is rather to be attributed to the harsh treatment often instituted, than to the ordinary tendency of the disease. It must be conceded, however, that there is a natural sympathy between the respiratory and alimentary passages, arising from identity of their structure, and to the susceptibility of inflammatory action from exposure to cold.

When this disease attacks children of a scrofulous temperament, their upper lips are apt to swell during the progress of the disease, (hence the suspicion of worms,) the skin becomes intensely hot, and if the disease is not speedily checked, hectic fever succeeds, denoting the existence of fatal pulmonary tuberculosis—consumption.

Although infants never expectorate, as do adults, yet as soon as the inflammation producing the excess of mucous secretion in the bronchial tubes subsides, the redundant effusion is speedily absorbed, as convalescence is fully established. Hence mothers need not be unnecessarily alarmed about this mucous rattling, neither is it necessary to vomit the child as often as is resorted to by some, through fear of it suffocating or choking up.

In reference to treatment, the mother can only be advised to give her child an emetic in the very incipiency of the attack, to unload the stomach as well as the bronchial tubes during the act of vomiting; a purgative also, especially if the child has been eating quite hearty, and is rather constipated withal. By these agents the clogged system is unloaded, the skin relaxed, the head relieved, fever abated, and a crisis is often reached, so that good nursing, and a light regimen, are all that is further required for a few days.

PARLOR WORK.

Cretonne Embroidery.—A subscriber asks us for a description of how to do what is called Cretonne Embroidery, to which we alluded, in one of our numbers last year, as so fashionable in Paris and London.

French Cretonne, as all know, is remarkable for the beauty of its patterns, and for the bright-colored birds, flowers, and insects composing them. A great variety of patterns must be procured before commencing to cover chairs, sofa-cushions, screens, borderings, or for whatever the embroidery is destined. Dark satin (the sort called Turk's satin) is selected for the foundation in preference to cloth; the ends of the piece are carefully whipped to prevent fraying, the satin is laid on a table, and the various pieces of cretonne composing the design are placed upon it. Graceful arrangement cannot be taught, but is learned by practice in combining color and objects in this work. The design being complete, it will require great care and some patience on the worker's part to baste it carefully with perfect smoothness on the satin. All puckering or straining of the cretonne must especially be avoided; and as the chintz, even with delicate handling as possible in arranging and basting the design is to be recommended. The next or third stage is that of securing every part of the design permanently to the satin. There are three or four ways of doing this. The first and best is to follow the margin of the design with a very even and light button-hole stitch on the right side with silk exactly matching the color in each part of the design. This fastening is not intended to be noticed, and requires therefore both neatness and precision to execute it well. Some persons secure the chintz with a long embroidery stitch, without the buttonhole edge, using floss silk in preference to the fine sewing silk. This mode of securing the pattern is showy and effective while fresh, but it soon wears rough and spoils the whole effect of the de

design, and at the best is too heavy for beauty. Some, in place of all needlework, paste the design on the foundation satin or cloth, or glue it with some thin and very adhesive glue. But no other mode of fastening is either so secure or enduring as the tedious but very fine button-holing. When every part of the design has been fastened to the satin, the basting-threads are cut and taken out in very small pieces; to draw a long thread out would certainly mar the work. When all the basting-threads are removed, brush the work lightly with a soft brush; then lay face downward on a soft and thick cloth, and cover with a smooth light linen or cotton towel. Over this spread a towel that has been wrung out in clear water—it ought to be almost dry—and press the work with a cool iron.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS.

Beef Fillets with Vegetables.—Cut some rump-steak in slices half an inch thick; trim them all to the same size, in the shape of cutlets, and lard them finely and thickly with fat bacon. Lay them out, the larded side uppermost, into a baking-dish, and put in as much rich stock or gravy as will come up to, but not cover the larding. Cover the dish, and place it in the oven to braise gently for half an hour; then remove the cover, baste the fillets with the gravy, and let them remain uncovered in the oven, for the larding to take color. Take equal quantities of carrots and turnips, cut into the shape of small olives; parboil them, then toss them in butter, separately, until done. Melt a piece of butter in a sauce-pan, add a little flour, mix well, and put in as much of the gravy in which the fillets have been braized, as will make enough sauce. Stir well, add the vegetables, and, when hot, arrange them on a dish with the fillets, and serve.

Boiled Fowls with Onion Sauce.—Place a couple of fowls, trussed for boiling, with an onion and a piece of butter inside each, into a sauce-pan, with sufficient water and three ounces of butter, a couple of carrots, a bundle of sweet herbs, (parsley, thyme, and celery,) whole pepper and salt to taste. Let them boil slowly till done; about one hour. Serve with the sauce over them, and a circle of Brussels sprouts, plainly boiled in salted water, round them.

DESSERTS.

Little Saucer Puddings.—Two tablespoonfuls of flour, two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, three eggs, a teacupful of milk, butter, preserves of any kind. Mix the flour and sugar, beat the eggs, add them to the milk, and beat up with the flour and sugar. Well butter three saucers, half fill them, and bake in a quick oven about twenty minutes. Remove them from the saucers when cool enough, cut in half, and spread a thin layer of preserve between each half. Close them again, and serve.

Potato Croquettes—A Sweet Dish.—Take some nicely-baked potatoes, scoop out the mealy part, and mash it thoroughly smooth. Press it through a sieve, make it into a stiff paste, with some cream, butter, orange-flower water, powdered loaf-sugar, and raw eggs well beaten. Make it into croquettes by rolling portions in sifted bread-crumbs, and dipping them in white of egg, whipped to a snow. Fry them in plenty of lard or fresh butter.

Suet Dumplings, with Currants.—Scald a pint of new milk and let it grow cold; then stir into it half a pound of chopped suet, two eggs, four ounces of cleaned currants, a little nutmeg, salt, two teaspoonfuls of powdered ginger, and flour sufficient to make the whole into a light paste. Form it into dumplings; flour them well outside; throw them into your sauce-pan, being careful that the water is boiling, and that they do not stick to the bottom. Boil one hour.

CAKES.

Hot Cross Buns.—Put two pounds of flour into a basin, and mix well with it six ounces of moist sugar and a little ground allspice. Mix two ounces of German yeast with half a pint of lukewarm milk. Make a hole in the centre of the flour, pour in the milk and yeast, and, with a wooden spoon, stir enough of the flour in to make it the thickness of cream; throw some of the flour over, then cover the basin with a cloth, and set it in a warm place for about an hour and a half. Melt the butter, but not to an oil, and stir it into the other ingredients, with enough warm milk to make the whole into a soft dough; then mould it into buns about the size of an egg. Place them on a tin, in rows three inches apart; set them in a warm place until they have risen to double the size, put them into a brisk oven, and, just before they are done, wash them over with a little milk. They will take about twenty minutes to bake.

Pancakes.—Take six eggs, break them separately into a cup, to ascertain that they are fresh; put them into a basin, whisk them well, then add half a pound of flour and half a teaspoonful of salt. Beat to a perfectly smooth batter, then add sufficient milk to make it the consistency of thick cream. Place a small frying-pan on the fire, and when quite hot, put in a piece of butter or lard. When it is nearly boiling, pour in about half a teacupful of batter, or rather more, according to the size of the pan. Fry it until it is of a delicate brown, then turn it carefully with a slice, and when brown on the other side, sprinkle some pounded sugar over it. Take it out with the slice, and place it on a dish before the fire. Proceed in like manner until sufficient are cooked for a dish. Serve immediately. Never place one pancake upon another. Lemon-juice and sugar, or jam, are served with pancakes.

Tipsy Cake.—Slice a shilling sponge-cake, and cover with raspberry jam; lay in a dish, and soak in sherry. When the wine is soaked into the cake, pour a good custard over it. If an elaborate cake is wanted, a whipped cream should be put over it, and garnished with strips of red currant jelly. If otherwise, a few ratafias, and hundreds and thousands may be placed over it. For the whip, allow to a pint of cream, three ounces of pounded sugar, one glass of sherry, the rind of half a lemon, and the white of an egg. Rub the lemon with the sugar, and pound the sugar until fine. Beat the white of the egg until quite stiff, put the cream into a basin, with the sugar, wine, and beaten egg, and whip it to a froth. This should be made in a cool place, the day before it is wanted.

DRINKS, ETC., FOR INVALIDS.

Flax-seed Tea.—Pour two teacupfuls of boiling water over two tablespoonfuls of unground flaxseed. Cover the vessel, and stand it in a warm place until mucilage is formed. Be careful to keep it closely covered, as it soon becomes stringy if exposed to the air. When sweetened, and flavored with lemon-juice, it is a very palatable drink. The lemon-juice should be scalded.

Gum Arabic Water.—Pour a pint of boiling water over two tablespoonfuls of gum arabic; add lemon-juice and sugar to the taste. Stand it away to get cold.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FIG. I.—WALKING DRESS OF GRAY-BLUE SILK.—The casaque is of black silk, made quite deep, close fitting to the figure, and trimmed with two rows of black guipure lace. Bonnet of blue silk, trimmed with pink roses and gray feather.

FIG. II.—HOUSE-DRESS OF LIGHT CAMEL'S-HAIR.—The plain under-skirt is of gray, striped with blue. The over-

dress and basque is of all gray, cut in deep scallops at the edge, and looped with blue cords and tassels. The sleeves are of the material of the over-skirt.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE-DRESS, OF SAPPHIRE-BLUE SILK.—The skirt is of plain blue, trimmed with one ruffle, and three deep puffs. The apron-front is of soft twilled silk, of a darker shade of blue, plaided a light-blue. This apron-front has three ruffles, of the plain-blue silk. The waist is of the dark twilled silk, and the sleeves of the lighter color. Bonnet of dark-blue felt, trimmed with light-blue feathers.

FIG. IV.—HOUSE-DRESS, WITH A BLACK SILK UNDER-SKIRT, made long, and flounced at the back. The front has one deep kilt-plaited ruffle, headed by a bias-band of silk. The over-dress is of ecru-colored foulard, edged with an ecru embroidery. It is made in Polonaise, and is draped at the back with wide cardinal-colored ribbons. Narrower ribbons, of the same color, trims the apron-front, the neck, and sleeves.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF AMBER-COLORED PONGEE, trimmed with blue and white bands of bias silk. The mantle is of black net, covered with braid and black guipure insertion, is edged with black guipure lace. The sleeves are long and square. White felt bonnet, trimmed with soft amber-colored silk, bound with black velvet, and having a large red rose in front.

FIG. VI.—MANTLE OF LIGHT-GRAY CLOTH, made quite deep, with the sleeves cut in the mantle, like the Chinese sleeves. It is trimmed with a heavy, knotted fringe, headed by wide braid, with narrower braid and fancy buttons up the front. Gray felt hat and feathers, with pink roses in front.

FIG. VII.—OPERA OR EVENING CLOAK, of white cashmere, richly embroidered in white silk and gold thread, with a heavy fringe of white and gold.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-DRESS OF PLAID CAMEL'S-HAIR, over a dark-brown silk skirt. The sleeves and back of the jacket are of dark-brown. The over-skirt is of a plaid, of two shades of brown, the lighter being almost an ecru color. It is edged with a ruffle of silk, of the lighter color, and has a large bow at the back, of the same color. Hat of ecru-colored felt, trimmed with brown leaves.

FIG. IX.—CARRIAGE-DRESS.—The under-skirt is of black velvet, with a ruffle at the bottom. The over-dress is of dark-blue and gray plaid twilled silk, made quite long on the left side, and short on the right side; trimmed with a ruffle of gray silk, headed by four rows of wide braid. The small, jaunty mantle is of white cloth, with a black velvet trimming below it, to represent a second mantle. It is trimmed with wide braid. Hat of gray felt, trimmed with black velvet, gray feathers, and convolvulus in the face.

FIG. X.—DRESS OF BLACK VELVETEEN, FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The skirt and deep jacket are trimmed with rows of braid. Black velvet hat, with pink feathers.

FIGS. XI. AND XII.—WATER-PROOF CLOAK, of a new pattern, which has just come out in Paris, and is called there the "Capote Mobile." We give it as peculiarly suitable for this March weather. It is made of cloth of medium texture, lined with twilled silk; but it can also be made of reversible cloth, or of cloth lined with plush. The first figure illustrates the front view of the cloak, with a corner buttoned back to show the lining. It is double-breasted, and the collar buttons back with revers. There are large envelope pockets at each side, and a small pocket of the same form on each cuff. The second figure illustrates the manner in which the back is arranged. It is full, and is confined at the waist with a movable band; that is to say, the buttons are sewn on the plaits of the water-proof, and the bands are buttoned to them. The buttons are horn, to match the cloth in color; and the binding round the pockets, cuffs, and band, is braid, likewise assimilating in color with the cloth. The skirt is drap cachemire, trimmed with faille plaitings of a lighter shade of the same color. It is bordered with a cross-cut flounce, edged and headed with a plaiting. This trimming is repeated three times upon the skirt.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The cold has prevented anything new appearing in the make of dresses, sacques, bonnets, etc. We have only hints and peeps in advance. Skirts are made still more clinging, those for full dress elaborately trimmed; whilst all street costume seems to be growing plainer. One large pocket is almost always put on the left side, the very tight skirt making it impossible to use a pocket inserted in the dress. All trains are cut narrow, and pointed in the middle; and when there is a looped-up tunic, it is so complicated that it is utterly impossible to describe. The cuirass bodices are still the favorites; they are made longer than they were three months ago, and waists are elongated in such a manner, that all arrangements of petticoats are entirely altered. The art of the dressmaker lies in making the basque fit smoothly, but not too tightly. The figure is not compressed, but the outlines are clearly defined. Very often the cuirass extends at least two-eighths of a yard below the waist all round, and it should lie without any fullness over the hips and tournure.

SLEEVES are made to match the skirt, and contrasting with the bodice; but the sleeves that are made of two materials are the newest. For morning wear, sleeves are cut exceedingly narrow; and for demi-toilet they rarely reach below the elbow. They are then turned up with lace, and a flower is added at the bend of the arm.

The close-fitting Polonaise, with waist and skirt cut in one, is the newest style sent out by the best French dressmakers. It has more the effect of a gentleman's overcoat than anything we can compare it to. There is no drapery, and no trimming but a binding, or a cord and buttons. For the warmer weather, it is probable that this plain, close-fitting garment will give place to a loose, or half-tight fitting sacque, made in various styles. The sleeves of the Polonaise habits are often without cuffs, the lower part of the sleeve only flaring over the hand.

THE LARGE MANTLES, fur-lined or warmly wadded, are still worn; but they will be modified in size as the spring advances, though worn larger and looser than a year or so ago.

BONNETS are still of all shapes, that may prove becoming. The round, flaring auriole brim, the sharp poke-bonnet, and the baby capote, are all worn. The latter sets closely around the face, has a soft crown, and it is prophesied that it will be popular. By next month there will be something new.

ECRU LACE is very much worn. It is principally used two rows sewn together, as a small scarf for the neck, and to trim more dressy bonnets.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS OF TWO SHADES OF GRAY MOHAIR.—The under-dress is quite plain; the upper one is drawn back by strings, and is prettily looped. The jacket is of the same material, fitting quite close to the figure.

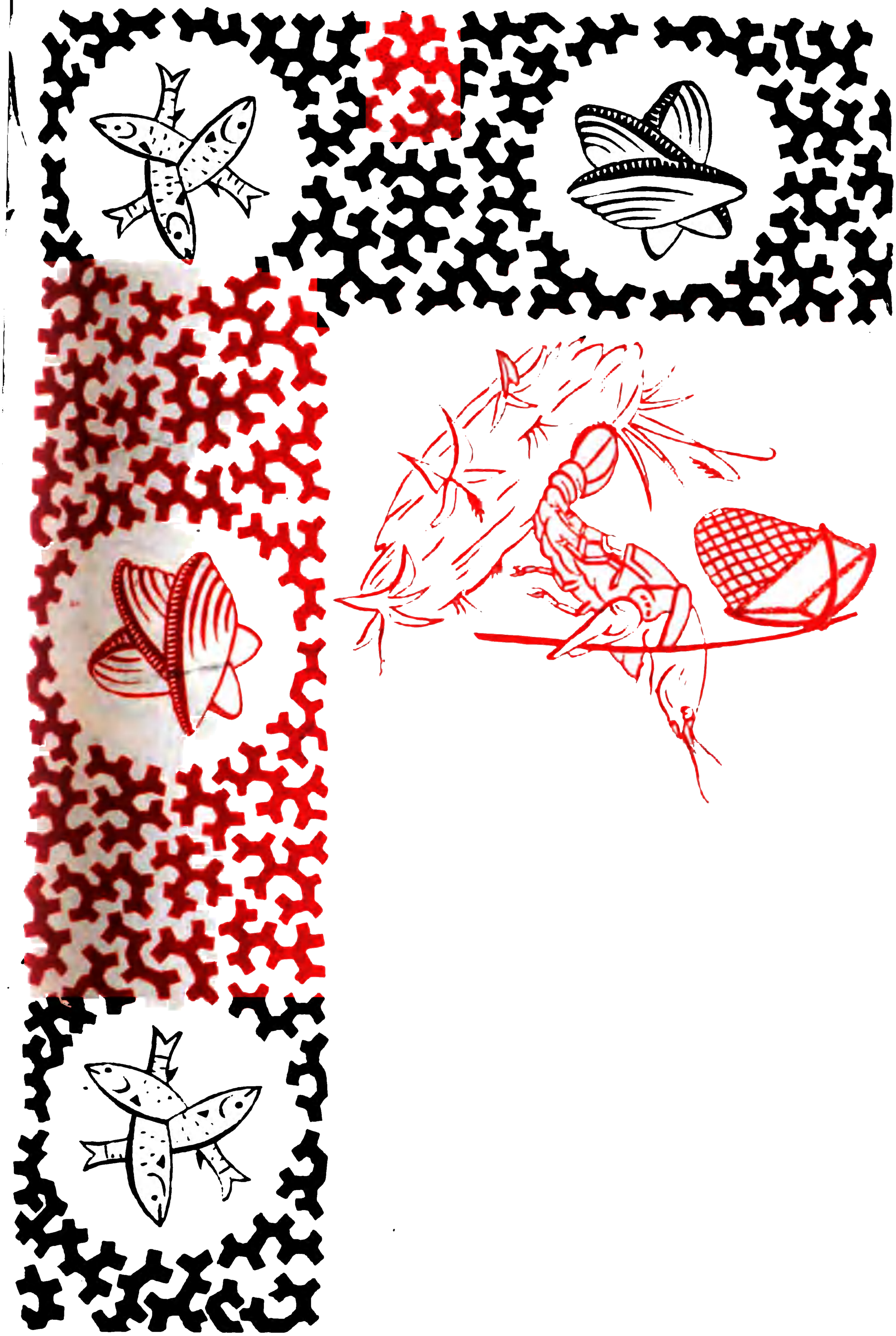
FIG. II.—LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF TWO SHADES OF BLUE PLAID CASHMERE.—The coat is of white cloth, with a fine blue plaid over it. Dark-blue felt hat.

FIG. III.—YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS OF CAMEL'S-HAIR OF A CHESTNUT-BROWN, PLAIDED WITH A LIGHTER-BROWN.—The lower-skirt is quite plain. The upper-skirt has an apron-front, and is draped at the back. The jacket is of dark-brown cloth, trimmed with rows of braid. Brown felt hat, with feathers of the lighter shade.

FIG. IV.—CHILD'S DRESS OF WHITE PIQUE.—The coat is of heavy, white cloth, trimmed with white braid. White felt hat, trimmed with white satin ribbon.



"CAT'S GRACE."



DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERING A LOBSTER NAPKIN.



THE RESCUE. [*See the Story, "John Ligon's Revenge."*]



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR APRIL.



HOUSE-DRESS



WALKING-DRESS.







FICHU FOR EVENING. BONNET AND HAT.



BLACK LACE WRAP FOR EVENING. HATS.





BLACK AND GRAY FELT BONNETS FOR SPRING.





MORNING HEAD-DRESS. DUBARRY HEAD-DRESS.

The Letter in the Candle.

Written by J. CLARKE. **Composed by R. COOTE.**

As published by SEP. WINNER'S SON, 1003 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia.

Moderato.

PIANO.

mf

1. There's a let - ter in the can - dle, It points di-rect to me; How the
2. Hope and fear a-like perplex me; Oh! su-per-sti-tious dread; How
3. How glad - ly I re-mem - ber, 'Tis two short months, no more, Since a

p
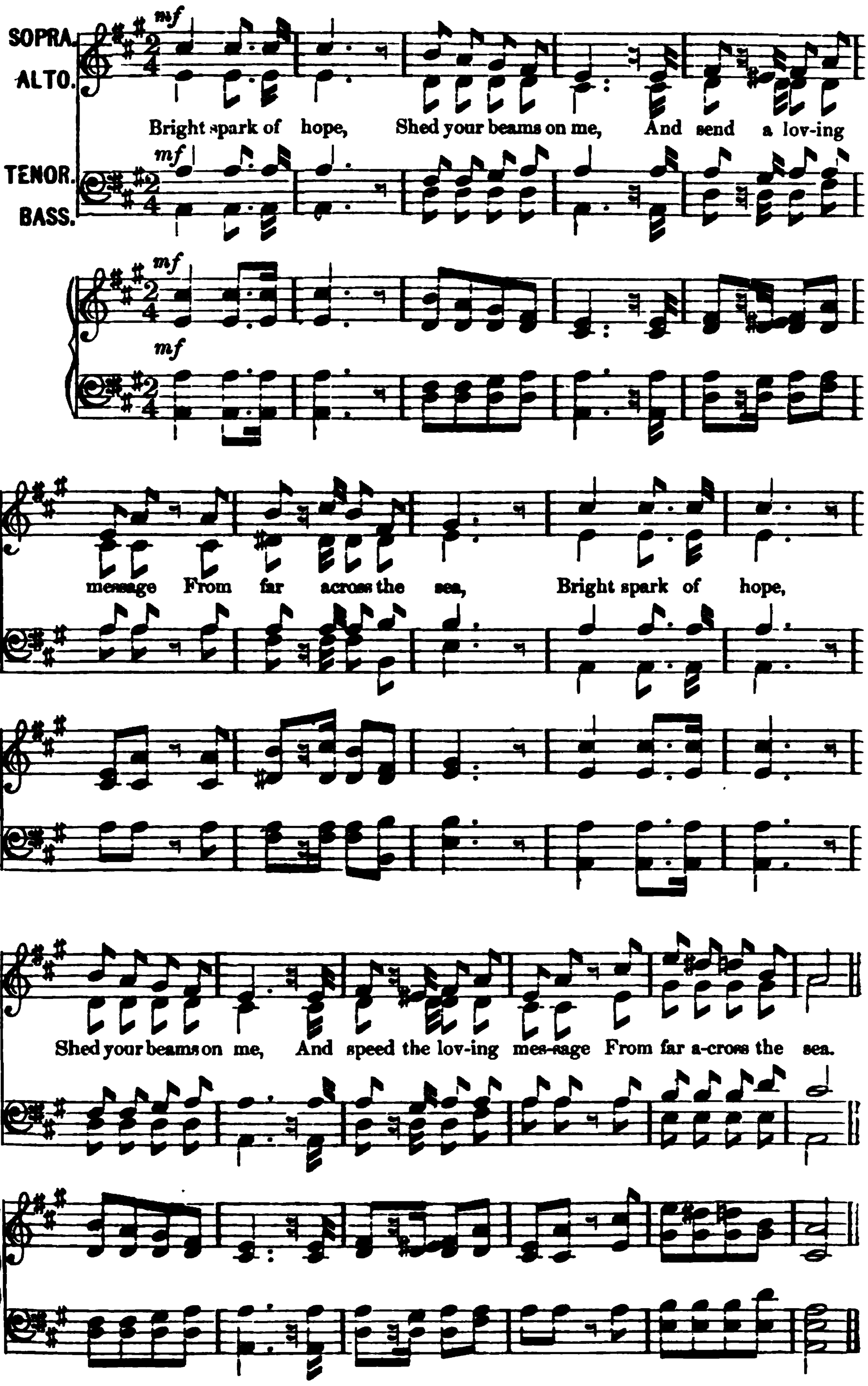
lit - tle spark is shining, From whomever can it be? It gets brighter still and brighter, Like a
ma - ny i - dle fan-cies You con-jure in my head. When those we love are absent, How
let - ter in the can-dle Shone out as bright before. Then the darling messenger Came

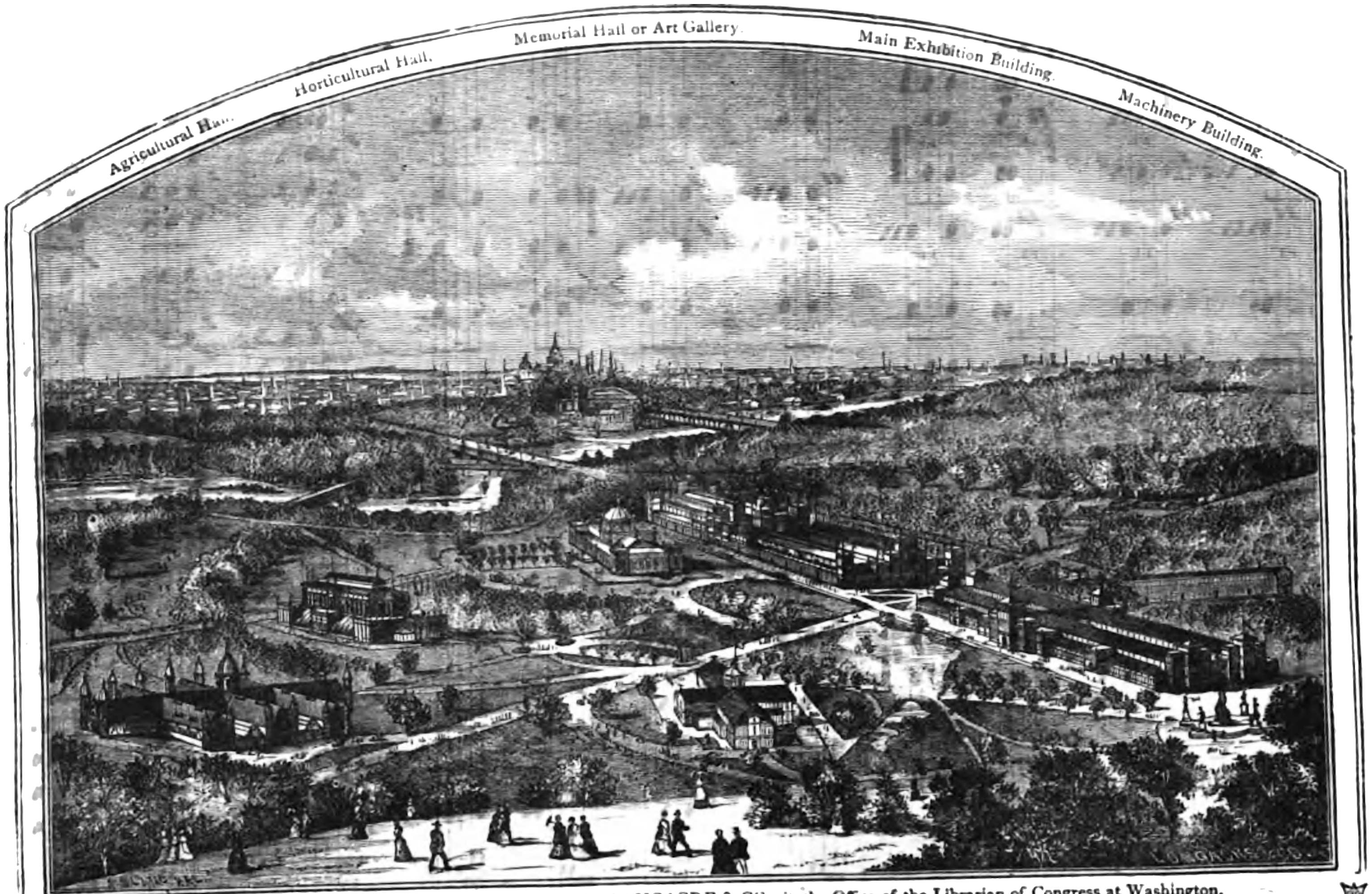
cres.

lit - tle sun-ny ray, And I dare to guess the writer, For it drives suspense away.
wan-ton-ly you play, Ev'-ry shadow seems a substance, And drives suspense away.
prompt and safe to me, If this is on-ly from the same, How welcome it shall be.

p

CHORUS.


SOPRA.
ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.
mf
Bright spark of hope, Shed your beams on me, And send a lov-ing
message From far across the sea, Bright spark of hope,
Shed your beams on me, And speed the lov-ing mes-sage From far a-cross the sea.



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VIEW OF CENTENNIAL BUILDINGS FROM GEORGE'S HILL.

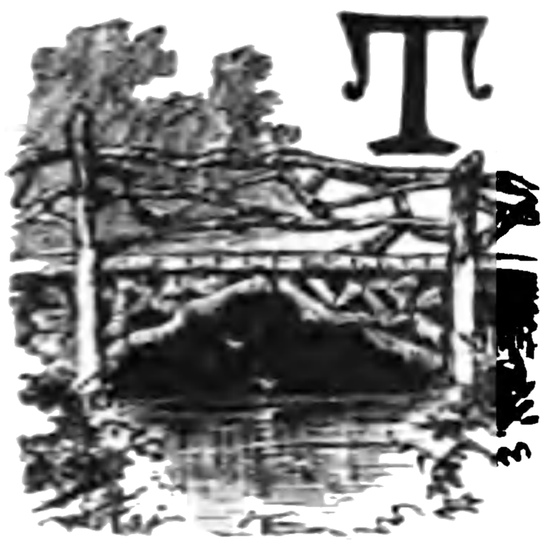
PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXIX. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1876. No. 4.

THE CENTENNIAL IN PEN AND PENCIL.—No. I.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.

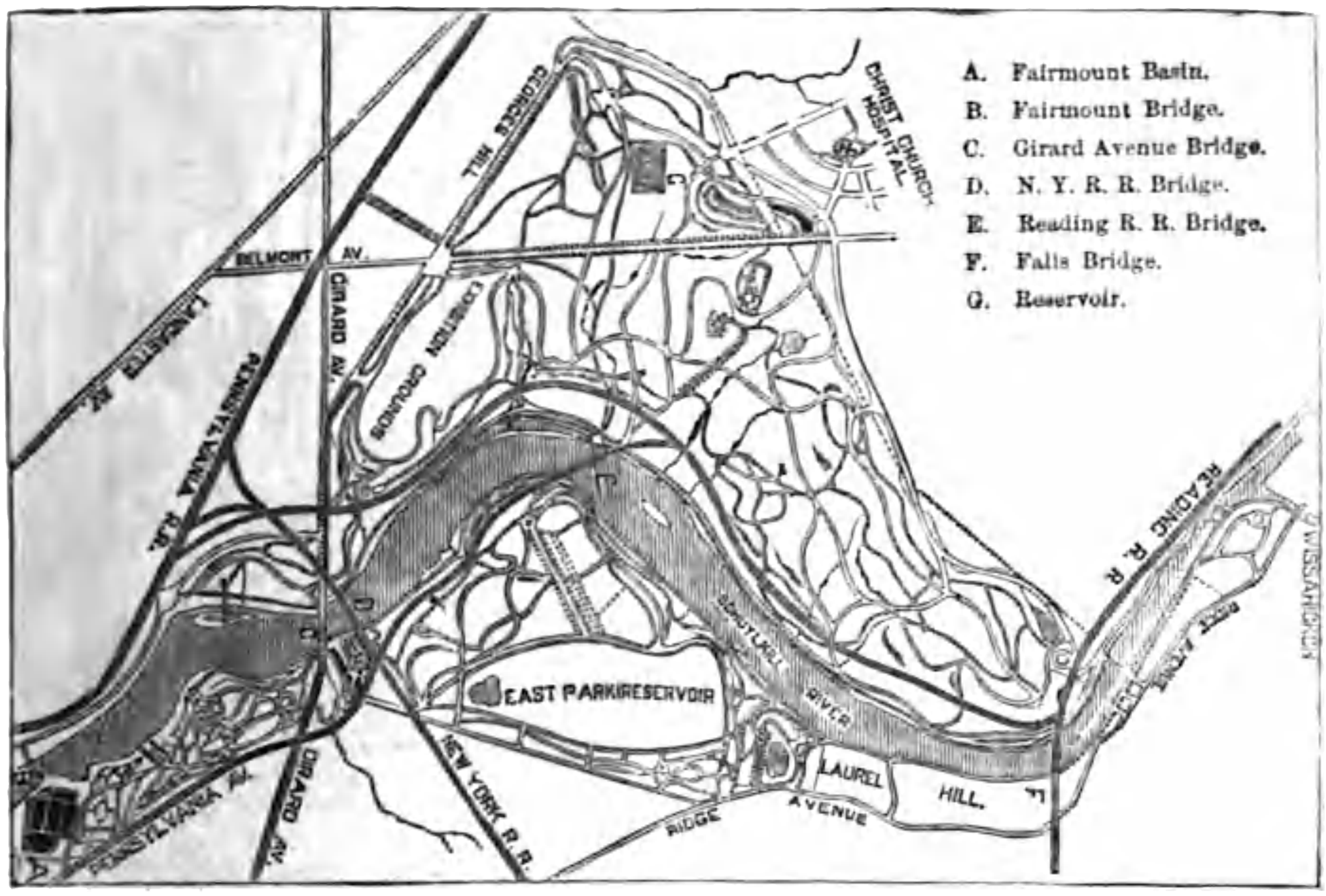
THE Philadelphia Park, or Fairmount Park, as it is otherwise called, where the Centennial Exhibition is to be held, is the largest of its kind in the world.



RUSTIC BRIDGE.

It covers three thousand acres of ground, while Hyde Park, the famous London one, covers less than four hundred. In fact the whole seven London parks, Hyde Park, Regents, Victoria, Greenwich, Finsbury, Battersea, and St. James, "would not," to quote the words of Mr. Hepworth Dixon, an eminent English author and traveler, "make one Fairmount Park." The New York Park, spacious and noble as it is, has an area of only about a quarter of that of the Philadelphia Park.

The Philadelphia Park is also one of the most beautiful. "Neither the Prater in Vienna," says Mr. Hepworth Dixon, to quote the same impartial authority, "nor Los Delicias in Seville, nor the Bois de Boulogne, though bright and varied, can compare, in physical beauty with Fairmount Park." It owes this superiority in part to its varied surface, in part to its noble clumps of woodland, and in part to the fact that two exceptionally picturesque rivers, the Schuylkill and the Wissahickon, wind through it. The Schuylkill averages about a quarter of a mile in width, and in some places is shut in so as to look like a broad lake, while in others it flows smoothly on between leafy and overhanging banks. For nearly



MAP OF A PORTION OF THE PARK.



A FOUNTAIN IN THE PARK.

three miles this lovely river thus diversifies the scenery of the Park. Beyond this, the Park follows the course of the Wissahickon, within narrower limits, however. We engrave a map of the Park, up to the point where the Wissahickon empties into the Schuylkill, so that our readers may realize its size as well as see exactly where the Exhibition buildings are located. The space occupied by the latter, though it covers sixty acres, is but a trifle, it will be observed, compared with the rest of the three thousand acres.

Nearly the entire surface of the Park was occupied, from the very first settlement, by the country-seats of rich Philadelphians. Here was Landsdown, the princely residence of the Penns; here was Mount Pleasant, where Gen. Arnold lived; here was Solitude; here a score of others. Almost the whole of it, in this way, came to be laid out in lawns, and ornamented with trees, many of which have since grown to colossal size. When these properties were purchased for the public, the Park was thus, so to speak, made to hand. In addition to rare trees, that had been set out by the original proprietors, many noble forest-trees were allowed to remain. Some of the finest tulip-poplars, black walnuts, chestnut-oaks, and oaks, to be found in this part of the United States, are thus to be seen there. Rocky ravines, dells, cascades, wooded islands, swelling uplands, meadows and lawns, diversify the Philadelphia Park. From George's Hill, Belmont, and other elevated points within it, views of surpassing beauty break on the spectator. Speaking of one of these views, Mr. Hepworth Dixon says that it "combines the several beauties of the view from Richmond Hill and Greenwich Hill. There is a richly wooded country rolling backward into space. There is the wide and winding river at your feet; and just beyond the river, spires and steeples, towers and domes; and rising over all, like a new Parthenon, the noble pile called Girard College. Seen on a sunny day, in the Indian Summer, when the forest-leaves are burning gold and crimson, and the shining marble flashes through the air, the view is one of the things, which 'seen, becomes a part of sight.'" A hundred years ago, the Marquis de Chastellux was equally impressed by the splendid landscape which unrolled itself before his eyes, on every side, as he drove from Philadelphia to the Falls of Schuylkill, now inclosed in the Park, and back again. "Nothing can equal," he says, "the beauties of the *coup d' œil*, which the banks of the Schuylkill present, in descending toward the south from the Falls to Philadelphia." We give the view, that Mr. Hepworth Dixon speaks of, at the end of this article.



A RAVINE IN THE PARK.



ON THE WISSAHICKON.

With excellent taste, the Park Commissioners have interfered but very little with the natural character of the grounds, but contenting themselves with laying out broad drives, and cutting necessary foot-paths, have left dell and glen and woodland to their native wildness. In a few places, however, they have introduced, appropriately, horticultural and even architectural effects. Broad flower-beds of vivid hues, fountains and rustic bridges, are scattered thus, here and there. Statues, in bronze and marble, are placed, also, at proper points. We give, as the initial letter of this article, an engraving of one of the many rustic bridges in the Park. We also give on the preceding page, engravings of one of the smaller fountains, and of one of the many romantic ravines.

The Wissahickon, though a smaller stream than the Schuylkill, is even more picturesque. The Park here narrows very considerably, following the course of the river, and including the heights on either side. The road is terraced on the right bank, with the river on the left. The hill-sides rise precipitously, and are clothed with hemlock, cedar, and pine, as well as with ash, hickory, and other deciduous trees. As you drive along, following the windings of the road, you meet a constant succession of surprises, here a ferny dell, there a dark pool, and everywhere bursts of sunlight breaking through the dense woodlands. With the exception of the Dargle, near Dublin, there is no scenery, within an hour's drive of any other great city of the world, so wild and romantic as that which the Wissahickon presents. A stranger, unexpectedly dropped down on its banks, might think himself a thousand miles from civilization. We give two engravings of bits of scenery on the Wissahickon. There are, however, scores of others as fine.

The grounds selected for the Centennial Exhibition occupy a spacious table-land, in that part west of the Schuylkill, which is nearest to the city. They are convenient of access, therefore, and this convenience has been increased, by laying tracks for horse-railways up to the very entrance to the



ON THE WISSAHICKON.

grounds. None of the preceding World's Fairs, not even that at Vienna, could be compared, in point of position, with that at Philadelphia. This is the opinion of all the Foreign Commissioners.

The Prater, at Vienna, is flat, and there was no point from which a panoramic view of the buildings could be had, as those of the Centennial from George's Hill, or even Belmont. The same deficiency was observable both at London and Paris.

The space occupied by the Exhibition is also

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

MRS. SOUTHWORTH'S COMPLETE WORKS. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, have just published, and have for sale, an entire new, complete and uniform edition of all of the celebrated works written by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, the popular American Female Authoress. This edition is in duodecimo form, is printed on the finest of white paper, is complete in thirty-nine volumes, and each volume is bound in morocco cloth, with a full gilt back, and is sold at the low price of $1.75 a volume, or $68.25 for a full and complete set. Every family, and every library in this Country should have in it a complete set of this new and beautiful edition of the works of this talented American Authoress, Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. The following are the names of Mrs. Southworth's complete works:

The Missing Bride; or, Miriam, the Avenger.
A Beautiful Fiend; or, Through the Fire.
Victor's Triumph. Sequel to "A Beautiful Fiend."
Fair Play; or, Britomarte, the Man Hater.
How He Won Her. A Sequel to "Fair Play."
The Changed Brides; or, Winning Her Way.
The Bride's Fate. Sequel to "The Changed Brides."
Lady of the Isle; or, The Island Princess.
Cruel as the Grave; or, Hallow Eve Mystery.
Tried For Her Life. Sequel to "Cruel as the Grave."
The Christmas Guest; or, The Crime and the Cure.
The Bride of Llewellyn.
The Lost Heir of Linlithgow; or, The Brothers.
A Noble Lord. Sequel to "Lost Heir of Linlithgow."
The Family Doom; or, The Sin of a Countess.
The Maiden Widow. Sequel to "Family Doom."
The Gipsy's Prophecy; or, The Bride of an Evening.
The Fortune Seeker; or, Astrea, The Bridal Day.
The Three Beauties; or, Shannondale.
Allworth Abbey; or, Eudora.
Fallen Pride; or, The Mountain Girl's Love."
India; or, The Pearl of Pearl River.
Vivia; or, The Secret Power.
The Curse of Clifton.
The Discarded Daughter: or the Children of the Isle.
The Mother-In-Law; or, Married in Haste.
The Prince of Darkness; or, Hickory Hall.
The Two Sisters; or, Virginia and Magdalene.
The Fatal Marriage; or, Orville Deville.
The Widow's Son; or, Left Alone.
The Bridal Eve; or, Rose Elmer.
The Mystery of Dark Hollow.
The Deserted Wife. The Wife's Victory.
The Lost Heiress. The Artist's Love.
Haunted Homestead. Love's Labor Won.
The Spectre Lover. Retribution.

Above books will be found for sale by all Booksellers; or copies of any one or all of them, will be sent to any one, to any place, at once, postage pre-paid, or free of freight, on remitting price of ones wanted, to the Publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

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THOUSANDS OF LADIES who use "Laird's Bloom of Youth" keep their own counsel, and all their admirers suppose that complexions so perfectly natural in appearance must be nature's own. Sold by all druggists.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. IV.—CATARRH—*Concluding Remarks.*

As before remarked, no mother, or self-opinioned nurse, should continue to treat croup or catarrhal affections, day after day, if the disease persist, but should yield up the case to the better judgment of an educated or experienced physician.

The writer does not believe in the habit, that some mothers are prone to fall into, and even follow for life, of giving Cox's hive syrup in nauseating or emetic doses at every appearance of cold or slight cough, or croupy respiration, to the manifest injury of the delicate and sensitive stomachs of their children. The tartar emetic contained in solution in the above syrup, independent of the sickening squills, is prostrating in its constitutional effect, and deleterious in its local action upon the stomach; and when continued for a length of time, or resorted to upon every slight manifestation of "cold on the chest," tends to impair the functions of the stomach, destroy appetite and healthful digestion, and lays the foundation for dyspepsia in after years.

The writer, and doubtless all observing physicians, has so often seen the pale, limp, sickly child, that has been "brought up," as it were, on hive syrup, or antimonial wine, that he is forced to the conclusion, that however valuable this medicine has been, or may be in the hands of practitioners of judgment, it has been no blessing, in the hands of mothers, to the infant race. Some mothers are known to vomit their children two or three times each day, and give purgative doses of castor oil in the bargain, every day or two, in the affections now under consideration. Most reprehensible is this conduct; for how can vitality and strength be maintained when the *little* food that the child may take under such circumstances, is not permitted to remain long enough in its stomach and bowels to be converted into chyme and chyle, and be absorbed into the system to sustain the waste, or repair that which is lost.

These remarks, though in a less degree, may be applied to those mothers who style themselves *Thompsonians*, and who have been taught, or who persuade themselves to believe, that lobelia is safe and harmless at all times, and under all conditions, and may be given freely with impunity.

As before remarked, *prevention* of disease is the mother's province and duty; and she is derelect of that duty so long as she invites disease by the manner of clothing her babe or child with sleeveless garments, and those cut away in the neck.

When a child has once been attacked with either of these affections, especially croup, it is very liable to recur at any period for several subsequent years. Every parent should, therefore, not only be acquainted with the means of prevention, but put those measures in force by adopting the following rules: Protect the child from cold or damp weather, particularly the north-east winds of spring, after heavy rains, and when the alternations of temperature are sudden and remarkable. Many tenant-houses in the country are built in the side of a wooded hill, or shady hollow, near a stream of water or a spring (to save the expense of a pump and well,) in which their "farm-help" are placed, to be subject to sickness and annual *doctor-bills*, wearing out the health and patience of the mother, and depleting the pocket-book of the toiling husband. Those badly-located, cellar-kitchen tenements, are a nuisance, and should be abated by legislative action, or taken cognizance of by the S. P. C. A. It is a difficult task, indeed, for the mother to raise a family in such houses, without much sickness and sorrow. But the floors of such houses should never be washed, in damp weather, without a fire, unless the young children can be kept off them. Croup and catarrh frequently follow general house-cleaning, for want of due care and prudence on the part of mothers; and "colds" are constantly renewed from the same cause.

Sponging the child predisposed to these affections every morning with salt water is beneficial, followed with con-

THE VAN HAYDEN'S CROQUET PARTY.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

The Van Haydens and the Vanderpools were rival families in Stephentown. Each family claimed a superiority over the other, which claim was pish'd and phoo'd at in all ways imaginable, as being perfectly preposterous, and really one of the most absurd things ever heard of. There were three young ladies in each family, and it was the height of Mrs. Vanderpool's ambition to get her daughters married off before the Van Hayden girls were. Mrs. Van Hayden, like a true Christian, refused to submit to her rival's designs, and resolved to secure husbands for her daughters as soon as such a consummation could be brought about. For the last two years both manœuvering mammas had worked to effect a marriage in their respective families, but as yet unsuccessfully.

"I'll tell you what it is, Letty," said Mrs. Van Hayden, one day, to her eldest daughter, "we've got to get up some party to offset the Vanderpools' strawberry sociable. That was really the stupidest affair of the season. If I couldn't do better than that, I wouldn't make any attempt, I declare. I could see what it was got up for. Mrs. Vanderpool wants to catch young Shelby for her Maria; and she couldn't get him into the house in any other way. I could see that he was horribly bored."

"I'll tell you what," spoke up Susie, Mrs. Van Hayden's youngest, "let's have a croquet-party. Wouldn't that be splendid? We could have tea in the summer-house, you know, and I'm sure it would take, because there's never been anything like it here."

"It's a very good idea," coincided Letty. And Mrs. Van Hayden thought so, too. Accordingly it was settled that next week, Tuesday, they would have a croquet-party, and invitations were issued at once.

"Of course the Vanderpool tribe will be on hand," remarked Mrs. Van Hayden. "They always come to criticize, and make fun of everything. I do think they're the most disagreeable family, taken all together, I ever saw. Mrs. Vanderpool's really vulgar. I like to say things to cut her up."

Now, the fun of it was, Mrs. Vanderpool always fancied she was saying things to "cut up" Mrs. Van Hayden.

"I understand what they're fishing for," she said to her daughter Maria, when the invitations to the croquet-party were received. "They want to get young Shelby in their clutches. That Letty is determined she'll catch him, if it's a possible thing; and this party is only a bait. She tried to monopolize him at our sociable, and I declare I was ashamed of her, and hinted to her mother that I thought such boldness rather low and coarse, and you'd ought to have seen how red she got. It did me a heap of good, for she couldn't say anything back. You'd better get you some new dresses, girls. They'll probably come out in new suits, calculating to take the shine off you altogether. I think Shelby's foolish, if he sees anything in that Letty to fancy."

"But he don't," said Miss Maria, very decidedly. "He told me he thought she was really vulgar."

Mrs. Vanderpool was delighted to hear that Mr. Shelby's opinion corresponded so closely to her own, and took fresh courage. Shelby was rich, and had seemed quite impressed with her Maria. If she only could make a match for her with——

The eventful day came, as did the Vanderpools, in full force. Mrs. Vanderpool was arrayed in maroon silk, making her look like a big, double hollyhock, as Miss Letty whispered to Mr. Shelby, who was the first arrival. Whereupon he laughed a good deal, and squeezed Miss Lettie's hand, with some indistinct remark about her "sarcastic wit," which made that young lady fairly beam with pleasure. The Miss Vanderpools were arrayed in new silks, likewise, much to the delight of the Van Haydens, who were in plain white muslin, and who remarked to Mr. Shelby, in a tone intended for the Vanderpools to hear, that it was strange some persons always showed such shocking taste as to go to a simple little party, and an out-door one, especially, dressed as if they were going to the opera, or a grand ball. It looked so much like shoddy! Whereupon Mrs. Vanderpool was about to get off one of her cutting remarks, and had opened her mouth for that purpose, when Miss Jennie begged her to be still, and overlook any ill-bred, low insinuations, for some people couldn't help showing what kind of stock they came from. All of which was heard by the Van Haydens as was intended. Immediately after which

Mrs. Van Hayden asked Mrs. Vanderpool, in her blandest tones, if the soap factory Mr. Vanderpool had operated so successfully was in operation yet. To which question Mrs. Vanderpool made a very confused reply, and got so red in the face that Mrs. Hayden was covered with triumph.

Presently playing began. Mrs. Van Hayden, the Miss Van Haydens, with the exception of the youngest, and Mr. Shelby, were matched against Mrs. Vanderpool and two of her daughters, and a young gentleman from the village.

Mrs. Vanderpool, on her second turn of play, succeeded in croqueting somebody's ball against Mrs. Van Hayden's foot, causing that lady to turn red and pale, and give evidence of having felt the blow quite keenly, much to the delight of the lady playing, and her daughter, who tittered behind their handkerchiefs, as Mrs. Van Hayden limped off to the corner, where Letty was holding Mr. Shelby, spell-bound, by her recitals of some thrilling event.

Mrs. Van Hayden watched her opportunity, and removed a hair-pin from Mrs. Vanderpool's hair without being caught at it. The result of which was, that during an exciting turn of play, Mrs. Vanderpool's chignon tumbled off, and Mrs. Van Hayden screamed out to her opponent that her back hair was coming down just as it came off, making her look like a hen in moulting-time, as Miss Letty remarked to Mr. Shelby; whereupon that gentleman went off into another paroxysm of delight, while the Vanderpool trio looked black with rage, and the maternal member of the party picked up her chignon, and proceeded to readjust it. At which Mrs. Van Hayden very magnanimously removed several hair-pins from her own hair, letting it come down all about her shoulders, so that everybody could see it was her own, and tendered the pins to her chagrined opponent, who accepted them with very ill-grace.

Pretty soon Miss Letty accused Miss Maria of cheating, and thereupon followed an angry and heated discussion, in which some remarks, not strictly elegant, but highly forcible, were made by both parties. It was during this little squabble that Mrs. Vanderpool, who was determined to win the game, made a famous run, and knocked Mrs. Van Hayden and Letty out, helped all her side to become rovers, and so displayed her skill and generalship, that in five minutes more she hit the post with her ball, and looked round upon the vanquished party with victory perched upon her banner. Whereupon Mrs. Van Hayden remarked to Mr. Shelby that it was easy enough for any one to win the game who didn't scruple to play unfairly. For her part, when she caught any one cheating, it always destroyed her interest in the game.

Other players took the place of those who had just vanquished and been vanquished, and Mrs. Van Hayden and Mrs. Vanderpool sat down with a group of elderly ladies to say cutting things to each other, while the young people strolled off in all directions. Mrs. Vanderpool saw, with delight, that Mr. Shelby had transferred his attention to her daughter, Maria.

Presently a little shower came up, which drove them into the parlors. Some one called for singing. Miss Maria considered herself a very superior singer, and her mother requested her to sing that beautiful new song she had been practising. Whereupon she sat down to the piano and sang an operatic air, to the great amusement of the Van Hayden girls, who remarked that they liked that song very much when it wasn't murdered. They liked to see people undertake something suited to their abilities, and Miss Jennie followed up this remark by saying that she had heard Miss Vanderpool sing some light, easy pieces with considerable taste, but as for opera, really——

When Miss Maria had finished her song, Miss Lettie was called for. Miss Lettie did not sing, her mother said; that is, not much; she was too modest. But she played with superb effect. Professor Tremblowski had said she could make a sensation in society, if she cared to. He had never heard any one play like her, at which Mrs. Vanderpool smiled very knowingly, and whispered to Mr. Shelby that she never had, either, and did not know that she wanted to.

Miss Lettie fumbled over her music for some minutes before deciding what to play. She did not practice much, now. She was afraid she couldn't play anything. Finally she decided on the Mocking-Bird, and rattled it off in a very showy manner, with a great many flourishes, and some variations.

"What was that?" asked Mrs. Vanderpool, at the conclusion of the piece.

"I supposed everybody knew that," said Miss Lettie. "It's old as the hills. It's the Mocking-Bird."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Vanderpool, pretending to be much surprised. "I've heard the Mocking-Bird played hundreds of times by good players, and I never should have dreamed that was it."

Whereupon Mrs. Van Hayden remarked that some people hadn't any ear for music. Their taste was so deficient that they couldn't tell one tune from another. She had observed that it was always the case with ignorant, uneducated people.

Pretty soon Charley, Mrs. Van Hayden's only son, a hopeful of seven or eight, rushed in with the intelligence that Mr. Shelby was kissing Maria Vanderpool in the hall. He'd seen him do it, two or three times. Sure enough, they were missing from the parlor. Mrs. Vanderpool was delighted. Maria had just the same as secured him. Mrs. Van Hayden made several remarks about young ladies allowing gentlemen to take such liberties, and similar cutting sarcasms were indulged in by Miss Letty and Jennie, all of which Mrs. Vanderpool passed in contemptuous and triumphant silence, as she felt she could afford to do, if Maria had got the start of Lettie.

The party broke up with the remark from Mrs. Vanderpool, that she'd had quite a pleasant time, considering; in such a place as Stephentown a person had to go to everything, no matter who got it up. If she didn't, she was considered stuck up. To which Mrs. Van Hayden made the pleasant reply, that she wasn't just suited with the society of the place. One had to invite everybody, no matter what their standing was.

The Van Haydens felt that the Vanderpools had carried the day, for Mr. Shelby accompanied Miss Maria home, and had been caught kissing her; and putting this and that together, it looked as if Miss Maria had got the gentleman pretty nearly caught.

But they were delighted to learn, a few days afterward, that he had gone away without proposing to Miss Maria. And their delight knew no bounds when, a week after that, they heard that Mr. Shelby was a married man! That was the missing feather for the cap of the Van Haydens. Miss Maria had been caught letting a married man kiss her! It wasn't the least use for the Vanderpools to say they didn't know anything about it. Mrs. Van Hayden let no opportunity of remarking about it pass unused. Such cutting things as she said can only be imagined. They felt that they had come off conquerors, and to this day they refer to that croquet-party of theirs, when Mr. Shelby was caught kissing Maria Vanderpool, as one of the most important epochs of their career in Stephentown society.

FAREWELL TO YOUTH!

BY E. ELLINGWOOD DIX.

A PARTING sigh, oh, bouny youth!
A parting tear to-day;
Old sturdy Time, with chilling truth,
Is waving you away.
The sprinkled threads of silver white
Are mingling with the brown,
And sadly clouded all the while
The sun of life goes down.

For many years, oh, bonny youth!
We've lingered side by side;
The past is gaining, bonny youth,
Your cheerful face you hide.
The springing flow'rs and rippling streams
Look hazy as I pass,
And wistfully, in changing dreams,
I long one sweet caress.

The plain is spreading wide and sere,
With here and there a stream;
An echo trembles on my ear—
Oh! can it be a dream?
A folded thought is laid away
For ills of life a cure;
The past has been a sunny day—
The future I'll endure.

The pathway now is gray and brown;
The red and gold is gone;
And as I walk the hill-side down,
The future calls me on.
Hope and the Cross is refuge now;
The God whom we adore,
Casts vain regrets from off the brow,
And stills the waters o'er.

REST THEE.

BY HELEN A. RAINS.

Rest thee, rest! we'll not deplore thee;
Rest in peace, forever rest;
Willows wave in silence o'er thee,
Turfs are green above thy breast.

Love may come with fairy fingers,
Deck with flow'rs thy hallowed mould;
But a spell forever lingers,
O'er thy form now still and cold.

Love's endearments fond, inviting,
Win no more their sweet return,
Household joys, howe'er delighting,
Cannot charm thee from the urn.

But the hope that we shall meet thee,
Binds us with a magic spell;
And the joy with which we'll greet thee,
Thrills us now with, "All is well."

JOHN LIGON'S REVENGE.

BY MARIETTA HOLLEY.

It was a large, square, stone farm-house, with bright green blinds, and piazzas with shining yellow floors; the last place in the world that one would look upon as the abode of romance, as it stood in the foreground of a pleasant country landscape, on this cold, bright April day.

And the very practical-looking mistress of the house was the last person one would fancy as living a romance, a mystery, holding to her heart a hope, a deathless hope, and aspiration, of which the outer world knew nothing.

She had not lived in Clayville long, and the inhabitants of this sleepy town knew but little of her former history. But she was wealthy, inclined to be hospitable, and was quite young for a widow; and was, besides, handsome in a florid, high-colored way. Thus much was known of her, and it made her popular. For the rest, vague hints had gone out that she had been an ambitious servant-girl, who had married a man old enough to be her grandfather; that she had, before this, been engaged to the old man's step-son, and probable heir, John Ligon, a disreputable man, who loved low company; that she had broken the engagement with the son for the sake of the father's property; that she had caused the old man to leave all his property to her; and that John Ligon, vowing he would be revenged, had disappeared from his native place.

A daughter of her husband, a half-sister of John Ligon, lived with her. But she had no children of her own; her only child, a bright, handsome boy, of ten months, having been drowned in a stream that ran by the door of her old home. So much information the neighbors had gathered from stray hints and flying reports; not from the widow, certainly, for she never talked of her affairs. Not from Bessie Sandford, the step-daughter, for she was averse to gossip, mild in disposition, and tender-eyed, loving peace, and stood in no little awe of her step-mother.

Besides the widow and Bessie, the household consisted of Bridget, a stout Irish girl, who served as cook and housemaid, and Dan, a boy of some eight years, whom Mrs. Sandford had taken from the poor-house some time before, and who was bound out to her, as was often the practice in that section of the country.

Mrs. Sandford treated Bessie, not kindly and tenderly by any means, but with common decency. But all the cruelty and bad temper that one could read in her slumberous black eyes, and square chin, and the contour of her coarse, red lips, was visited on little Dan. She was a born tyrant, as all of her household knew, but none so well as poor little Dan. Bridget had a good home of her own, and could leave at any time, if treated too badly; but Dan was friendless, or nearly so.

For one friend Dan had; it was Bessie, who was always kind to him. Indeed, she was kind to everybody and everything. But Dan had one special cause of gratitude to her. Shortly after he had come from the poor-house, he had been sent on an errand, which compelled him to cross the rude bridge, made of one frail plank, that crossed the little stream just back of the house. It was dark before he reached the creek, on his return, and, in crossing it, he missed his footing, and fell in. The stream was swollen with recent rains, and he would have been drowned, if Bessie, getting anxious at his delay, had not gone down to the back lot to look for him. She saw the disaster, heard his cry, beheld him swept toward her. Without a moment's thought, she plunged in, and waded out, in hopes to catch him as he was borne past. She did catch him, but lost her own footing in the effort, and both would have perished, if an eddy, where the creek made a curve, had not swept her toward the shore. Here she touched bottom again, struggled to the bank, and sank down there exhausted, with Dan in her arms. From that hour, the boy would have died for her.

John Ligon, too, passionately loved this sweet girl. He remembered that she was his own mother's baby, and that he had carried her in his arms, and petted her many a time, when he had been a better and purer man than now. "If Mrs. Sandford ever treats her unkindly, and she complains to me, I will revenge myself still further," he often muttered, mysteriously.

There was only one person Mrs. Sandford appeared to fear, and that was John Ligon. How much he knew of her agency in the will, that had left everything to herself and her child, little Robbie, and nothing to Bessie and himself, she did not know; but she feared he knew much. People had told her that his father had had Indian blood in his veins, and his swarthy com-

plexion and high cheek-bones gave some reason for the belief. She knew, at any rate, that he had all the cunning, duplicity and revenge of the savage, grafted on the vices and dissipations of the white race.

This little Robbie, this beautiful, rosy-cheeked, dimpled baby, had been his mother's idol, the only thing she had ever loved. What dreams she had woven for him, over his cradle! What high hopes, what ambitious plans! She, herself, had never been educated; but he should have all the advantages, she said, the best schools and colleges could afford. What could he not be in the future? For this child she had sinned. But she forgot her guilt, forgot everything, in looking into his bonny face, in planning for his future.

This was while he lived. But now he was dead, or at least lost to her forever. People thought him drowned, as we have said. But they had none of them read the note that she found in the child's crib the day after he disappeared. It was from John Ligon, and told her who had dropped the little, half-worn kid slipper by the side of the stream, where it was found; told how he, the discarded suitor, had planned everything, had waited for his revenge, and waited till her very heartstrings were wound round her boy, and then had taken it now, and had her child hidden away, and in his power, to do with it what he willed.

She was powerless in his hands, she well knew, for the hints he threw out, hints of her guilt concerning the will, had terrified her very soul. What if he knew the truth? What if he could prove, as he said, that she had forged it?

"Your child," he wrote, "is safe, and you shall, perhaps, see him some day, when you least expect it. But, meantime, you are at my mercy."

It was upon this hope that she lived, the hope of having her child restored to her; this made her John Ligon's slave; for, with all his faults, John Ligon never told lies. His word could always be depended on.

This had occurred some seven years before. Mrs. Sandford's restless spirit had driven her from the old homestead, where she had dared so much, and sinned and suffered. She had purchased this farm, and had fitted up a room opening out of her own chamber, and the pleasantest room in the house. It was prepared as if for an expected guest; but the guest never came. It was furnished luxuriously, and filled with everything that would please a child's fancy; with book-cases crowded with wonderful fairy stories and adventures, in gay-colored bindings, to strike a child's eye; with pictures, and with all sorts of toys and trinkets; but no child's eyes ever brightened over them. No child's feet ever sunk in the mossy carpet. No curly head ever pressed the white pillows of the dainty bed. As yet, John Ligon kept her child, if, indeed, the child lived, and no one entered the room but herself.

Often and often would she rise and walk her room, to and fro, in the darkness of the night, and resolve that she would resort to law to make John Ligon tell what he had done with her Robbie. But no; he held her by her own fear of detection. She was in his power. Then she would wring her hands in despair, and would open the door that led into that other room, which waited for her idol, and she would walk back and forth, back and forth, and weep bitter tears, tears that brought no rest with them.

She had had a likeness of the little one enlarged, and painted in oil; and she would stand before it for hours, with clasped hands, when the family thought she was asleep. The proud, erect little head, the masses of curly, sunshiny hair, the rosy, dimpled cheeks, the smooth, perfect complexion, were all there. Well had the artist done his work. "But when, when," she would say, "will my boy be brought back? How many years will I be held in torture?" Occasionally her old suitor came and demanded money, and she gave it; for did he not hold her happiness, her very life, in his hands? She could not afford to risk all by refusing his requests. But every time he came, when she gave him money, she entreated him to reveal where her child was. "He is safe enough," was always the answer. "In good time you shall see him." And every time he came, the marks of his dissipated, dissolute life was more plainly written on his face. "I s'pose I shan't live long," he always ended with saying: "when I'm dead, at least you'll be told where your boy is; if I was to tell now, you'd stop giving me money."

No one, meantime, but Bessie, had any hope that he could ever be different from what he was; but she loved him, hoped for him, prayed for him, prayed to him, to turn from his evil ways.

Since they had come to Clayville, Bessie had realized, more than ever, what it was to live a pure, noble life. She had mourned, more than ever, over her brother's wretched estate, for she had contemplated the beauty of a perfect manhood, for so Bessie called it, when she thought of Dr. Ward Caroll. She regarded him as simply perfect. And there really was something about him that inspired people, that lifted them up, that gave them desires for a better life. He was very popular in Clayville, being rich, and a

bachelor. His handsome face, brown, wavy hair, clear blue eyes, were enshrined in many a maiden's dreams. He had attended Bessie through rather a severe illness, soon after her arrival, and had been so kind and gentle to her, that she had at once placed him above all others in her heart of hearts.

Very quietly, though, did she set up this idol; very hopelessly, at first, for she placed a very small value on her own attractions. But Dr. Caroll thought that she was just the sweetest and loveliest little woman he had ever met. He had first been attracted to her by her heroism in rescuing Dan; then he had seen how patient and sweet-tempered she was, in her sickness; and because of her step-mother's treatment of her, he was all the more determined in his own mind to try to win her for his wife. Mrs. Sandford, however, had disquieted him with vague hints that Bessie had an absent lover, whom she favored. And to Bessie Mrs. Sandford intimated that the frequent visits Dr. Caroll made them, after her recovery, were to the widow, instead of the step-daughter. In fact, the widow Sandford would have been glad to have believed this herself, and to have become Mrs. Dr. Caroll.

Bessie had never spoken of her brother to him; never told him she had a brother. She shrunk from it instinctively. What would he think, with his pure habits, and exalted sense of honor, of this bloated, wretched being? How could she speak of such a disgrace?

But on the afternoon that my story commences, John Ligon had made a call at Mrs. Sandford's, looking coarser, more reckless and dissipated than ever. What passed between him and her mother-in-law Bessie did not know, for they were alone. But as he went out into the front hall, stuffing a greasy wallet into his pocket, Bessie rushed down the stairs, with tears swelling from her soft, brown eyes.

"Oh, John, John!" she cried. "Dear John!"

He turned, and took her two little hands in his flabby, shaking fingers.

"Don't speak to me! Don't look at me!" he said. "I am not fit."

"Tell me you will be fit! Tell me you will change; that you will yet be the brother I can be proud of! Oh, John! Brother! How I have prayed for you! How I have wept for you!"

In the utter abandon of her grief, her pleading, she had thrown her arms around his neck.

Just at this moment Dr. Caroll chanced to pass by, and seeing the embrace, turned sick at heart.

"Bessie! Little Bessie!" the Doctor heard the man say. "My little darling!"

John's voice softened, and for a moment it almost seemed as if his own tears might fall in company with hers.

He broke away, however, and, to conceal his weakness, pulled his hat down over his eyes, buttoned up his coat, and started out. Then he suddenly turned back, and took up Bessie's hands again.

"You were always an angel," he said, brokenly. "If there is a God, He will bless you. I would kiss you, if my lips were fit to touch your innocent face. But, good-by. As for me, forget me as soon as you can. That is the best thing you can do for me. Good-by."

He raised her hands to his lips, dropped them as abruptly, rushed out, jumped into the carriage he had hired at the nearest village, and drove off.

He drove as fast and recklessly as if he were, indeed, going to the ruin he spoke of. And in a few minutes he dashed past Dr. Caroll's steady gray horse, heeding not the keen glance that read him so searchingly; the earnest gaze of the blue eyes, that took in the evil, reckless expression, and the dissipated, bloated face, the flashy, half-shabby attire.

"So this is the absent lover Mrs. Sandford has hinted of," said the Doctor. "And Bessie, pure, womanly, tender-eyed Bessie, can throw her arms around his neck. Well, there is one thing, I can never be the rival of such a creature as this. Since she cares for him, let her go. I wish her joy of her fine gentleman. I never want to look into her fair, false face again. Fair, with an almost angelic purity! False, terribly, miserably false!"

So said the impulsive Doctor to himself, in his first tumult of outraged feeling, as he drove on.

While John Ligon had been parting from Bessie, Mrs. Sandford's voice had been heard, in loud tones, from the kitchen, talking to Dan. Poor little Dan! He never got a kind word from her! She had set Dan his task, as it was her daily habit to do, and it was a very, very hard one; in fact, almost impossible, if he had been well, and well cared for. But, with his little, stooping, feeble form, scantily fed and scantily clothed, it was absolutely impossible.

The task was, to dig a bed for early vegetables. Dr. Caroll had offered Mrs. Sandford some plants, of an uncommon variety, from his garden. It was cold and chilly out in the wind, and Dan was very tired. So, thinking his mistress was engaged with her visitor, he had ventured in by the kitchen fire, and was trying to warm himself. At the same time he was eagerly conning a soiled primer, containing the alphabet. He was bend-

ing forward, with his little, thin arms on his knees, supporting his head with one hand, while his other hand grasped the primer, when suddenly he received a sharp, stinging blow on his cheek, that sent the book on to the floor, and half threw him out of his chair. He started up, in deadly terror, to face his infuriated mistress. Her interview with John Ligon had not, it seemed, given her much happiness. How terribly angry she did look, to be sure! And how strong she was! And he was so weak! Poor little Dan! He was a frail-looking little lad, his pale skin showing to better advantage the red marks made by Mrs. Sandford's hand. He was deformed, by one shoulder rising much higher than the other, by reason of a hurt received in the past; and his head was set forward, in a stoop, from the same cause. His face was thin and pale, and pitted deeply with the small-pox, and showed marks of ill-health, and ill-usage, and scanty food. Poor, sensitive little Dan! He was unfortunate in almost every way. Even his hair was thin and scanty, and hung, in straggling, ungraceful locks, down his little, bent, bony neck. But it would seem as if Nature had relented, at the very last moment, and tried to atone for her hard usage of Dan; for his eyes were beautiful, large, soft, pathetic, gray eyes; patient eyes, as the eyes of deformed people sometimes are, and pathetic with their longing for pity and sympathy.

"You miserable, hump-backed beggar you! What do you mean?" she cried. "Do you expect I will feed and clothe you, that you may sit, lazily, by the fire, with a book?"

Dan dared not remain silent, and he hardly dared to speak. But, finally, he did venture to say, in his little, weak, trembling, frightened voice,

"It wuzzent only a minute. I'd worked till my back ached so. I'd got it more'n half done; and I was so cold, I thought I'd warm me a a minute; and I was tryin' to learn my letters."

"Your letters! What do you want to learn your letters for? You! Mebby you want to set up for a gentleman. You would make a beautiful gentleman! A straight, nice-lookjng gentleman, wouldn't you?"

"No, ma'am," he cried, lifting his pathetic eyes, and ignoring the sneer.

"You needn't 'no, ma'am' me. Keep your humble mouth shet, till I tell you to open it. Now, I am going to have an end to this. This is the second time I have ketched you a idlin' away your time, with a book in your hand, learnin' yourself. Now, I will learn you a spell. Jest go down to the pear-tree, at the foot of the garden, and get me a good, stout stick, and I will give you a lesson that will last you one spell. The idee of you handlin' books! You, a poor, miserable pauper, wastin' my time, when I feed and clothe you, and keep you from starvin' to death. Go 'long and get that stick, or I'll stir up your lazy bones with this broom." And, suiting the action to the word, she shook the broom so menacingly over his head, that Dan hastened away, with what speed he might, on his unhappy errand.

The dingy kitchen-walls, that had often witnessed such scenes, told no secrets of how brutal strength, and anger, and ferocity, were here met only by weakness and meek suffering. After it was over, Dan dragged his aching bones to his miserable room, an hour before sunset, supperless.

It was after Dan had fallen into an unquiet slumber, that another presence entered the chamber. Dan awakened, suddenly, by a pitying hand on his forehead, almost thought it was an angel visitant, so sweet the face looked, leaning over him, lighted by the fair moonlight. But it was only Bessie, who had stolen in, bearing him a little tray of good bits from the supper-table. Bridget had a soft place in her heart for the poor, hard-working little drudge, and Bessie had no difficulty in coaxing the lunch from her. It was better food than Dan had enjoyed for weeks. So in the morning he had some strength to meet the hard drains upon his vitality.

After working about the house, doing all that was required of him, he finished spading the ground, that was to receive the rare plants that Dr. Caroll had promised; and then Dan was dispatched to the Doctor's residence to obtain them.

Dr. Caroll was in his study, not studying, nor reading, but walking to and fro. It was a large and peculiarly sunshiny room, and very elegantly furnished, with books, pictures, and even a stand for flowers; for Dr. Caroll was a man of dainty and refined, almost feminine tastes.

"Where shall I look for truth?" he said, as he walked to and fro, "if she deceives me? I cannot understand it. How her sweet, dove-like eyes have lighted up when she has seen me! How her cheeks have flushed, and her shy eyelids drooped, when my eyes have looked the love that I was waiting and longing to tell her. And then to see her last night, with her white arms round that ruffian's neck, and her fair cheeks pressed to his bloated face. Are all women deceitful? I could give her up to a better man than I am; for God knows her happiness is dearer to me than my own. But that low vil

lain! To think she could love such a creature as that! To think these depths in her soul, that I thought sinless as an angel's, can find anything congenial in that depraved wretch!"

Here the Doctor walked faster than ever.

"But then it is possible that there may be some mistake. Maybe——"

But whatever the Doctor was about to conjecture, it was cut short by the entrance of his housekeeper.

"Please, sir," she said, "Mrs. Sandford's Dan has come for the plants."

"Very well, Martha. Show the boy up here, while the gardener gets them."

In a few minutes Dan entered the room. The Doctor had always befriended Dan, and as often as he could, had provided little pleasures and surprises for him. Above all, he had tried to teach the little mind, so darkened by ignorance, some of the truth that is Divine; had tried to lead him nearer to the loving and pitying Father, the consolation of whose love and tenderness poor Dan so sorely needed. Dan loved the Doctor, and the few hours he spent, now and then, in his society, were the happiest he knew. The Doctor had grand picture-books, not too grand for Dan to hold on his little ragged knees; and it was while poring over one of these now, that the Doctor turned the direction of Dan's thoughts toward their visitor of the day before.

"Who is John Ligon?" said the Doctor.

"I never heard 'em say nothin' about him," replied Dan, "but he has been to see 'em lots of times. I've seen him come. Miss Bessie cries every time, after he goes away, I seen her. I seen her a cryin', seen her kissin' of him once. Guess she thinks lots of him."

Here Dan, overcome by the attractions of the book, partially forgot John Ligon, and became wholly engrossed in a monkey, with a particularly long tail.

"Isn't it Mrs. Sandford that thinks so much of him?" asked our poor Doctor, with a faint hope rising in his heart.

"No, she jaws him. Ketched her at it. I seen her; I seen her jaw him. Guess, Miss Bessie thinks lots of him. Seen her kissin' him, and cryin' on him, last time he come to see 'em before this time. Guess, she thinks lots of him."

This was all the consolation the Doctor could get, and it only confirmed his fears. But he was patient by nature and habit, and his heart was large enough not only to hold his own sorrows, but to have pity for others. Smaller hearts are filled to overflowing with their own griefs, and have no room for aught else. For the remainder of the half hour that Dan waited, Dr. Caroll entertained Dan royally; and Dan carried away the memory of his kindness, like a gleam of sunshine, to light his dark pathway. And he also carried away some thoughts that would help, for a time, to lift him above his hard, hard lot; some thoughts of the Happier Home he might hope for; some hints of its everlasting glory.

Dan tried to be a good boy; he did try, earnestly, he told the Doctor, with a pathetic earnestness in the big, honest, gray eyes.

"I try jes' as hard as I can," he said.

"I believe you do, Dan," answered the Doctor.

"I do try to be good, try to do everything, jes' as near right as I can. Can't please her, though. Gets madder 'n a hen at me, every day, a'most. Strikes me awful hard, sometimes. Yes, look and see," and he turned his head so the Doctor could get a plain view of the red lines on his cheek.

"What had you been doing, that she should strike you like that?" said the Doctor, with his quiet voice, giving no sign of the hot indignation burning in his bosom.

"Nothin', only tryin' to learn to read. You know she won't lemme go to school, and it seems jes' as if I never wanted anything so much as I do to learn to read."

The Doctor turned away from the stooping little figure, the pathetic, pitiful little face, and walked up and down the room.

"Seems jes' as if, if I could learn sunthin'. I might sometimes work, and get me a better place to stay in. I never shall know nothin' where I be, and shan't never get a better place to stay in.'

The Doctor was turning over in his mind the thought, "would it be possible to remove Dan from his present home," when the servant came up to say that the basket of plants was ready; and Dan departed, not without a hearty good-by from the Doctor, and the gift of a gold dollar.

Dr. Caroll left, the next day, on a journey. "I will go away," he said to himself, "for a month, two months, or till I forget her." He did not call at the old stone homestead before his departure. He did not wish to look again on that fair, false face, still so dear—so dear.

And the summer passed by. And all the long, sweet days, flower-scented, bird-haunted, filled with cheer and sunshine, were lonesome days to Bessie, lonesome, and very dreary. But her sweet, brown eyes, as the sunshine faded from them, put on a tenderer look. Her heartache made her more patient and loving to every one.

Dan found her voice very compassionate and gentle, her smile very pitiful and tender. And, to tell the truth, Dan needed all the consolation that he could get from any source, for he had

never found Mrs. Sandford so hard a mistress, as she was, through these long, long days, so filled for him with labor beyond his strength, with scanty food, and beatings without number. All this hard work and hard usage had told on Dan's naturally feeble form; he was thinner, bonier than ever; and he stooped more when he walked. And a sharp cough began to trouble him as September set in.

Mrs. Sandford grew more and more restless as the summer days passed by. Dr. Caroll was lost to her, it seemed. And she had loved him, selfishly and ambitiously; but still she had loved him. And would John Ligon ever tell her where her child was? Ever bring him to her, so she could love him, worship him, live for him? Might not John Ligon die suddenly, and leave the secret unrevealed? Oh, if she only dared to prosecute him. So the days passed by.

It was on the morning of the twenty-eighth day of September that Dr. Caroll returned. That evening a message came to him, in hot haste, from Mrs. Sandford's. Dan was very sick, dying, so Bridget said; for it was she who brought the message. Mrs. Sandford had sent Dan down into a well, to clean it out, a few days before, and he had got chilled, and had not sat up any for three days; and now he was dying.

Dr. Caroll reached the farm-house long before the girl, for he was on horseback, and she on foot. As he alighted at the door, there was no one to meet him; but voices, which he heard, guided him; and he went in, through a dark passage out of the kitchen, into the wood-house, and out of this a door opened into the miserable room that was Dan's.

The room was lighted only by a flickering tallow-candle, and it was a strange group that met the Doctor's eyes, as he stood, transfixed, a little outside the door, by the words he heard, the scene he saw.

He could just behold the outline of Dan's form, on a rickety old bed, at the back of the room, and Bessie's white, frightened face leaning on one of the tall posts at the foot. Before it cowered Mrs. Sandford, with her arms thrown across Dan's bed, and her face, on which amazement, agony, and despair were imprinted, raised to the face of a man, who stood in the middle of the room, with his countenance full of Satanic triumph. It was the man Dr. Caroll had seen there, a half year before, with Bessie's arms around his neck; the man who had caused him so much sorrow. The wretch looked still more dissipated, more haggard than he did at that time; but his voice was strong, his words plainly to be heard, as he spoke defiantly,

"I was going to bring up your idol in ignorance and crime, so he should bring disgrace upon you. But the hired girl at the poor-house, a sweetheart of mine, one of the dainty, high-toned women I have associated with of late, she it was who kept me posted of all your doings. She wrote me that you were looking for a boy to take; one that had no relatives to interfere with you. I knew why. It was that you might abuse him as you liked. And then I thought of a more exquisite torture for you. You should take your own boy. I knew that the effects of his fall, and the small-pox, together, had changed him so that there was no trace of his baby looks. You should take him, bring him up in ignorance, make a drudge of him, abuse him, starve him, until he grew up, a poor, ignorant dolt, hating you. And then I would tell you he was your boy. I had no idea you would quite kill him, though. You have done a little more than I bargained for."

A sharp cry rung through the room, from the wretched, cowering woman, kneeling at the bed. But she might as well have cried to the rocks for pity, as to the man before her.

"I wish you joy of your work. It is a small return for your extreme goodness and generosity to my sister Bessie and me," said John Ligon.

"His sister!" In all the awfulness of the scene before him, a rush of wild joy thrilled through the heart of the lingerer by the doorway. "His sister!" Why had he not thought of it before? His angel! His darling! He might win her yet.

But the loud, harsh voice went on.

"I wish you great joy of your work. You have made him just what he is, a poor, ignorant——"

But here an unexpected voice interrupted John Ligon's words. Dan's pathetic, earnest tones, very weak and tremulous.

"I did jes as near right as I could. I wanted to learn, but she wouldn't lemme. She took the books away from me every time I tried to learn 'em; whipped me every time."

"Forgive me! Forgive me!" cried the wretchd woman.

"I can't breathe! Lemme get up."

Bessie sprang and lifted his head. Simultaneously, Dr. Caroll advanced to the bedside.

At first, in his wild paroxysm of pain, Dan did not notice the physician.

"Let me hold him. It is too hard for you," said Dr. Caroll.

Bessie only glanced up into the Doctor's face, but that one look was enongh. She knew that for them, the dreary past was forever past.

For a few minutes, after Dr. Caroll had taken him in his strong arms, Dan lay with closed eyes, and panting for breath, after his terrible coughing. But as he grew easier again for a time, he looked up into the Doctor's face.

"I did jes as you told me to. I did jes as near right as I could do," he said, faintly.

"I am sure you did, Dan. I know you did," said the Doctor, pushing back the hair from the damp brow, very tenderly.

"I did, but I couldn't learn; for she took 'em away from me every time. An' that little gold-piece you gave me the last time I seen you, she wouldn't lemme keep it. She took it away."

"You shall have handfuls of gold, Robbie. My own little Robbie! Gold! My God! if gold would only keep him! Oh, Doctor, save him!"

She leaned her head in her hands, and swayed to and fro.

Dan repeated her last words, dreamily.

"You told me about gold, about the streets, you know. What was it?"

But before the Doctor could reply, Dan said, in a louder voice,

"I did jes as you tole me to, I did; but she wouldn't lemme learn; and I can't get any better place to be in. It—it is gettin' dark here——" And Dan stretched out his little, thin hand, as if he were groping for something.

The Doctor took those little, cold, groping hands in his soft, warm palms, and, for a minute again, Dan knew him, remembered what he had said to him in the past.

"What was it you tole me, about some place, where it is warm and light?"

"'And there shall be no night there,'" said the Doctor, solemnly. "'And they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away.'"

"Oh, won't she be there to whip me?" said Dan, questioningly, but faintly; for his strength was fast leaving him.

"Forgive me! Forgive me!" cried the wretched woman, lifting again her haggard face, on which years seemed to have been added in the past hour. "Tell me you forgive me, and live, only live! You have a room up stairs, filled with everything you would like. Everything here is yours. Only live, and tell me you forgive me! You were always so good, so patient——"

The child turned his face wearily against the true heart that was so near to him, and sighed faintly. Then he muttered, feebly,

"I did jes as near right as I could."

Then all was over.

At midnight, a stiff, white figure lay on the shore, drifted miles down the river from the old stone farm-house. It lay with white, rigid features turned mutely up to the calm, mysterious moonlight, that rebuked it not, pitied it not; only shone on, calm, pitiless, radiant.

And the same moonlight shone through the costly lace curtains of the luxurious chamber, upon the face of the child it had so long awaited, on the little white figure, lying there so still.

Yes, high above them both, little Robbie and his mother, stretched the broad, calm heavens, symbol of that Divine justice, that Divine mercy, that is lifted so far above our low comprehension.

Dr. Caroll did not wed his sweet wife, Bessie, until a year after the terrible tragedy. For, with a woman's devotedness, she insisted on spending her time by the bedside of her brother, poor wreck that he was. It was at the hotel of a neighboring village, that, worn out with a life's dissipation, John Ligon was attacked with the illness that proved fatal.

Bessie had him brought to the farm-house, their own now, and, installing an excellent old lady as assistant nurse and companion, she watched over him till he died; let us trust, a better man than he had lived.

And then, then Bessie became the wife of the man who had loved her so long and truly.

SHIPWRECKED HOPES.

BY JENNIE B. BROWN.

The joys that are perfect
On earth, cannot last;
One tide-wave of sorrow
Sweeps into the past,
The dear hopes that cluster
Around the long years
Of a lifetime of labor,
Leaving bitterest tears.

The rainbow of promise,
That shines in the sky,
Spans its arch o'er the heavens
But to fade and to die.
What matters to you, then,
What matters to me,
How our hopes, in wild shipwreck,
Sink into the sea.

SIDE BY SIDE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CHAPTER I.

JANET CARRINGTON had danced until she was tired. She escaped from the importunities of her numerous admirers, and took refuge in one of the smaller rooms devoted to the elderly people, who preferred cards and iced punch to watching their juniors circle about like so many whirling Dervishes, and running the risk of having their toes trodden on by the unapologizing youth of the present generation.

It was the height of the summer-season at Biarritz; the lovely place was crowded with wanderers from every Christian land under the sun; and to-night's ball—given in the Casino, to do honor to some Russian grand duke—was felt by everybody to be the culmination of the last month's gaieties.

A sudden sense of weariness had come over Janet, perhaps mental rather than physical. Even her most abject slaves were forced to admit that she was somewhat capricious and changeful; and she had passed with her usual abruptness from the highest possible spirits to a mood in which *valses* became a drug, partners insupportable, and the lights and laughing voices a nuisance that was half an aggravation, half a torture to her excited nerves.

So she retreated into the pretty octagon salon, where the knots of card-players sat. Her chaperon, old Lady Hammersley, was there, ensconced in a comfortable nook, engaged in a game of piquet with an ancient Austrian officer, whose French sounded like a succession of sneezes, and who held himself so rigidly erect that Janet had an uncomfortable feeling that his military coat must be lined with sheet-iron. It might have been possible to break him in two, but he certainly could not be bent on any terms.

Janet stopped for a few seconds behind Lady Hammersley's chair, spoke a pleasant word to her friend, and was sneezed at by the old General, who labored under the delusion that he had addressed her in Parisian French, and paid her a charming compliment into the bargain.

"I am too busy winning the unfortunate General's francs to pay any attention to you, my dear," said Lady Hammersley, looking up at her with an affectionate smile.

"But I don't want any attention," returned Janet, listlessly, patting her friend's shoulder with her little gloved-hand, just to soften her speech by that show of amiability.

Lady Hammersley knew the tone, and perceived instantly that Janet had rushed into one of her intractable moods when she was best left alone; so, like a wise woman, she devoted herself to her game, and said no more. She was rewarded by having Janet pat her shoulder a second time, and whisper,

"You are the best old dear in the world! I shall get human again before long, and then I'll be nice and reasonable."

"Reasonable you will never be," laughed Lady Hammersley. "So don't peril your immortal soul by promises which you and I know must remain unfulfilled. Now, go about your business, and don't stand here, distracting the General. There are young men enough for you to victimize. He is my prey, now."

The General spluttered dreadfully in his effort to assure them that he was the victim of both, and Janet escaped before he had finished.

She passed on into the great *promenoir*, which serves as a place for people to take exercise on rainy days. It was just sufficiently lighted to be pleasant; odorous with the fair blossoms that filled the stands in the centre; agreeably cool, too, for the great windows were all ajar. But the night was so warm that even Continental people did not dread the air, and those who were not dancing had deserted the room for the great terrace outside, and Janet could proceed to imagine herself on a desert island, if it was any comfort to her so to do.

She walked on to one of the windows, and took her stand there. The Casino is built on a ledge of rocks overhanging the sea. Janet could look out, across the limitless sweep of waters lighted by the glory of the August moon. The tide was coming in; the waves rushed up, their foam-crested tops, blazing like molten jewels, and broke upon the sands with a low murmur of complaint which the distant billows echoed back in hoarse shouts. The music from the ball-room mingled with the voice of the ocean; the orchestra was playing one of Strauss's mad *valses*, and its weird melodies sounded to Janet's morbid fancy like a despairing wail.

Unconsciously, she made a lovely picture as she stood there, resting one arm upon the win-

dow-sill, her profile turned toward any one who might have entered, and her thin, white draperies floating about her like a cloud.

She was very beautiful, this young American: and the gay world of Biarritz went mad over her, just as Paris had done the previous winter, and London that spring.

She was too cold and indifferent looking, people said, and her manner was in keeping with her appearance; but nobody ever denied her beauty, or could resist her charms, when she chose to exercise them. She could talk brilliantly, and be wonderfully fascinating when in the humor; but she had a bad habit, frequently, of looking through or over her admirers at something far off, and unknown, which was horribly exasperating to masculine vanity.

Janet Carrington had been several years in Europe. She might have bought a title—as American girls seem to have a weakness for doing—a dozen times, had she chosen, for she possessed a fortune so huge, that, with my slight faculty for figures, I could not pretend to count the cyphers even of her income. But, so far, she had not seen fit to purchase the title and its incumbrance—some Derby-ruined English lord, or absynthe-drinking French marquis, or vampire-faced Italian prince.

It was a constant source of astonishment to the "world," and somewhat of a disappointment to her friend, Lady Hammersley, that she had not fulfilled a mission so evidently her duty, in her double character of a beauty and an heiress.

Lady Hammersley had made her acquaintance a long while before, in Washington, when dead and gone Sir John was minister there. The two ladies were genuinely fond of one another, and the Englishwoman had been charmed when her pleading letters at length prevailed on Janet to come to Europe.

Miss Carrington was seven-and-twenty, though even the severest female censor would have taken off at least five years in attempting to decide upon her age. Until she was out of her teens, she had known very little of what is called society; almost her whole life having been spent in a quiet country home on the Hudson, or a still more quiet spot among the orange-groves of Florida. Her mother had been an invalid, and Janet's girlhood was devoted to her. But the suffering woman was at last mercifully allowed to lay down her burden of illness and pain, and go away to her rest. Then Janet's uncle, her mother's brother, died, too, and left his vast wealth to his niece, on condition that she should take his name, Carrington; and that, in case she married, and had a son, that son should also keep the name.

When her mourning was over, the heiress went out from her retreat. She had no relatives left, and made few friends for whom she cared deeply; so, a couple of years before the time of which I am writing, she yielded to Lady Hammersley's entreaties, and sailed for the old world. Janet's friend had been a widow for some time; so the pair were perfectly free to follow their own whims. They traveled far and wide, from Russia to Syria, from Greece to Denmark, working as hard as only travelers do, and enjoying and appreciating everything as pilgrims ought. Then, this last spring, Lady Hammersley had taken Janet to London, presented her in triumph, and May Fair went down in the dust, at the feet of the beautiful young republican. But you must remember that it was gold-dust.

Is she thinking of those social successes to-night, as she stands gazing out over the moonlit sea, her great brown eyes misty with strange thoughts, and her glorious mouth set firm and hard, as if fearing that, should its haughty curve once be allowed to relax, the pride might change to an expression of such sadness and pain, that all who looked would pity her? And Janet would rather die the cruelest death which perverted human ingenuity could invent, than live to be pitied.

She has borne a great deal of anguish in her life, and borne it bravely. She can bear as much more, she often tells herself; bear anything Fate, in its seemingly wanton harshness, may choose to send—except pity! Never that!

Those pretty society triumphs, bewitching as they are to most women of her age, must look very trifling and small to her, if it be of them she is thinking. Existence must show very cold and dreary to her sight, if it be of that. If she has yielded to the spell of some memory, the recollection which haunts her must be as galling as an unhealed wound, fierce as the fiery smart of an almost mortal burn, to make her look as she does now. If she be oppressed by the idea that Destiny has some blow near at hand, a feeling which will sometimes, at the most unlikely moments, strike those to whom life has not been lenient, then it is certain that, whatever the shock may be, she will meet it neither with tears, nor prayers for mercy. It is painful to see such an expression on a face lovely enough to have served as the model for an angel, for it tells of utter lack of faith and hope, of a will like iron, a pride like Lucifer's. Fate may crush her, but she will neither groan nor pray. Worse than that, she will never forgive!

While she stands there, secure for a little while from curious eyes, and so free to give way to the reflections which, from some cause that she cannot divine, oppress her this night with a heavier and blacker weight than they have done for years, though Heaven knows they are always heavy enough, and black enough, the dancing goes merrily on in the ball-room.

There has been a new arrival, too; a gentleman who finds many friends and acquaintances delighted to offer him cordial greetings. This is Harold Payne, likewise a wanderer from across the great ocean, who has only this day reached Biarritz.

"Wherever did you spring from, Payne?" the American Minister asked, as he shook hands warmly with the new comer. Even diplomatic nature requires relaxation; so, the genial-hearted old dignitary had followed the rest of the Paris world down to this pretty retreat. "I never was more surprised in my life! Where have you been for the last age?"

"In Norway and Finland, and all the rest of it," replied Payne.

"I don't see why you should have gone there, when there are so many places much easier for a lazy man to get at," laughed the Minister. "And you are a very lazy man."

"I was tired seeing the sun do the same thing each morning, year after year; so I went to discover how he looks when he gets up at midnight."

"Well, I shouldn't have thought you knew enough about his morning rising to have grown tired of it," retorted the Minister. "Did the sun seem to like it?"

"I fancied he looked rather sleepy; but it may have been me."

"How delightful to have seen the midnight sun! How I envy you, Mr. Payne!" cried an English girl, who had known the gentleman in Paris, and would not have objected, Yankee though he was, to becoming the legitimate sharer of his millions. "How jolly to be a man, and go where one pleases!" she added, with a giggle much too youthful for her length, giving utterance to the stereotyped phrase her young countrywomen invariably employ when they wish to enjoy the doubtfully-agreeable reputation of being "fast."

Payne got away from the gushing creature, an order of women he hated with fiendish energy, as soon as he could. He was forced, however, to run the gauntlet of the ball-room and his friends; but he avoided dancing, though he did not look past the age for indulging in that frivolous, but pleasant pastime. Alas, that such an era must ever arrive; for, let philosophers put up their ugly noses as high as they will, no amusement so entrancing ever was or will be found.

At least twenty English damsels repeated in Payne's ears the remark about the jolliness of enjoying masculine freedom. At least twenty Americans asked him why he did not write a book of travels. Americans abroad always ask each other that question, and most of the pilgrims (may God forgive them, I cannot!) perpetrate the enormity of the volume itself, "at the reiterated entreaties of their friends," as they state in the preface.

At length the good-natured old Minister from Washington took pity on Payne's ill-disguised state of acute boredom, and carried him off from his tormentors.

"Come with me, my boy," said he. "I want to give you a new sensation."

"Thanks!" ungratefully grumbled Payne. "It will probably be about as pleasant as the toothache."

"Harold, you are an unnatural brute!" laughed the elderly diplomatist.

He was the best old soul in the world, with about as much idea of diplomacy as you and I have of the laws of Seringapatam, wherever that country may be, and however you may spell its awful name.

"But, come, all the same. I am in a charitable frame of mind, and insist on doing you a favor in spite of yourself."

"The last I had done me was once, when I was traveling in Russia, midwinter at that. A fellow-traveler insisted on helping to carry my wraps, and he carried them so far, that I never saw my fur pelisse again; and I froze the end of my nose," returned Payne. "I dare say your favor will be just about as acceptable."

So, laughing and jesting, they moved on to the room where the card-players were seated. The Minister had passed that way a few moments before, and, through the open doors of the *promenoir*, had seen Janet Carrington still standing by the window, looking out across the sea. He worshipped Janet in an old-fashioned way, half-knightly, half-paternal. He had known and liked Payne ever since the latter was a boy, and desired to make his two friends acquainted.

"I want to present you to a couple of ladies," he said; "the most delightfully elderly woman, and the most glorious young one, that ever your unworthy eyes rested upon. We will take the old one first, partly because it is only civil, and partly because she is nearest."

"Thank goodness, only one of them is young,

anyway," muttered Payne, but allowed his companion to draw him forward.

Lady Hammersley was disengaged for the moment, her opponent being busy dealing the cards for a new game. The two gentlemen approached her chair. When the Minister introduced Payne, her ladyship was pleased to be very gracious; partly because she doated on Americans, like the sensible woman she was; and partly because she would have welcomed an ourang-outang, smilingly, if her friend, the diplomatist, had desired, because she was as earnest in her friendships as in her dislikes.

Lady Hammersley really was, to use classic English, "a regular trump," in every way, though the dear old thing would persist in wearing the most appalling gowns that even an Englishwoman's fancy conceived, and possessed a beak, of which a parrot might have been proud, but not in accordance with the received ideas of what is becoming in the way of a human nose.

They conversed for a few seconds; then the Minister said,

"I want to present this young scapegrace to the Princess."

He and Lady Hammersley gave Janet Carrington this nickname in private, a little because she was so very stately; but more, Lady Hammersley always declared, because it was her destiny to be a princess one day or another—she had a Russian prince wildly in love with her at this moment—and might as well get accustomed to wearing her title gracefully.

"She was here a little while ago. You will find her in the *promenoir*, I fancy," Lady Hammersley answered, as she took up her cards.

She was naturally engrossed by the interest of finding a king, queen, and knave in her hand, but she found time to be conscious of thinking that she would, rather than not, keep Janet and this new man apart. He was, without doubt, the most distinguished-looking creature she had seen in an age; and she remembered hearing often and much about his great talents and oddities. Now, Janet liked odd people, so there might be danger. Janet was to be a princess. Lady Hammersley had quite settled that in her mind. So handsome and agreeable as Payne looked, she wished that he had ridden off on the midnight sun, instead of coming to Biarritz, and, perhaps——

But Lady Hammersley just then discovered an unexpected ace in her suit, and immediately became oblivious to everything beside. Perceiving that she had totally forgotten that either of them were in existence, the diplomatist and Payne made their farewell bows. For all her ladyship noticed their politeness, they might as well have saluted some droll sort of Chinese image, say a figure in a Mandarin's flowered robe, with a face half-human, half that of a bird. But people who play at piquet know that a hand such as Lady Hammersley had just received, does not fall to one's share every evening, and so can excuse her abstraction.

The Minister linked his arm in Payne's, and led him, through the double doors, into the softly-lighted promenade-room. Up to the last instant, the diplomat was successful in his design of keeping the princess hidden from his companion. After leaving the salon and Lady Hammersley, who, by the way, roused herself at the end of the game, to recollect them both, and turned to speak, thinking it was ouly one minute, instead of twenty since she had been saying agreeable things to the pair, their course led alongside of the *promenoir* where the windows were that overlooked the sea. The Minister was between Payne and the embrasure of the middle casement, in which Janet Carrington stood, so that she was completely hidden from the young man's view as he walked on beside his companion.

They reached the centre window. The Minister loosened his friendly hold of Payne, and stepped forward a little in advance.

Janet stood leaning one arm on the sill, her hand turned away, her eyes wandering away over the moonlit sea.

"Please to come back to the real world, Princess, and say something nice to a stout, elderly man," said the Minister.

At the sound of his familiar voice Janet turned her head, put out her left hand, which chanced to be nearest him, and so could be extended without disarranging her attitude, and even vouchsafed a smile.

She would not have taken the trouble, just then, to smile at any other man in the rooms; but, like Lady Hammersley, she had a genuine regard for the genial, true-hearted gentleman.

Her face was now turned toward the lights. The minister waded through a long-winded compliment; as he finished, Harold, who had halted at each casement in turn, reached the spot. The diplomatist had stretched out his disengaged hand—the other was holding Janet's dainty fingers—and drew his friend forward.

"Miss Carrington," said the guileless old *diplomat*, in a tone of hearty satisfaction, "I have Lady Hammersley's permission to present a new servitor. Mr. Payne, make your best bow to the Queen of Dreamland."

The Minister felt that he had evolved a very

neat speech, and gave himself up to a complacent mental repetition thereof.

As he spoke, the two persons whom he was introducing, turned, so that they stood face to face.

The Minister had meant to give both an agreeable sensation—certainly if he had been a stage-manager for years, he could not have contrived a more astounding *coup de theatre.*

Janet Carrington did not stir; Payne gave one start, and stood as if changed to stone. The two remained staring full in each other's eyes, and the dear old Minister, perfectly unconscious that they stood there, blind and dumb as the marble images of a heathen god and goddess, ended his mental self-gratulation over the neatness of his introductory address, and ambled on in jaunty talk, of which the pair who were its recipients did not hear a syllable.

There was a roaring in Janet's ears, as if the incoming tide had suddenly swollen to the dimensions of a deluge, and boomed closer and closer with a deadly design of sucking her down on the resistless current.

There was a shock to Harold Payne's inmost soul, as though the voice of the Last Trumpet had smitten the world in twain, and left the hell of an eternal silence in its wake.

Neither moved; neither could so much as turn a hair's breadth aside from that mutual regard which blinded both, coming upon their unreadiness as unexpectedly as a flash of sheet-lightning into the cloudless quiet of a midsummer sky. Still the minister ambled on in jaunty talk; still they stared at one another, as ghosts might do, meeting for the first time in the far beyond, and recognizing the power which had made either familiar with Purgatory long before leaving earth. Of course, the woman was first to get back vitality enough to speak. She knew that the Minister was saying something about having startled her by their sudden approach; something, also, about his great desire to give his friend the bliss of her acquaintance. She heard this—far off—faintly; but she heard it, and got her reason back, and heard her own voice—it seemed to come from as vast a distance as the other—make answer,

"I always permit you to interrupt me, you remember."

The very sound of her own voice brought back her strength. Her hand dropped to her side. Again she looked full in Harold Payne's face, and that haughty gaze must have been harder to bear than the cut of a sword.

The insolent cruelty of her glance roused him in turn. He gave back her look with one of labored indifference, and said, in his laziest accents,

"I think I have had the pleasure of meeting Miss Carrington before."

Her eyes suddenly shot fire; there is no lesser simile that would serve. They blazed on him like a flame.

"I do not remember you," she answered, with deliberate distinctness. She saw Payne slightly bow his head, and smile. Then she saw the Minister look aghast at her words. She added, in her sweetest tone, addressing the diplomatist, and ignoring his companion's presence as only a woman could have done, while speaking of the person thus ignored, "One has so many people introduced, and so seldom by you; at least I shall remember *your* friend."

To the Minister the speech was only a gracious venality, intended to make amends for a second's feminine caprice at having been taken by surprise. To Harold Payne, the words sounded like a secret menace, and again he looked full in her face, and smiled. She smiled, too. If you ever saw two men cross swords in a duel, you may understand how the pair looked; not else. Payne prided himself on his chivalrous treatment of women, but her womanish thrust cut him so sore, the intolerable insolence of her eyes burned so deep, that, added to the temporary madness which this meeting would of itself have aroused, he could not resist hurting her to the utmost—if she could be hurt—this icicle!

"They are striking up the Storm Galop," he said, still in that slow, indolent voice. "Will it tempt you into the ball-room?"

He knew that she could not refuse; that she would rather be torn in inch-pieces than let the blind old man beside them suspect there had been any common meeting-ground in their past. She turned so deathly white, that, in spite of all the reason he had to hate her, he was sorry for his unmanly conduct. She read that regret in his face, and was more furious than ever to think she should have betrayed the least sign of weakness. She would rather have felt the touch of the most loathsome and deadly reptile upon her than his; yet, in the white heat of her passion, she would sooner have lost her soul than give him the gratification of feeling that his presence could move her in any way—even to anger.

"My favorite galop," she answered. "I cannot resist it! I have an idea that I was engaged to somebody for it already; but, never mind, it is the galop which is of importance."

As she spoke she tried to smile; she had better have left that effort alone, for her lips were drawn back from her white teeth in a spasmodic

way, which would have answered better for a model of Media than a properly-behaved modern lady at a ball. She put her hand on the Minister's arm, and continued,

"Take me into the ball-room. I shall not let you off! You will get dreadfully trampled by that horrid crowd, and it will be a punishment for not coming near us yesterday."

So they traversed the *premonoir*—the room beyond—Janet talking gayly to the Minister all the while. The next thing of which either she or Payne were conscious, they had reached the dancing-hall. Both experienced the same sensation, that of having walked a hundred thousand miles, and taken a year to each mile, since they set out on their pilgrimage, which, in reality, had consumed forty seconds.

Near the doors by which they entered, there chanced to be standing the very Russian prince who was, as I told you, insanely in love with Janet Carrington. He saw her approaching on the Minister's arm, and hurried forward, saying, in French,

"I am the most ill-used man in the world! There are already two dances gone that you promised me."

"And the third is lost before she could promise it," said the old diplomatist, answering for her, wisely confining himself to his native tongue in making the announcement.

"Ah, but I had a claim for a third," replied the Prince, laughingly, speaking in English, too, with the faultless accent which only a Russian can acquire.

Payne came up, and offered his arm to Miss Carrington, as if he had not heard the conversation.

"I told you that I had a vague idea I was already engaged," she said.

"But I am lawyer enough to know that it is the last will and testament which holds good," returned he.

The Prince was standing in front of her. Janet caught a quick, fiery look exchanged between the two men. Payne looked at her again; he was smiling; she knew that he would not yield. She must settle the matter herself in a way which would render it impossible for the pair to make her the subject of a quarrel—a thing which might easily happen, she knew, from her knowledge of both.

"I never think a galop worth dancing, Prince," she said, "unless you are my partner. But I had actually promised this to Mr. Payne. I only told you that I should expect you to remember to ask me for a galop before the evening was over."

There was a friendliness, even a confidential familiarity in her manner of uttering the words very gratifying to the Russian's vanity, and very new, also. She had never before addressed him like this. Payne's eyes flashed, but he seemed too busy buttoning his glove to hear.

"By the way," cried the Minister, "you ought to know each other. Prince Apraxin, my friend, Mr. Payne."

The gentlemen exchanged bows, and smiled.

"Now, in old days," pursued the unconscious Minister, "here would have been a nice opportunity for a duel—a lady promises the same dance to two men."

Both gentlemen echoed his laugh. Again their eyes met, but the glance exchanged between them rather belied their merriment. Both were so cautious that no man, and very few women, would have observed that either regarded the matter in any but a playful light. Janet Carrington understood.

"If you especially wish for the dance, perhaps it would be as well to begin," she said to Payne, going as near the verge of impertinence in look and tone as she possibly could, and not be unlady-like.

Payne only bowed. She took his arm; bestowed a smile on the Prince, which set his heart throbbing; spoke a few laughing words to the Minister, and let Payne lead her away.

"He is one of the best fellows that ever lived," said the diplomatist, with the happy faculty most masculines possess, of saying just the very thing they ought not.

"Ah!" returned the Russian, with freezing indifference. Then he made a few very polite and very disagreeable speeches on other matters. A Russian has usually a fairly feminine faculty for doing this. The claws of some feline animal could not scratch deeper or more neatly. Then he walked away, and left the dear old Minister with a hazy impression that the charming Apraxin was less fond of America and Americans than he had hitherto supposed.

"Put not your trust in princes," said the Minister to himself, with a sudden recollection of the Biblical researches of his youth. "He is very witty, and clever, and all that; but if I were a woman, I would never marry a Muscovite; and I'd like to tell beautiful Janet so, only I remember Gen. Jackson's recipe for making a fortune—'Mind your own business.'"

The Minister trotted off in his turn, and came bang against the Spanish Ambassador to France, and the two held an animated conversation in French, which both spoke with an execrable incorrectness that only diplomatists ever attain.

The Prince stood at a distance, watching Miss Carrington and her partner whirl round and round to the bewitching measures. They never stopped till the music ceased, though the dance was to both a torment so horrible, that the torture of the inquisition could hardly have equaled it. But, in his blind rage, Payne was glad, for the first time, to punish her, or to try; and Janet would have died sooner than let him believe she even remembered whose arm supported her.

"Shall I take you to Lady Hammersley?" he asked, as the galop ended.

Apraxin was standing near the place where they paused, just under the archway of a *salon*, through which it was necessary to pass in order to reach the card-room. Janet saw him, and, as Payne spoke—they were so close, that Apraxin must have heard his question—she said, in a cold, loud voice,

"Thanks! I need not trouble you."

There was an invitation in her look which the Russian was not slow to take advantage of. He came forward and offered his arm without a word. She took it in silence. The whole thing was, on both sides, a horrible impertinence to Payne, just from the manner in which it was done. He proved equal to the exigency of the moment; he bowed to Miss Carrington with perfect ease; managed, as not one man in a hundred could, to give the Prince the tail-end of that bow, with so little left of it by the time it reached him, that it would have answered for the gesture with which a gentleman might dismiss a servant. It was one of those society sword-thrusts so difficult to give neatly, but it was performed to perfection. Even while his ten fingers tingled with a desire to strangle his enemy, for he felt him such, Apraxin was capable of appreciating the dramatic finish of what actors would have called "the point."

Payne walked back into the ball-room. Apraxin led Miss Carrington on across the second chamber. The two windows gave upon the terrace. The whole world was trooping away toward the billiard and reading salons, turned into supper-rooms for the evening.

"I don't want to find Lady Hammersley," Janet said. "I detest supper! Please be good-natured, and let me alone for awhile. I am in one of my bad moods to-night. I'll come back presently, and be very amiable, to make amends."

No matter what she had done, I think no man could have resisted the smile which accompanied her words.

"I cannot say what I might to another woman," exclaimed the Prince, his head in a whirl. "You are so used to driving my sex mad, that common compliments sound tame. But I would give my life to gratify your slightest whim, and you know it."

Then he let her go. She hurried through one of the open windows, out on the deserted terrace. The Prince had been very attentive and devoted, but he had never spoken or looked as he did just then. Janet was frightened. It occurred to her, for the first time, that he might be in earnest. In such case, what was she to say? What reason give for an answer which Lady Hammersley and the rest of her world would consider positive insanity?

She walked away across the long terrace, away to the further end, and stood looking down at the moonlit sea.

All that was bitterest and blackest in her thwarted, desolated life, rushed up like the resistless swell of the ocean, and stung her soul with its acrid sweep. Never had she felt so utterly desperate and wicked, so completely without faith in everything here and hereafter. Never had the pleasures and triumphs of the world looked so bright, if only she could have grasped them. But the memories of her past made a barrier between her and such possibility; impossible as the gulf that separated Dives from Lazarus, only across its blackness she could look into the glory which brightened other lives, and think that, but for fate, similar happiness might have been hers.

She was roused suddenly from her dismal meditations by a quick step on the flags, and Harold Payne said, close by her side,

"I must speak to you for a moment."

The words were imperative, but the tone held more of entreaty than command. She had been feeling desperate enough before; had been conscious that never in her life had her soul given way to reflections so black and sinful. Those thoughts were nothing compared to the wickedness of the rage which broke over her as she heard his voice; a rage rendered fiercer and bitterer from the knowledge that it still possessed power to move her in spite of all she had endured; had power yet to bring up the old dream, the beautiful dream murdered so long ago; only a ghost now, to haunt her with its perished loveliness.

"I must speak to you," he repeated.

"Stand back, and let me pass!" said she, in tones which scarcely rose above a whisper. Such awful tones! "Stand back, and let me pass! Oh, you coward!"

She looked over, not at him. He did not stir.

She was conscious, even in the height of her passion, of a strength, a command, in his stern eyes, which awed her. There was space enough between him and the wall for her to escape. She moved swiftly by him, entered the open doors of the *promenoir*, and disappeared.

Before Payne could follow her, if such were his intention, through the window of the card-room appeared Prince Apraxin. He came close up, and said,

"You move too slowly when a lady bids you take yourself off. I find you impertinent in many ways, Monsieur Payne."

Payne looked at him, and laughed.

"Biarritz is but a small spot," continued the Prince. "It is not large enough for us both, yet we both wish to stay. When will it be convenient for you to settle the matter, so that the place will be free to one of us?"

"Your time is mine, Prince," answered Payne.

"To-morrow, I am sorry to say, I must go as far as Bordeaux with the Grand Duke. I can come back at night."

"Shall we say day after to-morrow morning?" asked Payne.

"Nothing could suit me better," returned the Prince, holding out a card, upon which his address was written.

Payne took it, and quietly returned the little courtesy in kind. They parted in silence, but with well-bred bows on either side. The Prince went back to the ball-room. Payne traversed the length of the terrace, descended the stairs, and went out upon the sea-shore.

This was what his effort to serve Janet Carrington had brought him to—probable death; even before he could find an opportunity to give the explanation he had come hither to make.

Ah, well! Death always rendered explanations unnecessary, and he was tired of life—very tired. The greatest favor Apraxin could do him would be to cut his suffering short.

Janet Carrington made her way into the dressing-rooms, and had sense enough left to send word to Lady Hammersley that she had gone to her chamber. They had apartments under the Casino roof. She managed to reach them; she could not have told how.

She gained her chamber, locked the door, and fell, an inert, dead mass, on the carpet. Her soul, for hours and hours drifted off into oblivion; ay, even till the gray dawn peered in at the casement, staring curiously at her; and the moan of the sea, so like the moan of her own tortured soul, brought her back to earth once more.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NOT LOST.

BY CORA CARSON.

Ah! dimpled, clinging hands, and heaven-blue eyes!
  When shall I feel and see thee once again?
Shattered and fallen the household idol lies,
  'Mid sounds of wailing and of bitter pain.

"Thy will be done!" Ah, hard, sad words to say!
  To say, and feel resignéd to Thy might;
The darkest hour is just before the day;
  The hour is dark, we cannot see the light.

Sweet baby-lips, and blue eyes closed in sleep,
  That voice and touch of mine can never wake;
A slumber, silent and profound, and deep;
  A slumber only One has power to break.

Our empty, aching hearts cry out in sorrow,
  For the fond pleading of the baby eyes;
Eyes that shall ne'er look forward to a morrow,
  For they are dwelling where time never dies.

Ah, rest and sleep! Safe in thine innocence,
  Blessed past all knowledge, for thou art with God;
We, wandering and sinful, weep for thee,
  Our darling Robbie, and our precious Maud.

JOYLESS.

BY ELLA C. F. DRABBLE.

You say your life is joyless,
  That all your hours are sad;
You long for something that shall make
  Each day more bright and glad.

It is your heart, and not your life,
  That holds the cruel fault;
You want the savor, when, my friend,
  You have not yet the salt.

Open the closed eyes of your soul,
  And look in faith to-day;
See you in life no pleasant path?
  No tender flowers, I pray?

Oh, see you not a guiding hand,
  Upholding all the worn?
See you, beyond, no land of God,
  Where sorrow is not known?

"MACKENZIE'S WIFE."

BY FANNIE HODGSON BURNETT.

"Ah," said Benedict, "what you would call a misalliance, I suppose."

"What I should call a low marriage of the most miserable description," answered his hostess. "The facts are these. The boy is a millionaire, and his family is one of the best in Scotland. His mother, who is a widow, is also a foolish, unsophisticated woman, with rigid, Scotch notions. She allowed him no companion, and, very naturally, he went among the tenantry to find his friends. The girl's father kept a small shop in the village, and she used to stand behind the counter, I believe. She is one of those amazing cases of almost wonderful physical beauty. She is a dull, handsome, ignorant creature, and poor, young Mackenzie fell madly in love with her. As soon as he came of age, he married her; and now, you see, we have her on our hands."

"We?" said Benedict.

Mrs. Benham shrugged her shoulders.

"We are fond of the young man himself, and we do not like to estrange him completely. And, of course, we must invite the wife, too."

"And her husband is attached to her still?"

"My dear sir, he is that kind of young man who would be fond of any woman he saw often; and he has married this woman because, as I tell you, she is really a handsome creature. One cannot deny that, though it is natural to protest against it inwardly."

It was Benedict's turn to shrug his shoulders.

"Poor child!" he said.

He could not help repeating the exclamation to himself, when a few minutes later his companion was called away. He did not feel inclined to return to the parlor at once, so he remained where he was. He was fatigued mentally and physically, and the silence and perfume of that little conservatory suited his mood better than the confusion of the outer rooms. Accordingly he settled himself again in his seat, and gave himself up to fancies, which, naturally enough, were fancies concerning this unfortunate young couple. He had that morning met the husband—a fair-faced, fair-haired young Scotchman—who had called at his studio to ask him to paint his wife's portrait, and whose buoyant spirits and perfect frankness had somewhat amused, even while they pleased the older man.

"It is an idea of my own, you see," he had said. "I want a picture of her as I saw her first, in her old blue gown, and with a lot of mountain-ash in her hair. It is not every woman who would be painted in an old gown to please her husband. Women-folk like to be braw, but Rob doesn't care, though she is the handsomest woman in London to-day, I'd lay a heavy bet."

This was what had prompted the artist to make inquiry of his hostess; and his question had drawn forth the whole story.

"Poor lad!" he murmured. "And poor girl!"

The next moment he turned in his chair, attracted by a sound behind him, the rustle of a woman's dress on the other side of the bushes, against which his seat was placed. It was the rustle of a dress, he was sure; so sure, that he got up to make surer, and so was just in time to find himself confronting the woman who wore it.

He could not help uttering an exclamation. She was scarcely more than a girl—a girl with a deep-eyed, beautiful young face, and with heavy, ruddy brown hair twisted round her head.

"Let me pass," she said.

She was deadly pale, but for a spot of dull red burning on either cheek; her eyes were full of hard defiance; and his next glance showed him that her costly toy of a fan was nothing more than a handful of crushed lace and slender-snapped strips of tortoise-shell.

"Madam," he began.

She stopped him; a kind of stubborn daring in her speech.

"I'm Rob Mackenzie," she said. "I've been in there all the time. I couldn't get out without her seeing me. I've heard every word you've said. Will you let me pass?"

He was a man of kindly and chivalrous nature, this Philip Benedict. His enemies even called him sentimental and transcendental, in their worst moods; and the sight of this girl's bitter pretence at indifference touched him to the quick.

"Forgive me," he said. "I cannot let you go until I have explained my sorrow for what has happened."

She stopped him again.

"What does it matter?" she answered. "What's said is said. I don't care. Why should I?"

"But I care," he pleaded. "And there is

reason enough why I should. I feel this deeply. I deplore it with all my heart."

She hesitated a moment, but as if she scarcely believed in his earnestness.

"I'm used to it," she said. "And you said nothing yourself. Most men would have said more. There's no reason why I should blame you."

"I blame myself," he protested.

She gave him an obstinate look.

"You needn't," she returned. "It's all true, every word of it. It's a low marriage. He's a gentleman, and I am just what she said. I'm a dull, handsome, ignorant creature; a kind of fine animal. That's it," with a short laugh, and a little, scornful nod. "Will you let me pass now?"

He stepped aside, with a bow.

She passed him, and then stopped.

"Shall you tell that woman?" she demanded, abruptly.

"You may rest assured," he replied, "that I shall not."

"Then I'll say I forgive you, though there's no need," she answered. And, without further ceremony, she left him to his thoughts.

They were not very pleasant ones. He felt as remorseful and disturbed as if he had really done her an actual injury. If he had said nothing, he had at least listened; and he condemned himself for doing so, without asking himself how it would have been possible to check his hostess in her comments.

"I wonder how she will meet me to-morrow," he murmured, as he returned to the parlor. "It is an awkward business, and a painful one."

But he found that there was no cause for uneasiness. When the time for the meeting arrived, she met him with a coolness which almost staggered him. Certainly, Mackenzie himself had no reason to imagine that the two had met before. She was ready, dressed in the coarse, dark-blue serge, and with the cluster of scarlet berries in her hair; and she had been a far less striking figure the night before than she was at this moment, as she stood in the long, richly-fitted room, almost seeming, in her rustic costume, to set its luxury at defiance.

"He wanted me to wear it," she said. "I suppose he told you?"

There was always in her manner, Benedict remarked, a proudly silent submission to her husband. It was as if she was continually influenced by her determination to submit to him, even in the merest trifle.

"You must never tell him," she said, abruptly, during the morning; and though the words were indefinite enough, the artist understood them at once.

"No, no!" he answered.

"He's very fond of me," she went on; "and he's very kind to me. I've always kept it from him, and I always will as long as I can."

But, fond as he was of her, Mackenzie did not see what Benedict saw, when he learned to know her better. To Alan it only seemed that she was prone to silence, and averse to mingling with strangers; and finding himself unable to conquer her disinclination for society, he gave it up good-naturedly, leaving the matter to time. It was because everything was new to her, he told himself. She would get over it in a year or so, and, in the interval, she should feel herself entirely unconstrained, and free to follow her own inclinations. But Benedict, who had half a score of years more of experience, saw deeper. The grandeur and ceremony surrounding the girl lay heavy upon her. In the midst of it she was lost and lonely. She was morbidly sensitive, and her whole life was a bitter, secret protest against her position. She had cultivated a kind of proud stolidity, and often steeled herself even against people who might have befriended her.

"There'll be more than Alan that will like to see that," she said once, pointing to the picture.

Benedict looked up inquiringly, and saw upon her lips a queer, significant smile.

"They'll like to see me in that dress," she said. "They'll say, among themselves, that it suits me better than velvet and lace. And so it does."

This last abruptly, and she stood before the easel, with her hands hanging clasped before her.

"So it does," she repeated. "Silk and satin is not for me, by right. My fine feathers haven't made me a fine bird. I thought I was going to be grand and happy, but I'd better have stayed at home, where the eagles would not peck at me because I was naught but a hedge-sparrow."

"Rob seems to get on wonderfully well with you, Benedict," Alan said several times. "I wish she got on as well with other people. She is not shy with you, or even the least backward."

And this was true enough. Perhaps the peculiar nature of their first meeting had paved the way for unceremonious frankness. At all events, their intercourse became an unconstrained and almost confidential one, before the picture was completed; and, after its completion, Benedict's position in the household was established.

Generously prone to hero-worship; indeed, generously prone to all good-natured, youthful

impulses, Alan was delighted to find the artist falling, by easy gradations, into the place of family friend. Long before their first meeting, he had admired his pictures with all the lavish amiability of an amiable youngster, who knew nothing of art but what people told him, and on these days he admired the man wholesale, also; admired his good looks, his kindly grace of manner, his knowledge of the world, and his ready wit.

"The oftener you can spare us an evening, the better," he would say. "The better for me, and the better for Rob. She likes to talk to you, and what she wants is some one who will draw her out. People who cannot draw her out, never know her. She is not easy to get at. Sometimes, do you know, I am not sure that I quite understand her myself."

The claims this world had upon him often left the girl to her own resources. He was popular, and fond of society, and she herself never went out when it was possible to remain at home.

"He is better without me than with me," she said to Benedict, "though he does not think so. Wait until I am more used to it, and then I will go—to please him."

So, Benedict, who was a hard worker, and, consequently, often too tired for actual gayety, frequently found himself spending an evening at the house when chance called Alan away. Other things than her great beauty touched and interested him. Her youth, her solitariness in the midst of the whirl of fashionable life; her constant effort to keep her unhappiness a secret from the light-hearted boy who loved her. All these filled him with pity and tenderness for her. And these feelings prompted him, at length, to speak to her openly of a certain plan he had formed, mentally.

"You are not very old, Mrs. Mackenzie?" he said, smiling gently, as he shook hands with her one night.

"I'm nineteen," she answered. "I was eighteen when Alan married me."

"One may learn a great deal after nineteen," he said.

She regarded him questioningly, for a few seconds, and then caught at his meaning.

"Could I learn?" she asked. "A dull, handsome creature like me? Only dull and handsome—nothing else."

"You are not dull, at least," he returned. "Forget that speech as soon as possible. If you would try, you might learn anything you chose."

"Might I?" she said. "Might I?"

In the little pause that followed, he saw a slow flush creep up on her face, and then she clenched her hand in a sudden gesture.

"No," she cried. "It was a lie. I am not dull. And why shouldn't I learn? I will learn. I'll work with all my strength, and I'll be a lady yet."

"Make the best of your life, and that will be enough," he said, kindly. "It is easy for a good woman to be a lady."

Her face hardened itself a little.

"I'm not a good woman," she said; "but I am going to try to learn."

Then she went to a table, and brought out a piece of paper, and pen and ink.

"Write me down a list of books to buy," she said, "and I'll get them to-morrow."

She was plainly so much in earnest, that he sat down and complied with her request, to the best of his ability.

She took the paper, and thanked him.

"Don't tell Alan," she said. "When I'm sure I can do it, perhaps I'll tell him myself."

Some men might have fancied it a caprice, which, in all probability, would prove short-lived; but Benedict understood her better than to make such a mistake. There was steadfast determination in her very brevity of speech.

When he came again, he found she had very practical results. She had bought the books, and engaged a teacher; a quiet, unknown man; who was to come only during the hours when her husband would be absent.

"He will give me work to do when he is away, and I shall do it," she said to Benedict. "He is very quiet, but he knows a great deal. He has taught people like me often enough," he says.

There was a suggestion of fierceness in the manner in which she applied herself to her work. In Alan's absence, she labored incessantly, her eagerness seeming to grow with what it fed on. She was never tired, always ready to begin new tasks. The quiet teacher confidentially informed Benedict that he was amazed.

"It is not uncommon to meet with considerable distate and reluctance," he said, in mild mystification, "but here there is actual feverishness, as one might express it."

Unless Alan himself was at home, Benedict never entered the house without finding the girl poring over her books; and often enough he discovered her crouched upon the hearth, reading by the fire, too much absorbed to think of ringing for other light.

"It is something for me to do," she said. "It fills up my time, and makes the days seem less dreary."

"It makes you happier," Benedict remarked, once.

"Yes," she answered. "I think I'm happier, as much happier as I can be."

It was quite natural that, through such familiar companionship, the two should learn much of each other, and be drawn near together. When they met in society, as they always did upon the rare occasions when the girl went out, she always turned to Benedict for support, as it were. He helped and sustained her, standing between her and coldness or disdain.

"I don't care, when you are with me," she said, one night, when he had given her his arm, to lead her across a crowded room. "They know that Alan does not see, but you——"

But there she stopped, with a flushing cheek, checking herself suddenly.

It was a little dangerous that he should always find it so; that it should seem that he was almost necessary to her; that he could help her as her husband could not. "It is, because I am the older man. He will learn in time," he would say to himself. But the time came at last when even this sober thought did not prevent his pulse beating somewhat more quickly when the handsome girl-face turned toward him, in eager expectation, as the little hand clung closely to his arm. It was a dangerous thing, but his very chivalrous truth itself prevented his seeing his danger. But there were others who were ready enough to see the hazard of it, even in the earliest stages of the friendship, and who were quick enough to exchange glances when they entered a room together, or when Alan spoke in his generous fashion of his admiration for his friend.

"It shows what a splendid fellow he is," he often said. "The mere fact of his caring so much for young nobodies, like Rob and myself, when he might be such a lion, if he would. I tell you he is a tremendous fellow!"

And so the intimacy continued until the winter, and then, one evening, Benedict called, and found Alan in the dining-room, flushed and joyous, holding his wife in his arms, in a high state of excitement.

"Benedict!" he cried out, as the artist advanced, "I am the happiest fellow in the world." And he held out his hand.

Benedict looked at Rob. No tender yielding to the loving young arm expressed itself in her figure. She simply stood still, and allowed it to clasp her waist. Her eyes were downcast, and Benedict saw that her calmness cost her a struggle.

"He has found out what I have been doing," she said, without lifting her eyes. "And I have told him how you have helped me."

"Yes," exclaimed Mackenzie, his fair, boyish face glowing. "I have found out what she has been doing, for my sake, Benedict—for my sake. I found the books and dear little exercises, and they touched my heart as nothing ever touched it before. I am a happy fellow, Rob, my dear, God bless you."

But Rob said nothing, even when he turned and kissed her. She had not raised her eyes yet, and Benedict saw her tremble. Alan saw it, too, and made her sit down. He fancied she was excited, as he was himself. His heart was so full that he could not be silent. If she had been dear to him before, how much dearer was she now—his handsome Rob! His bonny Rob!

What woman in the land could have done a more gracious thing than she had done, for his sake? He was not worthy of it. He was not a clever fellow, like Benedict; he was not clever, like she was herself; he could only be grateful to her, and love her more tenderly than ever. He was too full of delight to notice how silent both were. As he spoke, a chill had gradually crept upon Benedict. Rob's pale face had a painful fascination for him. He scarcely knew what he was thinking of at first, and then the chill became a pang. He could not bear to hear the joyous, excited young voice; it angered him to see Alan hold his wife's passive hand; it angered him to see him kiss her cold lips. His miserable unrest was a revelation to him; until this moment he had not known how far he had gone, how treacherous the ground was upon which his feet stood.

He left the house as soon as he could excuse himself, and when he got into the street a little groan broke from him.

"I builded worse than I knew," he said, grimly. "I must go away. I did not think that I was so nearly a villain. I must go away. I will bid her good-by to-morrow."

He was not the man to tamper with dishonor. His was the simple creed of right and wrong. There was enough passionate misery in his heart, as he said these few words. He could only go away. He would not pretend to give up, and still linger within the pale of temptation. Where this woman's life was lived, there lay temptation for him, and he had courage enough to fear it. He sat up all night, smoking his pipe among his pictures, and making plans. He had long intended to travel, and had put it off from year to year. Now he would go. Once, in the outset of his career, he had spent a long-to-be-remembered winter in Rome, working well,

and gaining much. When his wanderings were over, he would go there again, for a year, at least. Rob started at the sight of his haggardness, when he presented himself the next evening. She looked colorless and worn herself, and her eyes were heavy.

"Something has gone wrong," she exclaimed. "I can see it in your face. What is it?"

He did not release her hand after he had taken it; he fancied its light touch would give him courage; so he retained it.

"I am going to make a journey," he said, "a long one, and I have come to bid you good-by."

She staggered back apace, and stared at him. "To bid me good-by?" she said. "Good-by?"

"Yes," he answered her; and then he added, "Do not make it harder for me to say. It is hard enough, as it is."

She looked at him as if she was stunned.

"It is very sudden!" she said, in a dull, blind fashion. "It is very sudden!" And then she drew her hand away, and went and sat down.

Then it was, just at this instant, as her uplifted eyes met his, that he saw his danger was even greater than he had fancied, when he thought he faced it at its worst. The blow which had struck him to the heart had struck her also; he was in that worst of danger,-the danger of being conquered by another's anguish. There was little need for words. Each met the glance of the other, and then Rob uttered a low cry, and covered her face with her hands.

He went to her, and stood close to her side, speaking in a hurried, shaken voice.

"I am going away," he said, "because I am not as honest a man as I thought I was. I have been blind for a long time, but last night my eyes were opened, and I found myself standing upon the brink of an abyss. Do you not see, now, why I came to say good-by?"

She uncovered her face, and cried out, breathlessly, as if she had no pity on herself,

"I am a bad woman," she said. "I am a bad woman! Let me speak to you, and confess how bad and false I have been. Perhaps I will make it easier for you to turn your back on me."

"Nothing will do that," he answered.

But she would speak.

"If you have been blind, I have been worse. I sold myself for money and grand things. I wanted to be happy, and wanted to be made much of; and he was so fond of me. I never cared for him at all. I did not deserve his love, and I knew it when I promised to marry him. I have been bad from first to last. It was not for Alan's sake I worked; first, it was for my own, and then—and then, for yours. I wanted to be like the women you know, and admire. I have cared for you as I could never care for Alan, if I lived with him a thousand years, and saw his goodness every day, When he kissed me last night, and kept saying I had worked for his sake, I almost hated him, because he was so blind, because he was too generous and good."

There was such sharp suffering in her voice, that Benedict almost forgot his own pain. He tried to comfort her, though he could scarcely trust himself to speak. Words were unsafe for him in his present mood, and did little good. So, at last, he relapsed into sad and heavy silence.

"I shall wait for Alan," he had said. "I must say good-by to him, too."

Contrary to their expectations, he had not long to wait. He had not been in the house half an hour when Alan came in.

They heard him enter, and then they heard him coming up the stair-case rather slowly. When he opened the door, and stood upon the threshold, each turned toward him in wonder. He was quite pale, and his arm was bandaged, and placed in a sling. He even seemed somewhat weak, but he advanced toward them with a brave smile.

"Don't be frightened, Rob, my dear," he said, and he put his uninjured arm round her shoulder. "Don't be frightened, my dear;" and bent down, touching her forehead with his lips, in a manner which Benedict fancied held a meaning.

"I have been punishing a gossiping coward," he said; "and I have received a slight injury; only a slight one, you see. I am a little weak, from loss of blood, perhaps. It is a pistol wound, and I am going up stairs as soon as possible, to get a good night's rest. But I thought I would stop here on my way to my room, to say a few words to you. I want you to promise me, my dear Rob, and Benedict, that whatever you may chance to hear from any of the evil sources from which all scandalous suggestions spring, you will not lose faith in me; in my love for both of you, and in my perfect trust in your love for me. I would rather risk my life a thousand times, my dear Rob, and Benedict, than allow any scoundrel, who uttered a breath of wrong against you, to go unpunished. Bear witness to Benedict, my dear Rob, that I honor and love him with my whole heart; and bear witness to Rob, my dear Benedict, that I love and revere her beyond all the power of my poor words to express.

He would have touched Rob's forehead again with his lips, but she shrank from him, shaking all over; and before he could stop her, she had slipped down upon the floor, her face upon his feet, sobbing out wild, incoherent words.

"Rob!" he cried, bending over her. "My poor, loving girl, it is nothing!"

"It will kill me!" she panted. "I cannot bear it! It will break my heart!"

But he raised her to her feet, pretending to jest at her emotion, and yet holding her shrinking form close to his heart.

"Why," he said, "I shall not dare to leave you to entertain Benedict. I shall be obliged to stay with him myself."

She clung to him, hiding her face.

"I have no right to your love," she cried, wildly. "I don't deserve it! I bring nothing but shame and pain to you. Send me away."

"My handsome, foolish Rob!" he answered her, soothingly. "What tender cowards you women are! You do not know what you are saying."

When, at last, he went up stairs, he let her go with him, though he still treated his injury lightly, and professed not to feel it.

"It was done two or three hours ago, and since then I have been sitting, comfortably enough, with Brandt. I was a trifle excited, of course, and I wanted to cool off. Wait here, Benedict. She shall come down again, and tell you how serenely I have gone to sleep."

When she did come down again, which was about a quarter of an hour after, the sight of her altered face was a shock to Benedict. He took her hands, terribly shaken himself. He had only a few words more to say, and he must say them quickly, and go.

"Make the best of your life, Rob," he said. "Make the best of it; and it cannot fail to be a noble life, that Heaven will bless."

"Yes, I will," she answered. "Yes, I will. I'll try to be a better woman. I'll go on trying to learn. I'll try to be worthy of him, as well as of you."

"Not of me," he said, sadly. "Not of me! God knows, he is the better man of the two, ten thousand times. Let us both try to be worthy of his generous faith."

"I will try to make him happy," she said; "and I will bear everything for his sake. I will do my best for his sake."

There was one moment in which Benedict could not speak. Then he wrung her hands hard, and kissed them.

"God be good to you," he whispered; "and good-by!"

"Good-by!" she answered; and then her faltering voice broke, and he went away, leaving her looking after him with strained and anguished eyes.

Five years later, Benedict met in Padua a fellow-artist, who was young enough to be interested in good-natured gossip, and who, having recently left England, had plenty of it on hand.

"You will find many changes when you return," he said. "When do you think of going?"

"In the spring," answered Benedict. "In time to see the world awaken."

"A good time," was the reply; "and, as I say, you will see many a change. By-the-by, did you ever see young Mackenzie's wife?"

"Yes," quietly, as he bent over his brushes.

"A handsome woman, isn't she? How people did protest against that marriage, to be sure! And yet see how it has turned out! Popular opinion is obliged to concede that Mackenzie is a lucky man. They have two of the loveliest children in London, and their mother is a sort of Cordelia. And Mackenzie is honestly in love with her yet. It is quite a romantic affair. They say she spent years in educating herself, merely through her love for him. It was not easy for her at first, though. The elect were so much against her. There was even a legend that Mackenzie once fought a duel with a fellow who had hinted at some scandal concerning her. I never heard who the other man was. Mackenzie was so fearless and determined about it, that people were afraid to speak, and at last nobody believed. He is a courageous fellow, that Mackenzie, and a generous fellow, too. Everybody likes him."

"Yes," said Benedict. "He is a generous fellow; generous beyond most men's comprehension. He deserves his happiness, God knows."

COME BACK!

BY HOWARD MELVILLE.

Come back! the day is dark and cold;
The rain is falling sad and slow;
And o'er the barren fields and hills
The lost wind wanders to and fro.
Like some pale spirit of the dead,
That comes back moaning from the shades,
The blasted pines wail o'er the storm,
And fast the waning daylight fades.

Another night is drawing on,
Yet thou art far away, and I
Press close my face against the pane,
And gaze upon the storm, and sigh.
And still the heart you doubted then,
Bowed down in grief, waits on for thee;
The love has never died that bloomed—
My soul still sighs, come back to me!

OUR CALICO PARTY AT "AZALEA".

BY META H. HYDE.

THERE was to be a calico party at "Azalea," an unoccupied house of Mr. Chester's, on the river, a mile or two below his plantation. I, Miss Nancy, (my surname is never used by anybody, so I might as well leave it out here,) had promised—I was sorry for it afterward—to go and look after the girls. It had been raining all day, but at sunset the clouds broke away, and there was a glorious western sky behind the mountains.

The girls had wandered into my room perpetually that afternoon, to ask if I thought it was going to rain forever—that is, all the evening, and so spoil their plans. Not moved with excitement at the prospect of capering over the uncertain floors of "Azalea" with Joe, or Emlyn, or Henry, or Will, or Hugh; not being subdued by the calm superiority of Mr. Ferrers; not bewitched, in any way, by that languid, mysterious stranger, I replied that I thought it would. It had always done so when I was young, and there was no reason to think that the weather had relaxed in its grim aversion to pleasure-parties.

But, as I have said, there was a clear sunset, and the moon rose early. I told the girls that I thought they had better give up the dance for that evening, that the roads would be muddy, and the old house probably damp.

Nobody agreed with me but little Betsy, and she was to stay at home, anyhow.

We were to go on foot. Old Ginger had cut her foot with a stone, which she regularly did when she was wanted. The sandy path on the river bank was not wet, and if I had not set out with the impression of being hardly used about old Ginger, the walk would have been pleasant. Lizzie being a useful person, started out long before in somebody's buggy, (if there was a buggy, Lizzie always was in it if the horse was,) to "see about things," she said. There was probably one member of the Burton family who likewise had left his mother's roof-tree at an early hour, to "see about things," too. Jack, who was fourteen, and of a scornful humor, stalked ahead. I asked Jack if he intended to dance? "No, not I! I don't know anything about dancing. I m just goin' down to see what those boys will do!" was his cat's-like reply.

But Jack, I observed, had not been above accepting one of his sister's cravats, when she proffered it doubtfully. Hugh carried my shawl and his sister's, and helped pretty Madge over the rough places with the well-known brotherly art which says plainly, "I'm very kind and good-natured, you know, carrying your shawl, and all that, but don't you ask me to do anything more."

Presently a spring-wagon flashed by, brimming with Burtons, laughing and singing; then a carriage; something was shrieked at us, which we did not hear; but, after that carriage, there was no holding Hugh.

The house at Azalea was close by the river, embowered in river birches, rhododendrons, and the Azalea bushes, whose tropical, sweet, white flowers named the place.

We were the last to arrive; and Tom, and Dick were already tuning up their fiddles and banjos. The girls were flying about, looking pretty and sweet in their calico dresses; that is, those who were pretty, anyhow; and those who wern't pretty, stood a good chance of being taken for what they were not, for the only light was shed by a row of tallow-candles in tin candlesticks, on the mantel-piece. Not a chair had those heedless young people brought.

If it had not been for Joe Burton, and a keg, and a board, Miss Nancy, the chaperon, would have been consigned to obscurity and the stair-steps. The girls had each adorned her simple dress with the friskiest of fancy aprons, and they had furthermore brought, tied up in paper-parcels, cravats made to match their aprons; and the young men were to draw these cravats to find their partners for the first dance.

Janie Chester was looking provokingly pretty, as usual. The girl's beauty was warm and sweet; beauty warmed by the sun, not browned, but warmed and flushed like fruit—"Pomegranate blossom, heart of fire," I found myself saying, softly. Janie was leaning against the door, not talking much. Janie never talked much, (I think that was why the men liked her,) but what she did say went a long way, when it was helped by a blush, and smile, and lowering of her dusky eyes.

Hugh, with a daring that was not even skin-deep, was making believe to open one end of the parcel she twirled in her brown hands. Janie

did not notice his encroachments until they became too pronounced.

"Oh, do stop, Hugh!" she cried, giving the parcel a jerk. "Do you suppose I want you to get my cravat?"

Poor Hugh colored, and fell back. Emlyn Drayton, always self-assured, sauntered up. "Cousin Janie," I heard him say, "twist your cravat into a three-cornered affair, so I shall know it. I really would like to dance this first set with you."

"Why, no, Emlyn," she said, giving him an arch look from under her thick, black eyelashes, "I can't do that. Miss Nancy says we are to be strictly honest, and that wouldn't be fair, you know."

"Leave that to me, my fair cousin, I'll settle that."

"But I can't cheat, you know, Emlyn?"

Now, I knew that Janie was not going to let Emlyn, any more than Hugh, have her cravat, if she could help it. But I walked away, vexed with her never-ending coquetries. Why need she have been so curt to Hugh? Handsome Hugh—worth a dozen such as Emlyn. Hugh had loved Janie, and the ground she walked on, ever since he had loved anything; and Janie knew it, and treated him as she pleased. When none of her other admirers were nigh, the girl would laugh at his sayings, and say, "Hugh, carry my hat," and "Hugh, help me," and, "Hugh this," and "Hugh that," in the softest voice, until the great, manly, credulous fellow was coloring and trembling all over with pleasure.

Emlyn Drayton, though certainly an admirer, was not of that stamp. He was the sort of man who wore his Alpine hat a little on one side, and was proud of his small feet and hands, and liked to carry a flower in his coat, and walked with a slight swagger, when he did walk, for he preferred to ride. Emlyn had been to the city, and thought he understood the ways of women; so, Janie took a pride in securing him in her train, rustic coquette that she was.

And now Dick's banjo was thumping impatiently, as the drawing took place, from a hat I held behind me. Joe Burton, ever lucky, pulled out Lizzie's cravat. Will Chester, whose eyes and thoughts were always upon our lovely Madge, fell to the lot of an indescribable young woman, who was glad to get him. Hugh found himself paired with a damsel who had strung five or six yards of wax beads about her, and garlanded her hair with an artificial wreath. When Emlyn's turn came, I glanced at Janie. She was not thinking of us and our drawings, evidently, but was watching the door.

"Miss Nancy, you serve me hardly," said Emlyn. "There's nothing left in the hat. Where's my share?"

"Come!" cried I. "What's all this? Here's an odd man. Have you all put your cravats in?"

"Janie Chester's forgotten hers," an officious miss proclaimed. "Here it is, sticking out of her pocket."

Janie blushed, and murmured some excuse, as she drew it out and handed it to me. "And here's Mr. Ferrers!" cried a number of voices at the same time.

"Halloo, Charley! Just in time," said Joe. "One cravat left for you. Emlyn will waive his claim. He can dance with his cousin any time. Can't you, Emlyn?"

"Pardon me," said Mr. Ferrers; "but I have already a partner. Miss Lily, you have not forgotten your engagement, I hope?"

"Certainly not," replied Lily Burton, calmly. "Janie, will you and Emlyn be our *vis-a-vis*?"

"And stand in the corner? Thank you, no!" And Emlyn's partner whisked him to the other end of the room.

This little scene astonished me. Mr. Ferrers was a young man of whom nobody in our neighborhood knew more, than that he had been boarding a month or two at the hotel, in the little town of A——; and that he was said to have come there for the sake of the healthfulness and the supreme, still beauty of that mountain town. Most of the girls could have told you that there was fascination in the very quiet manner he had, and in the way he raised those heavy-lidded, gray eyes. That I know nothing of, but I could see that Mr. Ferrers was a well-bred man, and had a smile as beautiful as a woman's, to lighten his opaque, dark skin. Mr. Ferrers had been accredited to Janie, as her latest conquest; but Mr. Chester, looking well to the safety of the comfortable sum of money that was Janie's own, had taken a dislike to the stranger, and the affair was said to be quenched by the paternal disapproval. However, when I had last seen the two together, which was at Lily Burton's croquet-party, Janie had made all the girls and her lovers speechlessly indignant, by keeping Ferrers in close, confidential attendance all the evening. Now, here was the man, talking softly, as he he always did; but in Lily Burton's ear, not Janie's.

Despite the perverse behavior of many of those innocent paper-parcels, the dancing went on gayly, to the merry music of banjo and fiddles. The old floor shook, and the dust flew. Doubtless, the ghost of many a dead and gone Chester descended from the dark upper stories, to see

what was going on, and, once down, figured away wherever they could slip in.

There was one face without a smile—Hugh's; though his partner, Rose Sawyer, was bent on his captivation. Rose Sawyer was in love with Henry Burton, a strong, taciturn man, who, for seven years, had steadily worshiped Margaret Blythe; and Margaret Blythe was now engaged to a young man from a distant county. This event, however, made no difference in Henry Burton's adherence. He rarely took notice of Rose; this evening, less than usual. So, Rose was fain to furbish up her weapons, and try somebody else. I regretted to see so many arch shrugs and glances wasted on my handsome boy, who could not keep his despondency out of sight, nor his eyes from his ungracious goddess.

Between the dances were moonlight promenades on the high piazza. Not fancying promenades in the night air; having, moreover, no one to promenade with, I kept my seat; also, my ears open. In consequence, heard many things that were not intended for them. There was a great deal of trash, not worth repeating. Then came a low voice,

"Won't you dance the next with me, Janie?"

"No."

"Why won't you?"

"Because I do not want to."

"Just this one, Janie," imploringly.

"Do let me alone, Hugh. I do not want to talk."

"Dance with me, then, and I will not ask you to talk."

"I will not be likely to ask your leave, if I want to be silent."

"Hateful girl!" thought I. "One good box would do you good."

Just then a couple passed through the door, and down the piazza steps. Another low voice, but distinctly audible.

"Then, remember, Miss Lily, you are mine for the next, too."

A silence. Then Janie's voice, sharply,

"Hugh, I will dance this with you. Come, let us take our places."

Oh, that imbecile, Hugh!

"Will you, Janie? Thank you."

Instead of forming a number of small sets, these mountain lads and lasses danced in one large one—three couples abreast, and the figures were called out by one of the dancers. As long as his spirit and ingenuity lasted, the set lasted.

Joe Burton called out the figures of the next set; and his loud, cheerful voice put life into every foot.

Ferrers danced again with Lily Burton. If he was doing it to try Janie, he certainly succeeded. The girl's forced spirits died away, and she looked as dejected as her partner, who, tired at length of short, petulant answers to his remarks, ceased to make any.

"Aha!" thought the cross old maid in the corner. "My spoilt coquette, you have met your deserts now. Serves you perfectly right, for snubbing my Hugh."

"First couple to the right!" To the right they went, in a marvelous figure they had, which exchanged partners after a bewildering fashion. Lily Burton took Hugh, and left her partner in his place.

"Janie, why won't you look at me?" said Ferris.

"What difference does that make to you?" she said, coldly; though I could see, from the way she moved her hands, that she was much agitated.

"Every difference. You know it. You know I don't care for anything else in the world," Ferrers whispered, hurriedly.

"Your actions do not show it."

"You understand all that, surely. You remember our agreement?"

"You have kept it up rather too long," she said, turning her head away from him.

"Far too long for me. I cannot stand it. Come and walk with me, when this is over, and I will tell you all."

"I do not wish to hear," murmured the girl, though a deep color began to rise over her neck and face.

"You do not?"

Janie raised her head, to repeat the asseveration; but, meeting his look, her eyes fell.

"I will come for you," said Ferrers.

Refreshments were served in another room. When I say served, I mean it with limitations. The girls ladled ice-cream from its native freezer, and fished out cake from market-baskets; but the cream was from cows that had pastured on Black Mountain; the cake from Mrs. Chester's ovens; and Mrs. Chester, as my Aunt Joanna would say, "made the best cake of anybody I ever eat."

The ice-cream set me to shivering; so, I thought I might as well shiver to some purpose, and take a turn on the piazza. How beautiful the place looked, bathed in the mystery of moonlight. The river plunged, and foamed white where it burst into sight, until it leaped the last black rock, and sank under the birch boughs, at peace. The distant, lonely mountain-peaks shone pale, like spirits. The azaleas were in bloom. Their fragrance floated up from the river-bank.

Down below a bend, where the river leaned too heavily, they bloomed whitest and sweetest. Here the light had stretched one white arm from the dusk woods, and clasped the road.

While I looked, two figures emerged, and passed slowly across it, disappearing in the shadow beyond.

"Who are those, Hugh?" I said; for Hugh had come out also.

For a moment, he did not answer.

"Don't you know Janie, when you see her, Miss Nancy?" he said, at length.

"And the man?"

"That Ferrers fellow."

"Nonsense, Hugh! You must be mistaken."

"I wish I were," said the boy, bitterly.

"They have gone to get azaleas, I suppose," said I. But Hugh said nothing.

Emlyn Drayton was wandering about with a discontented, lowering face; nor did it lighten, when Janie came in with Ferrers. How beautiful the girl was—paler than her wont—her great black eyes shining as if they had been out in the dew. She was literally covered with azaleas; in her hair, her bosom, her belt. I will never forget how she looked in her pink dress, with the azaleas showered over her, scattering white petals and fragrance, as she danced.

Ferrers was as calm as ever, but for a restless flash in his eyes, from time to time.

When the set was over, I went into the other room to get my thin shawl.

Some one was hurriedly pulling over the pile of wraps in the corner. It was Janie.

"What are you going to do?" said I.

"Sit on the steps," she answered, quickly, running past one.

But I laid my hand on her arm. "Janie, you are wrong——"

"Oh, no, Miss Nancy," she said, not looking in my face, "the night air never hurts me. I am well wrapped up, you see."

"That is not what I mean; you know it, Janie."

She slipped from my hand, without answering.

"Get your places—the last set. Everybody must dance," shouted Joe Burton. "Jack, my boy, there's no escape for you!"

"Miss Nancy, will you dance with me?" blundered out Jack.

All the servants pressed to the windows to see the last dance, and a wild one it was. Not until it was half over did I notice that one couple was missing. In the bustle of departure, Will Chester came to tell me that I was to go home in their carriage, as Janie had said she would walk with Hugh and Madge. I thankfully accepted the proposal, for dancing with Jack was no joke.

The Chesters lived at the foot of a hill, and we at the top, so I waited with them, until my party should come.

In due time they arrived—Hugh, and Madge, and Jack—but no other. No Janie. "She told us she was going in the Burton wagon," said Madge. "And us that she was going with you," said Will.

My poor Hugh! How white he turned!

It matters not how long we took to know it, nor what was done, nor what was said; this we knew, finally, Janie was gone.

She had chosen what is called a "run-away match." Never danced she again in the old river-side house at "Azalea."

"NEVER AGAIN!"

BY HOWARD E. HOLMES.

Never again? Will his dear lips press
Never to mine, in loving caress?
No fond expression of tenderness
Ere come my desolate heart to bless?
"Never again!"

Shall I list, in my loneliness, year by year,
For a voice I would give my life to hear?
A voice that has grown to my soul so dear,
Will it never again greet my listening ear?
"Never again!"

Shall I miss forever the hand's dear touch?
(Ah! was there ever another such?)
Give my desperate heart one hope to clutch—
One frail, sweet hope, it needeth so much?
"Never again!"

Ah! The days will wearily come and go,
And hourly add to my weight of woe;
For the dear-loved form I worshiped so
Will never return to me—ah, no!
"Never again!"

"Never again!" Ah, never again!
My soul cries out, from its depths of pain;
Till my heart takes up the sad refrain,
And my lips repeat the sorrowful strain,
"Never again!"

Shall I go through life, and never dare
To pass my hands through his whitening hair?
Or smooth from his brow the furrows that care
And pain are daily deepening there?
"Never again!"

Will never the blessed light arise,
That shone on me from his sad, sweet eyes?
All sight is leaving the earth and skies,
As the pitiless voice of my fate replies,
"Never again!"

THE DAYS OF SEVENTY-SIX.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 210.

CHAPTER XI.

"Now, who's dat comin' up stream, settin' de water afire wid her close? Nebber seen a woman in dese head-waters 'fore dis, and don't want to see 'em agin, scarin' de trout under de banks, an' splashin' 'bout wid dem puddin'-sticks, as if she was a workin' butter for market. Now, if Sal has got out de ole boat, and is a sailin' after dis darkey agin his depleted contradictions, she'll git 'nuff of peakin' and pryin, or my name ain't Nelse Kingsford, de oldest darkey in de fust family in Philardelferer."

Here Nelse turned his frowning, black face, resolutely, up-stream, and seemed deeply intent on his line, resolved to give the partner of his bosom a cold welcome. The boat, for it was the old negro's crazy craft, came rushing up the river at full speed, until a glow of the rich colors that had aroused his suspicion, struck, quivering across the waves, close by him. Still, the old man refused to turn his eyes from the dip of his line, but muttered to himself,

"She's got on the Madras handkercher that I meant ter buy for her, 'specting it to take my eye the fust thing, and make me obliverous ob her diserledrance. But she'll see! She'll see!"

"Ah, Nelse! Have I found you at last?"

Nelse gave a start, that jerked his hook from the water.

"What, you, Miss Roder? Well, now, if I didn't think it was de ole woman spyin' 'bout."

"What! Sally? Not she. I have brought her lots of work to do; and while she was looking it over, ran away with the boat."

"He, he!" laughed Nelse. "'Spect dat was de only way to git it. Sal thinks a heap ob dat boat. Jest as if I'd sot up a coach an' six horses for her de fust time I sailed her out in it."

"No, wonder, Nelse. It's a splendid craft," said Rhoda, pushing the bow up among the rushes and ferns, into which she leaped, leaving her warmly-colored shawl in a gorgeous heap in the boat. "Don't let me disturb you, in the least. I want to see how the beautiful trout you bring to us are caught."

Nelse broke into another chuckling laugh.

"Jes as if dese speckled fish didn't see you come up, jes settin de water red-hot wid dat shawl! 'Mazin' purty shawl dat is, Miss Roder. Yaller, an' red, an' green, an' lilac color, all matted up in heaps. Couldn't tell dis ole darkey where he mought buy a bandanner for de ole woman's head, wid jes dem colors in 'em, now, could ye, miss?"

"Oh, never mind about that, Nelse. I'll buy one for Sally, the first time I go into the shops."

"Now, will you, miss?"

"Of course. Haven't I promised?"

"Suthen that'll make der ole gal's eyes wink, when she twists 'em round her head."

"The brightest and best I can find, Nelse."

Nelse drew a breath so deep and full, that it gave a pleasant heave to his bronze chest, under the red flannel shirt, that scarcely covered it.

"Dat am jes what I'se been a wantin' ebber so long. Speakin' 'bout Sal, she's gettin' ole, ye see, and I'se ambicerous to brighten her up. Dem yaller girls down at de house has der 'dacity to poke fun at her close, right afore my two eyes; an' I mean she shall 'stonish 'em into good manners. Dat's why dis darkey takes de liberty ob speakin' on dat subject."

"That is speaking like a good, loyal husband, Nelse, and Sally shall outshine them all, with a bandanna that has all the colors of the rainbow in it, if one is to be found in Philadelphia."

Here Nelse laid his pole on the bank, thrust his hand deep down into his loose under-garments, and drew from that corduroy receptacle a shot-bag, with a handful of coin tied in at the bottom.

"How much am dat bandanner gwoin to count up?" he questioned, with a glitter of pride in his shrewd black eyes, as he began to untie the string. "Yer needn't tell der ole woman 'bout dis bag, but her ole darkey don't sell his fish for noffin. Dar, now; take out 'nuff, miss."

Here Nelse held out the open mouth of the shot-bag, and revealed a nest of English coin, kept bright by constant friction in his pocket; sixpences, shillings, and a few half-crowns.

Miss Clyde laughed, and shook her head.

"Don't be scared to take it. Every one of 'em has got der king's head on it, safe and sure

"But I will pay for the handkerchief. Put up your money, Nelse."

The old negro hesitated, and still held the bag open.

"I will buy the handkerchief, and you shall give it to Sally."

Nelse tied up his bag slowly, and held it on his knee, just where his wife had placed a broad patch.

"You see, Miss Rhoda, dat don't seem like de carnubial present dis darkey impended to make wid money earned by de sweat ob his own intentions."

"But you shall do something for me, Nelse," said the young lady, flushing a little, in spite of herself.

"Oh!" ejaculated the negro, dropping the bag into the depths of his pocket again. "Jes tell dis ole darkey what it am yer won't done."

"Oh, nothing, very particular, just now. Only I am sure you love the King, Nelse."

"Lub der King? Don't I carry dis pocket full of his picters alers 'bout me, cause ob de loyalty in dis ole heart; not as I cares 'bout de silver—jes de head on it."

"Well, Nelse, the time may come when you can serve him."

"What, de King, as old Marse Kingsford prays for ebbery mornin' of his life; jes tell how it's to be done."

"We Royalists must work together, Nelse."

"Ise observin'," said Nelse, with eager attention.

"And watch the rebels closely."

"Adzacly!"

"If one could be enticed to the right side, wouldn't that be brave work for the King?"

"And Marse Kingsford. Wel, wel, dis ole darkey am up to work of dat kind yit, anyhow."

"Of course, and no one can do it so well."

"Jes illucerdate 'bout how it's to be done," said Nelse, reflectively.

"You go about so much among families of both parties, Nelse? Carry home the fish you catch?"

"Dat am de fact."

"And you are always welcome among the servants?"

"Dat am de truf, Miss Rhoda."

"Of course you talk about the state of the country—that vile paper they have been reading at the State House, for instance."

"What, der Procormation of Independence, what was a slap right in der King's eyes, both of 'em at onced?"

"Yes; you know, of course, what people think of that wicked paper."

Nelse shook his head, doubtfully.

"De truf am, Miss Rhoda, folks doesn't talk right out, as dey used ter. All Philadelphia riz up 'bout dat procormation, and sot der bells a ringin' treason right in der face and eyes of der gentry. Yer see people am a beginnin' ter climb on der fence—not as I is gwoin to hist myself up in dat persition, but they does it, an' dar ain't much 'pendance on what sich fellers say, nohow."

"That is all true, Nelse; but the colored servants hear what their masters say privately."

"In course they does."

"And talk it over with one another."

"Jest so, conferdentially; alers conferdentially, Miss Rhoda."

"Exactly! especially with a man like our Nelse, who has been a trusty servant in a powerful family all his life."

"Dat am de truf, Miss."

"And now has the confidence of every one when he goes about with his fish, and stops for a little chat in the kitchens."

"In course, in course."

"Besides, a man of that experience is sure to know all that his wife picks up among the ladies, when she carries her fine washing home."

"Don't mean 'bout dat. Wimmin mighty unsartin. Now, I 'spect Sal knows a heap she nebber tells to nobody."

"But you could manage to gain her confidence."

Nelse shook his head, doubtfully.

"Don't know 'bout dat, Miss Rhoda. De truf is, der body servant of a gemman gets to be a gemman hisself, and scorns to take advantage ob de fair sex."

Rhoda smiled, pleasantly.

"But a gentleman who gives confidence to his wife, expects it from her. Now, you tell Sally everything, I dare say."

"Not adzacly. Some things a gemman alers keeps in de sectary ob his own buzzum."

"Ah, I am not speaking of such things as might make Sally a little jealous."

"Which she am," muttered Nelse.

"But of such common subjects as every one talks about. Now, there is a house in the city that you visit every week, I dare say. The man who lives there is a true Royalist; but one of the most dangerous of the rebel generals has wound himself into the family, as he once became an inmate in that of your master."

"Marse Arnold. I knows who yer mean, and de house he's sot hisself down in, sense he cum to Philerdelpher."

"And you know all about him?"

"Natrally I doz."

"And the lady?"

"The hamsome young lady what he has married?"

"The lady?" answered Rhoda, a little hoarsely. "Yes; though I am not aware that people think her so handsome."

"As a picter," said Nelse, who did not observe the frown that swept the girl's face, and nearly drew her straight, dark brows together.

"No matter about that," she said, impatiently. "General Arnold is a rebel, and has entered that house as a spy. I want you to watch him, to find out all his movements, and her's also; for it will not be long before she shares his treason. He can persuade her into anything."

"If she lubs him," said Nelse, sententiously. "Everything 'pends on that one pint."

"If you love the King, Nelse, and would serve your master, observe these people well."

"Ise listenin', Miss Roder."

"Hang around the house, carry your fish there every day, find other excuses. There must not be a movement that escapes you."

"Is dat what old marse says?" questioned Nelse, uneasily.

"Your master has trouble enough of his own; but when danger threatens his friends, it is your duty to serve him without waiting for orders."

"Jes let dis darkey take time to debilitate der subject in his mind," said Nelse, taking up his pole, and examining the naked hook at the end of his line. "'Now jes set still, and watch 'em lollorerin' on ther fins, under the shadder ob de broke leaves, while I 'tice 'em up, and remunerate de subject at de same time."

"But you have no bait, Nelse."

"No bait? Ki, ki," chuckled Nelse, leaning back, and tearing a ripe wild rose from a bush just behind him, in which half a dozen golden rose-bugs were resting. "Jes let me ship one ob dese afore 'em, an' you'll see suthin' woth while, golly!"

Nelse had handled his rose too roughly; for the lady-birds took flight in a body, and lost themselves in the grass.

Rhoda laughed, half maliciously, at his discomfiture; for his hesitation had offended her. But Nelse laughed also, and composed himself on the bank again, waiting patiently, but with keen watchfulness, until a great blue-bottled fly lighted on a thistle that grew out of the bank, and half-buried itself in the soft purple of its crowning flowers.

With a swift dash of the hand, Nelse seized upon the fly, impaled it alive on his hook, and cast that upon the water.

"Now, jes keep still, Miss Rhoder," he whispered, with a soft chuckle, "and watch 'em sail out from under dem roots and leaves. It's a sight I kin tell yer. Thar!"

Out from a hollow in the bank came the flash of pink fins, in quivering motion, then the mottled side of a noble old trout shone through the water, adown which it floated, dreamily, made a scarcely perceptible curve, balancing itself, as if to music in the waves, then gave a swift dart, and, lo! the beautiful creature flashed upward, and hung, quivering in the sunshine, with diamond drops raining from its fins, and its agonized sides all aglow with jewels brightened by its agony of pain.

"Thar!" said Nelse, laughing, as the sunshine poured upon his upturned face. "If that ain't a shiner, I don't know one when I sees it. Katched de wrong fly, dis time, didn't yer, now? Thort yer would when I seen yer pushin' out from dem roots. Golly! See him flap, Miss."

Rhoda was watching the writhing of the poor fish with flashing eyes; for she had entered into the full excitement of the scene, and was of a nature to admire the graceful curves and rich coloring of the fish, while she forgot its pain. Even when Nelse trailed the poor thing down upon the bank, and jerked the hook from its mouth, the girl looked on smiling.

"Oh, give it to me! Let me look at it closer!" she exclaimed, reaching out her hands. "Oh, there is blood on my fingers!" she added, casting the pretty victim down in disgust, and wiping her white hand on the grass. "After all, such things are only good to eat."

"And sell," said Nelse, eyeing the trout approvingly, as it lay quivering, less and less, upon the bank. "Dat am a two-pounder, if not more. Golly! Dar comes anudder! Jes hush up, now, and see 'im cotched!"

Rhoda held her breath while Nelse gave his line, with crafty stillness, to the water. Again it was uplifted, with a jerk, and a fellow victim lay beside the dying trout on the turf. Again and again, until Rhoda became tired of the repetition of a scene that had delighted her at first. She arose, and looked toward the boat.

"Jes one more minute, den I'll be 'bout through wid dis kalkerlation, Miss Rhoder," said Nelse, taking another fish from his hook.

"Well," answered Rhoda, impatient to be off.

"Well, miss, de kalkerlation 'mounts 'bout to what yer wants it ter. Ole marser b'longs to de king ob dis country an' Ole England. Dis darkey b'longs ter Marse Kingsford, an' Sally b'longs to him. Darfore, it am de born duty, fust ob ole marse, den ob dis darkey, and, arter him, of

Sally, ter do jes what der king wants 'em ter. But what duz he want? Dat am de question."

"He wants every loyal man to do his duty, Nelse. I have just pointed out the service you can give him."

"Miss Rhoder, ain't it makin' lessness for a great gemman's gemman ter sneak inter de private confolertations ob der gentry?"

"It might be, Nelse, if that were all. But this man is a rebel, an enemy of the king, and of your master, on whom he has cast an insult."

"Dat's 'nuff, miss. Don't say anudder word," cried Nelse, twisting his line about the pole, and fastening it with the hook. "Jes you wait."

The negro was in earnest now. From under the wild rose-bushes he brought out a long basket, painted in checks of red and green, such as were made by the half-civilized Indians who drifted down to the cities with such wares for sale; and filling the bottom with a layer of moss, laid a row of his trout upon it. Above these he placed some long, cool chestnut-leaves, with tufts of sweet fern, and so packed the basket full.

Then he walked a few paces up the hill-side, broke off some golden spray from a spice-bush in blossom, and gathered a handful of great blue violets from about the gnarled roots of an old oak. These he twined in with a cluster of wild roses and delicate fern-leaves, which he tied with a strand of grass, and laid upon the basket, turning his shrewd, bright eyes upon Rhoda. When all was finished, he said,

"Fish for de kitchen. Dem posies for de ladies."

Rhoda's eyes flashed, and her face flushed suddenly. She comprehended that the emissary she had gained was going to work in earnest.

Nelse lifted his basket carefully into the boat, and arranged the shawl for Rhoda's accommodation. The girl took possession of the seat, when it was draped, with satisfaction; for her pull up stream had given such a strain to her arms, that she was glad to drift supinely down the same track, while Nelse allowed the oars almost to drag in his hands.

If a more beautiful stream than the Wissahickon is to be found in the neighborhood of any city in the world, Rhoda Clyde had never heard of it. The picturesque beauty of the banks, the massive old forest-trees, rocks bedded in ferns, and cushioned with mosses, forming precipices here, and huge boulders there, broke up into pictures with every twist and curve of the stream. A keen love of the beautiful was as intense, almost as the more selfish passions in Rhoda's bosom; and she gave herself up to that exquisite enjoyment which the æsthetic instinct alone suggests. On her way up-stream, she had been anxious and harassed with doubts. A stubborn old mind, like that of the retired slave, keenly observant, and educated in a strict sense of right and wrong, by the example of a proud, stern man, was difficult material to work upon, even in her adroit hands. Though a slave from birth, Old Nelse had stored his mind well with facts, and was proud of the kind of education that such unlettered men get outside of books. Perhaps he had not been altogether blind to the sentiment that had existed during several previous visits which Gen. Arnold had made to Philadelphia, and understood something of the bitterness which the girl strove so resolutely to conceal. If he did, that was a strong incentive to all the help he had to offer her. She was a kinswoman of his master, very far removed, it is true; still, one the proud old patrician had chosen to take into his house, and make a member of his own family. Therefore, a slight to her was, in the old negro's estimation, a wrong to every Kingsford who had lived and died since the first of that name reached England with the Conqueror. In fact, it is doubtful if the abstract love which Nelse felt for a king, located, in the cloudy depths of his geography, as far off from anything he knew of, as heaven is from earth, would have aroused the old fellow into such active partizanship, as this idea of wounded family pride inspired.

Rhoda had scorned to use this plea; and when driven to it, veiled her personal interest in vague language. But since this hint had been enough to arouse the old negro, and feeling sure of her emissary, Rhoda gave herself up to the rare beauty of the scene, as she enjoyed every other sensuous pleasure.

There was not a cushion of moss on the rocks, or a wild grape-vine dropping to the water, that escaped her admiration. She had the rare faculty of flinging any subject from her mind when its present object was worked out, and allowed no source of gratification to escape her from over-nervousness, or too much feeling.

By-and-by Sally's log-cabin hove in sight; lodged in a picturesque nook, in the hilly bank, its door wide open, and its tiny-paned window overrun with wild sweet-briar, and morning-glories, not yet in blossom. Down on the banks of the stream Sally herself was hard at work, by a fire she had kindled against the charred side of an old chestnut stump, over which a brass kettle swung from a stout wooden pole laid over crossed sticks driven deep in the ground. On another stump, more newly cut, Sally had lodg-

ed her wash-tub, and with her arms deep in the foamy suds, was busy at work. She raised her head, and rested a hand on each side of the wash-tub long enough to take a clear survey of the boat, then gave a sniff, and fell to work again.

"Well, Sally, I see that you have lost no time," said Rhoda, leaping on shore. "Hard at work?"

"Dat's what pussons as have de misfortun' to be born free niggers must' spect. Them as hasn't no owner to assist 'em when they're sick, and make fust-class loafers on 'em when they git ole, hain't nuffin' but hard work afore 'em to der end of der lives."

"But they have independence," said Rhoda, "and that is everything."

"Inderpenderance! What am dat? Every one is talking independerance, firin' guns, and a ringin' der bells; but I don't know what it is more'n de bird flyin' inter dat tree."

"It is the right to work for yourself, live for yourself, think for yourself, Sally."

"He, he, he!" giggled Sally, sweeping the suds from her arms, and dashing it into the tub. "'Bout work nobody nebber tried ter hinder me from dat, sin' I can 'member. Den 'bout libbin' for one's self isn't bein' better off dan de squirrels and mushrats. As for tinkin', dat is de ony ting de old man dar ebber wants to do in dis 'stablishment."

"Look here, now, Sal, don't yer go to disparagin' de husban' ob yer buzzum. Doesn't he carry home your close, and count der change for ye."

"Carry home de close? Jes, once't yer done it."

"'Bout countin' de change. Has I ebber been 'hind hand 'bout dat? Speak up afore de young lady, and say if I has, now."

"'Bout dat," answered Sally, with a doubtful cloud on her rather comely face, "'Bout dat, now, yer does count, but——"

"Sally, hasn't I tole yer agin and agin dat 'but' is a sneakin' word sich as no born lady ebber flings inter her husban's face? When you demits dat I count, dat's 'nough."

Sally turned to Rhoda, giving Nelse the benefit of her back, with cool deliberation.

"Yer see, miss, dat dar man allers gits mad as fire 'bout dat countin', 'cause his count an' my heft is so conterdictin'."

"Don't I figger it up on de slate, Sal? Can't yer see der writin'?"

"Dat am de truf, and it makes me proud as a pea-hen ter see yer a doin' of it, jes like a white gemman of no color. But what I dejests ter is, dat it makes de money heft lighter ebbery time yer heap up de figgers. Dat is what I deludes ter, Nelse, and all I means to say is, figgerin' is costly, berry costly."

Here Sally gave a shrewd look at the old darkey, that brought his eyes to the ground.

"Yer allers funning 'bout sich tings, Sal! But don't. De young lady mought tink you in arnest."

"Which I is," retorted Sally, seizing upon her wash-tub by both handles.

"Don't!" exclaimed Nelse, seizing upon the tub which Sally was about to lift from its place on the stump. "Yer forgets dat yer husban' is standin' 'bout, an' willin' ter help. Sich hefts ain't 'dapted ter de delercate constertution ob de fair sect."

Sally kept her hold on the tub, turning her face in amazement toward her husband.

"Jes as if yer ever did sich in yer life," she said, with scorn in her eyes.

Here Rhoda came into the scene, anxious to propitiate the spirited woman. She stepped into the boat, took the shawl which had kindled Nelse's admiration from the seat, and brought it up the bank.

"Here, Sally, is something your husband wished me to select for you," she said. "No woman at the great house has one with half so many colors in it. I searched every store in Philadelphia, to find one he thought grand enough for you to wear."

Sally's black eyes flashed, and the strong, white teeth shone behind her thick, smiling lips. She took the shawl, spread it out upon the bank, and for a moment gloated over its gorgeousness.

"Red, yaller, blue, green, all tangled ter-gether, a'most as big as a table-cloth, an' soft as moss. Now, miss, tell de Lord's truf, did my ole man buy dis s'perior article for me? Am it mine?"

Nelse held his breath, and waited anxiously for the lady's answer.

"He certainly bought it, and for you, wishing his wife to outshine the common servants at the house, I suppose."

"Dat am jes so," muttered Nelse, greatly relieved. "Dem high-flyin yaller gals has had der 'dacity ter even demselves wid de pusson as is de choice of my heart; consekantly, dat shawl is 'tended ter put 'em back ter de condition natur' contended for 'em."

Here Sally gathered the shawl in her arms, and with it the stalwart form of her husband.

"Golly! Now, am dat yer 'tention, Nelse? But I knows it am!"

Here Sally loosened her clasp on her husband's neck long enough to plant a grateful kiss on his face; then, with a little shame-faced laugh, she turned toward Rhoda, and forgetting her former hints, exclaimed, triumphantly,

"It's allers jes so wid him, miss. No darkey in dese parts ebber was so 'tentive to de lady ob his lub. Dar, now, Nelse, yer can hist down de tub. I depreciate jes as much as if yer did more on it."

Nelse lifted the tub with an inward groan.

"Now, yer kin go inter de cabin, and count over ebbery penny in de ole tea-pot, widout anybody stannin' by. If dat ain't 'preciation, what am, I want ter know?"

"Not till I's brought up der rensin water, honey. Whar am de pail?" answered Nelse, warmed into generous connubial reciprocity by his wife's confidence. "Not till I's tried dis yer shawl on de lubliest ob her sect," persisted Nelse, forgetting the pail in his ardor regarding the shawl.

Here the shawl was folded, cornerwise, and draped around the delighted Sally, who examined it right and left, arranged and re-arrranged its gorgeous folds, and at last ran down to the stream, which flung back her image like a mirror, and fluttered there like some immense tropical bird pluming itself on the bank.

"When I come again, you shall have a bandanna to match the shawl," said Rhoda, as she passed the woman, on her way to the boat. "That is your husband's present. The handkerchief will be mine."

CHAPTER XII.

"You have spoken to this man. You have dared to disobey me."

"Oh, father, I did not intend to! We met by accident, and I could not help speaking when he inquired so kindly after mamma. It would have been so ungrateful."

Mr. Kingsford frowned blackly on the poor girl, who had been brave enough to tell him of the few precious moments she had spent with her lover. The burden of obligations which this man had imposed on him was irksome enough; but, added to this was a constant dread that such chance interviews as were probable, so long as Barringford remained in the same city with his daughter, might lead to open defiance of his authority, and perpetual separation from his child.

There had been a time when such suspicions would have been impossible to his proud spirit; but party feeling had deeply embittered him of late, and he had gradually been drawn under an influence of which he was quite unconscious.

While his favor was withdrawn from Grace, and Mrs. Kingsford's gentle influence weakened by illness, Rhoda Clyde had, with the cunning of a serpent, but the apparent openness of a reckless nature, gained upon his confidence, and, in a great degree, influenced his actions. This man was not, in his own nature, suspicious. Bitterly prejudiced he might be; and prejudice is, in itself, unjust; but the vices of a weak or small character were absolutely unknown to him. These things could only impress him through artful insinuations, or apparently frank confidences, such as poisoned the air he breathed, while that girl partook of its atmosphere. Common slander he would have rebuked; open charges he was sure to investigate. But Rhoda ventured on none of these. She hinted at confidences that nothing would tempt her to betray; at the necessity for great watchfulness on her part, that the honor of the family should not be betrayed, or suffer from the proud confidence of its head in the integrity of those about him.

The confession that Grace had just made confirmed these hints into certainties, rather than abated them, and the blackness of many hoarded suspicions was in the frown bent upon that fair girl, as she stood trembling before him, with truth on her lips, and trouble in her eyes.

"This is open disobedience," he said, sternly.

"No, father. I have said it was an accident."

"People do not stop to speak without premeditation, and cannot meet often by accident."

Grace drew her lithe figure up with a touch of true dignity. In her way, she could be proud as the man before her.

"Father, I have told you nothing but the truth. Is your own child likely to depart from that?"

"Once I should have said no; but treason seems to have crept in even here."

"Oh, father!"

There was astonishment and pain in this cry. It went to the proud man's heart.

"Tell me every word that passed between you and this specious rebel. Let me judge of him from your own lips."

"I will, father, though it may offend you."

"No doubt. Go on."

"I had been sitting by mamma a long time. She insisted that I had a headache, and must go out for a walk. I did not care to go. Indeed, I did not. But she insisted, and I left her, but not till I had asked Rhoda to sit with mamma while I was absent. So I went out Chestnut street, toward the green fields.

"As I walked," she added, suppressing a sob, "a man on horseback came riding up the road, and passed me, lifting his hat, and bowing low. It was Gen. Arnold. He rode on beyond, then dismounted and led his horse. The fences were high, but it seemed to me that some person was with him. Then I walked on, thinking of the time when he was a constant visitor at our house."

"Why not?" interposed Mr. Kingsford. "The man never was more than half a traitor to his king."

"You did not care so much for these weary questions once, dear father."

"Because I scorned the efforts these plebeian statesmen and generals were making. Because, perhaps, in some degree, I liked the men. But rebellion is showing a front in these latter days, which all true friends of the government must recognize with indignation. No man who fights for this rebellion, or speaks in its behalf, shall ever find a welceme under my roof, or hold social intercourse with any member of my family."

Grace unconsciously clasped her hands in the appeal she dared not make in words.

Mr. Kingsford saw the unconscious movement, and steeled his heart against it.

"Well, I presume it was not to see Gen. Arnold ride by that you waited on the road?"

"Waited? I did not do that, but was returning, when other hoofs sounded on the road. It was Mr. Barringford, coming toward the city. What could I do? Not turn back again, that would have been to meet him; so I walked on, never once looking up till he was by my side. How could I help speaking to him then? He had been our friend so long, and, oh, father, I loved him so. Forgive me! Forgive me! For if it is a crime, I am a great sinner!"

"You are a perverse, foolish girl," answered Kingsford, impatiently. "Well, so far as this, you were less culpable than I supposed. There was no arranged meeting, then."

"I did not dream of seeing him when I went out. How should I? Had you not forbidden me to meet him, or to write?"

Kingsford looked at his daughter keenly, some suspicion, half dispersed by her frankness, still lingered in his mind. But in his soul he loved the girl; and how could he look into those soft, frank eyes, and distrust her?

"Still you did speak with him?"

"A few words."

"And those words?"

"I cannot repeat them all. One does not remember," answered the girl, blushing painfully under her father's searching glance.

"But he dismounted and walked by your side in a public thoroughfare?"

"Yes."

"And urged you, no doubt, to break over all bounds, and defy the authority of a tyrannical father."

Grace lifted her eyes bright with eager denial.

"No father, he said nothing of the kind. Nor a word that would have angered you. Only—only that nothing could ever change him, and that I was to be patient and faithful. That was all, except that he spoke so tenderly of mamma."

Mr. Kingsford turned away: that gentle girl had subdued the resentment with which he had at first accosted her. She followed and touched his hand.

"Father, you are no longer angry with me?"

"No, child! Only be careful that nothing of the kind happens again," was the relenting answer.

The kindly tones in his voice brought tears into the girl's eyes. She bent her head and timidly kissed the hand that lingered in hers.

That moment Rhoda Clyde came into the library with a book in her hand. Seeing the father and child together, she hesitated. But Grace left the room.

"You have spoken with her?" said Rhoda, gliding toward a book-case. "No doubt she denied it."

"On the contrary, she admits that Barringford met her on the road, by accident."

"Only by accident," rejoined Rhoda, with a faint smile. "I fancied that she must have seen me. Now I am certain of it."

The frown came back to Kingsford's face, and he began to walk up and down the library with unceasing restlessness. At last he paused.

"I do not think there is more in this than my daughter herself admits," he said.

Rhoda was busy at one of the book-cases, and hesitated to answer.

"You seem to have doubts yet."

"No, I never have doubts of one thing," answered the girl, smiling. "And that is, that great love can cloud the finest intellect in the world. We do not find a Brutus in every father."

"You have seen something more. You——"

"No, no. I only spoke in a general way; but it certainly is true that great minds are the most easily deceived. The low cunning, which is the wisdom of cowards and children, lies at all times beneath their comprehension. How can they guard against motives and actions so far beneath the level of their own thoughts that they are never looked for?"

"You mean to say——"

"That our dear Grace is terribly in love with this young traitor, whose will is stronger than hers; and such accidents, as she calls this meeting, are at least dangerous, unless you have made up your mind to accept him as a son-in-law.'

"That never can happen," was the stern rejoinder.

"Certainly not, if you can help it. But——"

"Help it! Has a father no authority?"

"Over a child who shares his pride, and feels the value of his position, yes. But a young creature, just out of the school-room, can hardly appreciate the inheritance of greatness, which she will prize at its full worth in after years. With her, love is supreme."

Mr. Kingsford had checked his walk, and stood before the girl, searching her face.

"You have been watchful over my child during her mother's illness."

"Very watchful, and very tender of her. Can you doubt that? Loving her so much, and owing everything to your bounty, how could I do less——"

Kingsford lifted his hand impatiently.

"Do not speak of bounty, child. Are you not of the same race and blood of my own daughter? There can be no bounty between us—at least with me."

"But with me!"

A slow pallor spread over Rhoda's face as she said this; and a third party might have seen that in those few words lived a bitter meaning which Mr. Kingsford was, in his munificence, incapable of understanding. The girl had said truly, there is something in the craft of mean spirits more dangerous than open strife, because greatness never stoops to the comprehension of such natures, and, where it does comprehend, despises them too much for prudent safeguard.

Strong men crush serpents, but allow smaller reptiles to swarm unheeded; yet the bite of a spider is sometimes as fatal as the fang of a rattlesnake. Even while looking into Rhoda Clyde's face, her kinsman and benefactor failed to read the bitter feeling of dependence that turned it so white.

"I am sure that you love my girl, and, being a woman, have opportunities of knowing what is best for her. I do not wish to act as a spy upon the child, but if you know anything likely to lead her into peril, it is but just that I should be informed."

I cannot describe the subtle intonation of voice, or the deprecating glance which gave a vicious eloquence to what, in words, seemed a generous answer to this appeal.

"Neither is it my wish to betray anything the dear girl may do. If I have given you a hint of her meetings with this young traitor, it was against every impulse of my heart."

"I am sure of that, Rhoda. It does not become the men or women of our line to hold surveillance over each other; some better way must be found to break up this entanglement."

"That can never be, while Barringford is in the rebel Congress, and my sweet cousin in the neighborhood," said Rhoda, with placid thoughtfulness. "She cannot be safe from his pursuit in a city thronged with traitors."

A fox-like side-glance was cast upon the face of Mr. Kingsford, as Rhoda ventured upon this hint, and her eyes lighted when she saw the swift gleam of some new idea break slowly over it.

"You are right. Philadelphia is hardly the place where a loyal gentleman can breathe freely, since the rebel Congress has been here; nor is a fair girl, with the prospects of my daughter, safe among the malcontents."

"Any one of whom, under their democratic leveling system, thinks himself her peer," said Rhoda.

"But where can she escape them?"

"Hardly anywhere, unless it be in the neighborhood of some city kept loyal by British troops. There, indeed, she would not only escape these rebel attentions, but meet the chivalry of England, peers, with the sons of peers, and might choose among the highest. But here the presence of such men is impossible."

Kingsford shook his head.

"Our soldiers are just driven out from Boston. New York is in the hands of Washington and his hordes, and here the rebel Congress pretends to hold authority."

A faint smile crept up to Rhoda's lips, but she suppressed it sharply. The time had not come when she could speak without betraying her sources of information.

"I understand how hopeless the idea is, and did but speak of it as a possible thing in the changes of war," she said.

"I only wish it were possible; for the presence of these men, who call themselves patriots, and talk like emperors, makes this, my old home, repulsive to me."

"But just now it is the safest place," said Rhoda. "Except for Grace. The very safest."

With these gentle words, Rhoda Clyde left the library with the look of a person who carried heavy burdens with her, which she must share with no one.

As Rhoda was passing through the hall, Old Nelse came softly in at the back entrance, and

made a sign, that arrested her with one foot on the stairs.

"Miss Rhoder, dat am de fust letter. De boy I told you ob jes handed it ter me, to drap in as I was a goin' strait by der sloop as am ready to sail for York. In course, I was hangin' 'bout, wid de fish; and dat boy was so blamed lazy, he was safe sure to hand 'em over. Here it am. Look at 'em quick, miss, 'cause I's bound ter git ter dat sloop 'fore she sails, 'cordin' ter promise."

Rhoda took the letter, and telling the old negro to wait, ran up stairs. Once in her own room, she locked the door, went to her desk, and taking a pen-knife from it, passed the blade dexterously under the dainty little seal, on which some fanciful device was pressed into the pale-green wax. Her hand had been steady enough as she performed this treacherous act, but it shook like a reed as she unfolded the letter, and read it swiftly from beginning to end. Twice she read it through, with growing excitement, then carefully fastened the seal again; and, softly unlocking the door, ran noiselessly down stairs.

"Here, Nelse, is the letter. I only wanted to see who it was for. Be sure and give it to the right person, and in time, and say nothing."

"Ole Nelse hain't forgot 'bout dat shawl, miss. I 'clare, Sal's jes gone crazy ober it!"

"Never mind, never mind. Make haste with the letter."

While Nelse was fastening the letter under the lining of his old three-cornered hat, Rhoda hurried up stairs again, flung herself on the couch, and clasping both hands over her head, reviewed its contents in her mind with keen satisfaction.

"Does he know of this? If not, I have a new net to weave. If yes, the old idea is easy enough. Oh, it is wonderful, when one is resolved on a thing, how events crowd toward it! Who would have believed this? It may chance that my fair lady will do half my work. At any rate, I thank her! I thank her!"

Up from the couch Rhoda sprang, too keenly excited for rest in any form, and roved around the room, passing back and forth in feverish haste, her cheeks burning with hot carnation, and her eyes full of subtle flame. Sometimes she would clasp and unclasp her hands as she walked; sometimes fold them together tightly, and fall into thought, smiling always, and at times breaking into a low laugh.

By-and-by she calmed herself, and went softly to Mrs. Kingsford's room, where Grace sat with her mother.

They were talking of the new trouble that had fallen upon the girl, and sat, with clasped hands, tenderly regarding each other, when Rhoda came in, and softly cast her arms around the girl.

"Don't fret about it, darling," she said. "I saw all that happened, myself, and told your father about it, after he had heard from some mischief-maker. He believes all that you said, now."

The color mounted into the pale face of Mrs. Kingsford, and burned up into the girl's forehead. Both felt the sting of this speech, and a thrill of indignation passed from one white hand to the other. Did Mr. Kingsford doubt Grace, and believe Rhoda?

"I was walking out; for, after listening at the door here, I felt sure that our sweet mother slept, and would not disturb her. Well, I followed, intending to join you, Grace, when Mr. Barringford rode up. Then I turned down the cross-road."

"Down which General Arnold was riding," said Grace, quickly; for she remembered that this officer had dismounted in the road, and seemed to be conversing with some one.

"Was he? Then he must have ridden fast; for I saw nothing of him," answered Rhoda, in whose face the color deepened. "But who is that coming now? Some horseman at a swift gallop. He turns this way! He passes between the lions! It is some one with news!"

Grace sprang to her feet. Mrs. Kingsford arose fully from her couch, and looked through the window, wondering. Both girls hurried down stairs, and reached the hall just as the door opened, and the horseman leaped from his saddle.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE DEAD BABY.

BY MAGGIE M'CLINTOCK.

Down by her grave is singing
A bird in plumage gray;
His tones sad memory bringing
Of her, the loved, away.

Sing softly! Oh, sing sweetly!
Make music o'er her grave;
'Mong daisies nodding meekly,
Where grass and violets wave.

O'er head a weeping willow
Waves gently to and fro;
While I, above her pillow,
Bend in my grief and woe.

She's safe! My babe is sleeping,
With hands clasped softly o'er
A bosom, where the heart-throbs
Are hushed forevermore.

A COTTAGE TRAGEDY.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

It was a finished poem, that cottage; made, too, like a poem, out of nothing; converted from a sort of shanty on the edge of the woods, the residence of a wild Arab tribe of O'Flaherty's, whose over-full quiver of the poor man's blessings were a constant affliction to their neighbors, to a rustic lodge. where poets and artists might rejoice to live. We had done it all ourselves, too, and done it well, because we were women.

We had been obliged, of course, to see a greasy coat or two hung on our front fence for days in succession, while the owners put our very irregular grounds into some sort of order; and trees had to be hewn down here and there, every stump of which was instantly converted into a rustic flower-vase; and the garden had to be laid out and planted first, to give us a fair start. One obstinate rocky mound, that could neither be moved nor ignored, was, by a sudden flash of inspiration, transmuted into a rockery. Ferns, and all manner of pretty wild things, were planted over it; and we congratulated each other upon being on the outskirts of the woods. Afterward, however, we changed our minds. The wild things took kindly to the soil, and in many instances, were prettier than what we bought of the florist.

Meanwhile, our house was unique, and so pretty, as we told each other every hour in the day. We had furnished it principally with packing-boxes, with the addition of a few such trifles as creton, small mattresses, Swiss muslin, pink and blue ribbons, etc., and thereby developed a gift for upholstering that, but for the circumstance of going to housekeeping with next to nothing to spend for furniture, might have kept company with that countless array of gems of purest ray serene, and flowers that are born to blush unseen. To be sure, the nature of our belongings required us to move among them as carefully as though they had been made of glass, or were likely to vanish like the baseless fabric of a dream; and each day was sandwiched between an immense amount of folding and unfolding, tying and untying, putting up and taking down; but, so far as mere prettiness went, they were certainly very pretty.

It was really exciting to take old kitchen chairs, and paint them a bright vermilion, putting in seats of broad scarlet and white worsted braid; or to convert a fossil remain from some one's great-grandmother's parlor into an ebony affair, with a stripe of dead gold. But dabbling in vermilion is almost as dangerous as the tiger's taste of blood, and we found it difficult to refrain from giving everything a coat of melted sealing-wax. Shellac, too, is a delusion and a snare; and one of us was found walking in her sleep, with the varnish-bottle and brush in hand, just about to try its virtues on the countenance of her unsuspicious relative.

Aside from our creative faculties, our cottage may be said to have been furnished from other people's garrets; and while collecting together our household gods, we found ourselves casting covetous eyes on every piece of furniture that looked at all out of the common way. The possessive pronoun, applied to a local habitation, was particularly fascinating to Bohemians like ourselves, who had hitherto haunted city boarding-houses, until the obliging demise of a distant relative somewhere in the western wilds put us in possession of an elegant insufficiency, on the strength of which we became landed proprietors; for the cottage was offered to us for "a mere song," and we had strong hankerings after a roof of our own.

So, after singing the song, which meant making quite a hole in our bank-stock, we set about transforming our purchase with such womanly energy, that we were soon regarded as the especial torments of all the shiftless men in the neighborhood, who professed to do odd jobs. They did not like being interrupted in the amusing occupation of twirling their thumbs to do things right off, or not at all. "Just like women!" they grumbled; and, with an injured expression of countenance, they crawled about their tasks, and accomplished about as much in a day as we could have done in two hours, had we been gifted with the physical strength.

But things got done somehow; and having worked like bees inside of the house, and provided ourselves with the traditional "respectable woman," who seems to be the indispensable appendage to such households, we were ready to stop existing, and begin to live. So delicious as that first meal, under our own roof, tasted, though it consisted of bread and butter, and round hearts, eaten off a packing-box; and we

felt very much like children playing "baby-house."

By-and-by, visitors came; visitors from palatial mansions, who assured us that our little nest was charming; "so like things one sees abroad." But one lady, an envious sort of person, after glancing rather superciliously at our rockery and ferns, and other rural belongings, asked, carelessly,

"And you don't feel afraid here, with all these dark woods so near?"

"Afraid!" We laughed at the idea. We never thought of such a thing. Every one told us that it was such a particularly safe place.

"Every place is safe," replied the visitor, sententiously, "until something happens."

Now, wasn't it hateful of her? We had very little peace after that; and although one side of the cottage was close upon the road, we could not forget that the other was in the shadow of the woods. It was a one-storied affair, too. Our sleeping-room was down stairs, and up stairs was only an attic, where the respectable woman enjoyed the sound slumbers of the unimaginative.

On the night of the very day when we had been aroused to a sense of our unprotected state, our fears culminated. Dot pooh-poohed them, to be sure, and pretended not to be disturbed in the least. But the conviction that we were destined to have our throats cut in the silence of the night, was gaining upon me. I glared about, uneasily, in the moonlight; but the trees only cast quiet shadows over the road, and the vines trembled a little in the night air.

I was roused, finally, from a half-sleep, by a subdued sound of voices under the window, and an ague-fit immediately took possession of me. I shook and shook; the very bed was shaken under me, and I wondered that it didn't waken Dot.

The wretches outside were probably discussing the easiest means of effecting an entrance, of course, with the object of plunder, and I immediately ran over in my mind an inventory of our available possessions. "Your silver, or your life!" would, doubtless, be the war-cry; and I thought, with a groan, of our great-grandmother's tea-pot, that had been an object of worship in the family ever since I could remember; and a hideous-looking idol it was. There was not much else beside spoons, forks, and a few trifles. But if the worst came to the worst, we could make a stand upon that tea-pot. Perhaps we had better follow the example of the lone lady, who nightly placed her silver in a basket at the foot of the first stair-case, with a note requesting burglars to decamp quietly with their booty, and not molest the inmates. If we could only rouse Matilda in her attic! And what a desirable sleeping-place that attic seemed to be just then! But I dared not attempt to move.

Presently, Dot whispered,

"Are you awake?"

"Yes," I replied, with chattering teeth, "I have been awake for an hour."

"So have I. What can we do?"

"Bid each other farewell, like the Babes in the Woods," was my cheerful reply, as I drew the bed-clothes over my head, "and depart this life with what grace we may."

"Priscilla Driftwood!" exclaimed Dot, bouncing up in bed, with flashing eyes, "I'm perfectly ashamed of you! Depart this life, indeed! After all we've done to get settled in a home of our own. Let them take the silver, and welcome; it isn't at all likely that they want us. But anything is better than this suspense."

And Dot was fairly out upon the floor, and at the *beaufet*, before I could stop her. The moonlight showed everything distinctly, and I felt, as I lay there shaking and helpless, that I was living in a story, and that all these incidents were purely imaginative. I read lately of a heroine who was described as "a graceful young lady, with a wealth of golden hair." My sister Dot was all this, and much more, as she flitted about with the softening grace of moonlight upon her face; and, wrapping herself in a scarlet shawl, she grasped the teapot, and ran to the window.

Two men were there, and a wagon—they were fully equipped for their unrighteous spoils; and with a spasm of courage, Dot threw up the sash, and, thrusting the teapot at them, gasped out,

"Take it quickly, and be off! There is nothing else in the house worth taking."

One of the burglars immediately raised his hat, and came nearer; the other stared at the apparition with a vacant grin on his face.

"Sure, an' it's crazy she is, intirely," he muttered, with a decided brogue.

"Go this instant!" continued Dot, getting very indignant. "I tell you we have nothing else for you, and you have nearly killed my sister!"

"We are really very sorry," said the taller of the two. "But we are in considerable trouble, and would be glad to know if there is any gentleman about the house?"

"None that is awake," replied Dot, with great caution, as she looked steadily at the speaker.

But he began to laugh; and, to my great amazement, Dot laughed, too.

"There certainly is a mistake here," said the gentleman, who had changed his opinion as to

her being a lunatic. "We have met with a serious accident in the breaking down of the wagon, and were discussing the propriety of asking for help, not knowing that your house was occupied only by ladies. Pray, pity the sorrows of a poor young man, and forgive the alarm that I would not, for worlds, have caused you."

Here I came to the rescue, having poetically attired myself in a disreputable wrapper that should have been in the rag-bag long ago, and with my hair screwed into an ugly little knot on top of my head; but of all this I only became conscious when it was too late. It did not seem enough that I had been named Priscilla. I was fated always to appear at a disadvantage; while the name of Dorothy could not crush my more favored sister.

We finally came to an understanding; and now that the veil of terror was lifted from our eyes, our burglars resolved themselves into a very nice-looking young gentleman, and his Hibernian charioteer—the former of whom had lost the night-train a mile or two off, and had engaged the latter to drive him to his father's residence, about ten miles distant. But Patrick's vehicle gave out unexpectedly, and retired on the disabled list just in front of our domicil; and after discussing the matter awhile, and almost preparing to spend the night in the road, they had just decided to pull our bell, when Dot made such an unexpected onset upon them with the silver teapot.

Mr. Irving expressed his thanks for the article so generously offered, but could not see that it would be particularly useful in this emergency; and Dot retired in great confusion.

The travelers were directed to a house of entertainment for man and beast, about half a mile off; and, with many thanks and apologies, our new acquaintance departed.

"I declare," exclaimed Dot, as we sought our couch again for what remained of the night, "I have a great mind to throw that horrid old teapot out of the window; such an absurd figure as I must have cut with it!"

"You need not mind the teapot," I groaned. "Think of my wrapper! The first rag-man that comes along shall have it."

In a day or two Mr. Irving came, and brought his mother—a charming elderly lady, who seemed to take us at once under her wing, and condoled with us in the most motherly fashion on the fright we must have suffered. But all this was to Dot, of course; I only came in as make-weight; for my hair didn't "ripple to my waist" on that eventful night, nor did I have presence of mind enough to put on a picturesque shawl. Such a picture, Mrs. Irving said, had been drawn for her; but I didn't sit for the portrait.

Our fascinating visitor went into quite an ecstasy over the cottage, but said that she did not think it right for us to live there. Her son proved to be of the same opinion; but a great many shadows were cast by the event which resulted in the breaking-up of our cozy nest.

Having a fatal gift for overhearing things not intended for the public, I, one afternoon, caught the words:

"You told me, at our first meeting, Dot, that there was nothing in the house worth taking but the silver teapot. I quite disagreed with you, but I did not dare to say so then. Will you give me what I think the greatest valuable of all?"

Of course, he carried off Dot. And that ended the tragedy.

HERE AND HEREAFTER.

BY VICTOR SMITH.

What matter that the way is dark,
And hushed may be the laughter,
That sorrows often here abound,
If joy but comes hereafter?
With weary step and aching heart,
We meet some new disaster;
We bear it all, though grieved we are,
And hope for joy hereafter.

Pleasures and pain are strangely mixed,
Here, in this world of ours;
Tares often grow amidst the wheat,
And thorns amidst the flowers.
But think what joy for us 'twill be,
These earthly chains to sever,
To drink the cup from dregs all free,
And part from pain forever.

Clouds often here obscure the sun;
Our faith should grow the stronger;
The sunlight, sure, will come again,
If we wait a little longer.
Our burdens may be hard to bear,
But grief may change to laughter;
Though sorrows often may come here,
May joy but come hereafter.

Father, to Thee we render thanks
For many blessings given;
Father, on Thee we lean for strength
And guidance unto heaven.
When we have borne our cross as far
As Thou wouldst have us bear it,
A crown, methinks, awaits us there,
If we are fit to wear it.

siderable friction, with the hand or coarse cloth, till the skin is thoroughly dry. The clothing should be warm in winter, and during the changeable spring months; the neck always to be kept covered, and flannel worn next the skin, very light during the summer, but thick in winter; whilst hot rooms, and excessive bed-clothing must be avoided.

The diet should be light, nourishing, but not stimulating or indigestible; and the bowels must never be permitted to become overloaded or constipated in those predisposed to these complaints. Finally, it is advisable for those living in damp houses, or low, wet situations, who are rearing children, to get out of them as soon as possible.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS.

Irish Stew.—Take a well-hung loin of mutton, and a few kidneys. Cut the mutton in chops, trimming the fat off. Cut the kidneys small; flour, and put in a pan with a little butter, a good quantity of sliced onion, carrot, and turnip. Fry a light brown, add water, cover closely, and stew for two hours. Have some potatoes boiled, add them to the stew, and let them simmer a little longer. You may add a little essence of celery, or port wine, or catchup. But Irish stew is essentially a plain dish, and best served so.

Dormers, (Cold Meat Cookery.)—Chop one pound of cold mutton, three ounces of beef suet, pepper and salt to taste, four ounces of boiled rice, one egg, and bread-crumbs. Mix these ingredients well together, and roll in sausages; cover them with egg and bread-crumbs, and fry, in hot dripping, to a nice brown. Serve in a dish, with gravy poured over them, and a little in a tureen.

Calf's-Heart, Roasted.—Put the heart in lukewarm water for an hour, then wipe it dry; stuff it with a nice and highly-seasoned veal stuffing or forcemeat. Cover it with buttered paper, and set it down to roast in a good oven, from half an hour to an hour, depending on the size. Serve it with any good gravy.

VEGETABLES.

Steamed Rice.—Wash the rice well; let it soak about an hour in lukewarm water; stir in a teaspoonful of salt. Set the dish in a steamer, over a kettle of boiling water, and steam one hour. Stir two or three times. Add no water after it begins to cook: but when put in the steamer, let there be as much water in the dish as will cover the rice to the depth of a quarter of an inch. If properly cooked, this rice will be light, dry, and no two kernels will stick together.

Spinach.—Pick and wash perfectly clean two or three pounds of spinach; put it into a sauce-pan, with a little water, and let it boil till quite done. Turn it out in a hair sieve to drain. Throw the water away, and pass the spinach through the sieve. Put a good lump of butter into a sauce-pan, with a pinch of flour. Mix well, add the spinach, pepper and salt to taste, and a little milk. Stir well, and serve.

Potatoes a la Maitre d'Hotel.—Steam, peal, and cut the potatoes in rather thick slices, which put on a plate, and put in the oven. Melt a little butter in a pan, to which add a good pinch of chopped parsley, salt, pepper, and a small pinch of grated nutmeg. Put on a good fire for two or three minutes, stirring the while. Pour on the hot potatoes, stir the whole gently together, and serve as warm as possible.

Maccaroni.—Take a little fresh maccaroni, and place it in a sauce-pan with boiling water; add a little salt. Keep boiling from fifteen to twenty minutes. Take it from fire, serve on dish, adding a small lump of butter, and tomato-sauce, if desired, and pepper. Or the above makes a most serviceable dish with a small piece of meat. *For a Pudding.*—Take the Genoa form, (twisted,) place in boiling water, boiling from fifteen to twenty minutes; strain off water, and place maccaroni in a hot dish. Take three eggs, beat up, adding a lump of fresh butter, nutmeg, and white sugar, according to taste; pour in cold milk; beat up all together. When thoroughly mixed, add boiling milk. Take maccaroni, place in basin, cooking same in a slow oven. This pudding, iced, is delicious.

DESSERTS.

Cup Custards.—For ten cups, put into a sauce-pan five ounces of chocolate, broken into small pieces; pour upon it, slowly, a pint and a half of milk; add three ounces of sugar. Let it boil until it thickens, and then take it off the fire. Break into a basin the yolks of five and the whites of two eggs. Beat them up a little, and pour them gently into the cream, stirring all the time. Pass it all through a *tamis*, or a piece of muslin, and pour it into the custard-cups. Place all the cups in a large sauce-pan full of cold water; put it on the fire until the water boils. Let it boil until the cream is sufficiently thick, then take it off, and leave the cups in the water until cold. The cups should be of china that will not break, and sufficiently high to prevent the water from boiling into them. Vanilla cream is made in the same way, only instead of chocolate, boil a small piece of vanilla in the milk; add an extra egg, and one-third more sugar. It need not be passed through the muslin, but take out the vanilla.

Clear Arrow-root Sauce, for Puddings of Any Kind.—Boil, gently, for ten minutes, a quarter of a pint of water with the very thin rind of half a lemon, and an ounce and a half of loaf-sugar. Take out the peel, and stir a small teaspoonful of arrow-root mixed with the juice of a lemon. Take the sauce from the fire, and throw in nearly half a glass of pale French brandy. Maraschino, or any delicately-flavored liquor, may be substituted, or a large wineglassful of sherry. If the latter is used, increase slightly the proportion of arrow-root.

Earl Grey Pudding.—Three eggs, an equal weight of sugar and butter, and the weight of two eggs in flour. Melt the butter, and beat it to a cream. Beat the eggs well; mix them with the butter and sugar, beating the whole to a froth; then add the flour by degrees, and the rind of a lemon, chopped very finely. Beat it all together, and pour into a mould. Boil gently for an hour. This pudding requires as much beating as a sponge-cake. When properly made, it is delicious.

Lemon Pudding.—Beat well together four ounces of butter, creamed, and eight ounces of sifted sugar; to these add, gradually, the yolks of six and the whites of two eggs, to the strained juice of one large or two small lemons, with the grated rind. This last must be added by slow degrees, and stirred briskly with the other ingredients. Bake the pudding in a dish lined with thin puff-paste, for three-quarters of an hour, in a slow oven.

Another.—Boil the peel of a lemon in a quarter of a pint of milk. When cold, mix with it a spoonful of flour, then break five yolks of eggs into a stew-pan, with three ounces of sugar, two ounces of butter, and the juice of two small lemons. Turn them well on your stove, or hot plate, till they are hot, then add the milk, and turn it all on the stove till it is as thick as hasty pudding. Bake with a crust.

single-width material for the foundation, and eight yards of plaid will be required.

On the preceding page is a simple walking-costume made of tamise, or alpaca. It has two skirts, the lower one made just to touch and only three yards wide. It is trimmed on the bottom with a



broad-plaited flounce, headed by a bias band. The tunic is simply hemmed or faced, and is caught up at the back, and fastened by two groups of large bows and floating ends, the lower group finished by a sort of fan-shaped piece placed under the lower bow. Corsage "cuirasse," finished on the edge like the tunic. Sleeves coat-shape, finished at the hand by double-plaited frills, with a bias band between. Standing collar. Buttoned in front all the way down to the bottom of the corsage. Sixteen to eighteen yards of material required.

Above is a walking-costume of twilled gray serge. One of those pretty diagonal ones. The lower-skirt is very narrow in front, and ties back at the side gores: the back breadths, of which there are two, are somewhat longer than the last model, and sloped at the bottom, forming a very small demi-train. For trimming of this skirt there is first, a bias flounce, ornamented by four rows of



narrow worsted braid; above this, on the back breadths, are four poufs. The tunic is very long,



made to touch the top of the flounce on the under-skirt in front, and is caught up quite high at the

ling bird. Two other hats of the latest styles, and two head-dresses; one has the hair cut short across the forehead; the end falls over it as a fringe; at the back of the fringe the hair is turned back over a frisette. It is combed back from the temples, and at the top of the head an Apollo bow is fastened with a tortoise-shell pin. A shower of curls at the back; the ringlets, which are heavy ones, are of unequal length. The other has the hair in the centre of the forehead, cut short, and curled. At the temples the hair is combed toward the back of the head, and kept in place with combs having tortoise-shell balls at the top. The back hair is formed into loops above the forehead; these are continued into torsades, terminating as a catogan, with a single broad loop of smooth hair.

No absolutely new colors have been introduced this spring; but the grays, browns, creams, maizes, blues, greens, and pinks, are in such innumerable shades, and are so beautiful, that nothing is left to be wished for in color. As many as three shades of one color are often employed for one dress, or the material will be striped in three shades. Soft grays, soft browns, and creams, promise to be the most popular for street costumes. De bege, delaines, batistes, chales, grenadines, cambrics, and percales, are all of the new shades. The summer silks, cambrics, etc., are frequently in small, broken plaids, or in gingham plaids. The fashion of trimming with ruffles, and bands of flowered or plaid material, which is woven on the selvage, in percales and organdies, is again revived.

The Centennial year, and the Exhibition, have suggested the revival of the Martha Washington costume; so, dresses cut more open in the neck, in front, will be much worn, with pointed fichus, or handkerchiefs made of thin lawn, and trimmed with lace. With this style of costume, the elbow-sleeve, trimmed with lace or other ruffles, is necessary. This will possibly be an American fashion only, but a very pretty one, whilst abroad all styles that belong to the past are modified to suit present needs. Old lace, old jewelry, etc., are much sought after; and as the demand is much greater than the supply, the old laces and jewelry are copied with marvelous exactness.

The cuirass waist is still the most popular. Over-skirts are growing longer and longer, but are still worn, though their total disappearance has been so very often predicted. Dresses are still made clinging, and some exceedingly plain. One of the prettiest we have seen had a silk skirt of rather narrow brown and blue stripes, without any trimming, and a long Polonaise of India blue cashmere, finished only with a hem.

Wraps of all styles, to suit all ages and tastes, have appeared. Some of the prettiest are small circulars of light cloth, with pretty hoods lined with colored silk, and trimmed with a fringe. Dolmans, half-fitting and three-quarters fitting sacques, are also in favor.

Bonnets are in as great variety as dresses and wraps. All shapes that are becoming are popular, only no bonnet is worn very forward on the head. The least suspicion of gold, silver, or steel braid, is seen on some black chip or horse-hair bonnets. When sparingly used, this employment of the metals is very stylish; when too much used, it is exceedingly vulgar. Cashmere laces will be a good deal employed in trimming. Flowers are, as usual, very popular in the spring. Tulle, which has been abandoned for some years, has been revived for more dressy occasions.

Hats present almost as many varieties as bonnets. Turbans, the Derby hat, large soft, falling brims, and brims coming over the face, and turned up at the sides and back, will all be worn.

Head-Dresses.—The newest manner of arranging the hair is in torsades, one of which falls very low on the nape of the neck, in an extremely graceful manner. For evening parties, the Fontanges coiffure is the most charming. The hair is parted at the side, and waved in large, hollow crepes; or, if the hair is light, it is frizzed. Above this there is a band of ribbon-velvet, edged with a fringe of either gold, silver, or small pearls or diamonds. This ribbon is passed through a curl at the side, and then formed into a bow. There are loops of hair at the top of the head, and two ringlets at the back.

The Cambric Frillings of J. & J. Cash are an article that is fast becoming indispensable. It is an exceedingly durable and stylish trimming for ladies', children's, and infants' wardrobes. Manufactured, as it is, by the quantity, it can be bought for much less than if made at home, and is, therefore, to be recommended on the score of economy. We call attention to it here, however, as one of the latest of the fashion novelties.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. I.—Little Girl's Dress.—The frock is of brown cashmere, plain in front, and in kilt plaits at the back. Coat of brown and white cloth, of a very light make, which has the effect of a quilted cloth. The sash, at the back, which reaches from under the arms, is of thick brown ribbon; the collar, cuffs, and pockets, are of brown silk. Cap of brown silk.

Fig. II.—Dress of Violet and White Striped Mohair, for a Young Girl.—The skirt has a bias piece without any fullness at the bottom, headed by a puffing. The over-skirt is long in front, and very much drawn to the back, where it is finished with sheen, and fastened by loops of violet silk. The deep basque jacket is tight-fitting at the back, and a little looser in front, where it is deeper than at the back. Collar and pockets of violet silk. White chip hat, lined with violet, and trimmed with white daisies.

Fig. III.—Young Girl's Dress of Blue Silk.—The skirt is laid in kilt plaits; a sash, with fringed ends, falls over the back; close-fitting basques, edged with ecru worsted lace. The same trims the sleeves. Straw hat, trimmed with a white ostrich tip, and a band of blue velvet.

Fig. IV.—Boy's Costume of Gray Cloth.—The skirt and vest are buttoned down the entire front, and fit plainly. The skirt has kilt plaits at the back; the jacket falls away from the front, is made quite large, and has a wide collar. Gray straw hat.

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☞ Back numbers for 1873, 1874, and 1875, may be had of the principal agents, or of the publisher.

EMBROIDERED LOBSTER NAPKIN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

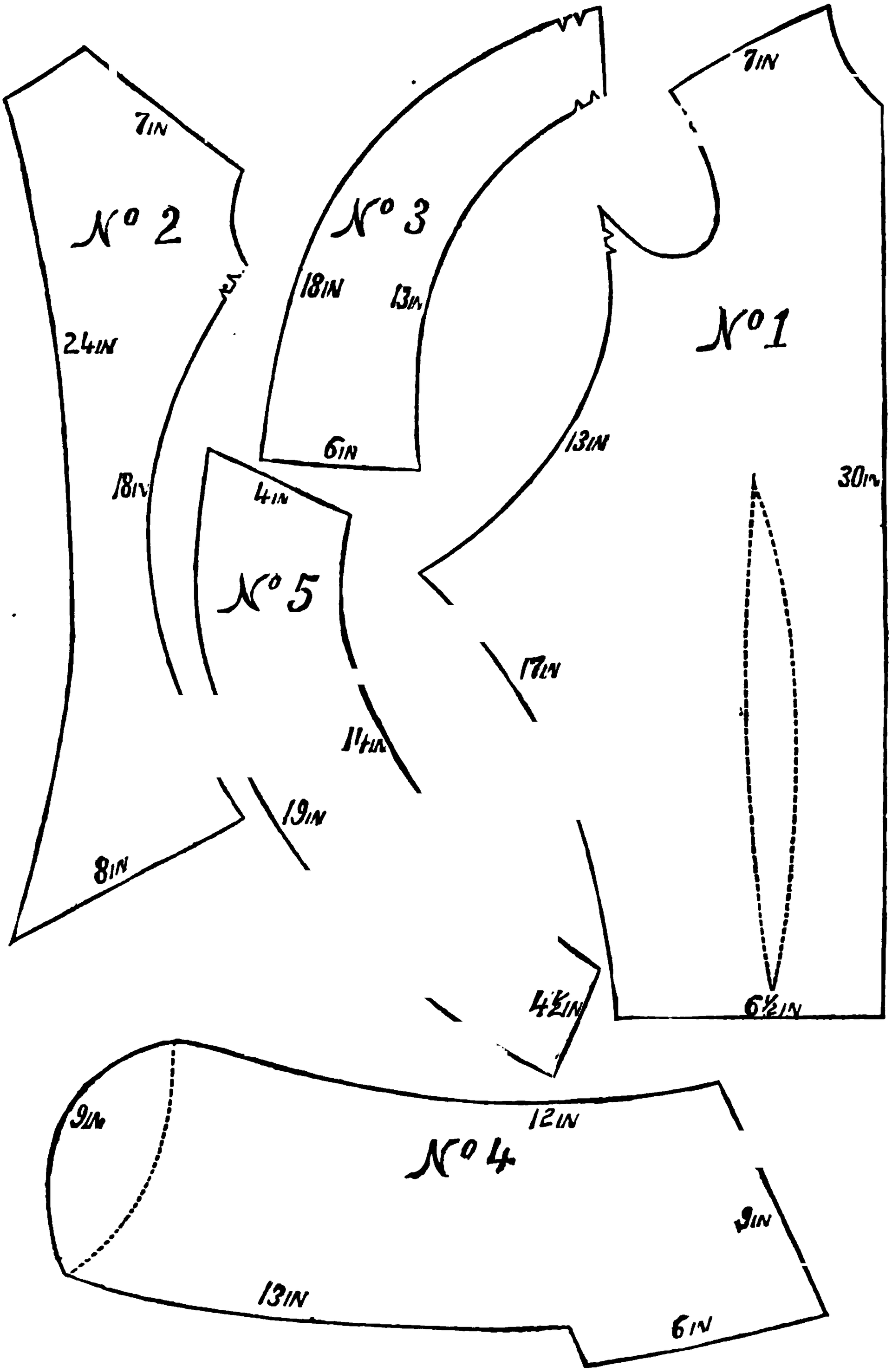
In the front of the number, we give a pattern for a lobster napkin, printed in the proper color. The design is worked on a linen napkin with scarlet cotton. The coral pattern is worked in satin stitch, or may be simply stitched: the shells and fishes are done in point russe or single stitch, and the napkin may either be hemmed, or the edges raveled out to form a fringe.

PROMENADE JACKET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, here, a new style promenade jacket, to be made of cashmere. On the next page we give a diagram, by which our lady subscribers can cut it out.



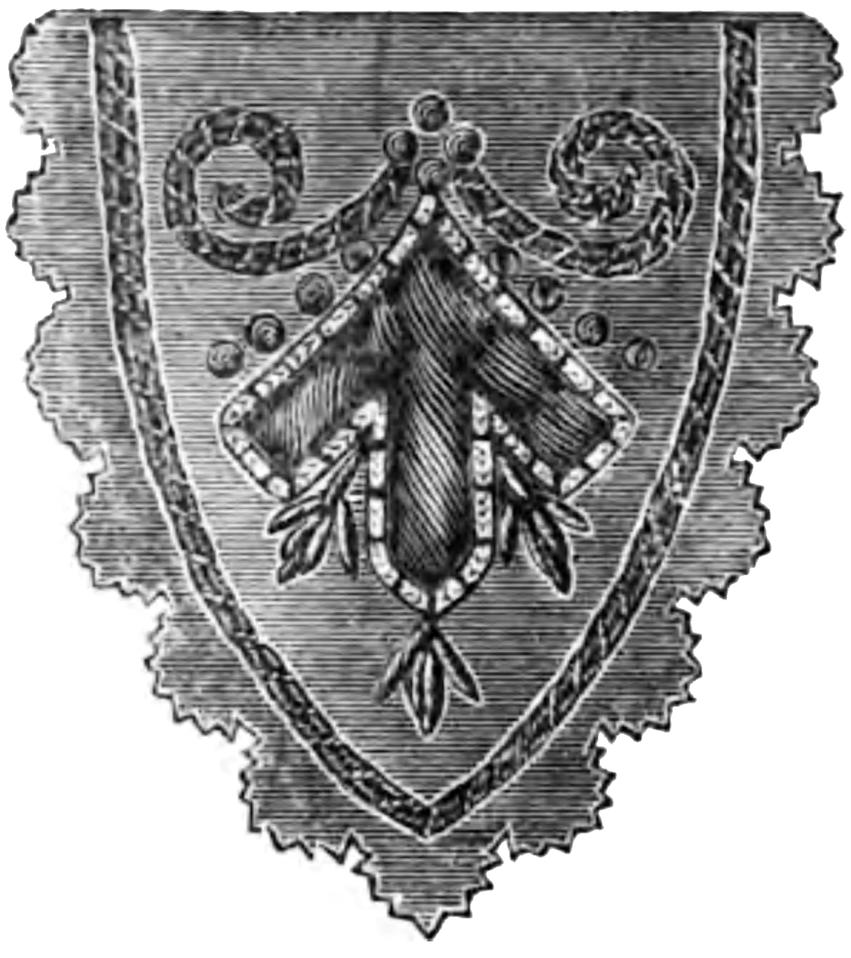
No. 1. HALF OF FRONT.
No. 2. HALF OF BACK.
No. 3. HALF OF SIDE-BACK.
No. 4. HALF OF SLEEVE.

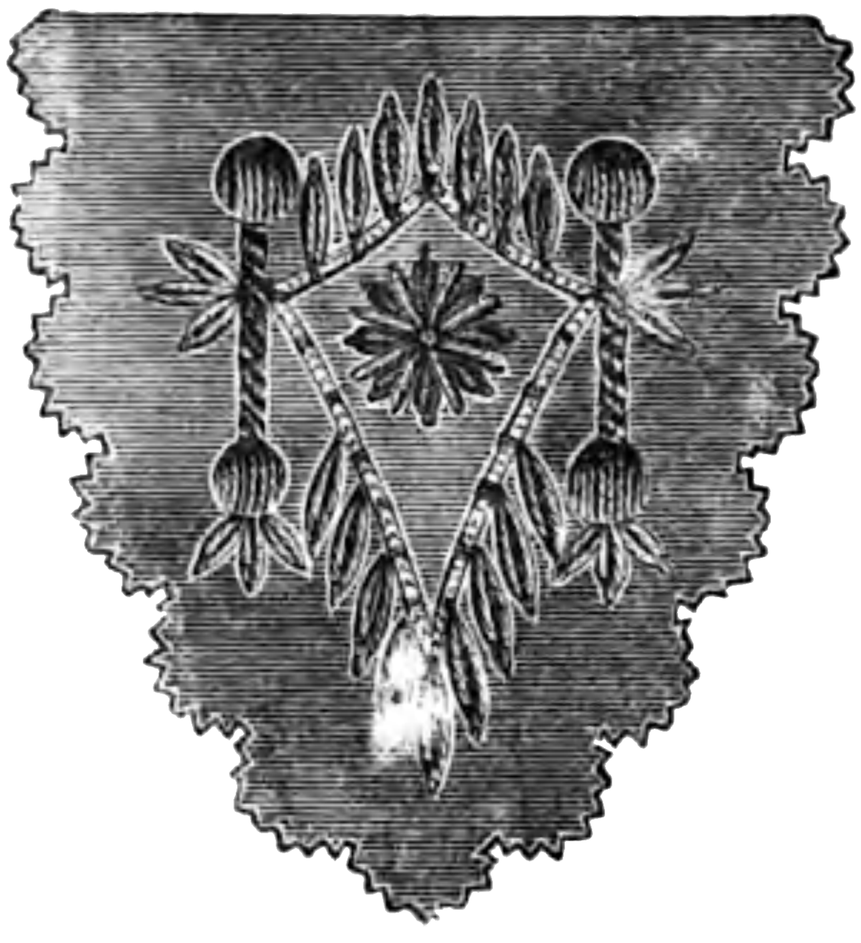
No. 5. HALF OF COLLAR.

Trim with braid, three rows all round; one row down the front to simulate a waistcoat. Fringe and buttons.

DRAPES IN APPLIQUE AND EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



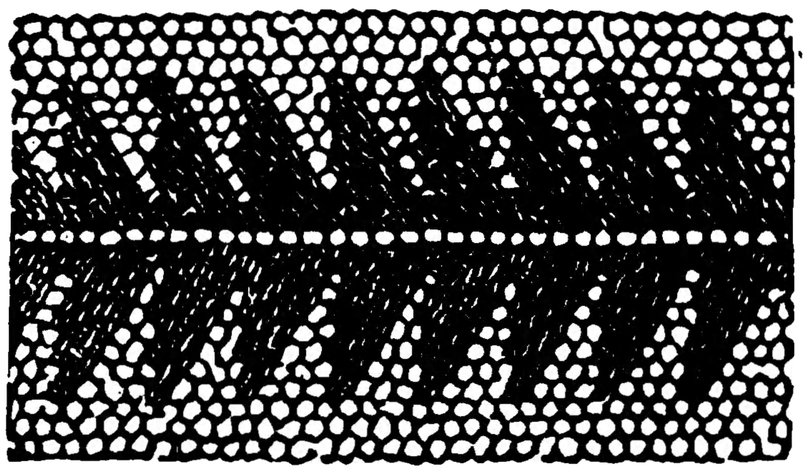


The drapes are suitable for ornamenting key-baskets, work-baskets, etc. The first design has a fawn-colored cloth ground; the centre is of violet velvet, edged with light blue braid. It is embroidered in long cording, and satin stitch in pale blue silk. The second design has a foundation of dark blue cloth, the centre of crimson silk, fastened down with very narrow pink braid. It is embroidered in satin, and long stitch in pink silk. The edges of each drape are pinked.

SILK EMBROIDERY FOR FLANNEL.



INSERTION—DARNED NET.



TIDY, DARNED ON NET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



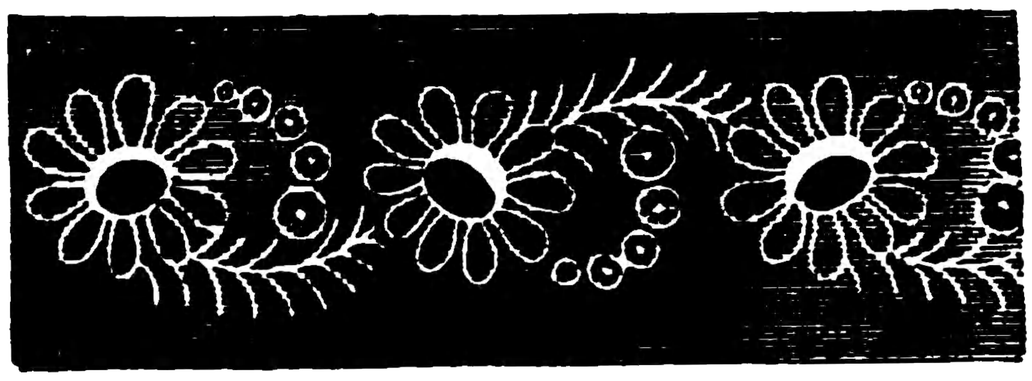
We give, here, a new design for these always popular affairs. Either coarse net or whitewashing canvas may be used; if the former, the design must be darned on with shiny flaxen thread; if the latter, it can be worked with wool.

INSERTION—WHITE EMRROIDERY.

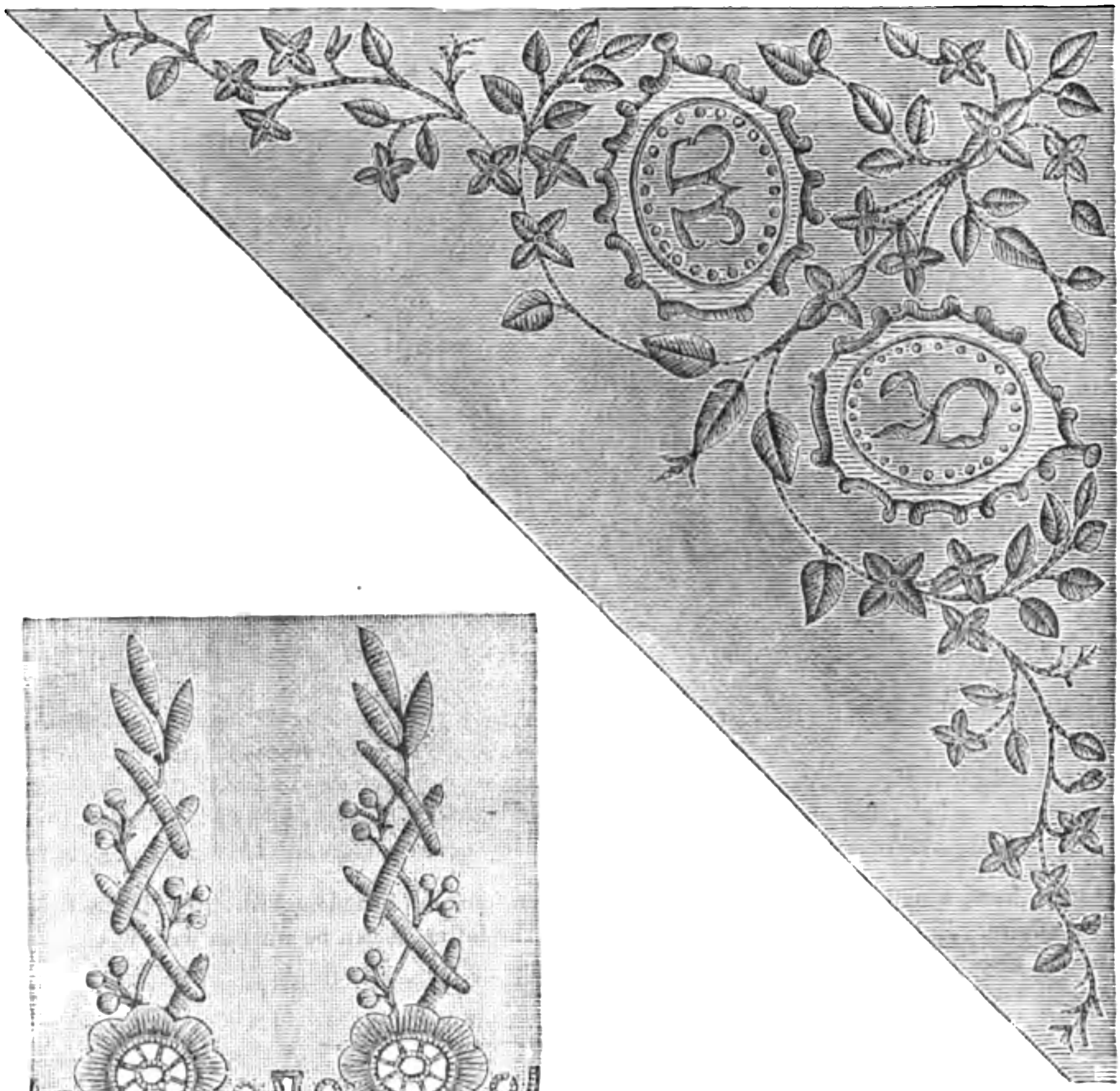
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



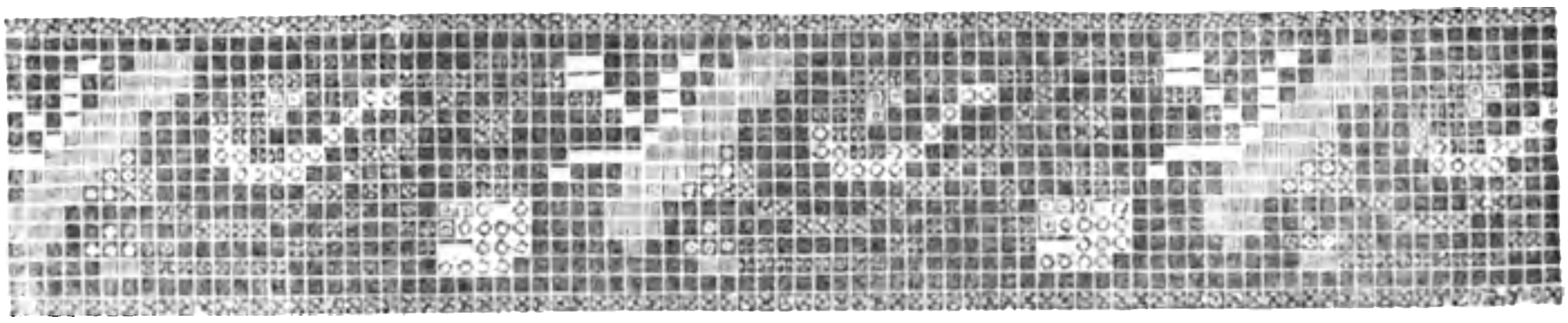
If worked on batiste or mull muslin these insertions will be found useful for collars and sleeves; but if linen be used, then they serve for trimming underlinen. They are embroidered in the usual manner, with satin stitch, point de sable, overcast, and eyelets.



EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEF-CORNER AND CRAVAT-END.

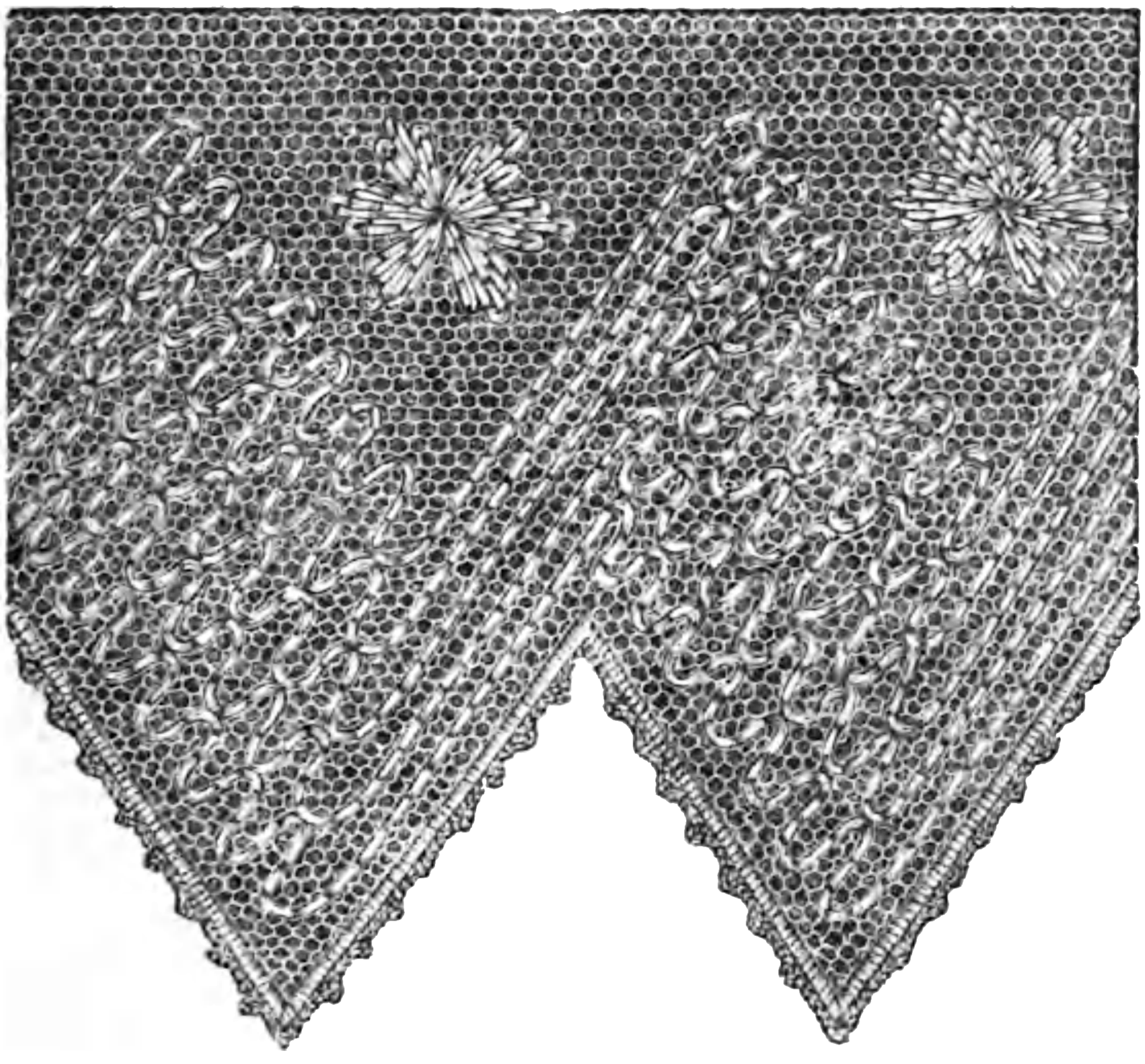


BORDERS FOR JAVA CANVAS.

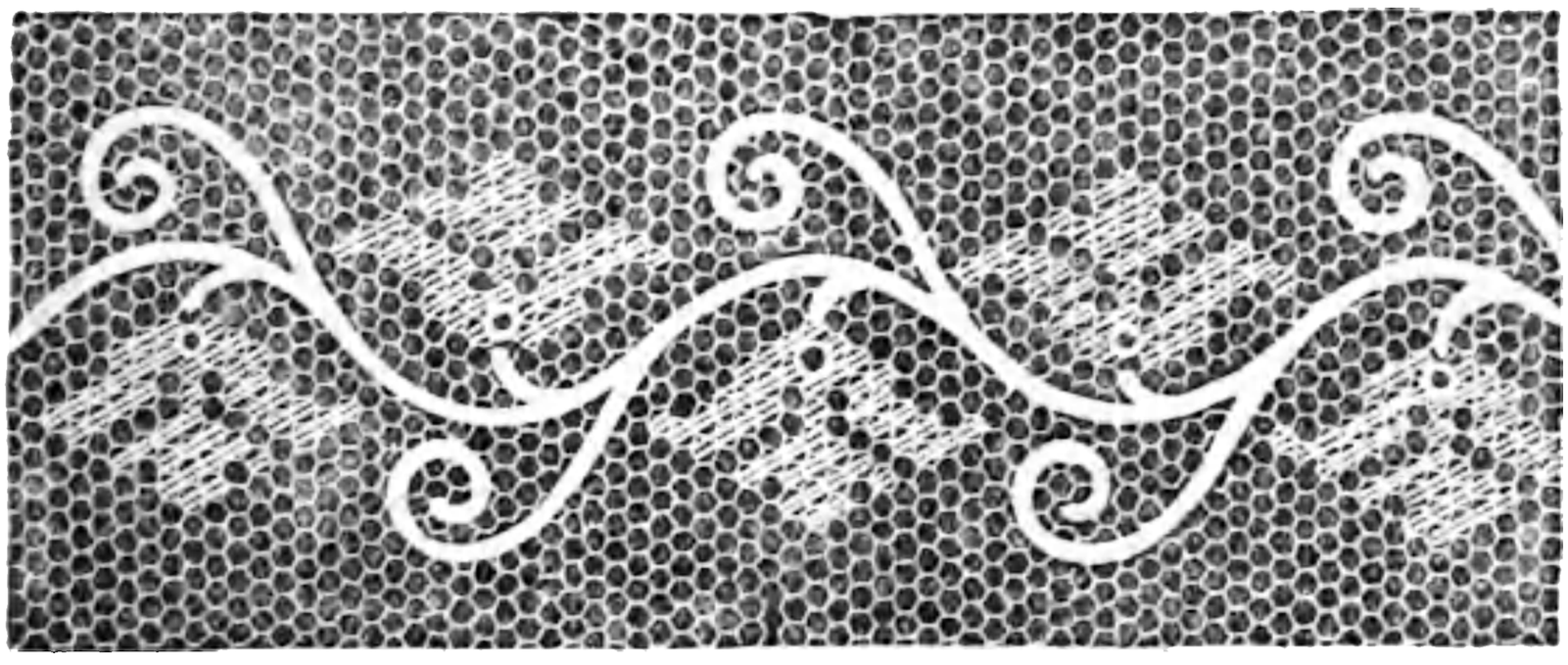


BORDER AND INSERTION IN DARNED NET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

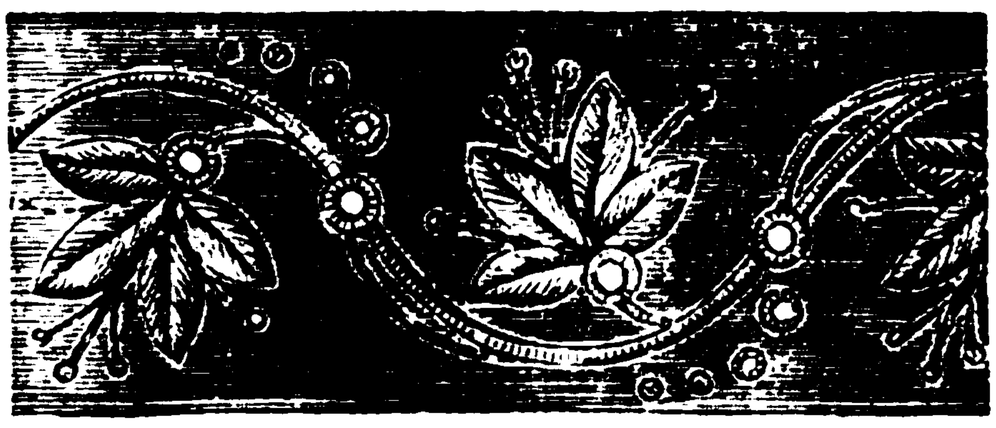


Use mosquito, or coarse bobbinet, and darn | the design in with coarse linen floss.



INSERTIONS IN SATIN-STITCH.





EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Dressmaking at Home.—To make "Auld claithes look amaist as weel as new," is an important part of dressmaking in families where economy is a necessary institution. To remodel an old dress, to make it a success, is sometimes a difficult matter, and a few hints may be acceptable to some of our lady readers. Take, for instance, a half-worn black silk and cashmere. The first thing to be done is to carefully rip up both skirts. The black silk, brush and shake very carefully; then take a basin of water, and squeeze the blue-bag into it until it is almost black; add a tablespoonful of spirits of ammonia. Spread the breadths, one at a time, upon a table, and sponge it thoroughly on both sides, then fold it carefully, and lay it on a clean towel. Proceed until you have all the breadths sponged; then roll them up tightly, and on the following day, iron them on what is to be the wrong side. By doing this you will avoid the stiffness which is so disagreeable in a cleaned silk. Do the cashmeres in the same way, only hang them up in the sun until they are nearly dry, then take them in and iron out the creases. It is always advisable to line an old silk skirt; nice crinoline should be selected, and each breadth lined separately; then sew them together. Face with a narrow facing of alpaca, and bind neatly with skirt-braid; the alpaca facing will throw off the dust, and from it mud can easily be brushed, whereas a muslin facing can never be nicely cleaned.

For our next step, making the over-dress out of the old cashmere, our supposed home dressmaker must be guided, as regards style, in a great measure by the amount of material she possesses, and the good condition of it. Having chosen the style of tablier, lay the pattern down on the material, and cut it out of the best parts. Some piecing will, no doubt, be necessary; but a little judgment and care will make this a success.

Now for the trimming. Nothing so well uses up bits of old material as the fashionable side plaitings, now so much in use. Cut these always straight, and no matter how many joins, they will not show, if you are careful in laying and basting your plaits. Make them either a quarter or half an inch deep. Baste carefully, having previously hemmed them, and allow three times fullness; then iron on the wrong side. Catch the plait to a narrow black braid upon the under side, each plait so as not to show the stitches on the right side. Now your trimming is ready for disposing of; and here taste and the quantity must determine how and where it is to be put. If the old basque or Polonaise is much worn, freshen it up by adding a vest-like piece (made of some of the silks) down the fronts, and folds neatly, and tastefully arrange down the back seam, continuing below the waist, and ending in a postillion over the basque. The sleeves may be of silk entirely, with a cuff of cashmere. In these days, when all fashionable dresses are made of two materials, it is not so difficult a matter as it at first seems to be, to make a new costume out of an old one. Contrivance and ingenuity will do a great deal, if to these are added industry and determination to succeed.

"The Champion Magazine."—The Chickasaw County (Iowa) Times says: "Peterson's Magazine for March is before us, more beautiful than ever. We advise our lady readers to subscribe for this, *the Champion ladies magazine* of the world."

The Corset Bodice.—The richest costumes for out-door wear are now made with the corset bodice, which has six seams in the back, every seam extending the entire length of the bodice, and furnished with bones to the end of the basque. These bones are very slight and supple, in order that they may taper in at the waist and expand over the hips. This bodice gives the elongated waist, which is now the fashion, and displays a good figure to advantage; the danger, however, is, that it will bring about a return to tight lacing, and compression of the waist, so injurious to health. The back of this new bodice is quite as long as that of a basque bodice; but as it has none of the fullness given to basques below the waist, two or three long-looped bows, made of the same material as the dress, are placed there. A jabot of lace is carried down the front, covering the buttons, and, by concealing all means of fastening, causes the bodice to appear as though moulded to the figure.

What a Lady Says.—One of our subscribers writes to us as follows: "I was so pleased with the Centennial Slipper, in the December number, that if I had been about to give up 'Peterson,' I would have changed my mind and taken it for another year. But I did not think of giving it up, nor am I likely to. I would have given a dollar for that one pattern alone, and thought I was getting it cheap. I went to work, and soon had a pair of sweet little slippers for the Christmas tree. Then the splendor of the February number! It quite eclipses even the December. If any one doubts, after seeing the beautiful picture of the Declaration of Independence, the excellent patterns, and the high-toned reading; if any one doubts, I say, after that, the ability of the publisher of this magazine, certainly their doubts have been removed."

Our "Centennial Gift."—The Frankford (Pa.) Gazette says: "We return thanks for the receipt of a fine, large-sized steel engraving, after Col. Trumbull's celebrated picture—'The Declaration of Independence,' the Centennial Gift of the publisher of Peterson's Magazine to his subscribers for 1876. The plate is very carefully engraved, with fifty-six portraits, and is a very fine specimen of the 'graver's art. It is a picture which every family ought to possess: and every family, therefore, ought to subscribe for Peterson."

For Fifty Cents Extra, remember, any subscriber for "Peterson" (but no other person) can obtain either "Christmas Morning," our premium plate for this year, or any one of our other premium plates. In other words, to oblige subscribers, we furnish copies of these splendid engravings at the mere cost of the paper and printing, which is a nominal price, for at retail stores similar engravings sell for five dollars.

The Very Best.—A gentleman, subscribing for a lady in England, says: "While I lived in England, I read generally the first-class monthlies there; but I think that yours is quite equal, if not superior to, and for general literature, far more interesting, than any of them. Indeed, I believe it to be the best magazine for the people there is published, and I wish it all the success it deserves."

Give Us Credit.—We have no objection to any newspaper copying the stories in "Peterson," provided we are given credit for them, which, however, is rarely done. As we pay for every story, we ought, at least, to have the credit.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS may be made at the price paid by the rest of the club. If enough additional subscribers are sent, to make up a second club, the person sending them will become entitled to a second premium, or premiums. Always notify us, however, when such a second club is completed. These additions may be made, moreover, at any time during the year. Back numbers to January can always be supplied. Go on making additions to your clubs. You can soon fill a second club.

"NONE WITHOUT IT."—The Snow Hill (Md.) Messenger says: "No magazine ever published in this country has ever so firmly planted itself in the affections of the American people as PETERSON'S. It is brimful of useful and entertaining literature, fashion notes, household recipes, and valuable suggestions. No well regulated family should be without it."

THE PATENT GLOVE-FITTING CORSET of Messrs. Thomson, Langdon & Co., Nos. 478 and 480 Broadway, N. Y., is a very successful attempt to combine economy with style and suitability. Every lady knows how difficult it is to get a really well-fitting corset. In this article, however, a perfect success has been achieved: at least that is the verdict of everybody who has tried it.

SILVER ORNAMENTS still continue in favor. Thick, heavy gipsy rings for the finger, are now sold; together with the silver scissors for the chatelaine, which open out into a straight piece, with the circles at either end. Silver wristlets are now made of an oblong form, with pendent antique coins, and necklace of some dozen graduated rows of beads, with perpendicular bands of silver at intervals.

"PAY TOLL FIRST."—The Newbery (S. C.) Herald says "Peterson for March is already received, and it is superb in all of its many features. 'Pay Toll First' is the cunningest and most natural picture we have seen in some time. No wonder that the magazine is so popular, for it is always full of good things."

WE PRE-PAY POSTAGE, on all mail subscribers, remember! Up to last year, subscribers had to pay it themselves, at their own post offices, at an additional expense of from twelve cents to twenty cents each, *over and above the subscription price.* "Peterson" is now cheaper than ever.

"CHEAPEST AND BEST."—Says a lady, "I am a seven year subscriber to 'Peterson,' I have taken half a dozen others, but consider it the cheapest and best."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Agatha. By Mrs. Bloomfield H. Moore. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.—Many years ago, Professor Hart, the eminent lecturer on Shakespeare, while noticing some fugitive stories from the pen of this author, regretted that she did not undertake a task of more pretension, a novel of American society, for example. The task, thus suggested, is here carried out. The scene of the story begins at Newport, is then shifted to Philadelphia, and is finally carried to Europe; but the principal events occur in America, and hence the novel is essentially one of American life. From the first, one sees that a moral is to be taught. The heroine begins with believing in the possibility of a Platonic friendship between man and woman; but she soon discovers that her fancied friendship is really love; and then commence the involvements of the story. Fortunately, in the end, the difficulties in the way of a happy marriage disappear, otherwise a broken heart, or a purposeless life, might have been the result. The incidents are described with great vigor, the characters are well discriminated, and the pictures of fashionable life are particularly effective. The author, when she writes of what is called "society," is evidently quite at home. Every scene tells that she is "free of the guild." Now, few novelists ever mix in the company of the fine ladies and gentlemen they pretend to know so well; and hence their descriptions are wholly imaginative, and very frequently the absurdest of caricatures. Not so those of this author. It is true that she is occupied, in "Agatha," principally with the "faster" set of fashionable life; but this is a necessity of the story; her heroine, without being "fast" herself, has to be thrown with "fast" people, in order that the proper sequence of events may be produced. It would be a very great mistake to suppose that the conduct of these secondary personages in "Agatha" is the conduct of any but a very small minority of people of wealth and position in America. There is no such license, as a rule, tolerated at either Newport or New York, Boston or Philadelphia. And no one knows this better than the author herself. It would be altogether unjust to her, therefore, not to make this protest against her being misunderstood. She writes for a purpose, and a very noble one; she desires to teach a much-needed lesson; and though we ourselves have little faith in didactic novels, we trust 'Agatha" will do good, as we know it ought to. The volume is very handsomely printed.

The Initials. By the Author of "Quits." 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—There is a great dearth of new novels, that are good, at present. Writers of fiction seem to have exhausted themselves. Trollope is silent, Mrs. Oliphant gives us nothing, the author of "John Halifax" seems to have abandoned the field. Under these circumstances, Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers have brought out a new edition of "Initials," one of the best novels of its kind ever written, and one of the very few that, having been once read, is always fresh at a second, or even at a third reading. We have just risen from its re-perusal, and confess that it is quite as bright as ever. In the whole range of modern fiction, it would be hard to find a character more original than that of the heroine. The "Initials" is a love-story, but not a mawkish one, and it has the additional merit of giving vivid and truthful pictures of German life, so that it is at once romantic and realistic. The publishers have brought it out in excellent style.

Her Dearest Foe. By Mrs. Alexander. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: H. Hoyt & Co.—The novels of this writer are always exceptionally good; and this, her last fiction, is one of her very best. The slights put on the heroine, by the hero, before she was personally known to him, and when he regarded her only as the successful legatee of his uncle; his falling in love with her, not knowing who she was; her revenge; her relenting, and the happy ending: all this make up one of the most charming stories of the season.

Legends of the American Revolution. By George Lippard. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A work that had a great run, when it first appeared, some twenty-five years ago. This is a new edition, and comes in, very appropriately, this Centennial year. It will be read, by a new generation, and will be found as interesting, by them, as it was by their fathers. It is full of stirring pictures of battle, and skirmish, and heroism, and suffering, in 1776.

Miriam's Memoirs. By Mrs. C. A. Warfield. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Mrs. Warfield, formerly of Mississippi, now of Kentucky, is one of the most popular of the rising American novelists. We have frequently noticed her earlier fictions. This, the latest, is, perhaps, the best. It is handsomely printed and bound.

Married Beneath Him. By James Payn. 1 vol., 12 mo Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A capital novel, by the author of "Carlyon's Year," "Clyffords of Clyffe," etc., etc. It is handsomely printed and neatly bound.

Omelet Souffle.—Beat up the yolks of three eggs, with some pounded lump-sugar, and a few drops of any flavoring. Beat the whites into a stiff froth. Mix the two together, thickly and effectually. Lay the mixture, neatly heaped up, on a deep dish, put it in a brisk oven, and the moment it is done, send it to the table, briskly.

CAKES.

Arrow-root Cake.—Beat half a pound of butter to a cream; work it into half a pound of finely-sifted sugar until quite smooth. Beat well the whites of six eggs; add them, by degrees, to the butter and sugar; flavor with a few drops of essence of lemon or ratafia, and continue whisking together for twenty minutes; then mix in lightly one pound of the best Bermuda arrow-root, (first passed through a fine sieve, to free it from all lumps.) Put this mixture into a well-buttered fancy tin mould, and bake for an hour and a half in a moderate oven.

Fortnight Cake.—Beat three-quarters of a pound of butter to a cream; add, gradually, three-quarters of a pound of brown sugar, the yolks of four eggs, well beaten; mix one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda with one pound of flour. Add this to the other ingredients, with a quarter of a pint of milk, half a pound of citron-peel, one pound of raisins, and one glass of brandy; last of all, the whites of four eggs. Bake in a moderate oven. It should be kept at least a fortnight before it is cut.

Scotch Cake.—Beat half a pound of butter to a cream; add half a pound of sugar, beating well; then six eggs previously beaten. Have three-quarters of a pound of peel, quarter of a pound of almonds, and three-quarters of a pound of flour already mixed. Stir them gently into the butter, etc., and put it into a tin well lined with buttered paper rising well over the top. Bake in a slow oven for three hours. Do not shake nor touch it when in the oven, or the fruit will fall to the bottom.

Rice Cake.—Take half a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of pounded sugar, half a pound of ground rice, half a pound of flour, six eggs, and fifteen drops of essence of lemon. Mix the ingredients, beating the eggs separately; then beat altogether, rapidly, for a quarter of an hour. Put the mixture into a tin lined with buttered paper. Bake in a moderate oven for two hours.

French Rolls.—Warm a pint of new milk; cut up into it two large spoonfuls of good butter; add a little salt. When cool, sift in one pound of flour, an egg well beaten, a spoonful of yeast. Beat these well together, but avoid kneading. When risen, form it into rolls, handling as little as possible. Bake on tins.

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE RECEIPTS.

Lobster Salad.—Take a hen lobster, lettuce, endive, cress, salad, beet-root, cucumber, a few young leaves of spinach, nasturtium, and two boiled eggs. For the dressing, put to every two tablespoonfuls, each, of oil and vinegar, one egg, one teaspoonful of mustard, a little salt, a very little sugar, half a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, and a few drops of chili and tarragon vinegar. These ingredients should be all mixed well together, but not poured over the salad until just before it is eaten. The salad should be carefully washed and dried in a cloth, then cut and mixed with the pickings of the lobster; the firm parts of the lobster cut into square pieces, and mixed with the salad; the yolks of the eggs rubbed through a wire sieve; also, the coral from the inside of the lobster. The whites of the eggs may be cut in rings or chopped small. These, with the beet and cucumber, serve to garnish the salad. The quality of lobsters may usually be told by their weight. Good lobsters are heavy. Those that are watery are light.

Apple Snow—A Pretty Supper Dish.—Ten good-sized apples, the whites of ten eggs, the rind of one lemon, half a pound of pounded sugar. Peel, core, and cut the apples into quarters, and put them into a sauce-pan with the lemon-peel, and sufficient water to prevent them from burning—rather less than half a pint. When they are tender, take out the peel, beat them to a pulp, let them cool, and stir them to the whites of the eggs, which should be previously beaten to a strong froth. Add the sifted sugar, and continue the whisking until the mixture becomes quite stiff, and either heap it on a glass dish, or serve it in small glasses. The dish may be garnished with preserved barberries, or strips of bright-colored jelly; and a dish of custards should be served with it, or a jug of cream.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

FIG. I.—EVENING DRESS OF EMERALD-GREEN SATIN.—The front has three aprons, piped with a satin of a lighter shade. The side and skirt at the back are ornamented in the same way, and the whole trimmed with moderately narrow black lace, put on over white lace. White pinked silk would give something of the same effect, but not be quite so soft. The low corsage is pointed, and cut square in the neck, back and front. Crimson rose on the bosom, and crimson and yellow ones in the hair.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS.—The under-skirt is of stone-colored silk, trimmed with straight-gathered bands of the same, separated by narrow bands of blue silk. A narrow, short train of the silk is slightly scalloped at the edge, and bound with the blue. Over-dress of pink and blue foulard, shirred at the back, and fastened under the upper part of the train, which then is ornamented with wide loops of blue silk. Long, straight jacket of the foulard, with sleeves, pocket trimmings, etc., of the blue silk. Hat of white straw, bound with blue, and trimmed with roses and a long silver gauze veil.

FIG. III.—HOUSE-DRESS OF GRAY SILK, WITH A SUMMER CAMEL'S-HAIR TUNIC, OF A LIGHT-GREEN COLOR.—The petticoat is laid in kilt plaits, and has a short train. The tunic is trimmed with a rich worsted fringe, and is drawn tightly back. The cuirass basque is quite plain, and fits the figure closely. Sleeves with wide, flowing cuffs, and high collar. Hair in a net at the back.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK SILK.—Jacket of green summer camel's-hair, trimmed with black velvet. Black felt hat, with green and brown plumes.

FIG. V.—MORNING-DRESS OF LIGHT-BLUE CASHMERE.—The trimming at the sides, toward the back, the pocket, and the deep cuffs of the sleeves, are of pink silk, quilted. The pocket and front of the dress are trimmed with pink ribbon. Cap of white lace, trimmed with pink.

FIG. VI.—HOUSE-DRESS OF WHITE NANSOOK.—The skirt is trimmed with two ruffles, surmounted by a deep puffing, edged with a ruffle, edged with embroidery. A very deep jacket-waist.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS OF TWO SHADES OF GRAY BARRED MOHAIR.—The skirt has one bias ruffle, with a shirred trimming above it. The over-skirt is long at the back, trimmed with a fringe, and tied back with a gray ribbon. The basque is plain. Gray straw hat, trimmed with gray and pink.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give some of the newest of the many new varieties of the lately worn fashions for spring. A pretty white lace fichu, for wearing over a low neck; short-sleeved evening-dress; a soft-crowned cap bonnet; an English walking-hat of black felt, trimmed with stiff wings; a black lace wrap for the head and shoulders; a straw hat, trimmed with pink feathers outside, and ribbon in; a white chip hat, trimmed with one long ostrich-plume and a nest-

ling bird. Two other hats of the latest styles, and two head-dresses; one has the hair cut short across the forehead; the end falls over it as a fringe; at the back of the fringe the hair is turned back over a frisette. It is combed back from the temples, and at the top of the head an Apollo bow is fastened with a tortoise-shell pin. A shower of curls at the back; the ringlets, which are heavy ones, are of unequal length. The other has the hair in the centre of the forehead, cut short, and curled. At the temples the hair is combed toward the back of the head, and kept in place with combs having tortoise-shell balls at the top. The back hair is formed into loops above the forehead; these are continued into torsades, terminating as a catogan, with a single broad loop of smooth hair.

No absolutely new colors have been introduced this spring; but the grays, browns, creams, maizes, blues, greens, and pinks, are in such innumerable shades, and are so beautiful, that nothing is left to be wished for in color. As many as three shades of one color are often employed for one dress, or the material will be striped in three shades. Soft grays, soft browns, and creams, promise to be the most popular for street costumes. De bege, delaines, batistes, chales, grenadines, cambrics, and percales, are all of the new shades. The summer silks, cambrics, etc., are frequently in small, broken plaids, or in gingham plaids. The fashion of trimming with ruffles, and bands of flowered or plaid material, which is woven on the selvage, in percales and organdies, is again revived.

The Centennial year, and the Exhibition, have suggested the revival of the Martha Washington costume; so, dresses cut more open in the neck, in front, will be much worn, with pointed fichus, or handkerchiefs made of thin lawn, and trimmed with lace. With this style of costume, the elbow-sleeve, trimmed with lace or other ruffles, is necessary. This will possibly be an American fashion only, but a very pretty one, whilst abroad all styles that belong to the past are modified to suit present needs. Old lace, old jewelry, etc., are much sought after; and as the demand is much greater than the supply, the old laces and jewelry are copied with marvelous exactness.

The cuirass waist is still the most popular. Over-skirts are growing longer and longer, but are still worn, though their total disappearance has been so very often predicted. Dresses are still made clinging, and some exceedingly plain. One of the prettiest we have seen had a silk skirt of rather narrow brown and blue stripes, without any trimming, and a long Polonaise of India blue cashmere, finished only with a hem.

Wraps of all styles, to suit all ages and tastes, have appeared. Some of the prettiest are small circulars of light cloth, with pretty hoods lined with colored silk, and trimmed with a fringe. Dolmans, half-fitting and three-quarters fitting sacques, are also in favor.

Bonnets are in as great variety as dresses and wraps. All shapes that are becoming are popular, only no bonnet is worn very forward on the head. The least suspicion of gold, silver, or steel braid, is seen on some black chip or horse-hair bonnets. When sparingly used, this employment of the metals is very stylish; when too much used, it is exceedingly vulgar. Cashmere laces will be a good deal employed in trimming. Flowers are, as usual, very popular in the spring. Tulle, which has been abandoned for some years, has been revived for more dressy occasions.

Hats present almost as many varieties as bonnets. Turbans, the Derby hat, large soft, falling brims, and brims coming over the face, and turned up at the sides and back, will all be worn.

Head-Dresses.—The newest manner of arranging the hair is in torsades, one of which falls very low on the nape of the neck, in an extremely graceful manner. For evening parties, the Fontanges coiffure is the most charming. The hair is parted at the side, and waved in large, hollow crepes; or, if the hair is light, it is frizzed. Above this there is a band of ribbon-velvet, edged with a fringe of either gold, silver, or small pearls or diamonds. This ribbon is passed through a curl at the side, and then formed into a bow. There are loops of hair at the top of the head, and two ringlets at the back.

The Cambric Frillings of J. & J. Cash are an article that is fast becoming indispensable. It is an exceedingly durable and stylish trimming for ladies', children's, and infants' wardrobes. Manufactured, as it is, by the quantity, it can be bought for much less than if made at home, and is, therefore, to be recommended on the score of economy. We call attention to it here, however, as one of the latest of the fashion novelties.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. I.—Little Girl's Dress.—The frock is of brown cashmere, plain in front, and in kilt plaits at the back. Coat of brown and white cloth, of a very light make, which has the effect of a quilted cloth. The sash, at the back, which reaches from under the arms, is of thick brown ribbon; the collar, cuffs, and pockets, are of brown silk. Cap of brown silk.

Fig. II.—Dress of Violet and White Striped Mohair, for a Young Girl.—The skirt has a bias piece without any fullness at the bottom, headed by a puffing. The over-skirt is long in front, and very much drawn to the back, where it is finished with sheen, and fastened by loops of violet silk. The deep basque jacket is tight-fitting at the back, and a little looser in front, where it is deeper than at the back. Collar and pockets of violet silk. White chip hat, lined with violet, and trimmed with white daisies.

Fig. III.—Young Girl's Dress of Blue Silk.—The skirt is laid in kilt plaits; a sash, with fringed ends, falls over the back; close-fitting basques, edged with ecru worsted lace. The same trims the sleeves. Straw hat, trimmed with a white ostrich tip, and a band of blue velvet.

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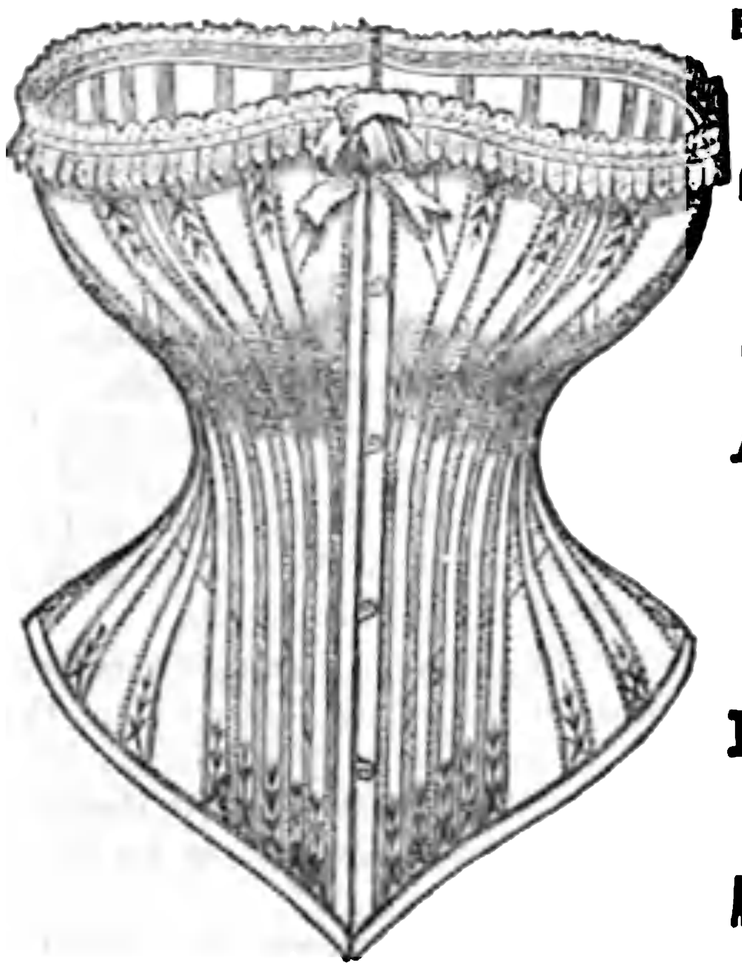
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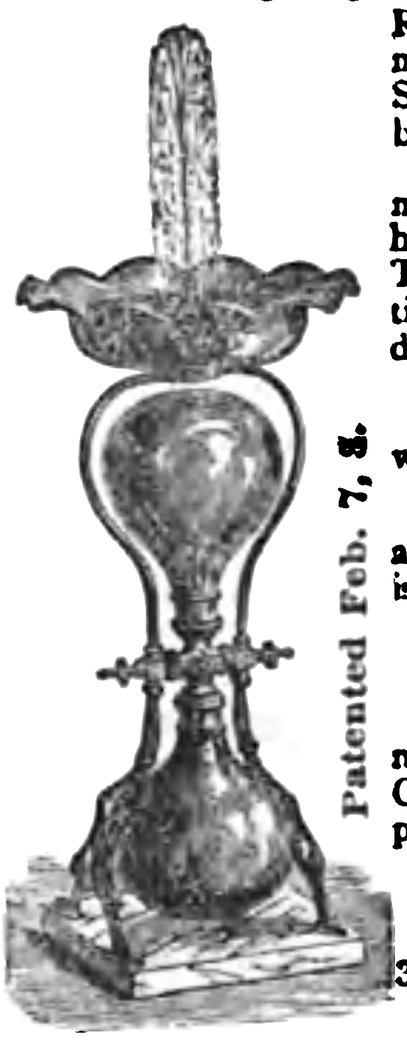
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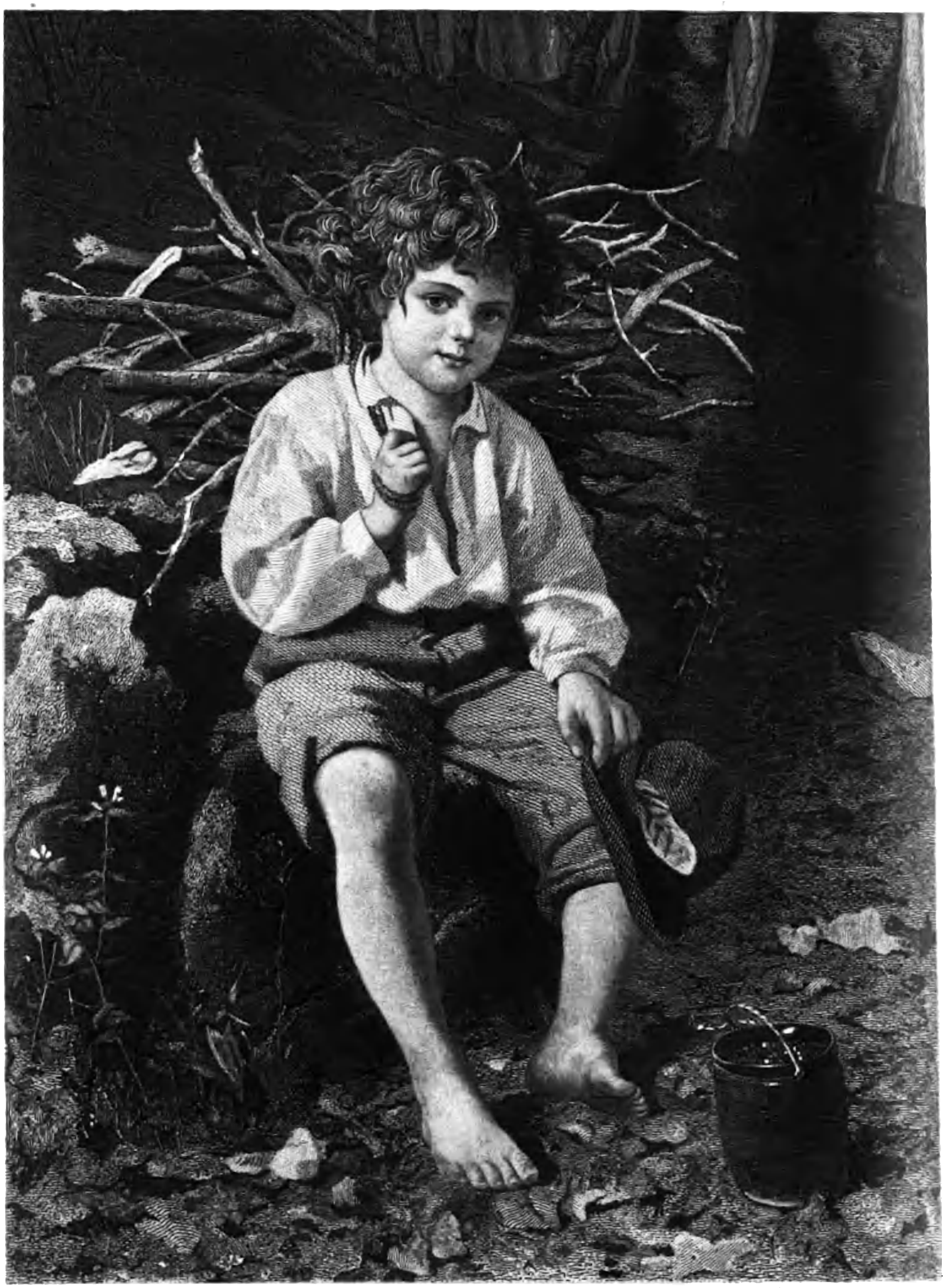
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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MAY

Omelet Souffle.—Beat up the yolks of three eggs, with some pounded lump-sugar, and a few drops of any flavoring. Beat the whites into a stiff froth. Mix the two together, thickly and effectually. Lay the mixture, neatly heaped up, on a deep dish, put it in a brisk oven, and the moment it is done, send it to the table, briskly.

CAKES.

Arrow-root Cake.—Beat half a pound of butter to a cream; work it into half a pound of finely-sifted sugar until quite smooth. Beat well the whites of six eggs; add them, by degrees, to the butter and sugar; flavor with a few drops of essence of lemon or ratafia, and continue whisking together for twenty minutes; then mix in lightly one pound of the best Bermuda arrow-root, (first passed through a fine sieve, to free it from all lumps.) Put this mixture into a well-buttered fancy tin mould, and bake for an hour and a half in a moderate oven.

Fortnight Cake.—Beat three-quarters of a pound of butter to a cream; add, gradually, three-quarters of a pound of brown sugar, the yolks of four eggs, well beaten; mix one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda with one pound of flour. Add this to the other ingredients, with a quarter of a pint of milk, half a pound of citron-peel, one pound of raisins, and one glass of brandy; last of all, the whites of four eggs. Bake in a moderate oven. It should be kept at least a fortnight before it is cut.

Scotch Cake.—Beat half a pound of butter to a cream; add half a pound of sugar, beating well; then six eggs previously beaten. Have three-quarters of a pound of peel, quarter of a pound of almonds, and three-quarters of a pound of flour already mixed. Stir them gently into the butter, etc., and put it into a tin well lined with buttered paper rising well over the top. Bake in a slow oven for three hours. Do not shake nor touch it when in the oven, or the fruit will fall to the bottom.

Rice Cake.—Take half a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of pounded sugar, half a pound of ground rice, half a pound of flour, six eggs, and fifteen drops of essence of lemon. Mix the ingredients, beating the eggs separately; then beat altogether, rapidly, for a quarter of an hour. Put the mixture into a tin lined with buttered paper. Bake in a moderate oven for two hours.

French Rolls.—Warm a pint of new milk; cut up into it two large spoonfuls of good butter; add a little salt. When cool, sift in one pound of flour, an egg well beaten, a spoonful of yeast. Beat these well together, but avoid kneading. When risen, form it into rolls, handling as little as possible. Bake on tins.

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE RECEIPTS.

Lobster Salad.—Take a hen lobster, lettuce, endive, cress, salad, beet-root, cucumber, a few young leaves of spinach, nasturtium, and two boiled eggs. For the dressing, put to every two tablespoonfuls, each, of oil and vinegar, one egg, one teaspoonful of mustard, a little salt, a very little sugar, half a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, and a few drops of chili and tarragon vinegar. These ingredients should be all mixed well together, but not poured over the salad until just before it is eaten. The salad should be carefully washed and dried in a cloth, then cut and mixed with the pickings of the lobster; the firm parts of the lobster cut into square pieces, and mixed with the salad; the yolks of the eggs rubbed through a wire sieve; also, the coral from the inside of the lobster. The whites of the eggs may be cut in rings or chopped small. These, with the beet and cucumber, serve to garnish the salad. The quality of lobsters may usually be told by their weight. Good lobsters are heavy. Those that are watery are light.

Apple Snow—A Pretty Supper Dish.—Ten good-sized apples, the whites of ten eggs, the rind of one lemon, half a pound of pounded sugar. Peel, core, and cut the apples into quarters, and put them into a sauce-pan with the lemon-peel, and sufficient water to prevent them from burning—rather less than half a pint. When they are tender, take out the peel, beat them to a pulp, let them cool, and stir them to the whites of the eggs, which should be previously beaten to a strong froth. Add the sifted sugar, and continue the whisking until the mixture becomes quite stiff, and either heap it on a glass dish, or serve it in small glasses. The dish may be garnished with preserved barberries, or strips of bright-colored jelly; and a dish of custards should be served with it, or a jug of cream.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

FIG. I.—EVENING DRESS OF EMERALD-GREEN SATIN.—The front has three aprons, piped with a satin of a lighter shade. The side and skirt at the back are ornamented in the same way, and the whole trimmed with moderately narrow black lace, put on over white lace. White pinked silk would give something of the same effect, but not be quite so soft. The low corsage is pointed, and cut square in the neck, back and front. Crimson rose on the bosom, and crimson and yellow ones in the hair.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS.—The under-skirt is of stone-colored silk, trimmed with straight-gathered bands of the same, separated by narrow bands of blue silk. A narrow, short train of the silk is slightly scalloped at the edge, and bound with the blue. Over-dress of pink and blue foulard, shirred at the back, and fastened under the upper part of the train, which then is ornamented with wide loops of blue silk. Long, straight jacket of the foulard, with sleeves, pocket trimmings, etc., of the blue silk. Hat of white straw, bound with blue, and trimmed with roses and a long silver gauze veil.

FIG. III.—HOUSE-DRESS OF GRAY SILK, WITH A SUMMER CAMEL'S-HAIR TUNIC, OF A LIGHT-GREEN COLOR.—The petticoat is laid in kilt plaits, and has a short train. The tunic is trimmed with a rich worsted fringe, and is drawn tightly back. The cuirass basque is quite plain, and fits the figure closely. Sleeves with wide, flowing cuffs, and high collar. Hair in a net at the back.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK SILK.—Jacket of green summer camel's-hair, trimmed with black velvet. Black felt hat, with green and brown plumes.

FIG. V.—MORNING-DRESS OF LIGHT-BLUE CASHMERE.—The trimming at the sides, toward the back, the pocket, and the deep cuffs of the sleeves, are of pink silk, quilted. The pocket and front of the dress are trimmed with pink ribbon. Cap of white lace, trimmed with pink.

FIG. VI.—HOUSE-DRESS OF WHITE NANSOOK.—The skirt is trimmed with two ruffles, surmounted by a deep puffing, edged with a ruffle, edged with embroidery. A very deep jacket-waist.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS OF TWO SHADES OF GRAY BARRED MOHAIR.—The skirt has one bias ruffle, with a shirred trimming above it. The over-skirt is long at the back, trimmed with a fringe, and tied back with a gray ribbon. The basque is plain. Gray straw hat, trimmed with gray and pink.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give some of the newest of the many new varieties of the lately worn fashions for spring. A pretty white lace fichu, for wearing over a low neck; short-sleeved evening-dress; a soft-crowned cap bonnet; an English walking-hat of black felt, trimmed with stiff wings; a black lace wrap for the head and shoulders; a straw hat, trimmed with pink feathers outside, and ribbon in; a white chip hat, trimmed with one long ostrich-plume and a nest-

ling bird. Two other hats of the latest styles, and two head-dresses; one has the hair cut short across the forehead; the end falls over it as a fringe; at the back of the fringe the hair is turned back over a frisette. It is combed back from the temples, and at the top of the head an Apollo bow is fastened with a tortoise-shell pin. A shower of curls at the back; the ringlets, which are heavy ones, are of unequal length. The other has the hair in the centre of the forehead, cut short, and curled. At the temples the hair is combed toward the back of the head, and kept in place with combs having tortoise-shell balls at the top. The back hair is formed into loops above the forehead; these are continued into torsades, terminating as a catogan, with a single broad loop of smooth hair.

No absolutely new colors have been introduced this spring; but the grays, browns, creams, maizes, blues, greens, and pinks, are in such innumerable shades, and are so beautiful, that nothing is left to be wished for in color. As many as three shades of one color are often employed for one dress, or the material will be striped in three shades. Soft grays, soft browns, and creams, promise to be the most popular for street costumes. De bege, delaines, batistes, chales, grenadines, cambrics, and percales, are all of the new shades. The summer silks, cambrics, etc., are frequently in small, broken plaids, or in gingham plaids. The fashion of trimming with ruffles, and bands of flowered or plaid material, which is woven on the selvage, in percales and organdies, is again revived.

The Centennial year, and the Exhibition, have suggested the revival of the Martha Washington costume; so, dresses cut more open in the neck, in front, will be much worn, with pointed fichus, or handkerchiefs made of thin lawn, and trimmed with lace. With this style of costume, the elbow-sleeve, trimmed with lace or other ruffles, is necessary. This will possibly be an American fashion only, but a very pretty one, whilst abroad all styles that belong to the past are modified to suit present needs. Old lace, old jewelry, etc., are much sought after; and as the demand is much greater than the supply, the old laces and jewelry are copied with marvelous exactness.

The cuirass waist is still the most popular. Over-skirts are growing longer and longer, but are still worn, though their total disappearance has been so very often predicted. Dresses are still made clinging, and some exceedingly plain. One of the prettiest we have seen had a silk skirt of rather narrow brown and blue stripes, without any trimming, and a long Polonaise of India blue cashmere, finished only with a hem.

Wraps of all styles, to suit all ages and tastes, have appeared. Some of the prettiest are small circulars of light cloth, with pretty hoods lined with colored silk, and trimmed with a fringe. Dolmans, half-fitting and three-quarters fitting sacques, are also in favor.

Bonnets are in as great variety as dresses and wraps. All shapes that are becoming are popular, only no bonnet is worn very forward on the head. The least suspicion of gold, silver, or steel braid, is seen on some black chip or horse-hair bonnets. When sparingly used, this employment of the metals is very stylish; when too much used, it is exceedingly vulgar. Cashmere laces will be a good deal employed in trimming. Flowers are, as usual, very popular in the spring. Tulle, which has been abandoned for some years, has been revived for more dressy occasions.

Hats present almost as many varieties as bonnets. Turbans, the Derby hat, large soft, falling brims, and brims coming over the face, and turned up at the sides and back, will all be worn.

Head-Dresses.—The newest manner of arranging the hair is in torsades, one of which falls very low on the nape of the neck, in an extremely graceful manner. For evening parties, the Fontanges coiffure is the most charming. The hair is parted at the side, and waved in large, hollow crepes; or, if the hair is light, it is frizzed. Above this there is a band of ribbon-velvet, edged with a fringe of either gold, silver, or small pearls or diamonds. This ribbon is passed through a curl at the side, and then formed into a bow. There are loops of hair at the top of the head, and two ringlets at the back.

The Cambric Frillings of J. & J. Cash are an article that is fast becoming indispensable. It is an exceedingly durable and stylish trimming for ladies', children's, and infants' wardrobes. Manufactured, as it is, by the quantity, it can be bought for much less than if made at home, and is, therefore, to be recommended on the score of economy. We call attention to it here, however, as one of the latest of the fashion novelties.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. I.—Little Girl's Dress.—The frock is of brown cashmere, plain in front, and in kilt plaits at the back. Coat of brown and white cloth, of a very light make, which has the effect of a quilted cloth. The sash, at the back, which reaches from under the arms, is of thick brown ribbon; the collar, cuffs, and pockets, are of brown silk. Cap of brown silk.

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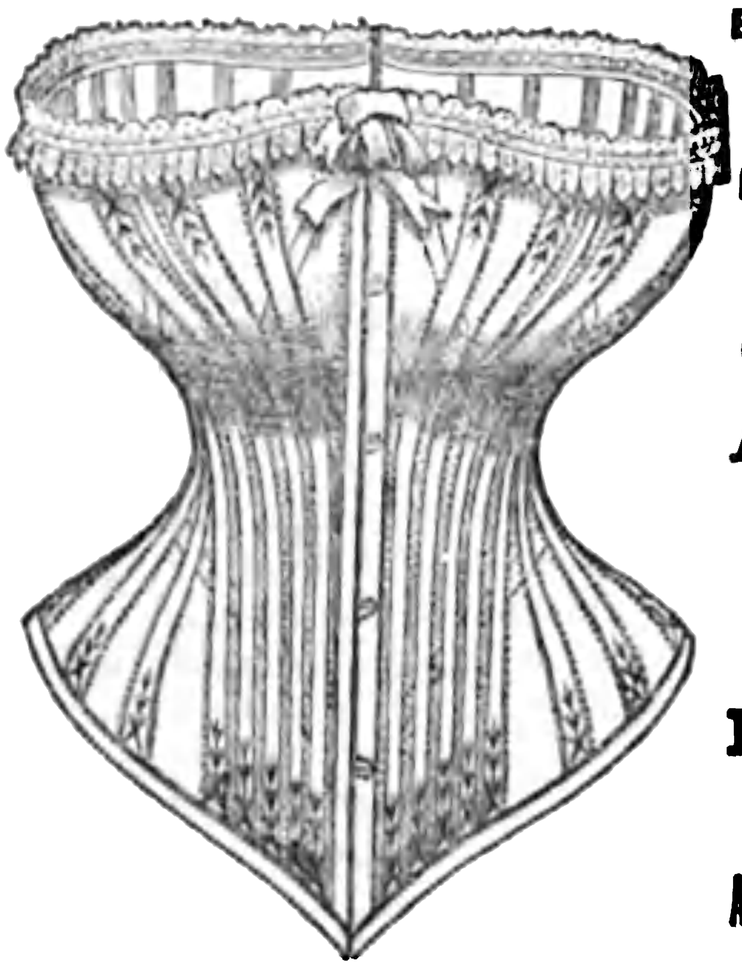
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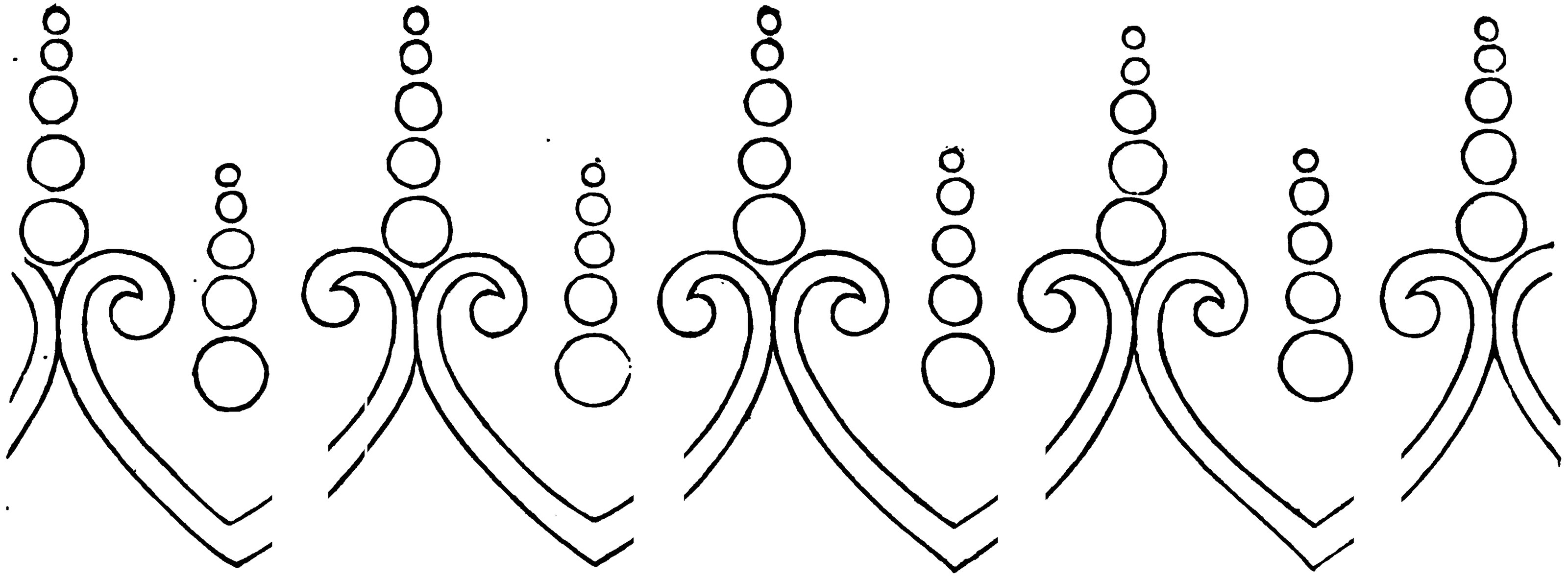
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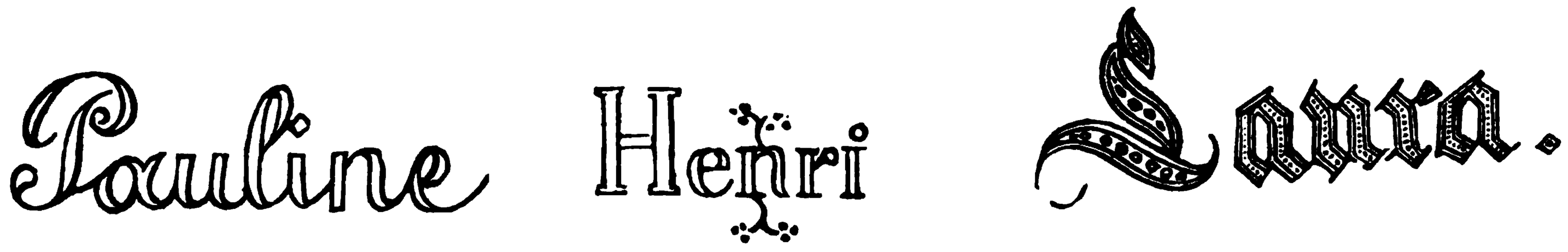
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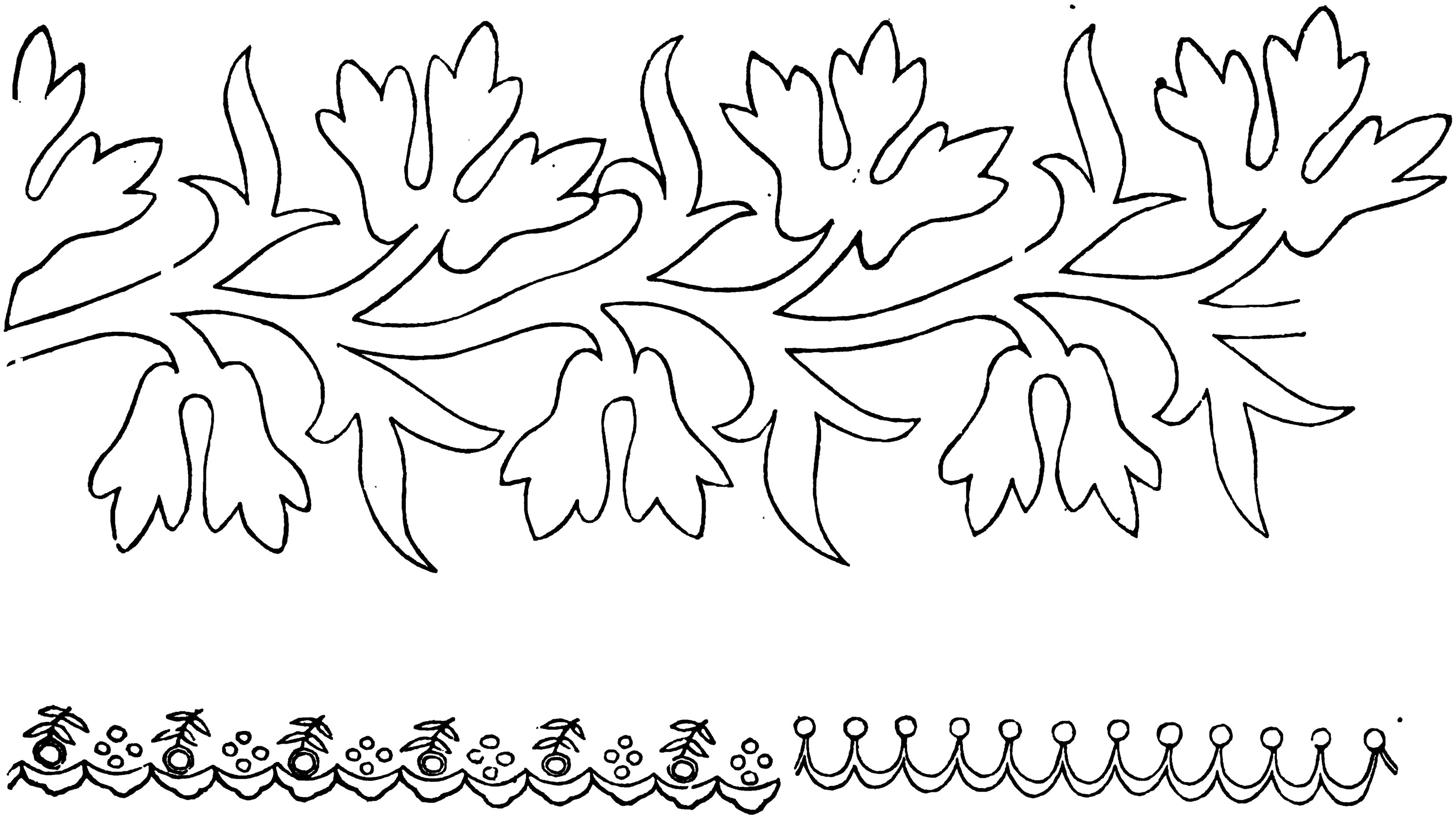
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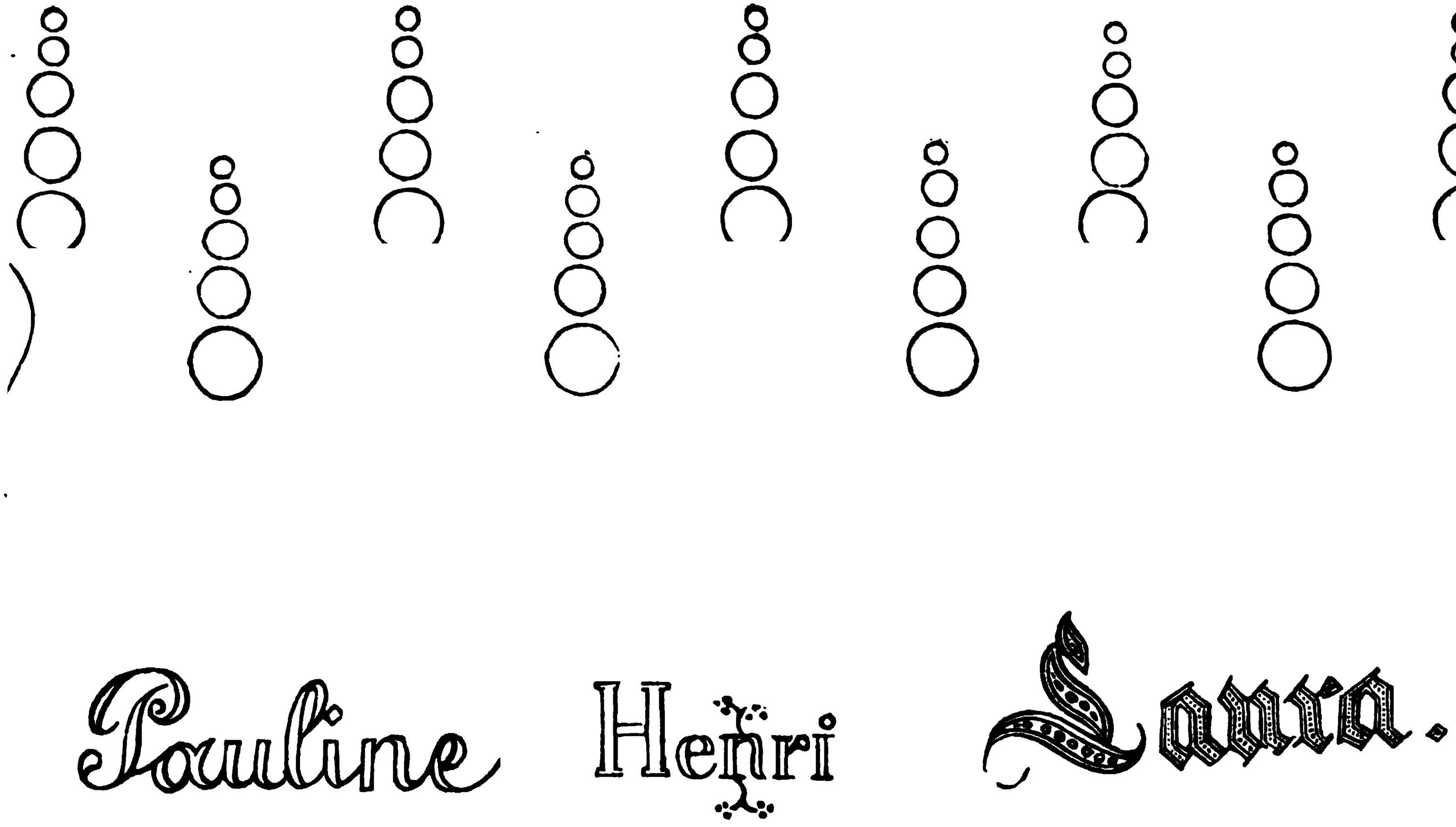


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PIANO.

1. Did you ev-er make love? If not have a try: I courted a girl once so bashful and shy A fair lit-tle crea-ture who, bye-the-bye, At coaxing and
2. How lov-ing we were, how co-sy we'd chat 'Bout one thing and t'other, and this thing and that, With my arm round her waist, how cosy we sat, Like two little
3. One night for a change, we went to the play, And when we got home she was awfully gay, She saw them make love and so learn'd the way, The piece was "Claude
4. Our courting days o'er at last we were wed, I oft bless the hour when to church her I led, I now call her Mary, she calls me Ned, We're happy and

wheedling had such a nice way, Ev-e-ry night to her house I went, In
tur-tle doves perch'd on a tree; Such squeezing and teas-ing and pleasing we had, Such
Melnotte," and suited her fine; She call'd me her rosebud, her duck, and her dear, She
lov-ing, and never know strife; We've a fine handsome lass and two no-ble boys,

harmless de - light our evenings were spent, She had a queer saying whatev - er it
woo-ing and coo-ing to make our hearts glad, With laughing and chaffing I near drove her
threw her arms round me, while fast fell each tear; She cried, oh don't leave me for sadly I
Trou-ble and sor - row ne'er us an - noys; Of life we're the sweets, and while tasting its

meant, For when-ev - er I enter'd the house she would say
mad; But still she was aw - ful-ly spoo-ney on me (*)
fear You don't love me tru - ly, say, will you be mine?
joys, I'm thankful I'm bless'd with a good lit - tle wife.

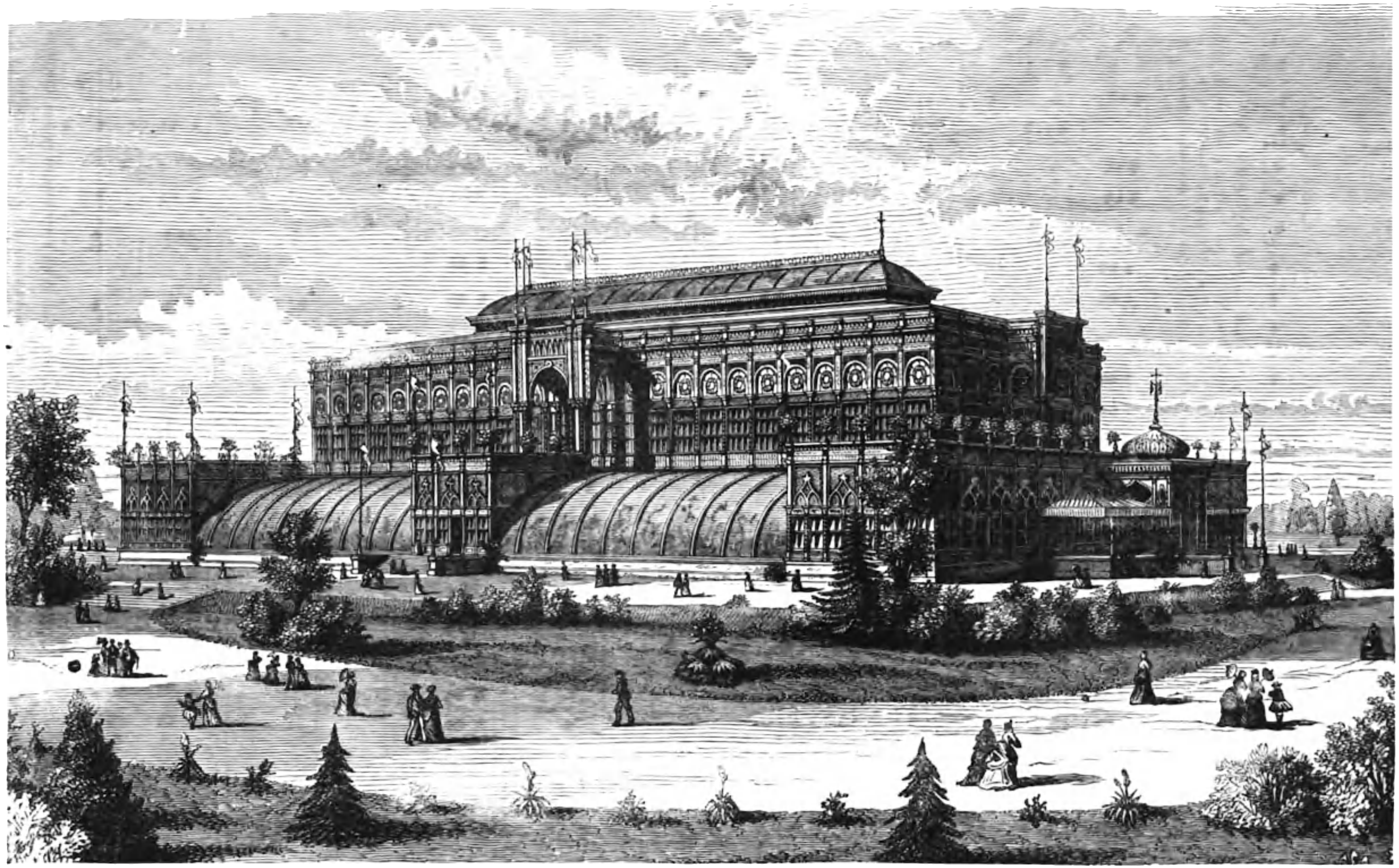
Pull down the blind,

rall.

Pull down the blind; Pull down the blind, love, come don't be unkind, Tho' we're a -

lone, bear this in mind, Somebod-y's looking, love, Pull down the blind.

(*) SPOKEN After 2d And if that Soldier would only have left us alone, she would never have exclaimed, CHORUS
" " 3d Just at that moment a Policeman passed and said.....
" " 4th And should an angry word rise to my lips, with a meek smile on her face she'll explain.....



HORTICULTURAL HALL. CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION GROUNDS.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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THE CENTENNIAL IN PEN AND PENCIL.—No. II.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.

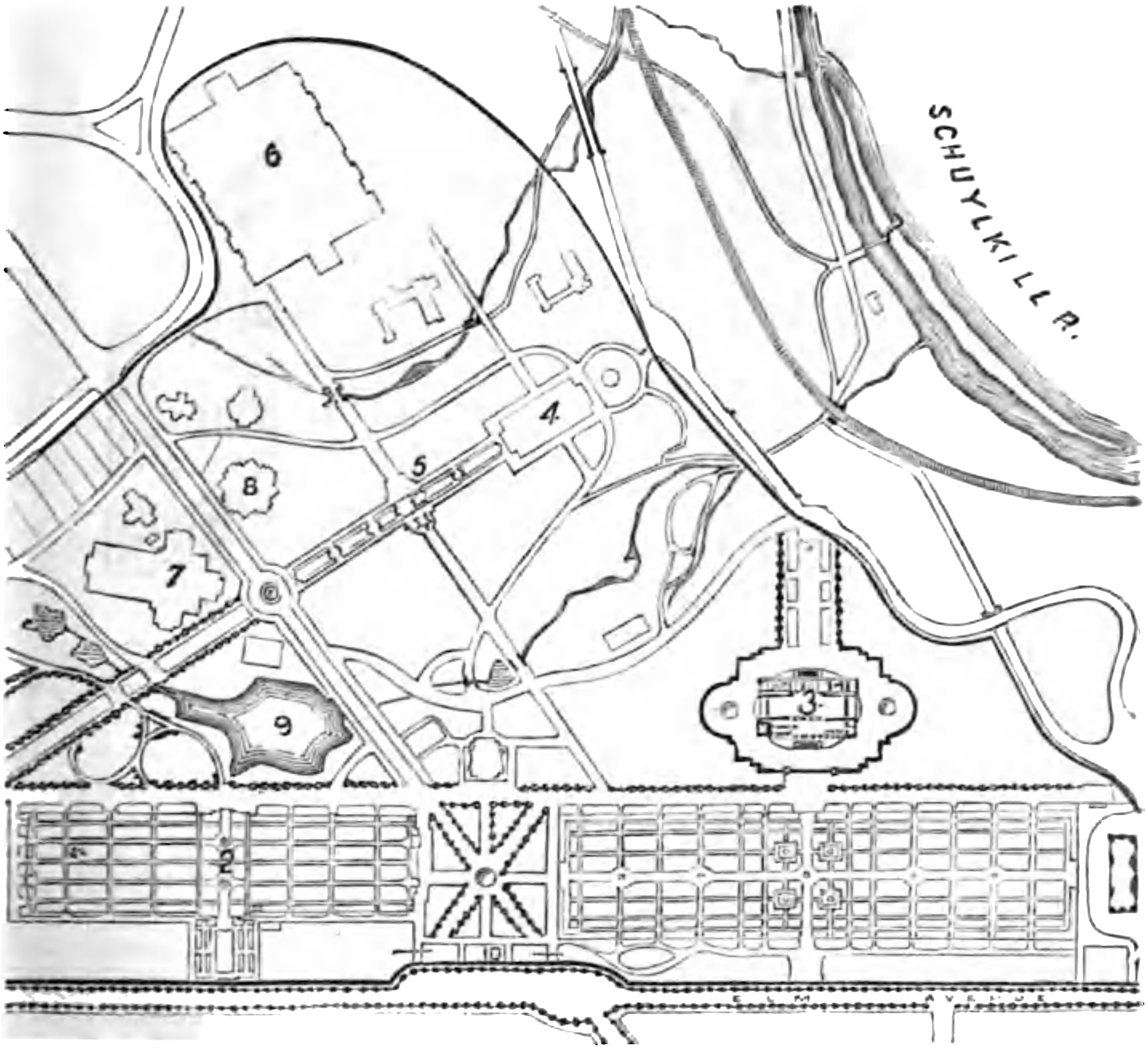


FLAGS OF THE WORLD.

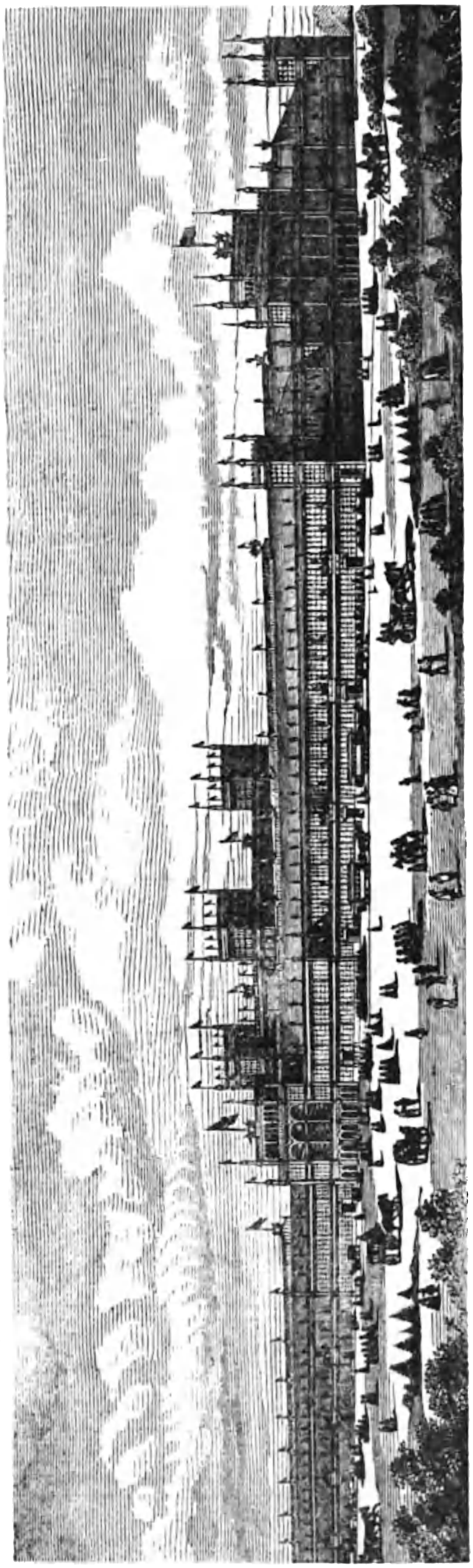
THE month of May, 1876, will long be memorable as that in which the Centennial Exhibition opened.

In the April number of this magazine we described the Philadelphia Park, in one corner of which the Exhibition is to be held. We gave also a map of the Park, with illustrations of its very beautiful scenery.

We now print, here, a map of that portion of the Park in which the Exhibition buildings are located. The map, as here presented, represents a distance of about two-thirds of a mile from right to left, which is from east to west. This



MAP OF EXHIBITION BUILDINGS.



will give our readers some idea of the vast scale on which these buildings are constructed. The principal edifices are as follows:

1. Main Building.
2. Machinery Building.
3. Art Gallery.
4. Horticultural Hall.
5. Parterres of Flowers.
6. Agricultural Hall.
7. United States Government Building.
8. Woman's Building.
9. Lake with Fountain.

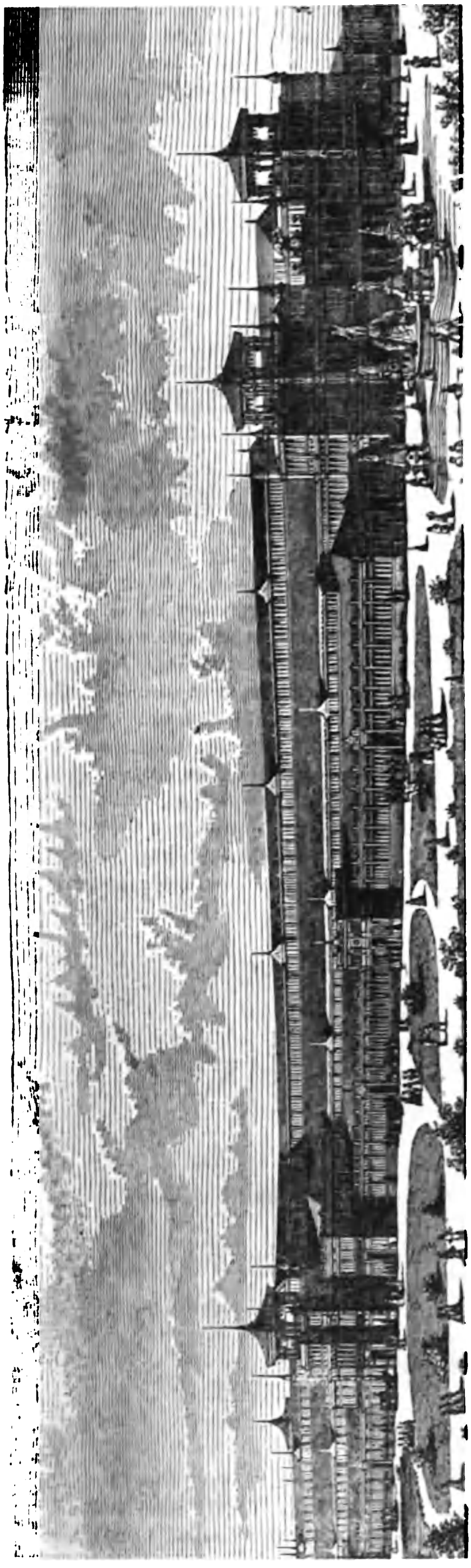
The Main Building is that at the bottom of the map, at the right. Its length is 1880 feet, or rather more than a third of a mile; its width 464 feet; and it covers the enormous space of twenty-one acres and a half. We give an engraving of it in the opposite column. The view is taken from the south-east, and includes about three-fifths of its length.

The ground plan, as seen on the map, shows



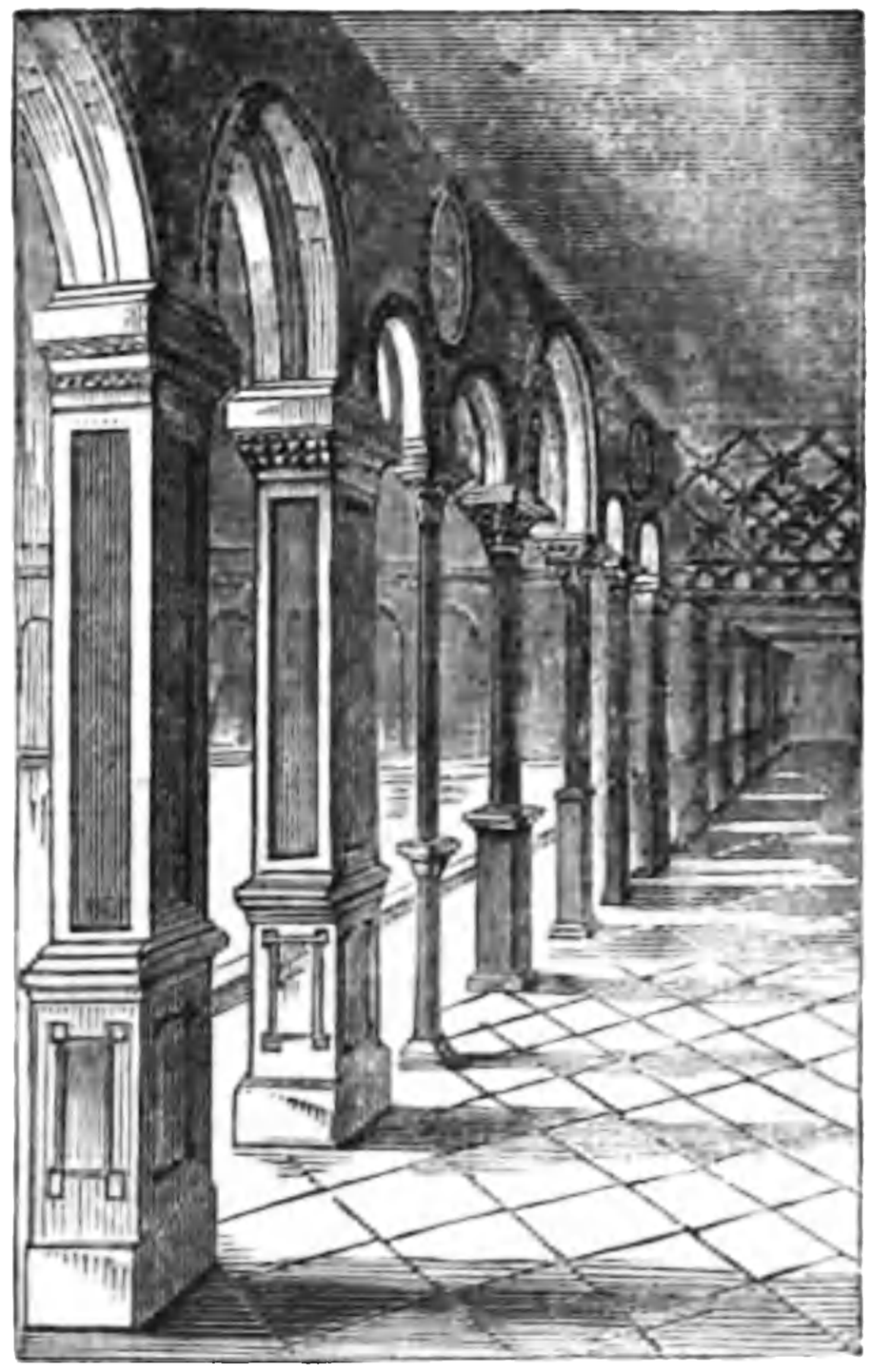
TRANSEPT OF MACHINERY HALL.

how it is divided, inside, into innumerable compartments, which are shared among the nations of the earth, each occupying more or less space. England, France, Germany, Sweden, Holland, Belgium, Spain, Italy, Egypt, Turkey, Russia, China, Japan, Australia, Brazil, with various South American republics. It is so constructed as to present almost unbroken sides and fronts of glass, so that plenty of light may be had for the exhibition of the goods within. Outside, the wood and iron work is painted in brilliant colors, so as to give it effect, and break up the monotony of its enormous length. Inside, color is used with equal taste, and with even greater success.



The spectator, entering its gigantic nave for the first time, and looking down what seems an almost interminable vista, is so oppressed with the vastness of the scene, that he is for a moment dazed by its overwhelming magnitude.

It is in this Main building that the thousand miscellaneous articles which could not be classed as machinery, pictures, statues, agricultural implements, etc., etc., have been arranged. This is the heart of what is the International part of the Centennial, for most of it is given up to foreign contributors. Here are shawls from Cashmere, carpets from the looms of Smyrna, Japanese goods, China fabrics, curtain stuffs from Constantinople, Egyptian curiosities. Here is porcelain from Worcester, Minton, Copeland, Sevres, Dresden, etc., etc. Here is the glass of Venice, Clichy, England and Bohemia; the enameled ware of China, Japan, and Paris; carved cabinets from Florence; silver-ware; mirrors; chandeliers. Here are diamonds; necklaces of other precious stones; jewelry such as never before has been seen in America. Axminster sends its carpets; France its fabrics of Aubusson; Saxony



CORRIDOR IN HORTICULTURAL HALL.

its imitations of Oriental rugs; Vienna its curtain stuffs, combining the technical skill of the West, with the gorgeous coloring of the East. Here, in short, is gathered a display of manufactured articles, useful, ornamental, etc., such as has never been seen before, not even at Vienna in

1878, much less at any of the preceding and smaller World's Fairs.

West of the Main building is Machinery Hall, of which we give an engraving on the preceding page. This engraving represents a little more than half of its length, as seen from the south-east. The transept, on the left, is in the centre.

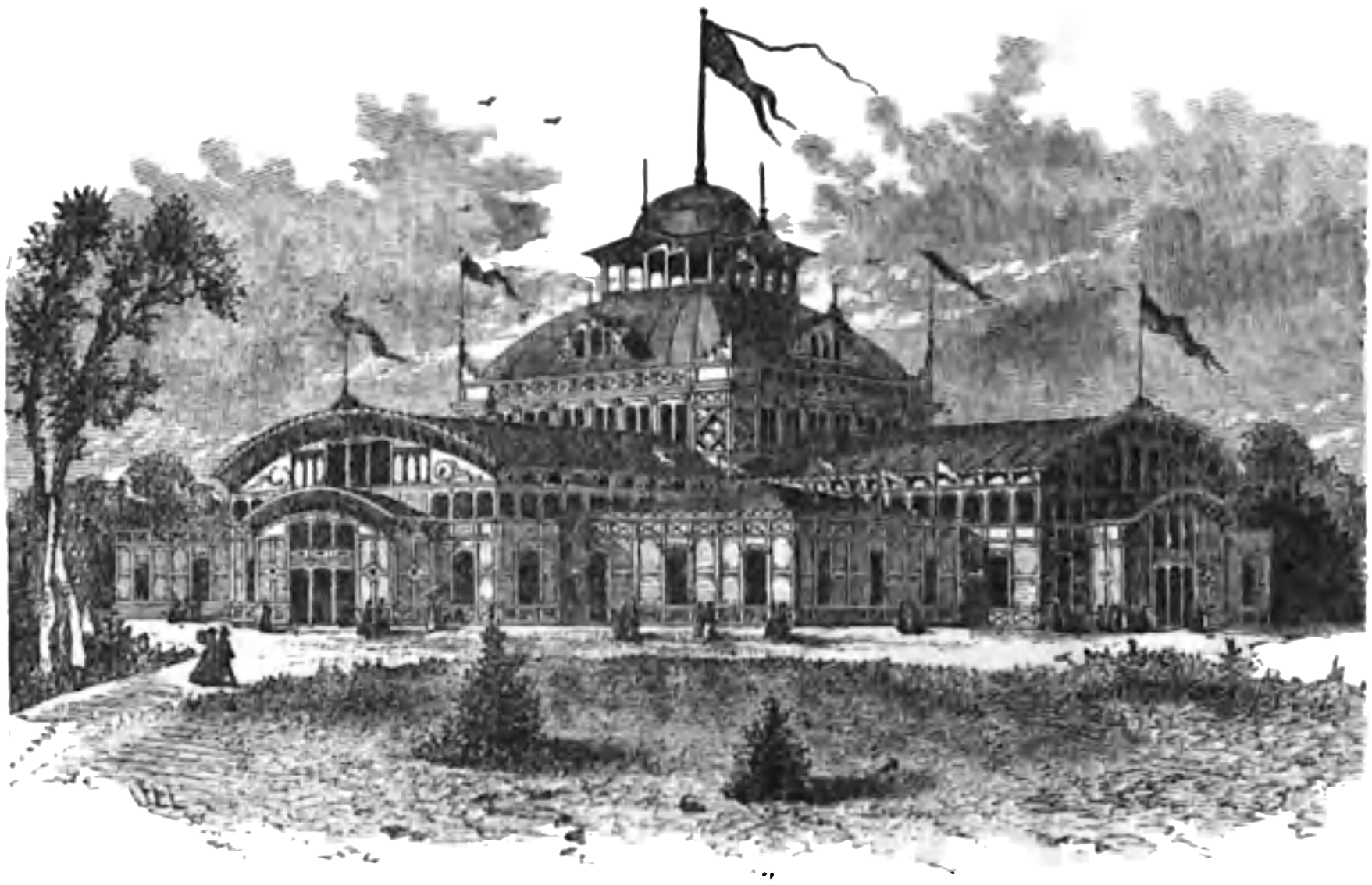
Machinery Hall is almost as vast as the Main building. It is 1402 feet long, or more than a quarter of a mile; 360 feet wide; and has an annex of 210 feet. It covers an area of nearly fourteen acres. This is the building, in which American genius shines pre-eminent, for no nation in the world rivals ours in inventions and machinery. While exhibitors from the United States occupy only one-fourth of the Main building, they occupy five-sixths of this one. The allotments of square feet to other nations are Great Britain, 37,125; Germany, 10,757; France, 10,189; Belgium, 9,375; Canada, 4,300; Brazil, 4,000; Sweden, 3,168; Spain, 2,248; Russia. 1,500; Austria, 1,536. It will be seen that some nations exhibit no machinery at all. The sky-lines of Machinery Hall are very beautiful. We give a view of the transept, on the second page.

Next in importance, perhaps, is Agricultural Hall, which occupies an area of ten acres, and of which we give an engraving below. This is devoted to the exhibition of farm products, and of every thing relating to farming. It will, perhaps, interest Americans more than any other.



AGRICULTURAL HALL.

The total area for exhibition in this edifice is 236,572 square feet. Of this England and her Colonies occupy, except Canada, 18,745; Canada. 10, 094; France, 15, 574: Russia, 6,785; Spain. 5,905; Germany, 4,875; Brazil, 4,657; Netherlands, 4,276; Sweden, 2,603; Chili, 2,493; Belgium; 1,801; Japan, 1,665; Peru, 1,632; Liberia, 1,536; Norway, 1,590; Siam and neighboring provinces, 1,220; Portugal, 1,020; Argen-



THE WOMAN'S PAVILION.

But her voice was so low and choked, that he did not catch the words. Probably, if he had, they would have continued just the same.

A great stand of flowering plants, flanked by two tall shrubs, had been taken out of the concert-room, to give place for seats, and set on the terrace. They were close by it.

"I only tell you, over and over, the same thing. I love you! Ah, try to care for me! See, take my hand. Give me a little hope that I may one day claim you for my wife."

As he spoke, Janet Carrington saw Harold Payne behind the screen of plants. He had been leaning over the parapet. He turned at the sound of voices; caught the words distinctly. It was a case where to move was impossible; to step forth, having listened to such utterances, would have been a cruelty and an insult. He retreated as far as he could, and stood still.

Janet was between the Prince and the stand. He saw nothing, heard nothing, in his eagerness. It seemed to Janet Carrington that seven times seven devils entered her soul. Harold Payne should hear—should be made to believe, that she was utterly reckless; ready to dare him to the uttermost, to run any risk to secure a new life—the splendor of the position offered her.

"I tell you, there is a secret in my life," she said, in a clear, audible voice, as if continuing some explanation she had begun before they got near enough for Payne to hear their conversation. "You could not endure that. No woman could ask you to do it."

"I could trust you," Apraxin answered.

His generous answer filled her with contrition toward him. She remembered how cruel it was to torture him thus. But she could not stop—she could not! She could see Harold Payne; see him twist his hands together in a spasm of rage and suffering; could tell, by his face, that he was trying not to listen; and he should. He should!

"My trust in you has no bounds," Apraxin said. "You could set no condition to which I would not consent.

"Suppose I asked you to kill some one for me?" cried she.

"I would do it."

She burst out laughing. Not she, it seemed to her, but the devils that had possession of her, laughed aloud. The sound of that wicked laughter, in a measure, brought her back again to sanity. She trembled violently. A womanly throb of shame and remorse, for her wanton cruelty to this man, who loved her, tore her heart.

She seized Apraxin's arm, and hurried him back along the terrace, beyond the reach of Payne's hearing.

"Forgive me!" she exclaimed. "Oh, forgive me! I cannot love you! I am not worth loving. Save your heart for a better woman."

"Janet! Janet!" he cried.

"Be still! Not a word more! For God's sake, go away! I believe I am a fiend to-night! Avoid me! Hate me——"

He was staring at her in dumb wonder. She could not finish her passionate words. A gentleman came hurrying toward them from one of the concert-rooms; a Russian belonging to the Grand Duke's suite.

"Monsieur Nordhoff is looking for you," said Janet, with a composure which, following so close upon her excited speech, made her marvel as much as it did the Prince.

"Good evening, mademoiselle," said the new comer. "Apraxin, I beg a thousand pardons; but his Highness is asking for you."

It is all very well to be a great Russian noble, for many reasons; but the position has a side which too closely resembles slavery, to be pleasant, I should suppose, and the present was a case in point.

"The Grand Duke has received a dispatch he wishes to show you," pursued Nordhoff. "It must be answered at once."

There was nothing for Apraxin to do but apologize to Miss Carrington, and offer his arm. She walked on with the two men to the room she had left, Nordhoff talking idle nonsense, she endeavoring to answer; Apraxin incapable of speech, from excitement and wrath at this interruption, which caused him to curse his sovereign's son in the depths of his soul.

When they left her, Janet went in search of Lady Hammersley, whom she found very tired, and anxious to go to her room. So the two departed. Janet kissed her good-night, and Lady Hammersley took her aristocratic, weary old body off to bed.

Miss Carrington found the exemplary Leontine dozing over a French novel, and dismissed her for the night.

"I can undress myself," she said. "You look tired. Go to bed at once, like a good creature. Ah, do let me alone," she added, with an entreaty, not a command in her voice, as Leontine began to expostulate.

That damsel had never seen her mistress in such a mood, and departed without delay. Miss Carrington never scolded, but, on the other hand, she was always so reserved and stately, that Leontine stood in awe of her; and this sudden burst of childish petulance startled the woman.

Janet sat down by the window. She heard the bell of the Casino strike twelve. A sudden

restlessness came over her. She felt that she should go utterly mad if she did not get out of the house.

Just then some one tapped at the door of the salon; it was old Philip, coming, according to habit, to bid his young mistress good-night, and receive any orders she might have to give for the next morning.

"Are you tired, Philip?" she asked. "Would you mind going out with me on the sands awhile? My head aches; I want the air."

Philip would have gone with her to the moon, or at least have set out on the journey, had she required it, and never thought anything she said or did extraordinary any more than a faithful Newfoundland dog would have done.

"Perhaps the air will do you good, Miss Janet," he said, with a fatherly tenderness in his respectful voice.

Philip, in his delicacy, was careful not to look at her, even. Philip knew that the tempest had broken out again from the blackness of the past, and was smiting her soul like a whirlwind. He would cheerfully have given his life to aid, but he could do nothing save be silent, and appear blind.

Janet wrapped a hooded mantle about her head and shoulders, and hurried into the corridor, waiting with what patience she might, while methodical Philip locked the door of her salon.

"You are very good to me," she said, suddenly, patting the old man's hand as he joined her.

Philip just bent his gray head, and reverentially touched her hand with his lips, but made no other answer.

Miss Carrington led the way down a small stair-case, which brought them out into the lower hall, from whence they could gain the beach at once.

She took a path to the left; went on to where a rustic bridge connected the shore with a great mass of rocks, rising to a considerable height out of the sea—a place where there was little probability of meeting a soul at that hour.

Everybody was in the Casino, or in the square by the café, or down on the beach to the right, below the hotels, where the long, squat bathing-house stands.

Janet mounted the precipitous path leading to the top of the cliff, and Philip followed in silence.

The air blew fresh and cool on the height, and Janet could breathe again. Philip selected a sheltered nook, sat down with his back against a conveniently-shaped rock, and presently fell fast asleep, though his eyes were staring wide open, while his head nodded back and forth with a regular movement, as if it had been the pendulum of some fantastic clock, and he dreamed that he was awake, and alert, and keeping guard over his young mistress with all his might and main.

The moon was out in full gorgeousness; not a cloud in the sky, save where, away off seaward, close to the horizon's verge, lay a bank of heavy black mist which threatened bad weather before a week should pass; and the sea, though quiet enough, gave now and then a sullen growl, to show that it was aware it might, in a short time, lose control of its uncertain temper.

Philip slumbered peacefully in his corner, as well satisfied for the moment as most people are during the whole of their aimless, misspent lives, to dream of his duty instead of doing it.

Janet seated herself close to the edge of the cliff, with a disregard of personal safety, which would have frightened Philip, had he been awake.

There she sat, and gazed up at the sky, which seemed mocking her with its peacefulness; leaned forward to stare into the slow-curling foam below; and wondered if it would not be better to let herself slip quietly over the precipice, and be done with human existence and its anguish. It would be so easy! The tide was up, and just there the curving rocks made a deep, deep pool, along whose edge the moon-tinged surf circled, like flame, revealing the blackness of the inner waters, and the cold, cruel smoothness of the wave-torn rocks.

Suddenly, Janet perceived a man standing quite near, looking fixedly at her.

It was not Philip; it was not a stranger. Once more she and Harold Payne were gazing into each other's eyes; horror and desperation in hers, bitter rage and misery in his.

"Did you think I was a ghost?" he asked, in a voice which would have sounded savage had it not been so full of suffering.

"I thought, just now, a fiend was tempting me," she cried; "and here he is, in bodily shape! A moment since, I had a mind to fling myself down into the sea. Go away, or I'll do it!"

"Let me say a few words, and I will leave you," he answered. "Fate has once more brought us together. Perhaps, in this world, we shall never meet again."

"I pray not," she broke in; "nor in the next. I think so much mercy might be vouchsafed me. Well, well! Speak out, and be done!"

Twice he essayed to take advantage of her disdainful permission, but his lips trembled so, that he could not frame a syllable.

Her eyes wandered away to the mocking splendor of the sky above, to the black depths at her

"OH, PITILESS, PITILESS MOON!"

BY FANNY L'ESTRANGE.

THE deep-toned organ was pealing out the Christmas carols with an undertone of passionate pain. No one noticed this sorrowful intonation, this breathing of a sigh in every bar; no one but Francis Mayburn, the young doctor, who had just returned from Europe, and who had been expected for the last week in Willsdale. Young ladies and old were inspecting him from over their prayer and hymn-books, and making eyes at him through the meshes of their lace veils, mentally calculating his wealth, and worth, and pronouncing him the catch of the season.

But Francis Mayburn neither knew nor cared for this. One thought and one feeling was uppermost in his mind, the thought and feeling produced by the sorrowful, sad undertone of that Christmas carol, that carried him back through six long years of dreary unrest, and weary wandering, back to the hour when he heard the simple tune of Martyn, picked out by unskilled fingers on an old cracked piano, with this same sorrowful undertone running through every note and measure. Back to the day when the childish voice of the seventeen-year old girl, looking up at him with innocent eyes, had said,

"Why do you object to my earning my living? I am poor. I must either work, or live on alms——"

"Not alms," he interrupted. "My aunt will only be too glad to have you remain with her."

For Daisy was a distant cousin, who, having been left an orphan, had been adopted by Mrs. Mayburn, with whom she had lived until that lady's death, about a year before, when she had been taken, temporarily, to the house of Mr. Mayburn's sister. Daisy was too proud to eat the bread of dependence in the home of a comparative stranger, and having a fine voice, which had been cultivated under the best of masters, she had resolved to rely on it for a livelihood. Young Francis Mayburn, with his aristocratic prejudices, was infinitely shocked when he heard of this resolution, and was now endeavoring to combat it.

"I cannot do that," said Daisy, proudly, in answer to his last remarks. "With your mother it was different."

"And you will not give it up for me?" he said, angrily. "You know I love you. Marry me at once. In two years I shall be of age, when I shall come into my fortune: we can live, somehow, till then."

"No, I will not break up the plans that have been made for you, and alienate your family. You must go abroad and study, as has been arranged. If—if—when you return, you wish me——"

"Never," he had answered, savagely, flinging from him the hand he had taken, for he was hot-tempered, in this his early youth. "Choose between me and this mad scheme."

"I have chosen," she said, with dignity, but with a breaking heart; and so they parted.

Two weeks after Francis Mayburn had sailed for Europe, where he had been ever since. Occasionally he had heard, indirectly, of Daisy; but never from her. She was a successful singer; received a high salary at a fashionable church; never appeared in a concert-room but she had a perfect ovation. But all this only angered him the more against her.

"My Daisy, my Daisy," he would say, "criticized in the newspapers, talked of patronizingly by strangers, appearing on a public platform. Faugh!" And he tried to dismiss her from his thoughts, and even persuaded himself that he had.

But the prelude of the Christmas carol was now ended; the choir were singing; and the solo was taken up by a deep, sweet soprano, with that sorrowful contralto undertone, like a wail of sadness, or hopeless pain. Ah, that voice! It struck, like a sword thrust, to his heart. But one woman in the wide, grand world, possessed such a voice; a voice that could stir his heart like that. He had not expected to hear it. He thought Daisy was far away. In a moment all his anger was gone.

The solo was finished at last; the sermon through, the benediction pronounced, and the congregation rose up to go. Dr. Mayburn turned, and lifted his eyes to the gallery. She was there, bending over the railing, and looking down into the church, with those deep, luminous, soul-thrilling dark orbs that passed over his face as they might have passed over that of the remotest stranger.

He went out, with his eyes lifted upward, resting on that Madonna face. As he did so, a dainty glove fell down on his shoulders, with the

faintest perfume of roses clinging to it. He laid his hand over it, tenderly, caressingly, as one might lay his hand upon the head of a beloved child, and then transferred it to his vest-pocket as a souvenir of Daisy's. "The last," he said to himself, "that I shall ever have. She has forgotten me." He would carry it home, he thought mentally, and put it in the little ebony box, where he kept sacredly the broken buckle that Daisy had cast aside from her dainty gaiter, which he had afterward picked up.

The congregation passed out slowly, stopping to talk in little knots and groups, and Dr. Mayburn now joined his uncle, Colonel Mays, whom he had not before seen, as he had only arrived that morning at the village.

"I shall take you home to dinner," said the Colonel. "We will send to the hotel for your baggage. Why didn't you come last week?"

The young man was explaining the cause of his delay, when his aunt and her daughters came up. As they were about to step into the carriage, Mrs. Mays said,

"Dr. Mayburn, allow me to present you to Miss Stanley, who is also our guest. You remember her, don't you?"

Daisy lifted her eyes, for a moment, and bowed as though she had never seen him before. Dr. Mayburn extended his hand, but she did not see it. She was looking past him, at Fred Mays, who was elbowing his way to Miss Stanley's side. Mrs. Mays brought her to consciousness, however, by saying,

"Daisy, my dear, you do not see Dr. Mayburn's hand."

Then she laid her fingers in his, coldly, as any stranger might have done.

They were soon stowed away in the carriage, with Fred between them, playing with the tassels on Daisy's muff, and Fred's sister, Rose, making eyes at her cousin, the doctor, and drawing him on in a Christmas flirtation. And thus they arrived at the Hall.

The Hall was a large stately dwelling. The broad entrance, the dining-room, and the parlors were now trimmed with evergreens and flowers, and the house throughout presented a grand, festive appearance.

Daisy came down first, to dinner. She wore a floating robe of some dark, rich material, and entered the parlor where Dr. Mayburn stood with his back to the door, looking at, and kissing something that he held in his hand. He turned suddenly, upon Daisy's entrance, and thrust her little kid glove into his vest-pocket; but not until she had seen it, however.

"Ah, you found my glove?" she said, indifferently. "Thank you." And she reached out her hand for it. But Dr. Mayburn, instead of giving the glove, said,

"Will you not allow me to keep it, Daisy?" The name was pronounced, oh, so tenderly!

She opened her dark, dreamy eyes in astonishment, and, speaking in the third person, replied, "Dr. Mayburn is mistaken in Miss Stanley. In all the years of her public life," and she emphasized the word public, "no gentleman ever before dared to take such a liberty."

He put the glove silently into her hand.

"Forgive me," he said, kindly, "I see I have no longer any right to ask a favor of you."

Just then Rose Mays and three or four other young girls came dancing into the room, and the conversation was broken off. Presently the gentlemen followed, and dinner was commenced. Colonel Mays took Daisy out, as his favorite, and placed her at his right hand. Dr. Mayburn led out Mrs. Mays, and the rest followed in order. After dinner others came in, a score and more, all young, and there was a dance, and then a supper, and the merry party was kept up till the small hours of the morning.

In all that time Dr. Mayburn had little or no chance to talk to Daisy again, so surrounded was she with admirers. He could dance with Rose Mays, or anybody but Daisy. She was always engaged.

Noticing this at last, good Mrs. Mays interfered, and said, half-laughingly, half-earnestly,

"It isn't fair, gentlemen, for you to monopolize Miss Stanley. Dr. Mayburn has tried in vain to dance just one set with her. Some of you ought to give way to him, as he is a stranger."

"Oh, never mind my wishes, Mrs. Mays. It doesn't matter in the least," the Doctor interposed, embarrassed, and hardly knowing what he said.

Daisy overheard him, however.

"Of course not, Doctor," she replied, coolly. "Yet we all commend your self-sacrificing spirit and laudable ambition in asking to dance with a public singer."

It was an ill-bred thing to say; and Miss Stanley knew it. But she meant to shock Dr. Mayburn. The fact was very vivid in her mind tonight, just as it was in his, and she meant to be revenged. Fred whirled her away in a mazy waltz, and the Doctor stood back, gnawing his moustache in undisguised chagrin.

But only for a moment. Concealing his mortification under a gay smile, he led Rose Mays out, and they two were soon going round and round, in perfect time, to the throbbing, sorrowful sweetness of "The Beautiful Blue Danube."

Daisy saw it, and a new feeling came over her, a feeling of angry pain, the pain of jealousy.

"After all, he doesn't care," she thought, wearily. "He despises me because I have worked for a livellihood." For, you see, she loved Dr. Maybburn as fervently as ever.

She felt she would break down, if she remained. There was a little boudoir, quite at the other end of the house, where she knew she would be undisturbed, and thither she fled for refuge. A large bay-window almost filled up one end of this apartment. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the curtains being drawn, the little room was flooded with effulgence. Daisy knelt down on a rug, and, leaning on the seat, looked out. "Oh!" she thought, "what perfect peace is there! If I could only be like that." Her golden hair glittered in the moonlight, and her dark eyes were full of appealing pathos.

Tears came. She almost broke down. She wiped the tears from her eyes, resolutely, however. "Oh, pitiless, pitiless moon, cold and unsympathizing!" she cried. "Do you ever heed the griefs you witness, the hearts that break before you?"

A step made her start. She recognized it, at once, and sprang to her feet.

"Daisy," said a voice, full of emotion, beside her, "after all these years, will you not forgive me? Have you no pity? Overlook what the prejudiced boy said. Be at least just to the repentant man."

She looked at him, half incredulously, for a moment. The next she was in his arms.

UNREST.

BY JENNIE CARTER.

A MAIDEN fair,
With golden hair,
First tempted me to join her train.
I yielded, dreaming not of pain,
And for awhile,
Bask'd in her smile.
Soon when my lips
Sought honied sips
From Pleasure's chalice, back I shrank—
A serpent stung me as I drank—
Remorse, whose sting,
Unrest will bring!
This bright dream o'er,
I rose once more,
Ambition claimed its victim now;
The laurel-wreath should press my brow—
So on Fame's prize,
I fix'd mine eyes.
I snatch'd the wreath,
The thorns beneath,
Though all unseen in triumph's hour,
Soon pierced me with relentless power;
And vague unrest
Still filled my breast.
Peace could be bought!
Ah! happy thought!
At Mammon's shrine, a devotee,
The Midas touch seem'd given me,
For wealth untold,
Upon me roll'd.
Mad with delight,
My half-dazed sight,
Caught no glimpse 'neath Mammon's garb
Of cloven foot, nor poison'd barb.
These soon again
Woke haunting pain.
Next Love's own hand,
With magic wand,
Stirr'd to its inmost depths my soul;
Then over all a sweet peace stole,
And clouds of night
Fore'er took flight!

THE CHILDREN OF THE SPRING.

BY T. H. SIMPSON.

"Oh, April, haste!" cried eager Spring;
"The earth grows weary, come and bring
New life to every waiting thing—
To brook, and bee, and blossom."
But April pouted, frowned, and wept;
Her smiles were rare, her chill moods kept
The flowers in fear, and still they slept
In earth's warm, kindly bosom.

But sometimes, when her mood was gay,
She frolicked in a madcap way,
And sent the sunbeams, bright and gay,
To wake the drowsy flowers,
Wheedled the bee from out his cell,
Then with a change none could foretell,
Shrouded in snow the crocus-bell,
And drenched the bee in showers.

Spring's kindly arms still held in fold
Her loveliest child; and when she told
How earth was lying dull and cold,
Waiting so long to greet her;
The bright-eyed May, with tender grace,
Just bent her lovely, radiant face,
Kissed the cold earth, and every place
Grew bright with flowers to greet her!

Robins flew homeward, full of song;
Brooks laughed aloud, and danced along;
Trees clapped their hands, and all among
Their leaves the birds were mating;
The rain dropped down in gentle showers;
The bees went buzzing round the flowers.
Ah, May! at last we claim thee ours,
More precious for our waiting!

SIDE BY SIDE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 270.

CHAPTER II.

THE day passed. Fortunately, Janet was able to preserve her solitude unbroken till nearly night.

Lady Hammersley was good-natured enough to choose this time, of all others, for the indulgence of a sick headache. She kept her bed, too miserable even to wish even for her favorite's society; half inclined, as she lay, partially dosing, on her pillows, and heard the roar of the sea below the window, to think that she must be in a ship's cabin, rocking up and down upon the troubled waters of the Bay of Biscay; and the delusion rendered her more ill and miserable than ever.

The poor old parrot-beaked bird would have been an appalling object for any creature to contemplate, as she lay there, with her frizzed "front" removed, her false teeth in a tumbler, and—— But luckily there was no one to see her; so, I need not expose the delicate secrets appertaining to an elderly woman's mysterious make-up.

Toward evening, the Baronet's relict found herself somewhat better, and sent to ask Janet if she would go for a drive. It was easier to consent than to find reasons for a refusal. So, she went.

They drove out along the pretty road which leads to Bayonne. Miss Carrington appeared quite her usual self, so far as ability to talk calmly, and be agreeable was concerned; though, when dressing, she had been so afraid her ghastly pallor would tell tales that she had asked Mademoiselle Leontine for some of the pink, wherewith that model of all the virtues necessary to a waiting-woman, habitually brightened the tint of her sallow complexion. For the first time in her life, Janet rubbed her cheeks with rouge, till they seemed to her blushing with shame of her weakness. But her veil was down when she got into the carriage, and Lady Hammersley's eyes were still too dizzy, and her head too painful, for her to notice if her friend had tatooed herself like a South Sea Islander.

The fresh air revived the old lady somewhat, and she began to chatter; of course, after the pleasant habit common to everybody's intimates, selecting the precise subject most distasteful to Janet.

"And what do you think of the Minister's friend?" asked Lady Hammersley, abruptly, after she had been roused into scorn and merriment by the remarkable costume of some British matron of her acquaintance, whose carriage they met. Lady Hammersley herself had on a bonnet which looked like a dilapidated bird-cage, with the tails of two pheasants and a cocatoo's crest hanging out of it; a purple gown, of a tint so excruciatingly awful, that it set one's teeth on edge, and a pair of sea-green gloves hiding her aristocratic hands; but, for all that, she could perceive the errors against good taste committed by her countrywomen, and was very severe thereupon. "What did you think of him, my dear? That Mr. Lane, or Mayne, or Payne, or whatever his name was?" she continued, with an airy lightness which irritated Janet inexpressibly.

"I did not think about him," the young lady replied.

"Then he did not please you?" pursued the old lady, remembering her fears of the previous night, when she had observed how handsome the man was. "He is not ugly. Somebody said he was a genius. Now, I have a horror of that sort of animal. They are always so erratic; have been from Solomon down; for I suppose he was a genius, since he wrote poetry."

"Not the surest proof in the world, I should think," returned Janet, disdainfully. "Worth has not sent me that box of dresses, as he promised," she added, rushing off to a fresh subject, with a suddenness which might have been natural in another woman; but Lady Hammersley knew that Janet thought less of such disappointments than many of her sex.

"I should not suppose it could matter much," retorted she, rather crossly. "You have at least a dozen you have never had on."

She began to fear that the Minister's friend had made an impression, just because Janet hurried away from the mention of his name. But to get cross, or to attempt to think, set her head aching again; so she was glad to put the matter by, and let Janet pet her, and talk affectionate nonsense; and very hard work Janet found it, in her present mood, though she succeeded well enough, notwithstanding.

There was a concert in the Casino that evening,

and Lady Hammersley was so much brightened up by a good dinner, plenty of champagne and black coffee, that she felt no disposition to remain in her chamber, as she had intended. She would go down into the card-room. The music would sound nicely from there, not too loud, and she owed the Austrian General his revenge at piquet. She never could bear to disappoint people. Besides, it would look as if she really wanted to keep his money if she stayed away. She found oceans of reasons, and never the real one, which was, that lights, and bustle, and amusement, were a necessary part of her existence.

Go she would, in spite of Janet's persuasions; perhaps somewhat selfish persuasions, as Janet had hoped to spend a quiet evening. But Lady Hammersley would not hear of her remaining up stairs; so, Miss Carrington was forced to change her dress, while her chaperon indued herself in a many-colored costume she fondly believed perfection.

When the weight of her young mistress's toilet was off her mind, the last pin placed, the last finishing touch given, Mademoiselle Leontine unpuckered her brows, heaved a sigh of exultation, and was able to think of ordinary matters.

"I quite forgot a letter that came while Mademoiselle was at dinner," said she. "Mademoiselle knows how I always concentrate my energies; put my soul into the work of dressing mademoiselle. So, she will excuse my negligence, I hope."

"It is of no consequence. Where is the letter? I wish there was no such thing in the world," said Janet.

"I will bring it. I left it on the table, in mademoiselle's salon."

"Never mind. I am going in there to sit down till Lady Hammersley is ready," Janet replied.

She passed into the adjoining chamber, went up to the table, saw the letter. She recognized the writing at once. A storm of anger and pain darkened her eyes. She took an envelope from the desk, wrote a name on it, thrust the unopened letter therein, sealed it, and rang the bell.

Her factotum, Old Philip, the faithfulest creature the sun ever shone on, who served her father before Janet was born, and adored her as Italians do their saints, appeared in answer to her summons.

"Be good enough to find where that person is stopping," said Janet, pointing to the name she had written on the envelope; "and have this given to him at once."

Old Philip bowed, glanced at the address as he took up the epistle, gave his mistress one quick look of troubled surprise, and left the chamber. As he reached the landing which led to the reading and ball-rooms, he met Harold Payne.

The gentleman called, suddenly,

"Philip! It is Philip! How do you do?"

The old man looked at him with angry eyes, and held out the letter.

"My mistress bade me give you this," said he; "but she did not bid me speak to you."

He hurried away. Payne stood under the chandelier, and opening the envelope, saw his own letter, with the seal intact.

The first part of the concert was nearly over, when Lady Hammersley and Miss Carrington entered the rooms.

It was all wearisome and odious to Janet. The music sounded harsh and discordant. Even the cheerful talk of her favorite, the Minister, was a bore. But the fault, or the misfortune, was entirely Janet's own; for the concert was a brilliant success in every way. The Russian Grand Duke had changed his royal mind, and, instead of departing that morning, was still in Biarritz, and honored the affair by his august presence.

So it came about, that Apraxin and Harold Payne met in the billiard-room, and exchanged courteous greetings for the benefit of the by-standers.

"I trust you received my note of explanation," the Prince found an opportunity to say in Payne's ear, "and that it was satisfactory?"

"Perfectly so," returned Payne. "I had heard, already, that your master's son had deferred his departure until to-morrow; so I knew that our little interview must be put off till another day."

"I shall be back to-morrow night," continued the Prince, biting his lips under his mustache.

"I believe our two friends have arranged all necessary details," said Payne, calmly. "Good-night, and good-by till we meet at St. Jean de Sut, on Saturday."

And he walked away, leaving the haughty Russian noble with an almost uncontrollable desire to throttle him for his languid composure, and envying men in a rank of life sufficiently low for them to adjust their hatreds by choking their enemy's life out with murderous hands, instead of only finding the comparatively tame satisfaction of using pistols, and having to wait till polite preliminaries can be settled, and Grand Dukes prove obliging enough to go about their business.

The concert took its course. Between the pieces, people nibbled ices, absorbed cooling beverages, and talked nonsense. Miss Carring-

ton did her part well enough, and nobody noticed that it was hard work, unless it might be Apraxin. Several times, as he made one of the little group about, Janet saw his handsome eyes fastened upon her with a look of keen observation; but she read other revealings there, too, and they positively frightened her.

She had never believed that his feeling was anything more than admiration, or a passing fancy, which a week's absence, or the sight of a newer face, would obliterate. But now she read that in his eye which she could not mistake. He loved her. Hard, almost cruel, as she was, in many ways, not from the dictates of her nature, but rendered so by the wearing misery of her fate, Janet always grieved when she chanced to hurt a real, honest affection. She had very slight faith in men, but she knew that, with all his faults, and they were principally those of temper and pride, Apraxin was honorable and true. She had known him, now, for a number of months, and many facts concerning him had come to her knowledge, which, skeptic as she was, had given her confidence in his integrity.

And to-night, for the first time, she learned that he really loved her. She looked back on her conduct with remorseful contrition. She had flirted with him. He would have reason to accuse her of coquetry and caprice. She was very sorry; sorriest of all for his pain, when he learned that—— She stopped short, and said to herself, that he was a man any woman might be proud to love. She might, if her heart was not cold and dead. In a worldly point of view, what more brilliant position could be offered than his? And yet, even if she wished, she dared not accept. Ah! that was the bitterest sting! She dared not! It cut her pride like a knife, to remember this! That she, Janet Carrington, had so misdirected or misused her life, that she had reason to fear any human creature! To fear!

She almost forgot her suffering, in the spasm of wrath which this reflection kindled in her soul. People were leaving their chairs, moving about in a pause of the music. She was seated in the inner room, near one of the windows that gave on the terrace. She slipped out; she had hoped, unobserved. But she had scarcely crossed the flags, and was bending over the parapet, looking across the sweep of white sand, and the glory of the sea, when she found Apraxin beside her.

"Are you not afraid of getting cold?" he asked. "Shall I bring you a shawl?"

"How could I possibly want a shawl on such a suffocating night?" returned she, unable to repress the irritable response, which sprang only from nervousness.

"It is rather fresh, I think. But you are not well," he said.

"Only cross," she replied. "Not worth talking to. I shall go back into the rooms presently. The music is very good this evening."

She could not easily have given him a plainer dismissal; but he paid no attention thereto.

"Tell me what is the matter?" he said, suddenly. "Ah! I thought all these months had made us friends! I know you are either ill, or something troubles you."

"Of course, we are friends; but even friends must not ask questions," she answered, trying to speak playfully. "I ought to have said, must not take fancies. There is nothing the matter, only I am stupid. Let us talk of something more interesting."

"I can only talk or think of one thing," he said.

She knew what was coming now. No escape possible. She would have given this world and the next to find such.

She stepped back, and began to walk slowly down the terrace, without in the least knowing what she did. He walked on beside her, sufficiently excited not to remember that there was anything odd in her suddenly-commenced promenade.

The terrace is a very long one. From where they had been standing, there were a good hundred feet to cross before reaching the end. A man may say a great deal in the time necessary for traversing that distance, if he be ready with his speech, and Apraxin did not lack words; words, too, that were well chosen and eloquent, and bore the ring of sincerity in their utterance.

She tried several times to interrupt him, but it was perfectly useless. Then a horrible temptation seized Janet Carrington. She realized, even at the instant, what a wickedness it was so much as to indulge it for a single breath; but she was sorely tempted! When he told her of his love, when she remembered the worldly position he could give her, reflected what a vengeance it would be for the wrong that had long ago been done her! She had a strong impulse in her soul, to lay her hand in his; to go forth with him into the new life he offered, reckless of the risk.

The moon was shining almost as brightly as day. They were nearing the end, Apraxin speaking eagerly all the while.

"Don't!" she cried, with a sudden terror of herself. "Don't! I cannot listen! I must not!"

But her voice was so low and choked, that he did not catch the words. Probably, if he had, they would have continued just the same.

A great stand of flowering plants, flanked by two tall shrubs, had been taken out of the concert-room, to give place for seats, and set on the terrace. They were close by it.

"I only tell you, over and over, the same thing. I love you! Ah, try to care for me! See, take my hand. Give me a little hope that I may one day claim you for my wife."

As he spoke, Janet Carrington saw Harold Payne behind the screen of plants. He had been leaning over the parapet. He turned at the sound of voices; caught the words distinctly. It was a case where to move was impossible; to step forth, having listened to such utterances, would have been a cruelty and an insult. He retreated as far as he could, and stood still.

Janet was between the Prince and the stand. He saw nothing, heard nothing, in his eagerness. It seemed to Janet Carrington that seven times seven devils entered her soul. Harold Payne should hear—should be made to believe, that she was utterly reckless; ready to dare him to the uttermost, to run any risk to secure a new life—the splendor of the position offered her.

"I tell you, there is a secret in my life," she said, in a clear, audible voice, as if continuing some explanation she had begun before they got near enough for Payne to hear their conversation. "You could not endure that. No woman could ask you to do it."

"I could trust you," Apraxin answered.

His generous answer filled her with contrition toward him. She remembered how cruel it was to torture him thus. But she could not stop—she could not! She could see Harold Payne; see him twist his hands together in a spasm of rage and suffering; could tell, by his face, that he was trying not to listen; and he should. He should!

"My trust in you has no bounds," Apraxin said. "You could set no condition to which I would not consent.

"Suppose I asked you to kill some one for me?" cried she.

"I would do it."

She burst out laughing. Not she, it seemed to her, but the devils that had possession of her, laughed aloud. The sound of that wicked laughter, in a measure, brought her back again to sanity. She trembled violently. A womanly throb of shame and remorse, for her wanton cruelty to this man, who loved her, tore her heart.

She seized Apraxin's arm, and hurried him back along the terrace, beyond the reach of Payne's hearing.

"Forgive me!" she exclaimed. "Oh, forgive me! I cannot love you! I am not worth loving. Save your heart for a better woman."

"Janet! Janet!" he cried.

"Be still! Not a word more! For God's sake, go away! I believe I am a fiend to-night! Avoid me! Hate me——"

He was staring at her in dumb wonder. She could not finish her passionate words. A gentleman came hurrying toward them from one of the concert-rooms; a Russian belonging to the Grand Duke's suite.

"Monsieur Nordhoff is looking for you," said Janet, with a composure which, following so close upon her excited speech, made her marvel as much as it did the Prince.

"Good evening, mademoiselle," said the new comer. "Apraxin, I beg a thousand pardons; but his Highness is asking for you."

It is all very well to be a great Russian noble, for many reasons; but the position has a side which too closely resembles slavery, to be pleasant, I should suppose, and the present was a case in point.

"The Grand Duke has received a dispatch he wishes to show you," pursued Nordhoff. "It must be answered at once."

There was nothing for Apraxin to do but apologize to Miss Carrington, and offer his arm. She walked on with the two men to the room she had left, Nordhoff talking idle nonsense, she endeavoring to answer; Apraxin incapable of speech, from excitement and wrath at this interruption, which caused him to curse his sovereign's son in the depths of his soul.

When they left her, Janet went in search of Lady Hammersley, whom she found very tired, and anxious to go to her room. So the two departed. Janet kissed her good-night, and Lady Hammersley took her aristocratic, weary old body off to bed.

Miss Carrington found the exemplary Leontine dozing over a French novel, and dismissed her for the night.

"I can undress myself," she said. "You look tired. Go to bed at once, like a good creature. Ah, do let me alone," she added, with an entreaty, not a command in her voice, as Leontine began to expostulate.

That damsel had never seen her mistress in such a mood, and departed without delay. Miss Carrington never scolded, but, on the other hand, she was always so reserved and stately, that Leontine stood in awe of her; and this sudden burst of childish petulance startled the woman.

Janet sat down by the window. She heard the bell of the Casino strike twelve. A sudden

restlessness came over her. She felt that she should go utterly mad if she did not get out of the house.

Just then some one tapped at the door of the salon; it was old Philip, coming, according to habit, to bid his young mistress good-night, and receive any orders she might have to give for the next morning.

"Are you tired, Philip?" she asked. "Would you mind going out with me on the sands awhile? My head aches; I want the air."

Philip would have gone with her to the moon, or at least have set out on the journey, had she required it, and never thought anything she said or did extraordinary any more than a faithful Newfoundland dog would have done.

"Perhaps the air will do you good, Miss Janet," he said, with a fatherly tenderness in his respectful voice.

Philip, in his delicacy, was careful not to look at her, even. Philip knew that the tempest had broken out again from the blackness of the past, and was smiting her soul like a whirlwind. He would cheerfully have given his life to aid, but he could do nothing save be silent, and appear blind.

Janet wrapped a hooded mantle about her head and shoulders, and hurried into the corridor, waiting with what patience she might, while methodical Philip locked the door of her salon.

"You are very good to me," she said, suddenly, patting the old man's hand as he joined her.

Philip just bent his gray head, and reverentially touched her hand with his lips, but made no other answer.

Miss Carrington led the way down a small stair-case, which brought them out into the lower hall, from whence they could gain the beach at once.

She took a path to the left; went on to where a rustic bridge connected the shore with a great mass of rocks, rising to a considerable height out of the sea—a place where there was little probability of meeting a soul at that hour.

Everybody was in the Casino, or in the square by the café, or down on the beach to the right, below the hotels, where the long, squat bathing-house stands.

Janet mounted the precipitous path leading to the top of the cliff, and Philip followed in silence.

The air blew fresh and cool on the height, and Janet could breathe again. Philip selected a sheltered nook, sat down with his back against a conveniently-shaped rock, and presently fell fast asleep, though his eyes were staring wide open, while his head nodded back and forth with a regular movement, as if it had been the pendulum of some fantastic clock, and he dreamed that he was awake, and alert, and keeping guard over his young mistress with all his might and main.

The moon was out in full gorgeousness; not a cloud in the sky, save where, away off seaward, close to the horizon's verge, lay a bank of heavy black mist which threatened bad weather before a week should pass; and the sea, though quiet enough, gave now and then a sullen growl, to show that it was aware it might, in a short time, lose control of its uncertain temper.

Philip slumbered peacefully in his corner, as well satisfied for the moment as most people are during the whole of their aimless, misspent lives, to dream of his duty instead of doing it.

Janet seated herself close to the edge of the cliff, with a disregard of personal safety, which would have frightened Philip, had he been awake.

There she sat, and gazed up at the sky, which seemed mocking her with its peacefulness; leaned forward to stare into the slow-curling foam below; and wondered if it would not be better to let herself slip quietly over the precipice, and be done with human existence and its anguish. It would be so easy! The tide was up, and just there the curving rocks made a deep, deep pool, along whose edge the moon-tinged surf circled, like flame, revealing the blackness of the inner waters, and the cold, cruel smoothness of the wave-torn rocks.

Suddenly, Janet perceived a man standing quite near, looking fixedly at her.

It was not Philip; it was not a stranger. Once more she and Harold Payne were gazing into each other's eyes; horror and desperation in hers, bitter rage and misery in his.

"Did you think I was a ghost?" he asked, in a voice which would have sounded savage had it not been so full of suffering.

"I thought, just now, a fiend was tempting me," she cried; "and here he is, in bodily shape! A moment since, I had a mind to fling myself down into the sea. Go away, or I'll do it!"

"Let me say a few words, and I will leave you," he answered. "Fate has once more brought us together. Perhaps, in this world, we shall never meet again."

"I pray not," she broke in; "nor in the next. I think so much mercy might be vouchsafed me. Well, well! Speak out, and be done!"

Twice he essayed to take advantage of her disdainful permission, but his lips trembled so, that he could not frame a syllable.

Her eyes wandered away to the mocking splendor of the sky above, to the black depths at her

feet. He looked at her still. She felt, although she did not see his glance.

In spite of all that had come and gone, in spite of the awful gulf which separated them: the fiercest wrath, the bitterest hate human souls can know; the anger and hatred which has for its basis a love that will not die, the sympathy between their natures was still so strong, that their wayward fancies had strayed off on the same track just as they used to do in the old, dead, beautiful days, when this peculiarity, so often noticed by them, was a happiness as exquisite as its present agony was unendurable; for each knew that the other had roused that subtle influence in mind and soul. They were thinking of the time, ten years agone, when they used to sit by the Southern sea that washed the shores of Florida; meeting there evening after evening, daring so much for each other's sake; For generations their families had been separated by an enmity fierce and implacable as a Corsican vendetta. A suspicion of the secret which made their young lives so glorious, would have proved a death-blow to Janet's mother, and sent Harold forth with his father's curse upon his head; yet neither shrank from the risk they ran.

Both were thinking of that last week of happiness, before Harold sailed for India, to pass seven weary years; of their promises and vows; of years that were to be one long watch, and eager waiting, full of trust and confidence; never a doubt to touch either soul, whatever might happen. And it was thus they met.

They came back, at the same instant, to a realization of the present; came back with a pang sharper than the rending of body and soul asunder.

Harold spoke again. His face had grown stern and rigid. His voice had no anger in it, not even suffering. It was just cold, slow and steady, like the sound of a hammer beating measured strokes against the iron door of a tomb.

"When I came to this place, I did not know that you were here," he said, "though I had been wishing to find you."

"I think even the fiends would not be so contemptible," she retorted. "I think that they must hide from one another in the dark. It is only a man who could be contemptible enough to trouble the purgatory of my life."

He did not heed.

"I wrote you once, before you left America," he went on. "I have written you once since you came abroad. You paid no attention——"

"Nor should I, had I received your letters; but I did not," she said.

"Now, that I find you here, I want to tell you that I have acted on an offer made you in my letters," he continued, as if he had not heard her interruption.

"No matter what the offer might be, it was an insult, coming from you," she cried, bitterly.

"They tell me you wish to be a princess. Well, it is a natural wish. You are a woman."

"You heard so with your own ears. I saw you listening, when he was speaking to me. Listening!" she repeated.

"You saw me before I could move. You made the conversation what it was on purpose," he answered, still in the same slow, emotionless tone. "Then you got frightened at yourself; perhaps, a little ashamed, too, though of that I am not sure."

"You may be sure I was not!" she cried, the very coldness of his voice, the way he spoke, as if she were so slight a thing that even anger was beyond her due, rousing her to a wilder passion.

"You want to be a princess! Well, it is a pretty title," persisted he. "And many another woman, I dare say, would pay as great a price for the pleasure of wearing it as you seemed inclined to do."

"I said he was too mean to be a devil. He is only a man!" she muttered.

Still the slow, dull voice held its course, unheeding—beat, beat, beat, with its icy stroke, on her maddened soul.

"Your new friends cannot imagine why you have hesitated so long. I know. But you need hesitate no longer. You might have known that I should never trouble you. You did know it, else you would not have dared me as you did to-night."

"Not a devil! Only a man!" she muttered again.

"The past is dead," he continued. "I come to place its ashes in your hand." He drew a package of papers from his breast-pocket, and held it toward her, But she made no motion to take it. "When you read these, you will see that I have told you the truth. It is dead so utterly, that you need not fear the Prince, when your husband will ever catch so much as a whisper. Your cousin Elsie is in her grave. No one living knows but old Philip, and you can trust him. Take these papers, and you hold your destiny in your own control."

Still she made no effort to touch the packet. Perhaps she could not. Perhaps she did not believe that he was really giving up the hold he possessed by placing the records of the past in her hands. After what she had endured at his hands, she perhaps felt that she could not be secure against any and every sort of treachery.

"Will you take the papers?" he asked. "The world is wide enough for both of us. It shall be my care that we never meet again. Accept your coronet without fear. When you have burned this packet, you may safely say to the Prince that your past contains no secret."

She turned her despairing eyes upon him, and murmured, in an awful whisper,

"What shall I say to my God?"

The words were uttered without volition on her part; she never meant to utter them.

"Ah," returned Payne, without the slightest change in his measured voice, "you will have to say as Claverhouse did, 'I will take God into my own hands.'"

He might have spared her this taunt; deeply as she had wronged him, he felt, the instant the speech left his lips, that it would have been only manly to spare her. She was merely a woman—nothing more!

Janet snatched the papers from his hand,

"I will take them—I will! I will call the past dead and buried. I will have my life! I have had purgatory here—worse—they can give me no new suffering hereafter. I have exhausted every form!"

He was not even shocked at the awful blasphemy which escaped her white lips. He knew that for the moment she was mad. He feared to stop an instant longer, lest the sight of him should increase her frenzy till she might utter revelations still more insane—revelations which he could not bear to hear—for he loved her, in spite of all, he loved her!

So, without a word, he turned, and was gone.

A full hour after, Philip was roused from his slumber by the touch of an icy hand on his, and a voice like the voice of the dead crying,

"Take me away—take me away!"

The old man started up to see a shape like the ghost of his beloved mistress standing before him. But Philip was only pained, not frightened. He had seen her look like this before; had heard her voice in that wail of purgatorial pain, and his honest heart went out toward her in sympathy and tenderness. He began to sob like a child as he led her away, but Janet shed no tears, and was not even conscious of his distress.

They entered the house by the same door at which they had gone out, but followed the principal stair-case to the upper floors. The gas had been put out on the landing where Janet's rooms were situated. Upon a sofa by the stair-case two men sat smoking in the moonlight that streamed through the windows.

"What ever the quarrel is about, we can do nothing," one voice said. "The Prince would not hear of an apology."

"Nor would Payne offer one," returned the other. "We can only do our duty, and that is to see they shoot each other in proper form. I am going to bed."

The gentlemen walked away. Janet had caught Philip's arm, and held him fast, till the two disappeared.

"Find out when and where," was all she said, and passed on up the stairs.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

MAY-DAY'S "SWEET SIXTEEN."

BY WALTER BROWN.

ONCE, upon a halcyon day,
In the fairy month of May,
Slumb'ring by her mother, lay
Innocence—'twas infancy,

Helplessness personified,
Nestling by her mother's side;
Wond'ring eyes, that opened wide,
Closing soft at eventide.

Tiny, clasping, waxen hand,
Model feet, that could not stand,
Hair that crisped in wavy curl,
Crowned this witching, infant girl.

To commemorate the day,
She was called sweet Stella May;
From the month in which she came,
Was contrived this pretty name.

Oh! thou gentle, radiant star,
From the spirit-land afar.
Heaven's own jewel; helpless gift,
On the sea of life adrift.

Precious treasure from above,
From the Father's arms of love;
Angel gift, from Heaven's own hand,
Spirit pure, from "Better Land!"

Weeks and months have rolled away,
As returns the first of May;
Old enough to creep and play,
Laughing, chatt'ring all the day.

From the little one that crept,
That beside its mother slept,
Now has grown a graceful maid,
Casting childhood into shade.

Sixteen years have passed away,
Since the sun's first golden ray
Fell upon her infancy.
Lovely now as blush of day,
Is this charming Stella May.

"WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED."

BY FANNIE HODGSON BURNETT.

They were not a particularly interesting set of people, Barnes Herrick thought. He glanced up and down the table, feeling disappointed. The fact was, he had reached a stage which all solitary travelers reach at one period or another—the stage at which wandering in foreign lands seems, after all, a rather stupid business. It might be all very well for parties, as for bridal couples or for fast young men, he decided; but for him, a quiet individual of five-and-thirty, a man with no impetus to enthusiasm, and with many lonely hours on his hands, it was scarcely what he had expected to find it. Those of his friends, who, when his uncle's fortune had fallen to him, had clapped him upon the shoulder, and said, "Go abroad, old fellow, and enjoy it. See the world. That's my advice," had not thought of the spare time when even statuary, and altar-pieces, and frescoes pall upon a man who has no one to share his pleasure in them, and who, in secret, has carried a quiet heartache for many a day.

Such a heartache Barnes Herrick had carried, and it had not grown less during his journeyings. He had been just twenty-four hours in Florence, having arrived the evening before the one upon which I open my story, or rather his story. He had been rambling from one place to another for months, and now had made up his mind to rest for a couple of months at least. So, having rather womanish ideas of comfort, he had eschewed hotels, and taken up his abode in a *pension*, unpacking his books, and pipes, and slippers, and giving them place in his parlor, preparing to make the best of his opportunities.

Being in this frame of mind, it was natural that at his first dinner, he should glance up and down the long table, and round its corners, in search of a face with possibilities in it—not a woman's face, particularly—merely a face either masculine or feminine, which should attract him in a friendly way. But though the tables were well filled—it was the time when the people who regard Florence as their winter-quarters, flock there in full force—his search was not a success. There were two or three comfortable couples, four tall English ladies of extremely uncertain age, a large, elderly, voluminously-attired lady, somehow suggestive of the drama, a black-haired little woman, who looked like a governess, and the usual number of indescribables.

"The little black one is the most attractive," thought Barnes. "How glossy her hair is, and how keen her eyes look! But there is not much to be made of the rest."

He had scarcely reached this decision when he started slightly, in spite of himself. He was seated at the end of the table which was near the door, and through the curtains which fell before it came the sound of a tender, low-pitched voice, uttering a few commonplace words. Across the passage was the dining-room for the servants and children, and the speaker was evidently addressing her nurse.

"Don't let them eat too much pastry, Jeanne, and do be careful about their knives. You must not put your knife in your mouth, Geordie. To put one's knife in one's mouth is dreadful."

The every-day caution of some foolish, little mother, it might appear to any other chance-hearer, but it brought a knot into Barnes Herrick's throat, and a pathetic throb to his heart. He had never thought it possible that he should again cross the path of the owner of that voice. But here she was again, after all these years; for the next moment the curtain was lifted, and she came in—a slight creature in black, her face and figure a little worn for their youth, and her large eyes touched with a certain patience of expression.

"Pen!" said Barnes, but she did not hear him, and passed on to her seat.

He had not meant to speak aloud, and scarcely knew that he had done so, until he noticed that the sharp yet friendly eyes of the black-haired little French woman were fixed upon him questioningly. Their glances met, and she spoke with an apologetic smile.

"Pardon," she said. "It is only that I see you know Madame, and she did not hear you. And she is also my friend. We are what you call very fond of each other. In a moment she will look to me, and smile."

And in a moment she did; and then she saw Barnes, and her tired young face lighted up, and she smiled, as a child might smile, at the sight of a friend. But they had no opportunity to exchange speaking greetings until the meal was over.

"Her husband?" he said to his neighbor. "I do not see him."

Mademoiselle raised her neat shoulders.

"He is not here," she answered. "Monsieur died. She is a widow."

Barnes asked no more questions. Years ago he had begun to love a little child who had been a visitor at his mother's house, and he had never ceased to love her from that time. He had been an overgrown, awkward boy, and she a soft-voiced, gracious little creature, who won her way to all hearts. His chapter in her story was brief enough. She had reached her first bloom, and loved another man, a man who was more fortunate than Herrick, in being bright, handsome, and world-loving. Before she was eighteen, Pen paid her last visit to her old friends, bade Barnes a half-tearful, half-smiling farewell, and left them, poor, foolish child, to marry her lover. They saw nothing of her after this, and only heard of her through vague report. Her husband did not encourage her to keep up her old friendships, it was said.

"He is a brilliant young fellow, and quite a power in society," Barnes once heard it said; "but the wife is a little nobody; a pale, childish-looking creature, who lives on her baby. She is rarely ever seen."

This was all. But Barnes carried a keener ache in his breast from that time. He could not help making pathetic mental pictures of her—a pale girl-mother, trying to fill her sorrowful young heart with her child's love. She had been such a pretty, affectionate creature in the old happy days.

And her husband was dead; and here she was alone, looking worn, notwithstanding her youth, and bearing in her eyes that touching suggestion of habitual patience; the patience of long discipline. Barnes saw it more plainly than before, when her smile of gladness died away. The burden of life, which had come upon her so early, had left its traces behind.

The meal at an end, Barnes rose eagerly. Pen met him half-way, and gave him not one hand, but both; and as his grasp closed upon them, he felt what slight hands they were. He held them close and tenderly, and looked down into her uplifted face.

"It seems a long time, Pen," he said, "a long time since I held them last."

She smiled sadly.

"It is six years," she answered.

They went into the parlor, and sat down together.

"This is not the old Pen," said Barnes, his heart growing heavy within him at the change in her.

"No, no!" she said. "An older one. I was a child then."

Her poor little thin hands clasped themselves nervously together, and she turned her face away from him. Her next words were at once confession and appeal.

"Barnes," she said, with a throb in her voice, "Barnes, I was not happy. It—it was a mistake. It is all over now. He is dead. And I have two little children. Such pretty babies, Barnes!" her face warming. "All the rest of my life belongs to them."

Before he had talked to her half an hour, he began to understand her. In that first miserable year of her married life, she had given up her youth without a protest. She had turned to her children in the end, feeling that no other happiness was left to her. Nobody cared for her loneliness; but the babies loved her, and were her comfort.

"I have no friends," she said. "Only there is Mademoiselle. I live here because it is cheap. I must live somewhere, where it is cheap."

Then she looked at him innocently.

"Don't you want to see my babies?" she asked.

She positively gained color when the nurse brought them into the room. When she knelt down on the carpet, to tie Birdie's sash, and touch up Geordie's curls, Barnes was almost reminded of the Pen he had known. She put her hand on Geordie's shoulder, and turned to Barnes with quite a proud air.

"You do not know what a comfort he is to me," she said, eagerly. "He is only five, but he knows and understands so much. You would scarcely believe how much. He is mamma's man—Geordie."

It would have been simply natural and pretty in a happier woman, but in her it was touching.

When Barnes had caressed and admired the children, she took them up stairs herself, bidding him good-night.

"I always stay with them until they are asleep," she said, giving him her hand. "I shall see you often, shall I not? I shall be happier for knowing that."

When she was gone, Barnes was guilty of seeking Mademoiselle with a secret purpose in view. He was chilled and saddened. He was not even so near to this pale, young mother as he had been to the light-hearted Pen, who had been so innocently blind to his deep love.

It was not easy to conceal things from the small French woman, and Barnes was, at best, a blundering diplomatist. When he advanced toward her, Mademoiselle looked up from her trim work-basket with a smile.

"She has gone up stairs with the little ones,"

she said. "That is always so," shaking her head. "The little ones! The little ones! She has no life but the life of the little ones."

She snipped the end of her thread with a pair of scissors, as sharp and gleaming as her own black eyes, and she motioned Barnes to a chair at her side.

"Sit down, if you will," she said. "You would like to talk to me of her. Yes, yes. I see. She was your little friend once, and you have lost her for many years."

To poor Barnes, who wore his warm heart upon his sleeve, there seemed no necessity for further prelude. Here was a woman who knew, and loved, and pitied her, for her lost girlhood and early blight.

"If you had known her as I did," he said; "if you had known her as a pretty, loving child, and had seen her happy, tender face, as I saw it last, you would not wonder that it cuts my heart to see her as she is to-day."

Mademoiselle softened even more visibly than before, and she nodded her head again.

"Yes, yes, I know," she answered. "I have seen love-matches such as hers before. It is an old tale to me. I have lived forty-five years, and it is an old tale. A pretty child, and a man easily tired; a strange, bitter pain, and a gay world. The only wonder is, that it was he who died."

It was for the children's sake that she spent her winters in Florence; and because she could live there cheaply.

"He did not leave much for her, the handsome husband," said Mademoiselle. "A short life, and a merry one, for him. But she thinks not of herself. She has no world to please."

"Do you think," faltered Barnes, wistfully, "that she is happy?"

"There are different kinds of happiness," answered Mademoiselle. "Youth is something, and she is young."

Barnes went to his room later. He was not sure that he was happier for the knowledge of Pen's nearness, now that he had seen her as she was. In truth, he felt himself more wholly separated from her than he had felt when he had fancied her far away. He could only think of her as the woman he loved, and in her presence he had known himself so mere a nothing to her. His was a simple, candid nature, and he looked his position fairly in the face.

"I wonder if I had better go away," he said, after thinking it all over. "It is no use deceiving myself. I am only a man, and I love her. If I stay here, I shall only stay because I hope to win her in the end. Is there any hope for me? Is there even a shadow of one?" His face flushed, and his eyes kindled. He closed his hand tightly as it rested on his knee. "If there was only the shadow of one, I would wait, Pen," he said, aloud. "Jacob served seven years for Rachel, and then seven again; and why should not I? I might bring back to you something of what you lost."

When Pen met him upon the stair-case, the next morning, and stopped to smile gently, and greet him, she asked him a question.

"I have been wondering if you are only a bird of passage," she said. "I think you did not tell me last night."

"I shall be here all winter," he answered. "I have just been making arrangements about my rooms."

"You will learn to love Florence," she said, simply. "It is the kind of place one always loves in the end." But she did not say that she was glad, and her voice did not change from its even quiet.

It was rather hard for Barnes, but he had learned patience on his way through the world, and he was not prone to expect that happiness would come to him easily.

"I never won anything yet without working and waiting," he said, "and my fate will not change this late in the day."

Certainly, it seemed not. Day after day he sat opposite the sweet, sad face, at meal-times. Day after day he passed it on the stair-case, or in the hall, or out upon the street; and though she always gained a smile and a soft-voiced greeting, there was nothing more for him.

"I do not see much of you, Pen," he said once, somewhat mournfully.

"I have not much time to spare from the children," said the unresponsive little woman, with her half-smile. "I never leave them when I can help it."

"And your face is pale, and your hands thin, with your constant care for them," returned Barnes. "I cannot think all this watchfulness is a good thing for you, Pen."

"But I am always pale, and a little thin," almost eagerly.

"You were not once," said Barnes.

Her eyes fell, and saddened.

"That is long ago," she said; "long ago. One cannot be young always."

"Not young," said Barnes, "at twenty-three! My poor little Pen! My poor, altered girl!"

"One must make the best of one's life, when all is over," she answered, in a voice almost a whisper. "I am making the best of mine, Barnes."

And she turned away as if she did not wish to say more.

It was the children themselves who came to Barnes' rescue with the uncommon caprice of childhood. It may be that the poor fellow turned to them with a sore-hearted hope of winning some right to draw nearer to Pen herself. It was easy to deceive himself into fancying that he was wholly disinterested, and at least the children themselves believed in him. They liked his long, strong arms and broad shoulders, and made them useful upon all occasions, as they became familiar with him. He could carry them when they were tired of walking, romp with them, and was lavish in his gifts of all things indigestible. He kept his pockets full of chocolate and candied fruits, and roasted chestnuts, bought hot from the braisers in the streets; and his generosity, where such trifles were concerned, filled Pen's soul with terror.

"It is very kind of you, Barnes," she would say, "and I am very grateful; but if you would please to be so good as to give them to me, instead of to the children, and let me give them what they ought to eat, I should be so much obliged."

Whereupon Barnes blushed quietly, and implored her pardon, and emptied his pockets in great inward trepidation, but invariably forgot himself, and transgressed again, the next time he met the children in the streets with their nurse.

"I did not know you were so fond of children," said Pen.

"I did not know, either," he answered, feeling guilty and embarrassed again. "I have not known many children, but when you were a child I was fond of you."

"Were you?" said Pen, wondering a little at his blushes. "I never thought you cared for me at all."

She was continually bestowing such innocent, cruel thrusts as these upon him. She had been fond of his mother, but had taken but little notice of him. He had only been "Barnes," whom she liked in a kindly, unemotional way, and who had always seemed shy and awkward in her presence. Nobody had been wont to observe Barnes very closely, or to try and account for his fancies.

"If I had been ready-witted, like other men," said Barnes, "I might have won my way to her heart."

And he sighed heavily.

If it had not been for his friend, the little French woman, he felt sometimes as if he must have given up, and gone away. "Mademoiselle" was shrewd as well as kind, and she had became quite fond of him.

"Do not discourage yourself, my friend," she would say, sometimes. "Rome was not built in a day. Perhaps your time is not so waste as you fancy. But the little heart has been sad so long."

She was quite right. The young heart had been sad so long that mere freedom from actual pain seemed all that it could hope for.

"I think," said Pen, one night, "that I have forgotten how to be happy—happy in the old way. And yet I am not unhappy. Perhaps," her voice falling, and the words coming slowly, "perhaps one always forgets as one grows older."

This was one night when, for the first time, she had drifted unconsciously into a kind of self-revealing, as she talked to Barnes. They were alone together, in the parlor, and as she finished speaking, Pen was startled at finding both her hands fairly crushed in her companion's strong grasp. And this was not all—the emotion in the man's face was a revelation to her. She looked up, touched and wondering.

"Are you so sorry for me as that?" she said, wistfully. "Are you so sorry for me as that, Barnes? You look as if—as if you understood, and I did not think that anybody——"

"You have borne your pain so long alone that you did not think anybody could understand how deep and heavy it must have been to have changed you as it has, and taught you only to bear life without hoping. But I have suffered, too, Pen, and that makes it easy."

"You have suffered too?" she echoed. "You, too?"

"Yes," he answered, "I, too."

She did not remove her hands from his, but let him hold them, and so stood silent for a few minutes, turning her pretty, patient face toward the fire.

"I am very sorry," she said at last, with a sigh. "I did not know. But it seems as if it was always so."

Her manner toward him changed a little after this. She seemed to remember his presence oftener, and now and then he fancied that she made some effort to please him. Sometimes he found her eyes fixed questioningly upon his face, and when he came to her parlor to see the children, she was less silent and reserved. Still she was as blind and calm as ever, until at last Mademoiselle disturbed her,

"He is very patient, the Monsieur Herrick," she said. "He has a kind and faithful heart. There are few like him."

"Pen raised her soft eyes from the dress she was embroidering for Bessie, and looked bewildered.

"Patient!" she echoed. "Patient! What a curious word, Mademoiselle."

"No," answered the Frenchwoman, "not curious. He bears much. He does not resent the coldness and the indifference as most men would."

The dress fell upon Pen's lap, and suddenly her color showed itself as if in affright.

"Whose coldness?" she faltered. "Whose indifference? Surely, surely, Mademoiselle, you cannot misunderstand——"

"No, not misunderstand," said the little woman, serenely. "But it is hard, nevertheless, for Monsieur Herrick."

Pen's color came and went, then, and her hands trembled.

"But he does not expect—he does not want—he has no right," she exclaimed, almost with tears of distress and mortification, "I should never like him again," she broke off. "I would never let him play with the children again, if I thought that——"

"Then do not think it, my dear," interposed her friend, acutely. "It is better that all should remain as it is. You would be severe, indeed, to refuse the poor friend should play with the little ones, and be comforted by their caresses."

The same day Barnes, straying near Santa Spirito, caught sight, of a well-known slight figure, draped in black.

Finding herself near him, Pen was evidently disturbed and startled, but he came and held out his hand, speaking gently.

"You are not afraid that I should see you, Pen," he said. "You are not afraid of me. I may walk with you, may I not?"

"Yes," she answered, and then, after hesitating a moment, "I am not really sorry to meet you. I think I have something I want to say to you."

They stood, silent, an instant. The fountain was playing, and the late flowers blooming in the little square.

"Let us go there and sit down for a few minutes," she said, pointing to a bench. "It is very pretty and quiet."

So they went and seated themselves; and, somehow, almost as soon as they had taken their places, Barnes understood that a kind of crisis in his fate had arrived. Pen was pale, and drew her breath quickly, and she began to speak, keeping her eyes fixed on the plashing waters of the playing fountain.

"Barnes," she said, "is it true that I have been cold to you, and unfriendly?

"Pen!" he exclaimed. "My dear girl! What does this mean?"

"It means a great deal to me," she returned; "for I did not mean to be either one or the other, and it seems that I have been both."

She clasped her black-gloved hands tightly together upon her lap, and went on speaking low and rapidly, but as if she was determined to restrain her emotion.

"When you first came to Florence," she said, "I told you that I had not been happy; but I did not tell you how utterly wretched I had been. I have never told any one before. It would not have set my life right again. And the children—it was the children's father, Barnes, who made it all go wrong. I found out, two months after my marriage, that I had made a weary blunder. It was not that he had loved any one else, or that he had not loved me, for a little while; it was only that he could not love me long. He was easily tired, and I was only a child, and not strong enough of heart to battle for myself. I tried at first, but I was obliged to give up, and let him go. I ought never to have been his wife. I loved him too well. Oh, Barnes!" her self-control vanishing all at once, and a helpless sob breaking her voice, "you don't know how I loved him! Nobody knows. He did not know, himself. He knew least of all. He was so handsome, and so grand, and so gay! And it was like heaven at first; just the first weeks, when he was fond of me, and we were on our bridal tour. But I was not a brilliant, clever woman, and people praised him so much, and my heart failed me; and then, at last, I seemed to wake up all at once, and know that everything was gone! Everything! I could not bring it back.

"I used to lie on the floor of my room," she went on, after a silence, "all alone, when he was away, those dreary winter days, and the sobs would rise in my throat so fast, that they choked me, and I thought I should die. It was so terrible to know that he had loved me once, and that, after all, his love had died such an easy, natural death. It made me think that nothing was true, and that he was only like the rest of the world; that it was only because love could not last, and never did. By the time Geordie was born, I had given all up, quite, and a sort of dull quiet seemed to have settled upon me, and I did not try any more. I knew happiness was not for me. I have not even asked for it since, and perhaps I have grown cold in manner through living so much within myself. The children are all that seems left me, and I forget others. I am

not like other women; and if I have been unkind, you must forgive me. I have always thought of you as my friend, Barnes, and I have always felt that I could trust you."

There was a long pause after she ceased. Barnes had understood her better, even, than she had understood herself.

"And you tell me this because you are afraid I may have misunderstood you?" he said, at last.

"Yes," she answered, with slight hesitance.

"And only for that reason, Pen?" he added.

"For no other."

He turned his honest, tender eyes upon her, and she was forced to meet them; and then she knew how poor and weak her little subterfuge must have appeared to him, and she could neither brave it out, nor defend herself. But he was as tender of her as ever.

"No, don't be sorry, Pen," he said. "I do not misunderstand you, after all. I think I see what you have meant to do, and I am sure you meant to be kind in your woman's way. Suppose I am frank with you. To-day you have seen, for the first time, that I stay here because I love you; and being so weary of life, you think you have no heart to give to me. You are sure you have none, and you wish to spare me the pain of hope deferred. So, you have told me the story to show me that love is over for you, and cannot be stirred to new existence for me. Is not that it, Pen? Don't be afraid of hurting me by saying that it is. During these long years I have learned to bear life's chances with a kind of patience."

"I—" said Pen, faltering, "I—— Oh, Barnes, forgive me!"

"Not forgive," he answered. "Don't say 'forgive.' I have loved you too long for that word to come between us at this late day. I have loved you all my life, Pen, and you have not seen it. I loved you when you came, a child, to my mother's house; and I loved you when you bade us good-by, in your happiness and hope. Even now I cannot promise that my love shall die out; but it shall never trouble you, my dear. Never!"

He looked at once brave and kindly, and worthy of any woman's admiration, as he rose and stood before her, holding out his hand. She could hardly understand that, in this short time, all was over, and that he meant to put an end to her pain and embarrassment with this quiet gesture.

"I shall never trouble you," he repeated. "Do not be afraid of me again, Pen. Thank you," as she timidly laid her hand in his. "Now, if you are ready, we will go."

Pen's mind was in a strange tumult as they walked home together. She scarcely understood her own feelings. She was tremulous, excited, and pale. Barnes was far the calmer of the two. On his part, he was only grave and silent. And yet he had just told her what she had never for an instant suspected before, that he had loved her all his life. A few hours ago she had been a little angry with him, and now she felt that it was she who had presumed: and she dared scarcely look in his face. To think that she had been so blind! There was a certain dignity in the idea of his long-suffering and patience; a suffering which did not cry out or bewail itself, but was silent from first to last.

She did not know what impulse prompted her to do such a thing. But when they reached the house, she could not help speaking to him in timid appeal.

"Don't go away, Barnes," she said. "Don't go away from Florence."

"No," he answered. "Not if you care that I should remain. I have learned to love the place, as you said I would."

Mademoiselle began to fancy she saw a change in her friend after this little episode. Naturally, she knew nothing of the episode, but she began to observe that Pen was frequently absent-minded and nervous; that she was less indifferently at ease in Barnes' presence, and more timid in manner. There was no change in Barnes, however. He came and went as usual, kindly, and apparently cheerful.

"He is very cheerful," commented Pen, inwardly. "If he really cares for me so much; but perhaps he is getting over it." And straightway she felt a trifle restless without knowing why.

There had been a time when she would have felt either pity or resentment, but on these days she felt neither. In fact, he scarcely looked like a man who exactly needed pity. He seemed too thoroughly a man who was able to bear his burdens calmly. In secret, the little woman began to respect him, and then, as such gentle natures often do, to regard him with absolute reverence.

"He seems to have altered, somehow," she said. "I could almost fancy that he was taller, and—and even handsomer," with a great shy blush at her own boldness.

The winter passed away, and matters seemed to have made little or no progress. Only Mademoiselle wondered within herself as she looked on. Pen had become more attentive to her children than ever; there was even an eager anxiety in her treatment of them, as if she wished to make up for some secret wrong, or neglect. Her at-

tendance upon them was so constant and unremitting, indeed, that she lost flesh and color with unnecessary over exertion. She was even thinner, and more fragile looking than at first, Barnes thought, on the spring morning when he came to speak to her of his plans.

"You will not remain in Italy much longer, Pen," he said to her. "It will be too warm, here, in another month."

"Yes, for the children," she remarked. "I do not care about myself; but I always take the children to Switzerland for the summer."

He gave her a long, pitying glance.

"It is plain you do not care for yourself," he said, "and that is what I wish to speak to you about, before I go away."

"Away!" she echoed.

"I must go at one time or another, you know," he returned. "I cannot remain here always; and now, since you will leave Florence, too, I thought I might as well pack my knapsack again."

"Yes," she said, hesitatingly, "I suppose so. It is warm here already."

"But I could not leave you," he continued, "without a few words of warning and caution. You are wearing yourself out, Pen. You are too anxious a mother. You let your children demand too much of you, and they cannot spare you."

She looked up at his grave face, startled.

"Spare me?" she exclaimed. "They could not live without me."

"Then take better care of yourself, and give yourself more rest," he said. "You have neither color, nor strength, nor appetite. I have no right to say this; but I am not blind, and I should bid you good-by with a lighter heart, if you would promise to remember your own needs."

"I will promise," quite humbly. "You are quite good to me, Barnes." And then, in a lower voice, "when are you going away?"

"To-morrow."

"That seems very soon," was her reply.

And their interview was at an end.

It might have been their last interview, for Barnes began to make his preparations that evening. He went sadly about his two rooms, collecting his belongings one by one, and laying them aside. His heart was heavy within him. He had made his patient effort, and it had proved of no avail. She would forget him, he told himself, as soon as she saw him no longer. She cared for nothing but the children. She had been right, poor child, in saying she had no love to give. So he might as well begin to roam again, and make the best of his dull fate.

He had strapped his last trunk, and was bending over his valise, pipe in mouth, when he heard a hurried, nervous summons on his door—a light, rapid sound, as if some one was calling upon him in alarm.

He went to the door, and, throwing it open, found himself, face to face, with Pen, who stood in the corridor white, and shaking. She gave a little cry when she saw him.

"Something is the matter with Geordie, Barnes," she wailed. "It is something dreadful, and I want the doctor and Mademoiselle Denis. There is no one I can call on but you."

They were both scared, though they thought of nothing but their dread for the child. Before morning both the little ones were stricken with fever, and Pen, pale and haggard with fear, turned to Barnes in helpless anguish,

"You will not go away!" she cried. "I have no one but you, Barnes. I want your strength to help me."

"You may be sure I will not desert you in your extremity, Pen," he answered, pressing her hand. Nor did he. Nearly a month of terrible anxiousness and constant watching followed, and he stood by her through it all with the strength of a man and the gentleness of a woman. He watched her as he watched the children, and supported her in every crisis. The medical man himself wondered at him, and regarded him with something like respectful deference.

"Your brother is an amazing man, my dear," he said to Pen. "I never saw such a nurse in my life."

"He is not my brother," said Pen, sadly. "I wish he was."

"Ah, you wish he was," commented the doctor, rubbing his chin reflectively.

When the worst was over, and the children convalescing, Pen's day of reckoning came. If she had been restless before, now she was doubly restless. She had not even the spirit to think of her journey. It would be such a lonely journey, and such a lonely summer would follow.

"I do not think I shall come to Florence again," she said, wearily, to Mademoiselle Denis.

"Why not?" asked her friend.

"I hardly know why," with tears in her eyes. "Only that I have suffered so much here."

"You will forget it," said Mademoiselle. "You will be happy next year."

"I shall never be happy again," quite vehemently. "Never!"

"That is all nonsense," commented her sagacious hearer. "You are a foolish baby."

When the time came for Barnes to make his adieux once more, it was worse than ever. He

hardly caught sight of Pen at all, and felt a little sore about it. But Mademoiselle reported that she remained in her own room because she was not well.

On the evening he had decided upon for his departure, she came down to dinner, and waited in the salon to bid him good-by. She looked ill and agitated, but she had very little to say.

"I can never thank you for your kindness to me," she said. "I cannot even try. You have saved my little children for me, and I can only remember you always with a full heart. God bless you, Barnes!" And she seized his hands, and kissed them before he could check her.

"God bless you, Pen!" he answered her. "We shall not forget each other, at least, I think."

The train by which he was to leave Florence was a late one. At ten o'clock a carriage stood at the door, and his possessions were carried down to it. He had said farewell to Mademoiselle Denis, and lingered for a moment to glance round his room for the last time, and at length throwing his traveling cloak about him, he went slowly down stairs. Very slowly, and heavily. But before he reached the bottom step of the first flight, he stopped altogether, arrested by the sound of a door opening upon the landing above, a door he knew to be Pen's. He paused, and looked up.

"Is the Signor ready?" he heard a servant say below. "He has but a few moments to spare."

"Go and see," said some one else.

But Barnes remained motionless. He heard Pen's feet upon the floor above, and could not make up his mind to descend.

"She may want something," he said. "She may have forgotten to ask me to do something for her, which she requires done."

He could not resist the sudden impulse which seized him. He gave way to it, and, turning round, went up the stair-case three steps at a time, until he reached the top. A lamp, burning high upon the wall, gave forth a faint light; but it was strong enough to show him all he cared to see—a slight, worn figure, in a white dress, and with a white, appealing face, and thin, little outstretched hands. Pen, who, at sight of him, uttered a pathetic, incoherent cry.

"Pen!" he said; and, with three strides, was at her side, clasping her closely, and trying to soothe her. "Pen! At last, my dear! At last!"

She clung to his arm, and laid her face upon his breast, sobbing with excitement and relief.

"I heard you," she said, "and I could not let you go. I knew it at the last moment, when it seemed too late, and I ran out of my room, but I dared not speak. If you had not heard me, and come, I think I should have died. If you love me yet, Barnes, take me, for I cannot live without you; for I love you, too!"

"Yet, Pen?" he whispered, smoothing her hair with his trembling hand. "Yet, when I have waited so long?"

"Is the Signor ready?" asked the voice below.

"No!" answered Barnes, advancing to the head of the stairway. "He has changed his mind. Give the man this, and send him away." And, staring blankly at the money in his hand, the bewildered messenger departed, to make the best of the caprice of these truly astonishing Americans.

"I thought you never were to be happy again," said Mademoiselle, the next day.

"I thought so, too," answered Pen.

The little Frenchwoman shook her small, smooth, black head.

"A baby, my dear!" she remarked, sagely. "A foolish baby, as I said. But you have done a wise thing at last."

ONLY A HEART.

BY THEO. D. C. MILLER, M. D.

It is only a heart that aches to-night,
For a love once warm and true;
For the faded bloom of a Summer bright,
And the bliss that comes with the morning light,
When roses are kissed by the dew.

It is only a heart that bleeds to-day,
For the love of long ago;
For the sunshine bright, and the glowing ray
Of the twinkling stars that would cheer life's way,
With the charms that the pure may know.

It is only a heart, but as warm and true
As a maiden's heart can be!
Each pulsing life-tide some pleasure knew,
In the happy days of my love for you,
Ere you left me, to cross the sea.

It is only a heart, with its bitter pain,
Its ashes of pure, dead love!
The bliss of my life ne'er will come again,
My roses are withered, my lilies are slain;
I must look for my treasures above.

MY NEW YORK COUSIN.

BY M. BEARLE.

"Rosa," said my mother, "don't waste that spool of thread."

"Spools of thread are not to be picked up everywhere," interpolated Aunt Eunice, who was busy hemming a muslin sheet by hand.

I tossed the spool, I had been snipping with mother's button-hole scissors, into her work-basket; and, with a great yawn, flung myself back on the lounge, and "wished I could do like other girls."

"What now?" said Aunt Eunice, while mother looked a mild interrogation out of her soft, blue eyes.

"Nothing; only I wish I could go somewhere, and see the world; could see something beside dusty roads, green trees, and red houses, with yellow shutters." (The house across the way was painted in the aforesaid manner, and was my pet grievance).

"I am sure," said Aunt Eunice, "it is a great deal better than no paint at all. In my young days, that house was the bare wood, and nothing else."

"That must have been a great while ago," said I, saucily, "between forty and fifty years, I suppose."

"Rosamond," began Aunt Eunice, majestically.

But my mother hastened to avert the rising storm, by telling me to put on the kettle for tea.

"Always kettles, always tea," grumbled I, as putting on my pink sun-bonnet, I sauntered slowly out to the wood-yard for chips.

Do not think, kind reader, that I am of an impatient disposition. Far from it. In general, I am inclined to look on the bright side of the world. But, during the last week, my feelings had received a severe shock. Laura Derwent, my mother's cousin, had written for me to come to New York and spend the winter with her. But I had been unable to accept the invitation. We were not exactly poor, but too poor for any New York trips. This afternoon I was feeling particularly doleful, because it was the very afternoon which Cousin Laura had set for my coming. "Charlie will meet you at the depot," she had said, in her letter.

I remembered all this, now, and fell to wondering whether Charlie was as handsome as his picture, in mother's Album. To be sure, that had been taken four years ago, and he must have changed some in the intervening years. There was six years difference in our ages. I had never seen him. "He must be twenty-three now," I thought to myself; and, sitting down on a log, beneath the old apple-tree, which spread its protecting branches over our wood-pile, I fell to imagining the meeting between us.

He, I knew, would be very elegant, because I had heard he was talented, a lawyer, and had traveled in Europe. I would be self-possessed, I thought, not at all confused; would only blush enough to be becoming. For, be it known, my troublesome color was my greatest vexation. It would rise on all occasions, making me look like a full-blown peony, when I wished to resemble a lily, that being my favorite style of beauty. He would see that I was his equal, I thought, even though I was a country girl. He, I hoped, would be tall and slender, with romantic dark eyes, and hair of the same color. I also hoped he would have a heavy mustache, and a musical voice. Do not smile at me. Remember, I was only seventeen, and knew nothing of life, except what I had read of it in books.

I was just in the midst of a very interesting conversation with my unknown cousin, when I was aroused by Aunt Eunice's melodious voice ringing in my ears. Hastily gathering my apron-full of chips, I darted up the yard into the house, past Aunt Eunice, who was standing with arms a-kimbo at the kitchen-door, and was down on my knees before the kitchen-fire, puffing both cheeks out in a mighty effort to get the fire to burn, and kettle to boil, at the same time.

"Rosamond," said Aunt Eunice, "whatever were you doing." She always called me Rosa-*mand*, accenting the last syllable, although I disliked intensely to be called by my full name. "Rosamand, your cousin, Charlie Derwent, is in the parlor, just come from New York for a week's fishing, he says."

I stared at her in open-mouthed astonishment.

"Cousin Charlie Derwent, from New York!" I exclaimed, breathlessly; and I said to myself, "How do I look to receive a gentleman from New York?" And a vague idea of running away to hide took possession of me.

But Aunt Eunice was not one to tolerate any stupid gazing. "If there was anything she despised," she said, "it was this gazing at nothing.

Come," said she, "go in and speak to him. He has been a askin' for you already; and then come and set the table. I am going to make waffles. Your pink calico is well enough," seeing me look at my dress. "Girls mustn't be vain."

"What's all this about pink calico, and girls being vain?" said a merry voice behind me.

I turned suddenly, my foot caught in the carpet, and I found myself precipitated into my cousin's arms. The sudden motion loosened my comb, and my hair, of which I had a great quantity, fell all around me, making me feel like a mermaid.

Overcome with confusion, I extricated myself as quickly as possible, and gathering up my hair in both hands, I turned and fled to my own room.

This, then, was the meeting I had planned between my elegant cousin and myself. Where was the cool dignity with which I was going to meet every obstacle? Where the self-possession that was to put us on equal ground? My first inclination was to have a good, hearty cry. But suddenly recollecting that such a proceeding invariably left me with a very red nose, which was not at all becoming, I checked my tears, and proceeded to make myself presentable. I had but just got my hair in order, and was slipping on a pink muslin, my most becoming dress, when mother opened the door.

"Tea is ready," said she, gently. "Why, my child, what was the matter?"

"Don't ask me, mother," I replied. "I have a great mind never to look at or speak to Charlie Derwent again. I know I shall never like him," said I, vehemently, putting the last pin in my collar. "What must he think of me?"

"Never mind, dear," said mother. "You are but a child, and he will think nothing of it. Come down as if nothing had happened."

Being called a child was not much of a consolation, when I considered myself grown up. I hoped Charlie Derwent did not consider me one.

I found them seated at the table, discussing waffles and broiled chicken. Charlie Derwent noticed my entrance by a bright smile, and a tender of the waffles, which he seemed to be enjoying extremely. I accepted the attention in a very stately manner, and with a very red face, as I felt. Charlie was giving mother the New York news; and as they were talking of people of whom I knew nothing, I took the opportunity to examine my cousin.

What did I see? A pair of merry, blue eyes—alas, for the lustrous black orbs of my imagination! Light-brown hair, curly, it is true, but cut so short, that it had but little chance to show what nature's intention was. Worse than all, he wore a linen coat. Now, if there was anything I detested, on a man, it was a linen coat. He was not at all like the melancholy-looking individual I had pictured to myself, and the general air of careless indifference about him told me I need not stand in very great awe of him.

I had just come to this conclusion, when I was startled by his saying,

"Well—do you like me, on the whole?"

I blushed scarlet, and, between anger at my vexatious color, and mortification at being caught staring at a stranger, I blurted out,

"Not at all."

"Well, I must confess, that is polite!" said Aunt Eunice, in horrified astonishment; and mother looked shocked.

"There is nothing like being candid," said Charlie, good-humoredly. "Being a lawyer, I can appreciate it."

I was intensely angry with myself for making such a speech; but not Aunt Eunice's reproof, nor mother's shocked look, could make me apologize; and I nearly choked myself over a piece of the waffle Charlie had given me, wishing he had never come near us; that I had not come down to tea; anything to be out of his sight.

"Now, why is it you don't like me?" continued the remorseless man. "There must be a reason, and a very deep one; for you have only known me two hours. It can't be my causing the hair to come down. I will think of you as a person minus hair, if you will only promise to like me." And he looked quizzically at me.

"That will not make it any better," retorted I. "You will always be thinking of a mermaid, I know, every time you look at me."

He laughed.

"I solemnly promise to tell every one I know, that you wear a wig. Will that do? I do not know what more I can say," said he, turning to mother. "Don't you think I have done my part, Aunty?"

"I think so," replied mother; and I saw, by her smile, that he had won her heart already.

Aunt Eunice, too, was grimly affable, pressing him to make out his supper, of which I was sure he had eaten enough to support an elephant.

"Your cousin stopped at the hotel," said mother, turning to me; "but we must insist on his coming here."

"Certainly," replied I. "We will be delighted to have him—stay away," I added, mentally.

After some hesitation, Charlie consented, and went off to see about his portmanteau.

To escape the reprimand, which I knew was

coming, I rushed out into my flower-garden, and there is where he found me on his return.

"The queen among her subjects," he said, bowing profoundly, and startling me, as I was bending down to look at an exquisite moss rose-bud, just opening. "Give your loyal subject a token of forgiveness. I may call you Rose, may I not? We are cousins, you know, and I am six years older than you." This very loftily.

"Probably you wish me to address you as grandfather, since you are so venerable," said I, mockingly, but giving him the rose, nevertheless.

"I wear your colors," he said, putting it in his button-hole.

I felt myself blush under his gaze, and, to hide my embarrassment, asked,

"Don't you feel tempted to walk? We have some very pretty walks close by."

"Anywhere," replied he. "I follow my Rose," touching the rose in his button-hole, and giving me a look which made my eyes fall before his.

I turned into a grassy lane, which led from our garden-gate to Willow Creek, from which the village took its name. It was a pretty little stream, tinkling musically beneath the shady willows, which grew along its banks for more than half a mile.

"Ah! Here's where you go a fishing, I suppose," he said, sancily.

"No. This is my favorite haunt for reading," I replied.

"And what do you read? About Robin Hood and his archers brave? Or the Babes in the Woods?"

"Neither," retorted I. "But about great ogres, who come to torment their cousins."

"Fairy tales," said he. "Let me read one to you." And taking a little book from his pocket, he read Spencer's Faerie Queene, with an exquisite voice, and much feeling.

I sank down on the grass, at his side, and listened breathlessly.

"Have I tired you, Rose?" said he, closing the book at last. "It is too dark to read more. Shall we go back?"

I had been so entranced with the beauty of the poem, that I had ceased to remember the despised linen coat, until, on taking his proffered arm, I felt that peculiar creeping sensation, which the touch of linen always gives me. I withdrew my hand so suddenly, as to attract Charlie's attention.

"What is the matter?" said he. "No ragged edges there?" surveying his arm comically, as he spoke.

"I wish to lift my dress," said I, gathering my muslin about me with unwonted care.

We walked slowly up to the house, I thinking all the while how awkward a linen coat did make a man look; and that if I had it in my power, I would not allow any to be made.

We found mother and Aunt Eunice seated on the porch, enjoying the cool evening air.

"Wherever were you, Rosamand?" asked Aunt Eunice. "You had ought to have been home an hour ago. It is long after sunset."

"We have been among the Faeries," said Charlie, replying for me; "and I hurried Rose home; for, if they had seen her, they would have made her Queen Mab in no time; and then we should have lost her."

"Don't put such notions into the child's head," said Aunt Eunice. "She is vain enough already. The next thing you hear of, she will be imagining a prince is coming to marry her. That is the way with girls now-a-days." And Aunt Eunice heaved a deep sigh over the frivolity of girls in general.

"Are you very fond of fishing, Charlie?" said my mother, anxious to change the subject; for Aunt Eunice was rather wearying when she got going on the vanities of the world.

"Very. Is there any near here?" asked he, eagerly.

"There is very fine fishing up by the bend," replied my mother. "Rose knows the way, for she often goes there for water-lilies."

"All right," said Charlie. "She shall be my guide. Remember, Rose. To-morrow we go a fishing."

"Will he, or nill he?" said I to myself; for the cool way he had, of taking things for granted, irritated me. "He takes everything as a matter of course," said I to my mother, after we had gone up stairs to bed, that night. "I presume he thinks that, as he is from New York, that is a password for everything; but it won't do with me," jerking the hair-pins out of my hair.

"Why, Rosa, what can ail you?" said my mother. "I thought you were getting on so nicely together."

"As if I ever could like a person that wore a linen coat!" said I, twisting my hair, as I spoke, into a savage knot. "I do detest them!" putting my head out of the window for a breath of fresh air; "and I never would marry a man that wore one."

"Be careful," whispered my mother. "He might hear you. The windows of the spare-room, you know, where he is, are on a line with this."

I had forgotten, in my heat, all about this. I

put my head out, and peered anxiously about, listening with all my might for a sound in the room next to us. But all was silent; the great locust-tree, waving by the gate, and the far-off note of the whippowil was all I heard; and, feeling relieved, I drew in my head, thinking, without doubt, he is sound asleep by this time.

That night I dreamed I was a queen, and my throne was covered with roses; but I was obliged to wear a linen coat, and Charlie Derwent was forcing me to put one on. I awoke to find the sun streaming in at my window, and the robins carolling a blithe good-morning beneath.

After breakfast, we started for the fishing-ground, mother insisting upon my going. And Aunt Eunice said, shrewdly, "Don't be rude." Charlie insisted on my trying to fish. I told him I knew nothing about it. But he had his own way. I was becoming interested in the sport, when an unlucky jerk of the line sent the rod out of my hand, and, springing forward in a frantic effort to catch it, I lost my balance, and fell into the stream, which ran very wide and deep just there.

When I recovered consciousness, I found Charlie bending over me, in an agony of fear.

"Do you not feel better?" asked he, as I endeavored to raise myself to a sitting posture. After one or two ineffectual efforts I succeeded, and I stared stupidly around for a minute or two, wondering how my dress got so wet, and why I had been lying on the grass.

"We must go home at once," said Charlie, and, suiting the action to the word, he picked me up in his arms, and carried me to our wagon, which was tied to a tree close by. Taking off the despised linen coat he wore, he wrapped me in it, "to prevent your taking cold," he said, in explanation.

I leave you, kind reader, to imagine mother's and Aunt Eunice's astonishment; how I was rolled in blankets, and made to drink hot teas, which I can't bear. Finally I was left alone, and I fell into a sound sleep, which lasted until some time in the afternoon. When I awoke, I found myself entirely alone, save for the drowsy humming of the bees outside, in the honey-suckle, which climbed over the porch, and the faint twitter of a bird which had built its nest there in the spring.

The clatter of knives and forks, down stairs, told me supper was in progress. I thought I would get up, and dress, and surprise them. I felt strangely weak at first, and I was obliged to sit down once or twice before I finished my toilet. When I presented myself, there was a general cry of astonishment and Charlie picked me up without any more words, and carried me to my chair.

"Whatever do you mean, Rosamand?" said Aunt Eunice. "You will catch your death. You hadn't ought to have stirred out of bed until to-morrow morning," and she looked very much inclined to send me back. However, I begged so hard, that mother couldn't find it in her heart to send me back, and I was permitted to lie on the lounge, bolstered up with pillows. Charlie would persist in carrying me to the lounge. "Just as if I couldn't walk," I told him.

I got over my wetting without any bad effects, save a slight cold, and short confinement to the house for a day, the tediousness of which was relieved by Charlie's delightful reading. He read the "Fairie Queen" through to me, and I told him I should never tire of it. He read the "Princess," and "Break, Break, Break." I committed the latter to memory, and Charlie taught me how to recite it properly. Then we got down Shakspeare, and Charlie would take a character, and I another; in short, we became the best of friends imaginable.

"Never let me hear you say a word against him," said my mother, the night after my fall in the water, "for he saved my little girl's life, and I can never be grateful enough to him."

Every day we drove over the smooth country road, in our light-wagon. Then we had walks through the woods, looking for ferns and wild flowers; and once or twice we went black-berrying.

His one week lengthened into three, and he began to talk of going home. The linen coat was still faithfully worn, but I had grown to think so much of the wearer, it had ceased to annoy me, and I would have thought it queer had Charlie worn anything else.

The last day of his stay, we all went over to Bald Mountain, a point four miles distant. Aunt Eunice, mother, Charlie and I, went in the wagon, and took our supper with us. Never did supper taste so good as that! Aunt Eunice's white rolls, and golden butter, soon disappeared before our vigorous appetites.

Then, after tea, Charlie sang for us, "Down the Burn wi' Davy' Love," "Coming through the Rye," and the "Last Rose of Summer," all in his sweet, low tenor, until Aunt Eunice said he made her feel like crying, and it was time to go home.

We went home under the stars, which came out softly in the blue above us. Past the fragrant meadows, just mowed, through the woods, where the sleepy twitter of a bird now and then told us twilight had let down her purple curtain. The moon came up over the hill, and flooded

everything with her silvery light, "The Harvest Moon," said Charlie, "and there is an August cricket, the first faint note of fall. To-morrow I must say good-by."

"When will you come again?" said mother. "Our house-door is always open for you," and she looked affectionately at him.

"At Christmas Tide,", said he. "I want to see a wild rose in bloom in winter. Will it bloom for me?" whispered he, in my ear.

I did not answer him. How could I? What could he mean? I could not help knowing. But was I ready to answer? I thought not. And when he lifted me out of the wagon, I would not look at him, but ran quickly into the house, and was seen no more that night.

The next morning Charlie was off, bright and early, and the weeks passed very slowly, after he left. His visit had been a delightful break in our monotonous life. Much as I had disliked him at first, I had grown to think there was no one like him. How entirely he filled my life I did not know myself, until he had gone. We heard from him every now and then. Sometimes the letters were addressed to myself; but oftentimes to mother; and even Aunt Eunice received an occasional epistle. They were lively letters, keeping us informed of his doings, with a sprinkling of city gossip; but never once did he allude to what had escaped him, as he lifted me into the wagon, on the last night of his stay.

Christmas passed very quietly. It snowed all day; and as we were half a mile from the nearest church, none of us went. Toward evening, the snow fell faster than ever, and the wind whirled it about in all directions, piling it in little heaps, which would, we knew, be great drifts by morning.

I was gazing out into the fast-gathering darkness, through our little front window, and wondering if Charlie had forgotten his promise, for we had not heard from him for three weeks. In his last letter, he had said he was going west, but would be back before Christmas. "Would I be glad to see him? What answer would I make when he asked me the question he put before he went away?" I was deep in my reverie, when a tall form, passing the window, arrested my eye, and, in the unmistakable air and walk, I recognized Charlie.

In an instant I was out in the entry, and had the door wide open, forgetting everything in my delight at seeing him.

"One moment, Rosebud," he said, shaking himself out of his fur overcoat, which was covered with snow. "Now," taking both my hands in his, and drawing me into the parlor, "does my wild rose bloom for me?"

He looked down into my eyes. My burning blushes and drooping eyelids answered for me.

"Dear little Rose," he said, gathering me closely in his arms. "Mine always, now and forever!"

"But why," he said, after awhile, "why did you make me wait all this weary time? Why did you run away from me the last night I was here?"

"Because I didn't know, I wasn't sure," said I; and then, hiding my face on his shoulder, "you wore a linen coat."

A hearty laugh was the answer.

"If it were not so cold," said Charlie, "I should have been tempted to have worn one to-night. Do you know, Rosebud," continued he, "I heard all about linen coats, and the estimation you held them in, the first night I spent here; and I determined to make you like me in spite of it."

"And that was the reason you were never seen without one," said I.

"Certainly," replied he. "I was disgusted with it sometimes myself; but I had a good deal of quiet fun out of it; and I have you in spite of it." And he gathered me in a closer embrace.

We were married in the spring, and I have never regretted my choosing the man who wore a linen coat.

MOTHERLESS!

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Two children sitting all alone,
With twilight shadows round them grown.

And one, a baby, cries to miss
The mother-arms and mother-kiss.

"Hush, dearie!" says the other one,
While tears her own eyes over-run.

"Dear mother's dead. She went away
To Heaven, I heard the preacher say.

"She cannot come to us, you know,
Because the angels love her so."

"Dear child, you do not comprehend,
How life and death together blend.

You will not be alone, for she,
Your angel, always near will be,

To guide and guard your feet, and make
Dear Heaven *more* dear for her sweet sake."

"MADAME."

BY ANGELO C. DAVIS.

It was night when the boat reached New Orleans. In the morning, everybody was up bright and early.

The levee was one mass of hubbub and confusion—one intermingled crowd of drays, horses, mules, negroes, old women with oranges, yelling news-boys, and bales of cotton. It was Pandemonium.

I was to take a steamer across the Gulf to Mobile. The little transfer railroad that runs down to Lake Pontchartrain, had its depot about a quarter of a mile from the "Levee." I took the train, and went down to the lake, and was soon on the steamer.

By the time the boat put off, it was almost evening. I sat up, looking at the lake, still flushed with the rose-hue of sunset, till supper-time. Afterward, I wrapped myself in a shawl, for there was a stiff breeze blowing, and went out again, and sat till very late, enchanted by the beauty of the night, and of the scene.

Away off, near the horizon, on either side, were dark, faint lines, where the land lay.

Once we passed a lonely little island, where a grim light-house kept watch of the waters. A little mite of a house sat humbly at its feet. Everything was dark and silent. The very spirit of solitude brooded over the place.

The moon sat high up in the cloudless sky, the water rippled up against the boat, and danced under the moonlight, and a mocking-bird, on board, trilled melody till the air was full of music.

In the morning we were outside the chain of islands.

It was a morning fair and clear. The low islands lay under the sunlight, some of them crowned by grim forts, others with only the trees.

The waters seemed as blue as the sky above, or shaded off into green, crowned with glistening white foam.

We were fairly in the bay. The shining silver sand of the eastern shore met the water, and the dark green of the pine woods made a sombre background, while nearer the shore grew the glossy-leaved magnolias; and from the live-oaks hung long garlands of gray moss, that waved like banners.

Sometimes hills arose along the shore, and gleamed red in contrast with the dark-green of the trees, the pure, white sand at their base, and the flashing waters of the bay.

Poets may sing of the far-famed Bay of Naples, artists grow enraptured over its glorious beauty; but Nature never painted a lovelier picture; memory can never hang a fairer one on her walls, than beautiful Mobile Bay.

When the boat touched the wharf, a lady came on board, dressed in deep mourning. A lady with graceful figure, refined face, and silver hair, rolled back, "a la Pompadour."

It was "Madame." And I was to be her guest.

We rode up a broad street, bordered with live-oaks, with now and then a queenly magnolia.

After riding quite a distance, we stopped before a white frame-house, with a gallery in front, and steps leading up. The little yard was green with japonicas and cape jessamines, and two pomegranate trees grew beside the gate. Some house-plants, gay with flowers, stood on the gallery, and a parrot of gorgeous plumage, of green and yellow, swung himself in his cage, which hung opposite that of a mocking-bird.

"*Comment vouz, parlez vouz?*" screamed the parrot, as we came up the steps. Madame gayly kissed her hand to him, as she answered,

"*Tres bien, merir, Monsieur Pepin!*"

Putting his head on one side, while he looked at me, and seeing I was a stranger, he screamed, "Get out, you fool!" "Ah, shame!" cried his mistress. "Pepin shall have no bon-bons. Say, pretty lady!" But the parrot met this suggestion with a burst of laughter very loud and coarse. Noticing that I had paused to look at him, he stopped in the midst of a prolonged guffaw, to say, "What you think of that?" I laughed, and followed Madame. While Pepin looked after me critically, as he said, "Joli, Mademoiselle! She drinks, though. I smell it."

A fat poodle, with a blue ribbon round its neck, got up from a mat as we entered the hall, and gave us a wheezing welcome.

"This is Juliet," said Madame, and I patted the poodle, who wagged her tail in a condescending way, and then lay down on her mat again.

Madame led the way into a little parlor on the left. The floor was carpetless, and waxed to an amazing extent. There was a piano, a harp, guitar, and flowers in profusion. Over the fire-

place hung an oil-painting of a handsome, mid-aged gentleman.

Madame waved her hand toward it, and said, "My husband," exactly as if she were introducing somebody.

Between the windows were two oval frames, side by side, containing the portraits of her sons, killed during the war. A wreath of immortelles hung over them, an ebony crucifix beneath. Under each picture was a bracket, holding a small, quaintly-chased silver vase, always full of fresh, delicate blossoms.

Madame saw that I was seated, then stepped to the door and called, "*Garcon! Garcon!*" and a small negro boy came in. She sent him for water, and then bade him show "Mademoiselle" to her room.

I followed him across the hall, to the room opposite the parlor. The windows opened on the gallery, and were draped with Swiss muslin over rose-color. The bed was white, with rose-colored bar; the wall-paper white, with rose-buds strewed over it. The chairs and lounge were covered with pink and white chintz. The little toilet had hangings to match those of the windows, and the cushion, on top, fluttered with delicate white ruffles and pink ribbons. Even the shades on the gas-burners were of rose-color.

There was only one picture in the room—an exquisite face, over the fire-place, of "Sleep." On the wall, between the foot of the bed and the door, was a white bracket, supporting a bust of Clytie.

I took a pleased survey of the room, then turned to the boy, who was gazing intently at me.

"What is your name?" said I.

"Picayune they calls me, 'cept Madame. She says *Garsong*."

"How old are you, Picayune?"

"Now, how do you reckon I know? 'Spects I was too young when I was born to 'member the time."

"Is this your home, at Madam's?"

"Laws, yes. I 'spose I'll stay here till I dies, and goes to Canaan."

I thought it was time to dismiss him now, and he went out, stopping at the threshold to make me the queerest salaam.

After luncheon in my own room, I slept soundly till time to dress for dinner. Picayune came to show me the way to the dining-room, which was back of the parlor.

Madam sat opposite me at table, and I had a good opportunity of taking a satisfactory look at her.

She was a handsome woman, with clearly-cut features, pink and white complexion, and eyes of unusually brilliant blue. Her hair was snow-white, but very abundant, and rolled away from her face. She always dressed in black.

When the cloth was removed for dessert, a flat bouquet was laid at each plate. That at Madam's, of delicate white flowers: at mine, of pink oleander blossoms, with a spray of trailing vine.

The mahogany of the table was almost shining-black, and as Madam eschewed gas in her dining-room, at each end of the table were old-fashioned silver candlesticks, with wax candles.

The bronze-burner above held candles, and was wreathed with branches of English ivy. The mellow light fell on the fruit-baskets of frosted silver and Bohemian glass, filled with purple grapes and yellow oranges; on the epergne of flowers in the centre, gay with brilliant hues, and on the Bohemian glass-ware, and the frosted silver. Coffee was served in exquisite cups of delicate-painted china, with funny little gold spoons, having deep bowls.

Afterward we adjourned to the parlor, and sat before the fire, that the chill of the evening rendered comfortable, Madame in a straight-backed Gothic chair, I in a lazy, comfortable lounging-seat. Then she told me something of her own life. Her girlhood in France, when she was "Adele Martinez." Her father's removal to Louisiana, and her marriage. The birth of her two boys. The death of her husband. The uneventful years that followed, till war-time. Then the loss of money and property. "Once," said she, "I had a fine house and many servants; fine dresses, fine jewels, fine carriages and horses. But I have to sell my property. Then I leave New Orleans—'ma belle cité'—and I come here. I have a small house, and a little money: I do very well; I complain not. I can live."

Then she spoke of her two sons, Adolph and Eugene. Their beauty, and love for her, her pride in them. Of their enlistment, and of the day they went away.

"That bright spring-day, when the sun shone, and everything was fair. The lines of soldiers marched, marched away, and the music sounded. My boys! Ah, they, the handsome ones of all to me! they smile, they kiss their hands, they are gone. I am alone! But they write such long, long letters. They are well, they are happy.

"They tell me of the camp-life and the battles; and my heart swells as I read. I am proud of my soldiers—so proud; and I love them, ah, so much!

"Every night, and in the morning, I ask the good God to bless them. Often I go to the church,

and kneel in prayer. I believe the Good God keeps my children, and I say many prayers of thanks. But one day—one cruel day; one black, accursed day, news came—a battle, and I am childless." Walking back and forth over the floor, having left her seat, in her excitement.

"Ah, *mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!* Dead! dead! Christ, have pity! Father in heaven, pity me!"

"I want all black. The sun to shine no more, the flowers to never bloom again. I wished to hear the birds sing not at all. I wished to die! But I didn't—I lived. No husband, no children! *Pauvre moi!* Oh, cruel war! Oh, cruel death!" Making a motion with her hand, she went quickly from the room.

I sat looking into the fire after she was gone. Was there not, then, greater sorrow than death? Better the memory of quiet graves, than thought of lives estranged, trust betrayed, or coldness where love once reigned.

The wind sighed round the house, the fire slowly dropped into white ashes.

The door opened, and a large, portly negro woman entered, with a turban of many colors, and large hoop ear-rings in her ears.

"Laws! honey, you sittin' here by you-self? And de fire mos' out, too? Where's Miss Adele? Poor thing! I reckon she got to talking 'bout her childen. I usen to nuss 'em when dey's babies. Jes' move your chair back a little, honey, till I fix de fire. Dere's trouble a heap wuss in de yearth than havin' your childen die young. I got one in Heaven. She's thar, sure 'nuff. And all I've got to do is to scratch round and git thar too. Now this here fire looks better. But to have you childen live, and git to cuttin' up ornary, is trouble dat is trouble." And Lusette finished sweeping up the hearth.

"Now, Miss, if you want to, I'll jis' go with you to your room, for I reckon you're mighty tired. Miss Adele, poor lamb, will be better in the morning."

Life, in the new home, passed quietly enough. Madame lived retired, but pleasantly, with books, music, and flowers. There was quite a family of us, too. And the parrot, the mocking-bird, and lap-dog, were by no means the least important members.

Madame talked to them, played with them, and, in fact, treated them as though they were children.

Then Aunt Lusette and Picayune were unfailing objects of amusement to me. Their skirmishes were of daily occurrence, and Picayune invariably came out of them with flying colors.

One day, Aunt Lusette was on the back gallery. The sun, shifting through the lattice-work, made her gorgeous as a tulip in her many-colored gown, Madras turban of red and yellow, and immense hoop ear-rings swaying in her ears. She was singing a negro hymn, running thus—

"We will wear de crowns of glory,
When the Lord comes down;
We will wear de golden slippers,
When de Lord comes down."

The voice of Picyaune interrupts;

"I say, Aunt Lusette, what you sayin' dat fo'? You know you ain't nebber gwine to hab no gold shoes. It 'll keep you scratchin' round lively to git ruff ledder ones."

"Sich trash as you is!" exclaimed Aunt Lusette. "Go 'long, now, 'for I gits so mad I done whip you clean white."

"Now look a-heah, Aunt Lusette, dat ain't a Christian way to talk. I was jist a gwine to ask you for a little infermashun 'bout you church."

"See here boy, ef I'd had de raisin' of you, you wouldn't hab been livin' to-day to plague you betters," said Aunt Lusette, disappearing into the kitchen.

Presently she came back, and again Picayune began pleading for "infermashun." Beguiled by his solemn manner, after a little more pleading, Aunt Lusette assumed a sanctimonious air, and began an elaborate explanation of their church government, and finally paused, breathless, expecting to find Picayune much impressed. Quoth the skeptical darkey,

"'Tain't no use to be tellin' me dat goin' up and gittin' you name put on a piece ob paper, is gwine to carry a person to Abraham buzzom. Dat's too much for a darkey ob my stability. I griebe to say it, Aunt Lusette, but I think you lies."

"You little yallow monkey!" cried Aunt Lusette, coming down from her pedestal of piety at once. "You tell me I lies! Ef I lay hands on you, you're a dead niggah, sure!" And rising from her seat, she rushed at Picayune.

But the agile imp dodged out of her way, and standing at a safe distance, laughed at her impotent wrath.

"Some ob dese mornin's you'll done wake up and find youself dead, boy. Quit you grinning, now, and go to work. You're always loafin' 'bout de place, doin' nothin'." And, with a stately step, Aunt Lusette marched away, keeping a sharp look-out, all the time, for an opportunity to give Picayune a rap.

The short winter passed, almost imperceptibly, into spring; the beautiful southern spring, full of days that are perfect. Skies blue and tender;

sunshine warm and golden, that came like a kiss to the earth, waking it up till it smiled back with flowers. Such soft, balmy winds came up from the Gulf, bending the heads, rustling the glossy, green magnolia trees.

"I hear the winds among the trees,
Playing celestial symphonies!
I see their branches downward bent,
Like keys of some great instrument."

The tender shoots of the fig-tree came out; the japonicas bloomed; the English violets and narcissus, in the little yard, made the air heavy with fragrance.

We used to drive down the bay-shore, those delicious spring afternoons, over the white shell-road. The waters of the bay, at the side, where the waves rolled as the winds blew, and where the sea-gulls came flapping up from the bay, "crying lonesomely."

We used to go to the cathedral, those golden evenings; and while Madame went in to services, I walked up and down till the soft sunlight folded the earth in its gray mantle. Then we went home, Madame with her hand on my arm, leaning a little heavily, as the warmer weather came on.

I remember, one bright day in April, we were in the little garden, among the flowers. Picayune had been sent for the mail, and now came loitering back, after the manner of his kind, exchanging insults with such of his colored cotemporaries as he chanced to meet.

When he saw us watching him, he rushed rapidly toward us, puffing with exertion, at the same time exclaiming,

"I'm mos' fit to drop. I done run all the way, Madame."

She did not answer him; and as she stretched out her hand for her letters, I saw she looked very pale. She took them, and started up the steps; but before she could reach the gallery, she reeled, and would have fallen if I had not caught her.

Picayune came out strong in a chorus of shrieks, and doleful yells, he deemed suitable to the occasion. But Lusette gathered her in her arms silently, and took her to her room. She lay very quiet all day, with closed eyes.

The doctor left her some drops in the evening, to be taken through the night. Lusette would not let me sit up, saying Madame could sleep better with no one in the room save her "old black nuss."

Early in the morning I went to the door and knocked. Lusette opened it, with a look of gravity on her face that startled me.

"Come in, honey," she said. "Madame has gone home."

The day was just beginning to dawn. The pale light came in and touched the pure forehead; the hands folded peacefully, with a smile on her face.

"She'll never lay awake nights no more, crying for her chillern. The good Lord was sorry for her, here on the yearth alone, and he sent for her. I know how glad she is to wake up in Heaven this mornin'; and I'm glad 'cause she is."

With streaming eyes, she sunk on her knees, by the bedside, and I stole softly out, leaving her with the one she loved.

SPRING AT PLAY.

BY E. ELLINGWOOD DIX.

Spring is singing, Spring is playing,
Hear the bubbling sounds of joy,
Where the mountain-stream is straying,
Kissing every wind-blown toy;
See its fetter'd course is loosen'd
By the gentle Spring-time's breath,
And it gladly waves and dances
O'er the pebbles underneath.

And the birds from out the meadows,
Trilling now their songs of glee,
And the cottage flowers in window
Blesses thus the sunshine free;
And the children by the fountain
Dash the drops with playful shout,
While the deer upon the mountain
Snuffs the fragrant air about.

Up the daisy head is rearing,
Eying now the clear sunlight,
For its little buds are peering,
Asking if the way is right;
And the martins, in their boxes,
Tell us, "Yes, the Spring is come?"
And with breaths of sweetest incense,
Quick the lowing cow comes home.

Out upon the sea so chilling,
Boats of fishermen are seen;
Toiling for their wives and children,
Happy on the home-spot green;
Joy is beaming, light is gleaming,
Filled the air with matin lays,
And the world, with beauty dancing,
Gladness finds in all her ways.

THE GRAY DRESS.

BY DOROTHY DALE.

In my bachelor days, I lived in New Jersey. That is to say, after having done my day's work in New York, I went there to eat my supper, to sleep, and to take my breakfast; or rather, to take such portion of that meal as I was able to secure between a rising hour, too often rashly postponed until seven o'clock, and a seven-thirty train for New York.

I did not adopt this mode of life from choice. Apartments at the Brevoort, or Clarendon House, or even at a private boarding-house on Fifth Avenue, would have suited me much better. But though I may be now, for aught I know to the contrary, dear reader, a judge, or even a governor of a State, and rolling in wealth, I was, at that time, an extremely impecunious young lawyer, and was fain to avail myself of a home in New Jersey, because it was cheap.

My daily ride to New York was, in general, devoted to the morning papers. At the first appearance of the grimy little news-boy, I seized upon the particular sheet which I honored with my preference, and retired behind its folds, which were still damp, and odorous of the printing-office.

I was thus sitting, one morning, oblivious of my fellow-passengers, when a voice at my side asked,

"Is this seat engaged?"

The voice was soft, gentle, and low. "An excellent thing in a woman," I said to myself, looking up at the new comer, as I hastened to make room for her. She was a slight, trim-looking little creature, and settled so softly and quickly into her corner of the seat, that I, used as I was to a flutter of veils and ribbons, and a generous expanse of "the tempestuous petticoat," could only think of smooth, downy little robins.

I had exhausted my newspaper, or my interest in it; so, what better could I do than to make observations upon my neighbor? I noted her pretty gray dress, and a neat little boot peeping out from under it; and, at one sweeping, but judicious glance, I took in the jaunty straw hat, with its delicate gray plume, and the heavy braids of lustrous, golden-brown hair, made fast with a plain band of black velvet; everything tight and trim; no ribbons dangling or streamers floating, ready, at any chance breeze, to flap in your face.

With a sudden jerk of the cars, a book which had been lying in her lap, slid to the floor. I picked it up, and gave it to her; whereupon she thanked me, with such a bright, pleased look in her blue eyes, and such a bewitching half-smile hovering about her mouth, that I declared to myself I should have no objections to picking up a whole library for her.

When the conductor made his appearance, she produced from her pocket-book a commutation-ticket.

"Aha!" I inwardly remarked. "So, she goes to the city every day."

I smiled at the satisfaction with which I made this discovery, and was not a little surprised at finding myself, shortly after, standing by the steps of the car, handing therefrom dames and damsels indiscriminately, though such hypocritical chivalry was not destined to meet with its proper reward; for the gray plume floated past me, just as I had assisted to alight, with agonizing weight upon my tenderest corn, a woman who might well have been Charles Lamb's Gentle Giantess.

But when, having crossed the ferry, instead of hurrying away, as usual, from that disagreeable neighborhood, I stood leisurely watching the little lady run the gauntlet of West street cars and express wagons, and pick her way daintily up the crowded street beyond, I seized myself, mentally, by the button-hole, and asked,

"How is it, John? Is this a case of love at first sight?"

"Pooh! Nothing of the sort," I answered, with an indignant sniff. Nevertheless, a pair of blue eyes put in an appearance very frequently, on that day, at office and court-room; and when the train reached R—— Station, on the following morning, there was I with my nose flattened against the window-pane, staring at the passengers as they crowded upon the platform. *She* came, but too late; for some inconsiderate person had suddenly appropriated the vacant seat by my side. I did not lose sight of her, however, until we had crossed the ferry, and I had again watched her making her way among the crowd, in the same direction as before.

I wondered where she was going, and what she came to the city every morning for; and, at the end of two or three days, my curiosity in

that direction had so far developed that I followed her. I stole into a car immediately behind her, and when she left it at one door I made my exit at the other. I kept her in view and myself unobserved with such dexterity, that I began to suspect myself of a hitherto latent genius in the detective line, and was grimly reflecting upon this new opening for an honest living, if the law should fail, when I saw the object of my surveillance mount the steps of a High School building, and disappear behind its heavy doors.

"She is a teacher," I thought, "and I wouldn't mind going to school to her myself."

The end for which I had undertaken my morning excursion being attained, I looked about for a car to convey me from the world of romance into that of business. Seeing one pass at the distance of a block, I rushed for it with might and main, having suddenly arrived at a realization that sufficient time had been lost for one day. I reached it, puffing like, what Sidney Smith once called Daniel Webster, "a steam-engine in trousers," my nearest approach to a resemblance to that illustrious statesman.

Sinking into the first seat which offered, I exclaimed, inwardly, "By Jove! I'm afraid I have nearly as much curiosity as a woman."

My reflections, as I rode down town that morning, were of a rather mixed character. Heretofore I had been a straightforward, steady-going fellow, not much given to nonsense—at least of this sort; and I did not know exactly whether to be most amused at, or ashamed of myself. I ceased to be at a loss, however, when, in consequence of having taken the wrong car, I suddenly found myself deposited at the corner of Broome street and Broadway, instead of a dozen or more blocks lower down, as I had intended. Nor was my self-satisfaction likely to be increased, when, having gotten over the distance as fast as possible on foot, I reached my office to find that Mr. —— had just gone out, leaving a message to the effect that he had waited an hour for me, but, as his business required early attention, he was obliged to take it elsewhere.

"There goes a fat fee, and one of my best clients." I said to myself, with a long-drawn whistle, in which there was nothing very cheery. "Well, never mind! There's no great gain without some small loss," I added, with the ghost of a smile, endeavoring to adjust the familiar old proverb to suit the circumstances.

I made no more morning expeditions. I could not afford them; but as I am making a clean breast of this matter, telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, I may as well own that I did make various changes in my hour for leaving the city at night, in the hope of meeting the fair traveler.

There's nothing like perseverance. I hit at last upon the right train, and a railway accident came to my assistance, in a manner which could not have been more to the purpose if I had had the ordering of it—a thing of which I could not possibly be suspected, since I had not, at that time, been President of the road.

The accident was so manifestly for my benefit, that I chose to look upon it as an interposition of the Powers Above in my behalf, and to conclude that a benevolent Providence had taken upon itself to run this train solely in the interest of two people destined for each other.

We had been bowling along for some time at the usual speed, when, all at once, there was a jar and a crash, and we came to a sudden standstill. There had been a collision with a freight-train. An investigation of the state of affairs made it clear that at least a couple of hours must elapse before our train could again be put in motion; and the passengers decided upon walking on to R—— station, a distance of less than two miles. I was not slow in placing myself beside "my lady in gray," as I called her. I offered a few remarks, which were pleasantly replied to. I relieved her of the small hand-bag which she carried, and at last I ventured to offer her the assistance of my arm, which she gratefully accepted, as the road was slippery from the rain and sleet, which had fallen early in the day, and had frozen.

The walk was too short by half. If I could have had my own way about it, I suppose it would have been prolonged indefinitely. When it was over, and I was left to myself, I went mooning about, whistling now and then a strain of "Love's Young Dream," as I waited for the train. I was fairly in for it, without a doubt. "I'll know more of her," I said to myself, "or my name is not John——," I won't say what.

The opportunity came sooner than I anticipated. A few days after this little episode, as I was hurrying down Broadway, I was startled by a vigorous slap on the shoulder.

"How are you, Jack?" said a hearty voice, which carried me back in an instant to old Yale and college days.

"Why, Charlie, how are *you?* And where did you come from?" I exclaimed, grasping the hand of my favorite class-mate.

"Oh, from out West," answered Charlie. "I've been in Chicago these five years. Somehow, we seem to have lost track of each other."

We walked down the street, talking of old

times and old friends; and when we parted, Charlie said to me,

"I have come East on a visit to my mother, who lives at R——, just out of the city. Can't you come and stay with me? Say to-morrow night."

"Yes, I think I can," I replied, almost before the invitation was out of his mouth; for was not R—— the home of my traveling companion? And was there not a possibility of learning something of her there?

In so small a place, every lady knows every other lady. Charlie's mother would, undoubtedly, have made the acquaintance of this one. And where was the good of being a lawyer, if I could not cross-question skillfully enough to obtain whatever information she might have to give?

The following evening was cold and raw. The keen wind pierced through our thick overcoats, and Charlie and I were glad that our short walk was no longer.

The lights streaming from the cottage windows looked inviting and hospitable; and when we entered the little parlor, with its blazing fire in the grate, its soft radiance from shaded lamps, and its flowers blooming in the windows, it seemed as though we had suddenly set foot upon a small island of summer, put down, as by magic, among the wintry scenes from which we had just made our escape.

And in the midst of all this brightness and comfort, waiting to welcome us, I found "my lady in gray"—Charlie's sister.

The story is told; for you all know how it turned out.

From being fellow-travelers on the Erie railroad, we soon agreed to travel together on that long road which, with all its crooks and turns, is always onward, and provides no return tickets.

We no longer live in New Jersey. Mary declares that she cannot trust me to go back and forth to my business; for, having once been caught, there's no knowing how soon I might be again entrapped.

THE KISS.

BY ALICE HAMILTON.

A WANDERING bee,
  In love with a head
Of white clover bloom,
  In an overgrown bed,

Paused not e'en to woo,
  Nor thought it amiss,
To steal from her lips
  A lover-like kiss.

The sweetness of life
  Forever was gone
From the heart of the flower,
  But still she lived on.

The kiss was concealed
  In a cell of its own,
The clover-bloom died,
  Unnoticed, alone.

The winter was chill;
  But cozy and warm,
The bee, in his hive,
  Was sheltered from harm.

The nectar he drew
  From heart of the flower,
Was food for the bee
  Only an hour.

Only a kiss!
  Ah, me! Who can tell,
How often it is
  The kiss of farewell?

A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

BY BELLA BREMER.

WHY should we grieve o'er blighted hopes,
  Or mourn o'er broken vow?
'Twill be the same to us, I trow,
  A hundred years from now.

Why should we say to some poor wretch,
  I better am than thou,
Who'll be our equal in the grave,
  A hundred years from now?

The homely grace of honest toil,
  And beauty's noble brow,
Will mingle in a common tomb,
  A hundred years from now.

We wonder what shall be our fate,
  And ask the when and how,
Why we may be a reed or flower
  A hundred years from now.

Why should we strive for worldly gain,
  No rest our feet allow?
What difference can it make to us
  A hundred years from now?

To think of mouldering back to earth,
  Like leaves from off the bough!
To think that we shall be forgot,
  A hundred years from now!

THE DAYS OF SEVENTY-SIX.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 289.

CHAPTER XIII.

THEY stood high up in the steeple of Trinity Church, at New York, looking seaward through the glare of a sultry morning, that threatened storms. Through this murky atmosphere a squadron of ships, each bearing the thunders of war seething in her bosom, came up through the fog, like a flock of great sea-birds, with foam on their breasts, and white wings aspread.

"The wind is changing. God seems to be with us," said one of these men, dropping the heavy glass through which he had been anxiously watching the ships. "Is there anything unusual from the land?"

The younger man, thus addressed, swept the near shores of Long Island, and the uplands beyond, with a smaller glass than his commander had used.

"No," he said, "I can discover nothing unusual. Our troops seem well-placed, and on the alert."

The elder man made no answer. The heavy glass was again lifted to his eyes, and held there with both hands, while he swept the waters of the bay.

"The wind has chopped round while we have been standing here. It is dead against them now. Thank God, all peril is over from that direction, for this day, at least," he said. "One ship alone moves on as if she hoped to beat up alone. No, she too has given herself back to the wind. So all is tranquil on the other side."

"There is no unusual movement, General, that I can see."

The elder officer swayed his glass around, and took a careful survey of the Long Island shore, where all the troops that could be spared from the city had been lying upon their arms during five anxious days; for, in all that time, thrice their number of the enemy menaced them, behind the ridge of those beautifully-wooded uplands, that curved eastward from the Narrows into the interior of Long Island.

"All seems tranquil," he said, heaving a deep sigh, "but it cannot last. We have but a handful, and the enemy swarm like bees behind those beautiful woods. No braver men ever lived than guard us yonder; but they lack discipline, and will miss their old leaders. Has any one heard from Green, this morning?"

"Yes, General, I called at his quarters at daylight."

"Well!"

"He is worse, a raging fever has set in. But his will is strong as ever. When he saw me, some recollection of events forced itself through the mists on his brain, for he sprang up in his bed, called for his sword, and bade me tell our General that he would be at the head of his troops in less than half an hour."

"Brave fellow!"

"Yes, yes, a braver man than Green does not live. His loss will be a terrible one, for he planted the batteries, and arranged all the defences; but there is no hope that he can resume command. The very force of his desire sent him reeling back upon the bed whence he waved his arm wildly, and seemed to fancy himself leading on his troops. Such language as he used might well have urged the most cowardly on to death; but the fever has seized upon him afresh, and he will lead no brave men to battle for many a day."

Gen. Washington listened with a grave and anxious countenance. Lowering his glass, he leaned over the slender frame-work of the steeple, and looked down, sadly, on the menaced city at his feet, its beautiful dwellings, bowered in trees, and set back into blooming enclosures of grass and flowers, its winding streets, and grand water view, embracing both the upper and lower harbor, with a silvery stretch of the ocean far beyond.

"They are so many, and we so few," he said, with grave anxiety. "Then the illness of Green is a misfortune. Putnam is brave, impetuous, and a favorite of the men, but he takes command suddenly, and at a disadvantage. Still we have the power of a just cause, and that is much. Ha! what do you see?"

The younger man dropped his glass with which he had again swept the horizon, and turned his face on the General.

"A cloud of dust, reddened by the sun, coming

up through the trees afar off, yonder. The enemy are in motion."

Washington snatched the glass, and turned it upon the distant woods.

"You are right. Come. We are needed over yonder. Come."

Washington's right hand grasped the hilt of his sword, his eyes shone, and his lips were firmly set. As he went down from the high eminence, the distant boom of cannon rolled, with a faint, muffled sound, through the body of the sacred building. Then the General swerved from his course a moment, and turning to the altar, bent his knee.

"God help my brave men over yonder," he whispered, bowing his grand face downward. "And, oh, my God, help me to serve them."

It was a brief prayer, but a grand spirit speaks quickly as it feels. When this great man arose, a look of calm resolve was on his face, and his swift, measured steps sounded through the solitude of the building, as if inspired by martial music. At the door of the church a war-horse, held by an orderly, stood in waiting. Washington took the reins, swung himself into the saddle, and waving his hand to the younger man, rode down to the shore, and drew up on the broad flat-bottomed boat that plied, at long intervals, at a ferry, across the East River.

Some officers of the staff, who had been waiting at this point, followed at once; and the boat put off with all the speed that could be got from its clumsy timbers and more clumsy management.

Up, on to the Brooklyn Heights, the General rode, followed by his staff. From this point he took a swift view of the field, and the mustering battle beyond. With a prolonged glance he took in the redoubts and angles, but sparsely supplied with cannon, which ran a mile and a half to the marshes of Gowanus Bay, all defended by deep ditches, fallen trees, locked limb to limb, while parapet and counter-scarps bristled with pointed logs and sharpened stakes. All that military science and human labor could do was there; but the man who had planned these defences was on a sick bed; the army that was to defend them hopelessly small. Putnam, who took command, was brave as a lion, but rash and impetuous, where coolness and prudence was most wanted. A minute sufficed to show Washington all this, and beyond it a gloriously beautiful country, all in commotion. Farmers driving off their stock inland; hay-stacks blazing in the fields; barns pouring forth volumes of flame; women and children fleeing from their homes in wild affright. A handful of patriots, moving to meet the enemy in one direction; another band moving shoreward; and beyond them, the uplands, thickly wooded, and alive with British soldiers, marching through the trees in serried ranks; the scarlet of their uniform burning like fire through the dewy greenness; lines of bayonets catching silver from the sun; silken flags, red as blood, blazoned with the British lions, rampant, in gold, streaming out upon the wind; and all this heralded with defiant music of hautboys, the roll of drums and braying of trumpets, till the British army seemed to be celebrating a victory rather than marching to secure one. And well it might. Twenty thousand disciplined soldiers, furnished to repletion with all the appliances of war, against eight thousand patriots, armed with little more than the indomitable courage of men thirsting for freedom, not one-half of whom could be brought into action. And thus fought, one man to five, bravely as ever men stood, for the rights of hearth and home in this life.

All this Washington understood and felt; but no man could read the sinking of that grand spirit in the countenance, which he had learned, like his passions, to control. The night before he had ordered the Jamaica road to be guarded. That order had been neglected or disobeyed; and he saw, with bitter surprise, that the enemy had marched that way in the night, and were already turning Sullivan's rear, while Von Hiester, with eight thousand Hessian mercenaries, bore down upon him in front, with flags on the wind, the rude music of drum and trumpet heralding their approach, and flanking parties, with small artillery, clearing the way for an overwhelming attack.

On they came, two abreast, marching so close together that their bayonets caught the sun, and seemed to flow, like a river of silver, through the trees; a river that broke, and spread, and leaped forward like a cataract, through the smoke and thunder of a fire cannonade, that shook the earth, and covered the field with whirling clouds of dust.

Five to one! How could human valor meet an onset like this? One swift, almost reckless discharge of musketry; another, and another. Then that small band of patriots was driven back, fighting, on to the bayonets of the English, who stood ready to cut off all hopes of retreat.

Then it was that Washington left his post of observation, and dashed down the lines, ready to throw himself between those brave men and death, if that could save them. Sharp and quick were the orders he gave; but what power could stem the fearful odds of that day? Before help could be given, the battle had closed. The rest

was flight, pursuit, and cruel murder. Hurled by Hessian pikes back upon the English bayonets; trodden down; murdered in the very act of surrender, Sullivan's men were scattered like forest-leaves before a hurricane. Some fled to the woods; some fought hand to hand, until cut down in their tracks; some surrendered to honest men, and were taken prisoners. The artillery ceased; scattering shots took the place of volleys; but the music still sounded, and honorable conquest was turned into a festival of murder.

But the battle was not entirely over. Along the shore route, Sterling had been ordered to check the advance of Grout, with three regiments, two of them the flower of the American army; and most valliantly did he obey a command that was scarcely better than a forlorn hope.

Now, with all the disheartening signs of defeat around him, he kept his brave band in action, and during four hours, held his ground, with colors on the wind, disputing the way against superior numbers, inch by inch, with cool bravery, hoping each moment for reinforcements, or orders that never came.

The forces had met the enemy, and struck the first blow of that disastrous battle, on the hills where the dead now sleep in the beautiful quiet of Greenwood, and its green trees were yet foggy with the smoke of that first contest. He had retired, rather than retreated, very slowly, still fighting, until Cornwallis, with his division, was within half a mile in the rear, ready to fall upon him, as the main army had surprised Sullivan.

Appalled by the position, one regiment had already retreated; but receiving no orders from Putnam, the rest still fought on, though every moment diminished the chances of a safe retreat. In front was Grout; a little to the east, Cornwallis held a position on Gowanus Creek, which cut through a treacherous morass, more perilous than an enemy, and rendered almost impassable by the destruction of a bridge, which, in selfish recklessness, the soldiers that had already retreated tore up behind them. Of the two regiments left to him, one from Maryland, the other from Delaware, not a man flinched. Brave as his commander, each was ready to hold his post, or perish where he stood. But there is a magnanimity in great characters that leaves more courage behind.

The only avenue of retreat left open for these devoted men, was a broad, deep marsh, cleft in twain by Gowanus Creek; and that was rendered each moment more perilous by the close approach of Cornwallis, who had already blocked a passage at the tide-mills, half a mile up-stream.

In this extremity, Sterling saw a possibility of saving a portion of his command from destruction, and seized upon it with the heroic spirit of a brave martyr. He took no time for deliberation, no thought of himself, but, taking five companies from the Maryland regiment, ordered the rest of his forces to retreat through the morass, while he, with this detachment of noble young men, confronted the English, and, with desperate valor, held them in check. The men, like their leader, fought desperately, between their comrades and death; fought like heroes, and were cut down, one by one, within view of the American troops and generals, who were powerless to aid them.

One desperate charge made the foremost ranks of the British recoil, for every man there fought desperately, not for his own life, but for the safety of greater numbers that might yet be saved to the country. With their faces to the foe, they had no time to see the struggle of that terrible retreat; the masses silently toiling through the swamps; the rush of men into the swollen waves of the creek; some sinking under its turbid waters; some dragging their comrades out from the very jaws of death; some sinking forever, and whirled into deep, deep waters by the swell of the tide.

One wild shout of triumph cut through a fierce discharge of musketry, when, for an instant, one brave fellow looked backward through a storm of smoke, and saw the comrades they were dying for taken into the bosom of a regiment that Washington sent to their rescue.

Then it was that a shout rang up through the rattle of musketry, and those young Maryland heroes, as they fell, shouted with joy that they had not died in vain.

Then it was that Sterling and his handful of men attempted to hew a way of retreat between Cornwallis and the American fort; but, pressed by the enemy on the front and the rear, overwhelmed with masses of troops on the left, they were broken up like sea-weed on a stormy ocean. Some took shelter in the woods; some plunged through the morass into the turbid creek, but only nine of that number came out alive.

Sterling himself, with a handful of his glorious little band, was taken prisoner in the woods; but, burning with fiery courage, even in defeat, he refused to yield his sword to the British General, but surrendered it to the veteran Van Hiester.

This heroic action was witnessed by Washington, his generals, and the troops within the American lines; witnessed, with bursts of praise and pity, by the soldiers; with almost passionate anguish by the commander-in-chief.

"Oh, my God!" he cried out, wringing his hands, as the last desperate charge was made. "Oh, my God! What brave men must I this day lose!"

But there was little time for lamentation. While these heroic Marylanders were taken prisoners, or lay dead in the marsh grasses of the battle-field, a deep column of the enemy swept down from the woods, and threatened the American lines with a general attack. But here they were met by a fire of cannons and musketry, that checked the advance; for Washington had so strengthened his defences during the day, and had inspired such enthusiasm in his troops, that Howe hesitated to attack him, though his own army was flushed with partial victory; a victory won at a heavy price, in the field where Sterling fought; for there the enemy found more than half the British who perished that day.

That night the British slept by their watch-fires, in front of their lines. The defeated patriots spent the chill hours in coldness and discomfort; without covering, pierced by a northerly wind, concealed in thicket or swamp, awaiting a chance to reach the American lines. The dead lay unburied in the woods. The wounded filled the stillness of the night with moans, and blessed the night dews that fell on their parched lips.

Thus the two armies lay close together. One victorious, and flushed with confidence; the other, beaten, suffering under a consciousness of rash mistakes, surpassed immeasurably in numbers, and hopeless of renewed strength.

Surely, this was a sad renewal of war, after the glory and enthusiasm which made the Declaration of Independence an open defiance.

In all those battalions, patriots and British, one man sought no bed or shelter during the the night. On horseback, reeling in his saddle with fatigue; unconscious of that, or the hunger which sprang from forgetfulness rather than lack of food, Washington rode from post to post, examined the line of defenee, and kept guard everywhere. When daylight found him in his saddle, few, except his own staff, dreamed that, while the meanest soldier had been permitted to rest, he alone had neither tasted food, nor closed his eyes in sleep, since that disastrous fight commenced. Thus the dawn of that bleak September morning broke upon the two armies.

Encamped armies are grand pictures, that fill the imagination with a sort of awe. Suffering in masses weighs heavily on the heart, oppressing it with sad helplessness. Human sympathies are not powerful enough to take in the scope of multitudes. It is the side-scene pictures of abnegation or distress, that have but few figures in the foreground, that awake the tenderest sympathies of human nature. The sufferings of an army are but the multiplied anguish of one man. Of all the people who triumphed or suffered that night, no one was so worthy of the grandest compassion as the man who commanded them; who looked upon the soldiers as his children, and his country with a sort of patriotic idolatry. The nation, still kindling bonfires, and shouting hallelujahs over the Declaration of Independence, looked to him for the establishment of the freedom they had assumed. Congress, while it overwhelmed the land with its eloquence, had failed to strengthen him in proportion to the expectation this eloquence had inspired in the people.

Statesmen and honest patriots found it much easier to sign declarations than to raise an army strong enough to enforce them. Even in those days men were more ready to shout for liberty than to fight for it. With an army of nine thousand men, Washington knew that he was expected to hold New York against the battalions encamped close to his lines, numbering more than twice his own force. The love and trust of his countrymen must have been very precious to this great man; but while it exalted him into a god, it demanded the acts of a God in return for this wild homage.

How keenly Washington felt all this, no human being will ever know. How weary and sad of heart he felt in that gray dawn, when the sullen sun revealed the red camp of the enemy so close to his entrenchments, who can tell? Still, in order to understand the real greatness of this man, the feelings he suppressed, as well as the acts he performed, should be understood; for in unselfish endurances lay the grandest part of this noble character.

It had been a gloomy night. As he rode from post to post, few words were said between the General and his staff: sometimes he rode on alone, lost in thought, still vigilant, but with the present and future in his mind. Sometimes he exchanged brief words with an aid-de-camp, or gave some order to an outpost. Now and then a straggler from the battle-field came stealing into the lines from the woods or marshes where he had concealed himself, and for such, notwithstanding his preoccupation, Washington had always a kind word of welcome. At such times a grave smile would pass over his face for a moment, and all would be sad again.

When the morning broke, however, all this gloom passed away. The soldiers must see no lack of hope in the face of their commander, when they left the damp earth which had been their bed. Another day was before them, another

battle probably was close at hand. Lifting his hat from his brow, Washington let the salt sea breeze drift through his hair, and rode through the lines another man, cheerful, resolute, calm, indomitable. Passing a little group of men who were making a breakfast of salt pork, raw,—for there was no time for cooking,—and a crust of bread, he asked for a portion of the rude fare, and ate it standing, while his orderly exchanged his tired horse for another.

The soldiers, who had grumbled a minute before at this unsavory food, eat it with an appetite now. When shared with their general, it became a glorious meal, which they would have exchanged with no man living. Yet it was all the food Washington took that day.

Thus the day passed. Though a furious north-eastern storm beat down upon the opposing camps, Washington shared its discomforts, hour by hour, with his men, watched while they rested through another dreary night and into another and another stormy morning.

A brave general finds no difficulty in advancing, but a man who can conquer his own ardor, and wait patiently for chances of victory or retreat, possesses something better than mere courage. That which had occupied Washington for more than one night, had been confided to Mifflin that morning, and his brief orders were promptly carried out. Again the sun, which had arisen red and angry, was buried in great embankments of clouds, fiery at the edges a moment, then black with a storm of rain that beat down on the two encampments with fury.

Washington felt this rain beating on his face as he passed through the lines, and thanked God for it.

There was no rest for soldiers or general. That day men worked like beavers in the fortifications, digging ditches up to the waist in turbid water, heaping earth-works, and preparing for defence so eagerly in the face of the enemy, that Howe, understanding his strength, and lying naturally inert, made no effort to disturb them.

"Another day," he said, "will throw the whole hive of traitors into our hands. One fair breeze will bring our ships into the East River, and we have army and leader in a trap. We are strong enough to wait."

So the day wore on, the men toiling like slaves, the generals sharing their labors, while the rain poured upon them, and the wind sweeping down from the north, chilled them into what would have been sullen endurance, if the same storm had not all the time drenched their commander with equal fury.

Late in the day Washington dismounted from his horse, and entered the house of Livingston, on the Brooklyn Heights, where his generals were assembled ready for council.

After a brief interval they came forth again, serious and dejected. The orders that Mifflin had taken early in the morning were still a secret. And that which Washington had proposed in council seemed but a forlorn hope, born of desperation—as if that man ever knew what despair was. The soldiers, too, looking in the faces of those who came from the council, fell to what seemed hopeless toil with gloomy forebodings. Imperfectly sheltered, lacking wholesome food, tired out with previous labor, drenched with the storms that had injured their arms and rendered their ammunition useless, they had looked forth in the morning to see with dismay that the enemy had broken ground within six hundred yards of the fort on the Heights, thus hemming them close on the little neck of land that lay between their assailants and the broad bosom of the East River, that might at any change of wind be guarded by British frigates. The least experienced soldier in the camp could not fail to comprehend the peril of this position. They read it in the downcast faces of their officers, in the silence of old veterans in the fort; that for more than forty-eight hours the commander-in-chief had taken neither sleep or rest, but was everywhere among the heroes, bringing momentary cheer wherever he moved.

Thus the darkness of the night came down, wrapping the whole camp in gloom. An hour passed, black and heavy with suspense. Then the whole camp was in suppressed commotion. Orders were given for the regiments to prepare for an attack in the night. Forlorn hope; bitter end to a bitter struggle. The bravest man in the lines could expect nothing better than death with his face to the foe. The soldiers huddled together in groups, whispering messages to loved ones at home, which some comrade might possibly live to carry back to the dear hearth-stone, with a lock of hair, perhaps, and a blessing choked with tears.

These men were new to war and wan with suffering, but not the less grand that tender hearts beat beneath their belts, and tears sometimes mingled with the rain that dashed against the faces they had no thought of turning from the enemy.

Thus an hour passed—one of those hard, bitter hours that sometimes appear to last for months, so heavily are they laden with an impending future.

All at once a regiment was in motion, moving cautiously, not in the direction of the enemy,

but down to the ferry beneath the Heights, where a fleet of flat-boats and sailing vessels had mustered in the stormy darkness.

Silently, and with grim caution, these vessels were manned, and lay ready for service. When all was ready, another regiment marched down, and placed itself in position to superintend the embarkment.

When the news ran from lip to lip along the lines, a watch-fire seemed aglow in every soldier's eyes. The officers took fresh courage, for they comprehended that Washington, before proposing a retreat, had made silent preparations for its success.

The fierce outburst of the tempest lasted for three terrible hours. While it continued to rage, in this manner, Washington rode to and fro, now down the lines, regulating the movements there, now at the farthest outposts, surveying the enemy's camp, fearful that some sound of his mustering troops might give the alarm.

All at once he wheeled his horse southward, and, lifting the drenched hat from his forehead, felt that a softer, calmer breeze had sprung up from that direction.

"Thank God!" he exclaimed; "thank God!"

As he looked, Washington saw the sail-boats unfurl their white wings, while his troops swarmed into them with dreamy stillness. Then the flat-boats and scows, filled to the utmost, drifted off.

But here a new peril arose. The tumult of the storm had drowned all those noises that are inevitable when great bodies of men are put in motion. More caution was requisite now, for the two armies lay so close together, that the Americans, as they marched down to the shore, could hear the pick-axes and shovels of the enemy at their night work in the intrenchments.

Silently, then, and like figures moving in dreamland, the troops left their encampment, and were borne away in the boats that came and went in the dreamy stillness that followed the tempest. All night long, slow, noiseless columns of men wound down the Heights, and gathered upon the shore. Two regiments had claimed the right to remain last of all; and well had they earned the right to this tribute. The men who had confronted Grout, and made that heroic retreat across the marshes, had claimed and won the right to leave the shore only when all the other troops were in safety.

While the troops and munitions of war had been steadily moving in the darkness, the danger was less; but, now, the dawn was faintly breaking, and would soon betray their movements to the enemy.

They stood in rank like statues patient, and resolute, scarcely once turning their eyes to the east, though well aware that the break of day might leave them helpless between the broad river and an exasperated enemy twenty thousand strong.

But Washington was there. Defying fatigue, wet, and danger, he refused to enter a boat, or in any way spare himself, but stood upon the ferry stairs till the last boat moved off, and the last soldier was cared for.

Then he turned his face to the east, and saw that the dawn was breaking, and the greatest peril of all was upon him and the little load of warriors. Then it was that those Delaware and Maryland soldiers moved down the ferry stairs, and took to the boats, leaving the deserted camp and baffled enemy behind.

As they filed past him, a strange, beautiful light fell upon his face; for, turning it seaward, he saw, as it were, a gray cloud drifting up from the bay, through the mouth of the river, spreading itself over the water, the deserted encampment, and the enemy.

Wrapped in this veil of mist, Washington descended the ferry steps alone, and thus, guarded by Heaven itself, took his place in the last boat, when, shrouding his face with his cloak, he rested a moment, for the first time in forty-eight hours.

As these boats drifted out in the fog, a band of British soldiers, rendered suspicious by the intense stillness of the American camp, broke through the fallen trees that formed a rude rampart around it, and found the space covered by the enemy in thousands the night before, solitary as a desert. Men, munitions of war, commissary stores, all were gone.

CHAPTER XIV.

New York city was in the hands of the British.

This was the news that a courier on horseback brought to the residence of Mr. Kingsford that bright September day. This was the news that had filled the soul of Rhoda Clyde with such ambitious longing, when it was first whispered to her by the insidious lips of the man whom she at once adored and hated.

This was the news that struck the color from Grace Kingsford's face, and the last gleam of hope from her heart. With a look of dumb appeal to her father, she stood waiting for the words of triumph that broke from him.

"So, this is their boasted strength! This is what their insolent Declaration means! Bravado, when danger is afar off; flight, when it draws near. Here, Cato! Harry! Some of you bring wine—brandy—everything the sideboard con-

tains, to this man! He has brought us good news, and must ride farther, that the whole neighborhood may know it. Make haste! His tidings are too good to keep! Here, my friend!"

Kingsford snatched the goblet from his servant as he was going toward the door, and held it under the great silver tankard of wine that he was carrying out. His hand shook under this outburst of joy, till the red wine dashed over it, but he went out on the broad door-step, and held up the dripping goblet as if the swift rider had been a king.

"Drink, drink. The wine is older than yourself, man, and worthy of the news you bring."

The courier took the cup, drained it thirstily, and held it out for a fresh supply.

"The road is dusty," he said, laughing; "and one seldom gets wine like this. To your good health, sir, and confusion to the rebels!"

While the man spoke, the negro servant was filling his goblet again.

"Jes take time ter taste dis wine, as it goes down, if yer am in a hurry," he said, disapprovingly. "A gemman 'd smack his lips over a spoonful ob it ebber so long."

"It's capital drink!" said the trooper, wiping his mouth with one hand. "Shan't get another like it to-day, you may be sure. Here is your cup, too. Genuine silver, now, ain't it? From the old country, I reckon. Good-day!"

Wheeling his horse swiftly around, with a loud clatter of hoofs, the messenger rode away, raising a whirlwind of dust on the highway as he swept up the river, bearing his news from house to house as he went, and drinking wherever he was invited.

Mr. Kingsford turned from the door-step triumphant. All the quiet dignity of his bearing was swept away. He did not even attempt to suppress the proud exultation that agitated him. Up and down the broad hall he walked, treading it like an emperor.

"The traitors have had their day," he said, speaking, unconsciously, to himself; "and we know how they can use power. Where is their proclamation now? The Congress will find that words are not men. Talking is easy, but so is retreat. As usual, Washington has valiantly run away. How will they take it, I wonder?"

"You are pleased. Our success delights you," said Rhoda Clyde, joining in his irregular walk. "I, too, think it especially fortunate; for now we have a place of refuge for our dear girl."

"What are you speaking of?" questioned Kingsford, too much elated for the selfish calculation which the girl was coolly making.

"I was thinking of the arrangement under discussion, just as the courier came up," said Rhoda.

"Arrangements! I do not remember. It is enough for me that these rebel hounds are driven back to their kennel. For once they have met generals that represent the king grandly. No wonder they shrunk back. In a few months this city, also, will be swept free of them."

Rhoda smiled, but shook her head.

"Not while Washington entrenches himself so near New York. Lord Howe loves his own ease too well for rapid movements. His troops, once in possession of the city, with a good harbor for his own frigates, he will be in no haste to move."

Mr. Kingsford paused in his walk, and looked at the girl with some amazement.

"What can you know of military movements, that you speak so confidently, Rhoda?"

"When one loves a cause, heart and soul, as I do, it is but natural that even a girl may try to understand something of it."

"And you really love the king, and the cause for which he is fighting?"

So well, that if I were a man, instead of the poor dependent creature fate has made me, the next hour would find me on the road to New York. Even now——"

"Well, even now?"

"I might do something there, if not for the king, for you and yours, who are dearer to me even than my own monarch."

"I do not understand. Is it of Grace you are thinking?"

"Yes, it is of Grace. Now that an avenue of escape for her is open, why not avail yourself of it at once."

"An avenue of escape? Yes, I remember you were speaking of that; but it seemed beyond a possibility then."

"Still it is less than an hour ago."

"Is it? How much can be changed in an hour! Well, we were saying then——"

"That in order to escape the appearance of absolute tyranny, my sweet cousin must be removed from the neighborhood of her lover."

"Her lover! Have I not forbidden all that?"

"Still he is not the less her lover, and recognizes no authority in you over his actions."

"But she. It was, I do believe, by accident that she met him."

"Accident, of course; but they are likely to happen every day, so long as he desires it. Besides——"

"Well?"

"My cousin suffers. So near him, so anxious

to obey you, her life is a constant struggle. Have you not observed how sad and pale she looks?"

"Poor child! My poor darling! I think she is not willfully disobedient."

"Absent from the tempter, she would soon be her own sweet self again."

Kingsford made no direct reply, but began to pace the hall more slowly. This rebellion in his child had been a source of great unhappiness to him, and the presence of Barringford in the neighborhood wrought upon his proud nature like an insult. Still the man, rebel though he was, had saved him from a most undignified act, under his own roof, and in addition to that, had rescued his wife from an awful death.

Kingsford thought of these things as a proud man, stubborn in his prejudices, might. He could not, in his heart, be altogether grateful for obligations fate had forced upon him; but a fine sense of honor would, spite of himself, protest against his own thanklessness; and this kept him in a state of perpetual unrest.

As he walked to and fro, still elated, gradually becoming subdued, Rhoda sat upon a hall sofa, and seemed to occupy herself with a book, though she was constantly regarding him with quiet, side-glances.

There was no difficulty in reading that proud man's thoughts, from the expression of his face. Haughty he was, sometimes dictatorial, but open as the day, even in his failings. At the right moment, she said, very quietly:

"I think some one has told me that you were a friend of Lord Howe's, in days gone by."

"Yes, we were often thrown together, before I came to this country. He might hardly know me now."

"But yours is a name that even royalty might remember."

"Remember. Why, girl, there is a title in abeyance, which, but for these troubles, might have been awarded me."

"Which may be yours after this unnatural rebellion is over; but, to that end, would it not be well to bring yourself once more into the notice of Lord Howe? As a relative of the king, he might aid in procuring this title."

Kingsford's face flushed scarlet. The artful girl had struck upon the secret wish of his heart.

"People speak well of Howe, as faithful to his friends—kind to those he loves."

"I know, I know. He was my friend once."

"And remembers you yet kindly."

"How did you learn this, Rhoda?"

"From a friend who is close to his person."

"And he spoke of me?"

"As one whose influence might be powerful, and whom he remembered well."

Kingsford turned in his walk, and went into the open grounds, where he wandered about in deep thought for half an hour. Rhoda watched him, from time to time, from the drawing-room window, where, half-shrouded by its draperies, she waited with keen impatience for the result of her adroit conversation. When he came back, the heart in her bosom gave a great bound, and she laughed aloud.

"He has decided. He will take us away from this hateful place, and think it his own idea. No matter how, so that the thing is done. Poor Grace, she will not thank me for this, though it may end in making her a countess, and me—what will it make of me?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE WHITE ROSE.

BY ANNIE ROBERTSON NOXON.

"DEAR ROSE," I said, "is it for me—
For me, you bud and blow?"
The rose her spotless petals shook
And answered, "No, no, no!"

All day the leaden sky had hung,
Dark o'er the lifeless town;
And now the snow-flakes softly fell,
Like drifts of eider down.

"Sweet rose," I said, "there is no flower,
No bud beneath the snow;
Be mine;" but still the rose replied,
In whispers low, "No, no!"

The naked branches of the trees,
Were shaken by the blast;
Of all the Summer's guileless ones,
This white rose was the last.

So fair it grew—so full and fair,
That many an eye looked down,
In longing, now that rime and frost
Clothed all the frozen town.

"Say, is it not for me, dear rose,
You come in bleak December?
There was a happier time than this,
I'll keep you to remember."

"No! not for thee, nor for the bride,
Whose hopes are high and bright;
On the meek breast of innocence
My leaves I'll fold to-night."

Within a baby's waxen hands,
Beneath the coffin lid,
Before another day had dawned,
The pure, white rose was hid.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, a very stylish walking-dress for a young lady, composed of plain



and checked de bege. The skirt, which is just slightly demi-train, is trimmed, first, with a box-plaiting of plain; above that are four cross-bands of the check, edged with a side-plaiting of plain, three inches wide, when finished; the cross-bands two inches, when finished. All side-plaitings are made straightway of the material, closely basted in quarter or half-inch plaits, then ironed on the wrong side. The tablier, which is very long, is of the checked material, and trimmed with plaiting of the plain. It is fastened to the front of the skirt, with a ruche of the plain material. The other half of the tablier is reversed, as may be seen; but this is optional. Cuirass bodice and coat-sleeves, trimmed with two rows of plaitings, finished with bow and ends. The sleeves are plain, and the bodice is of the check; over this is worn a fichu of check, edged with a narrow plaiting, tied loosely over the chest. These fichus will be much worn the coming season. Of the plain material, twenty-seven inches wide, twenty yards will be required; of the check, same width, ten yards. Price of this material from thirty-seven to seventy-five cents. Those at thirty-seven cents are all wool; and although light in texture, wear very well, as we know by experience.

Next, is another walking-costume of black de



lain or alpaca, suitable either in or out of mourning. The under-skirt is trimmed, first, with a side-plaiting, quarter-inch plait; above that is a double puff, cut on the bias, fourteen inches deep. This is gathered, first at six inches from the bottom; then another row, on the seventh inch, and on this is placed a ruching; then

gather again on the eleventh inch, again on the twelfth; here the second row of ruching is placed; the other two inches form the heading for the flounce. Three to four inches should be allowed for the plaiting at the bottom, when finished. The tablier is cut with a narrow front, gored, and two side gores. The gathering is made on the second gore, as may be seen by the engraving. Also the way the work is done; it should be sewn down to a straight band on the under-side. The trimming consists of a side-plaiting, five inches deep, including the heading, and is stitched twice for the heading. This edges the tablier, where it is carried up both sides of the back. A cuirass bodice, with coat-sleeves, finished with cuffs, and plaiting to correspond. Twenty to twenty-two yards of alpaca, will be required. It can be bought from sixty to seventy-five cents per yard. It makes a very nice dress.



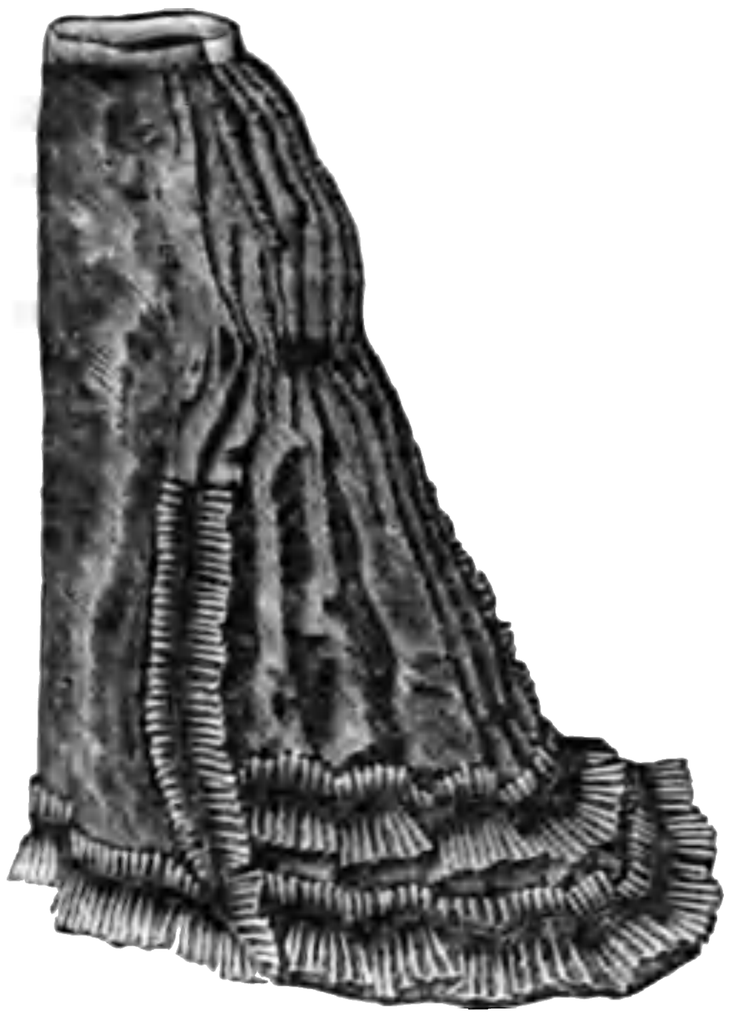
Above is an evening-costume of white tarletane. It is trimmed with plaintings and puffs. The under-skirt is demi-train, and has, first a plaited flounce, six inches deep, with the heading; then a puff, four inches wide; above that another plaited flounce, five inches deep; another puff. The tablier is made long, and gathered up the entire front, forming a puff lengthwise. The edge is trimmed with a plaiting. At the back it is gathered up quite full to the waist; and the ends are also trimmed with the plaiting, so disposed to fall, as seen in the design. The bodice is low, and trimmed with a puffing around the neck. Bows of ribbon or flowers may be arranged in the cascade trimming at the back. The cost of such a dress would be about twelve dollars, without the ribbon or flowers.



Next is a handsome dress of black silk net or grenadine barege. It has but one skirt, which is trimmed with puffing and ruching of the material. The tablier is simulated upon the front of the skirt, formed of folds of the material, and ruches. It has two diagonal bands of silk crossing the front, and finishing at the sides and back in loops forming large bows. Low-necked cuirass waist, trimmed to correspond. The cost of such a dress in black silk net, would be about sixty dollars; in black grenadine, twenty-five or thirty dollars, if made at home, and worn over a half-worn black silk under-skirt. All black, thin goods should be made over silk slips.

Next we give a design for making and looping

he under-skirt of a walking-dress. It is of cashmere, with trimmings of plaited silk of the same color. Rows of silk braid are sewn over the stitches, at about one to two inches apart.



The buttons and loops on the upper part of the skirt show a good way of raising the dress for out-door wear. A slide, with elastic or tape run in, draws the skirt back.

The next is a suit for a little girl. It gives the skirt which is gored in front, and trimmed



with three narrow bias ruffles. The two back widths are disposed in a large box-plait. The jacket is cut square in front, and fits into the figure; the back, with side body, also to fit. It is open in the skirt to the waist; the whole trimmed to correspond with the skirt. A double box-plait of plain silk, edged with fringe, is added down the back. Sleeves of silk, with cuff of material, finished with bias ruffles, same as trims the skirt. Plaited ruche forms the collar.



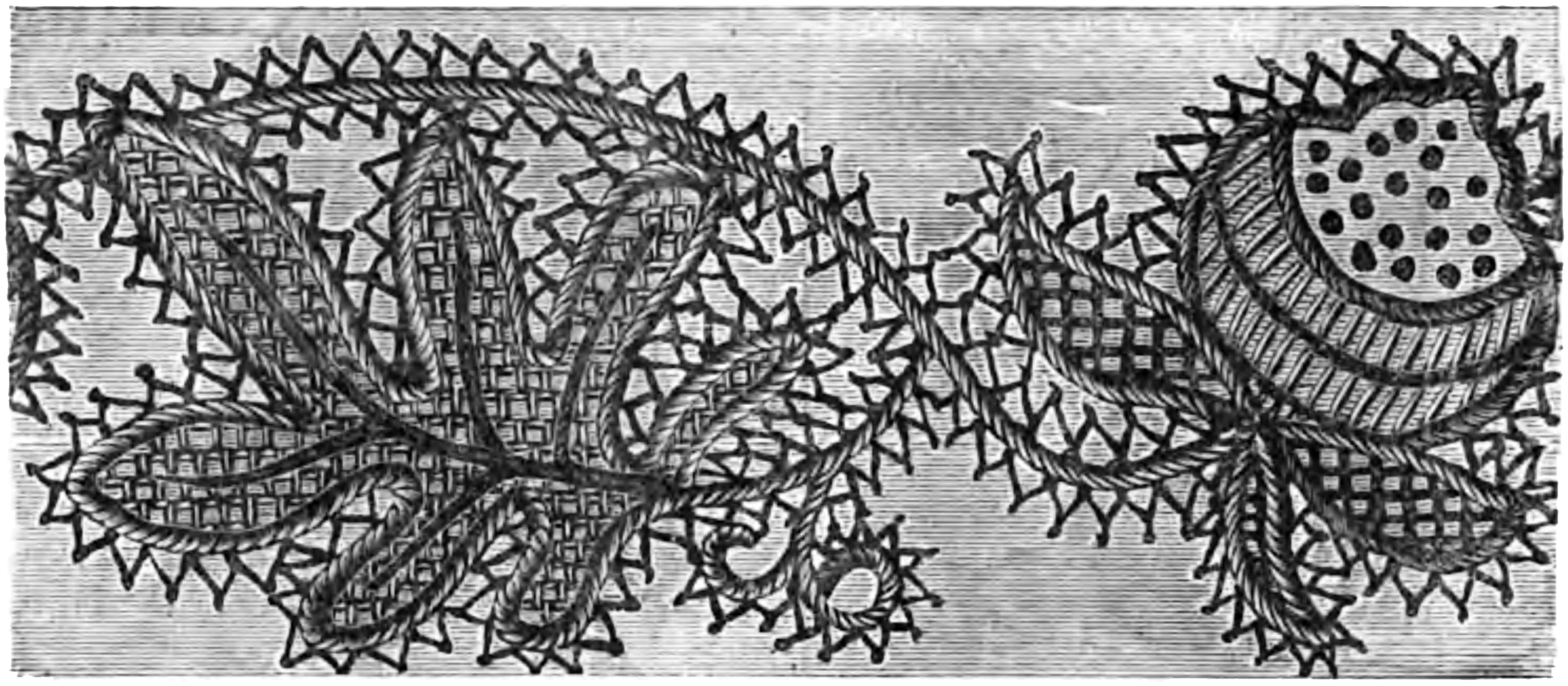
The next is a suit of cashmere, tweed, or pique, for a little boy of two to three years. The front and back are formed by a large, double box-plait, the plait continuing under the arm, to form the fullness for the skirt. Buttons, and cords forming loops, fasten the blouse in front, and con-



stitute the trimming. They should be of black mohair, if the suit is made of cashmere or tweed, or white cords and pearl buttons for pique. A wide sash of silk, with fringed ends, is loosely tied at the back, being kept in place by the loops of cord under the arms. Coat-sleeves, with pointed cuffs, trimmed to correspond.

BORDER, CORD AND FANCY STITCHES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



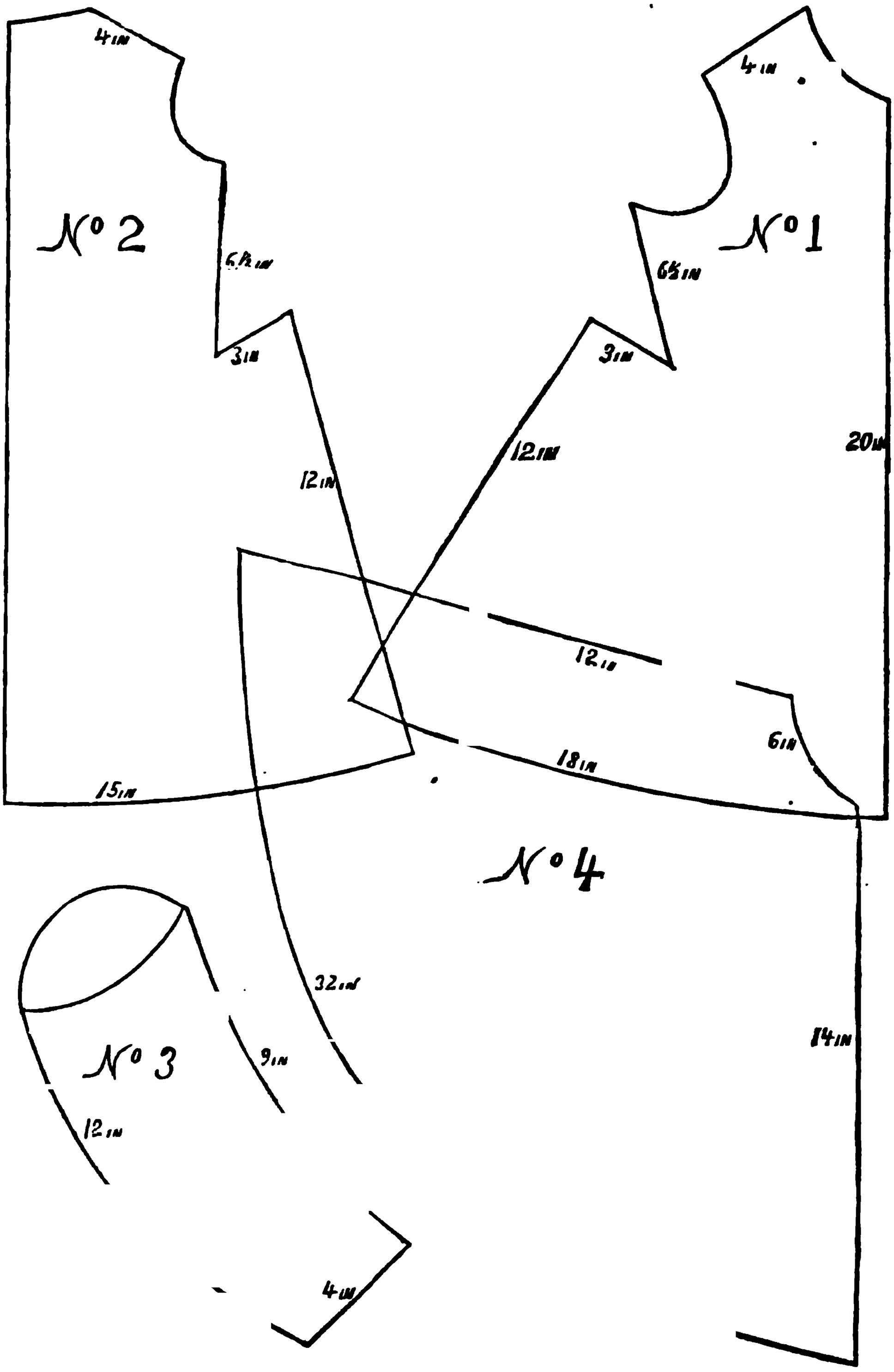
The material of the border may be ecru, linen, or green cloth. The cord is put on with black, and the fancy stitches with black silk. This design is very effective as a dress trimming also.

SHORT CLOAK FOR INFANT FROM ONE TO TWO YEARS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, here, an engraving of a pretty cloak, a short one, for an infant from one to two years old. On the next page, we give a diagram, by which to cut it out.

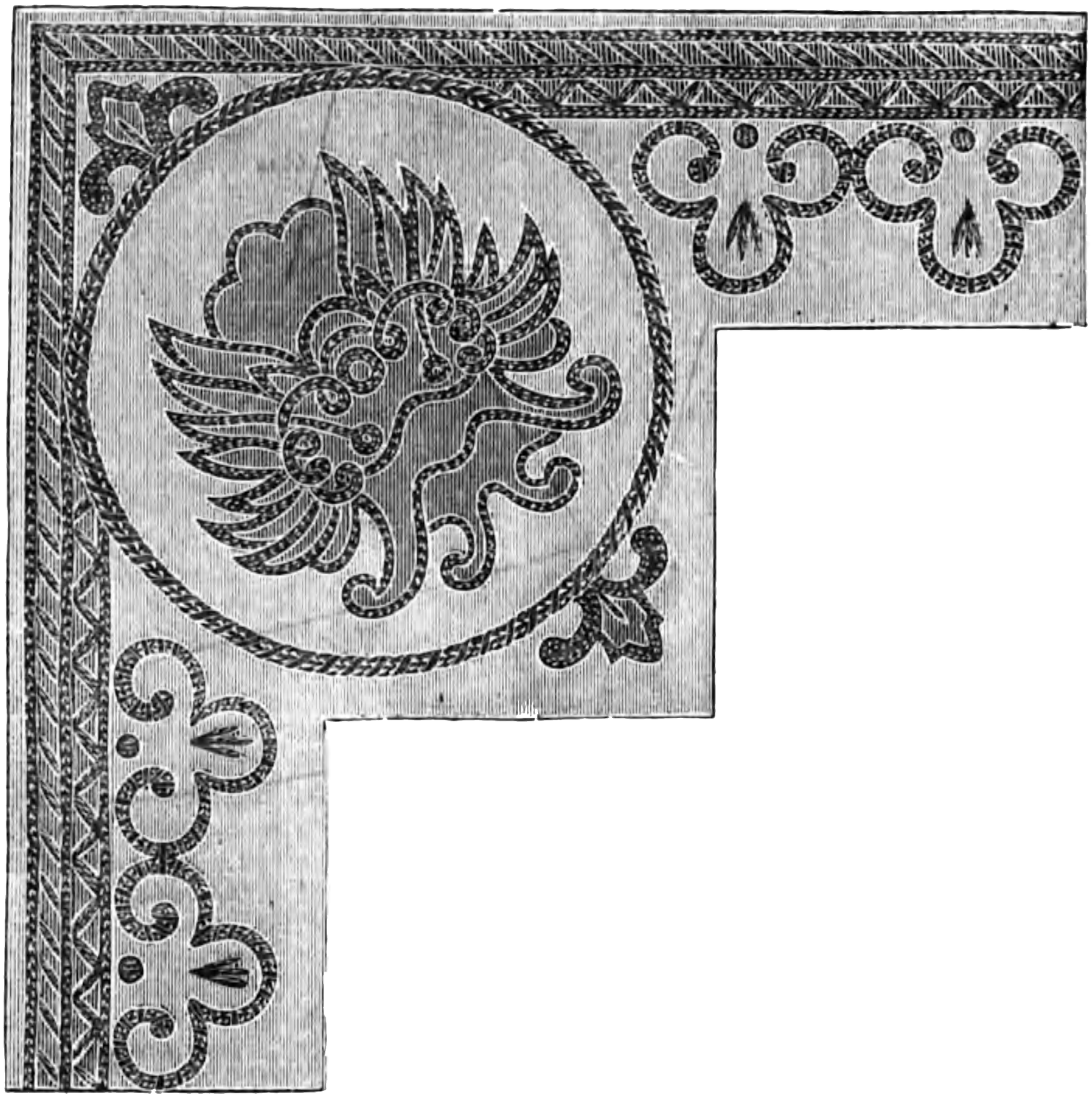


No. 1. HALF OF FRONT.
No. 2. HALF OF BACK.
No. 3. HALF OF SLEEVE.
No. 4. HALF OF CAPE.

Make of pique, and trim with open work muslin, embroidered insertion, and flouncing to correspond. Large pearl or linen buttons; also suitable for white merino or cashmere, trimmed with fringe, and embroidered in silver. Plait where the fullness comes under the arm.

BORDER FOR TABLE-CLOTH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Covers for centre-tables, in the parlor or sitting-room, are now all the fashion. Marble-topped tables are quite out of style, or, if used, are covered with a table-cloth. These table-cloths are made either of some pretty woven stuff, of which the Algerine or Turkish patterns are the most desirable, or else they are made of cloth, embroidered by hand with a border. Last year, we gave a very handsome design for one of these embroidered borders; and now we give another. It may be done in either embroidery or applique. The color of the cloth should be in harmony with the room where the table is to be placed.

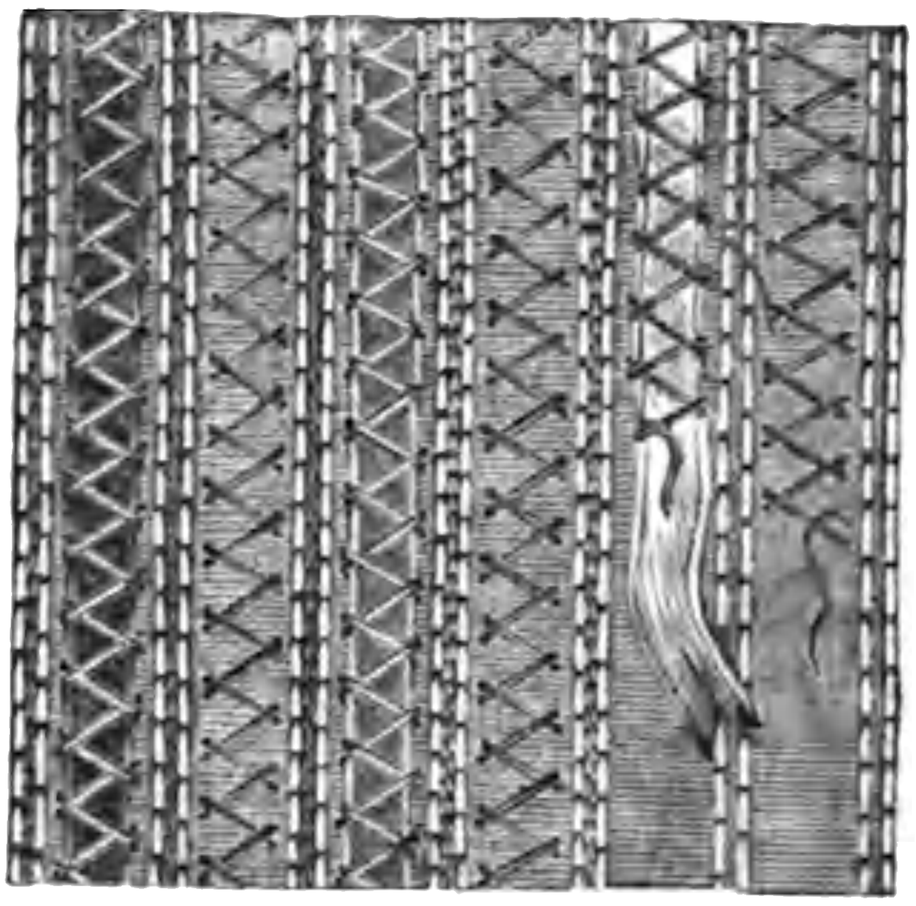
TIDY—STAG'S HEAD.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

We have been asked for a pattern of a stag's head, to be used in a tidy. We give one, accordingly, in the front of the number. It is to be darned on net, and the different shades of white are to be produced by the greater, or less, solidity of the darning.

SEGAR-CASE, WITH EMBROIDERY, IN FULL SIZE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The work for the segar-case is shown in the



full size. The foundation is fine drill. Ribbon or velvet of three colors is required, as seen in the full size, where the proper width is shown. The herring-bone stitch is worked with purse-silk in blue, gold, yellow, scarlet, and green, with a row of gold cord sewn down at the edge of the chain-stitch line running between the herring-bone stitch. A thin piece of cardboard is required for the outer part, four inches wide, and eleven inches long; for the inner, three and a half inches wide, and thirteen and a half long. These are folded exactly in half, covered with the drill, and lined with silk, sewn together at the sides, and bound with ribbon at the sides and open ends. This is a useful article and easily made

SLIPPER WATCH-STAND,

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This stand is in the form of a pretty slipper of cardboard, covered outside, including the heel, with blue satin, lined with gray silk rep. The center of the front part of the slipper is ornamented with bead embroidery. Blue silk gimp, and bows of blue ribbom, form the trimming.

CUTTING OUT YOUR OWN DRESSES.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

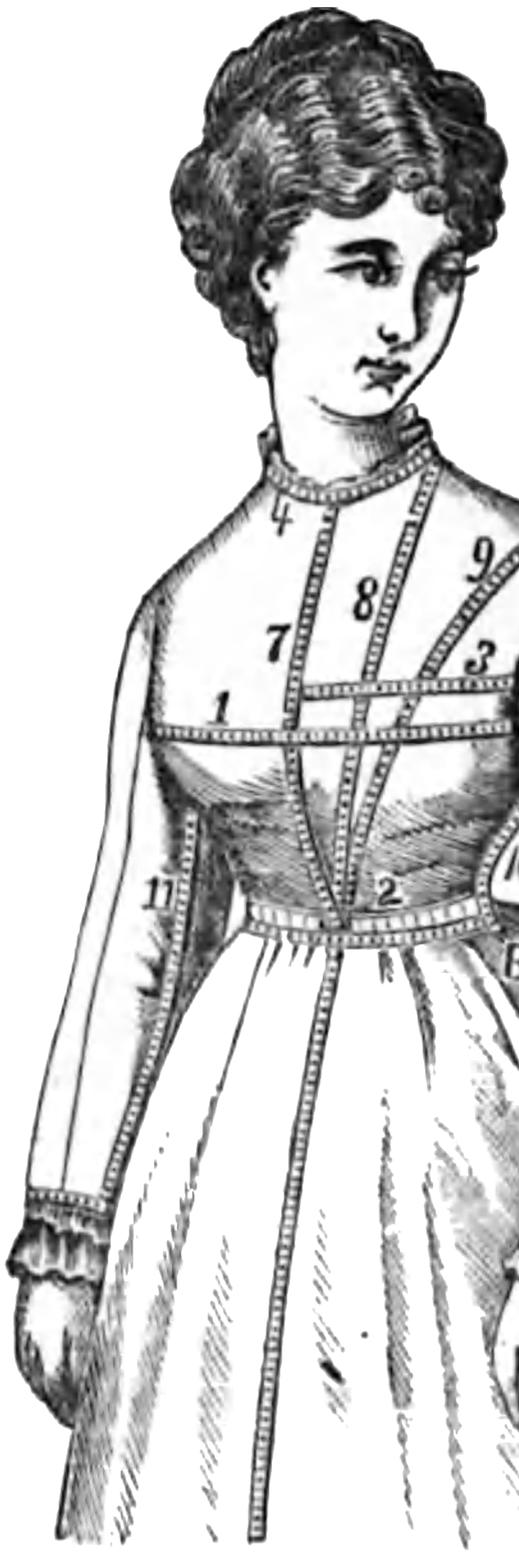


DIAGRAM No. 1.

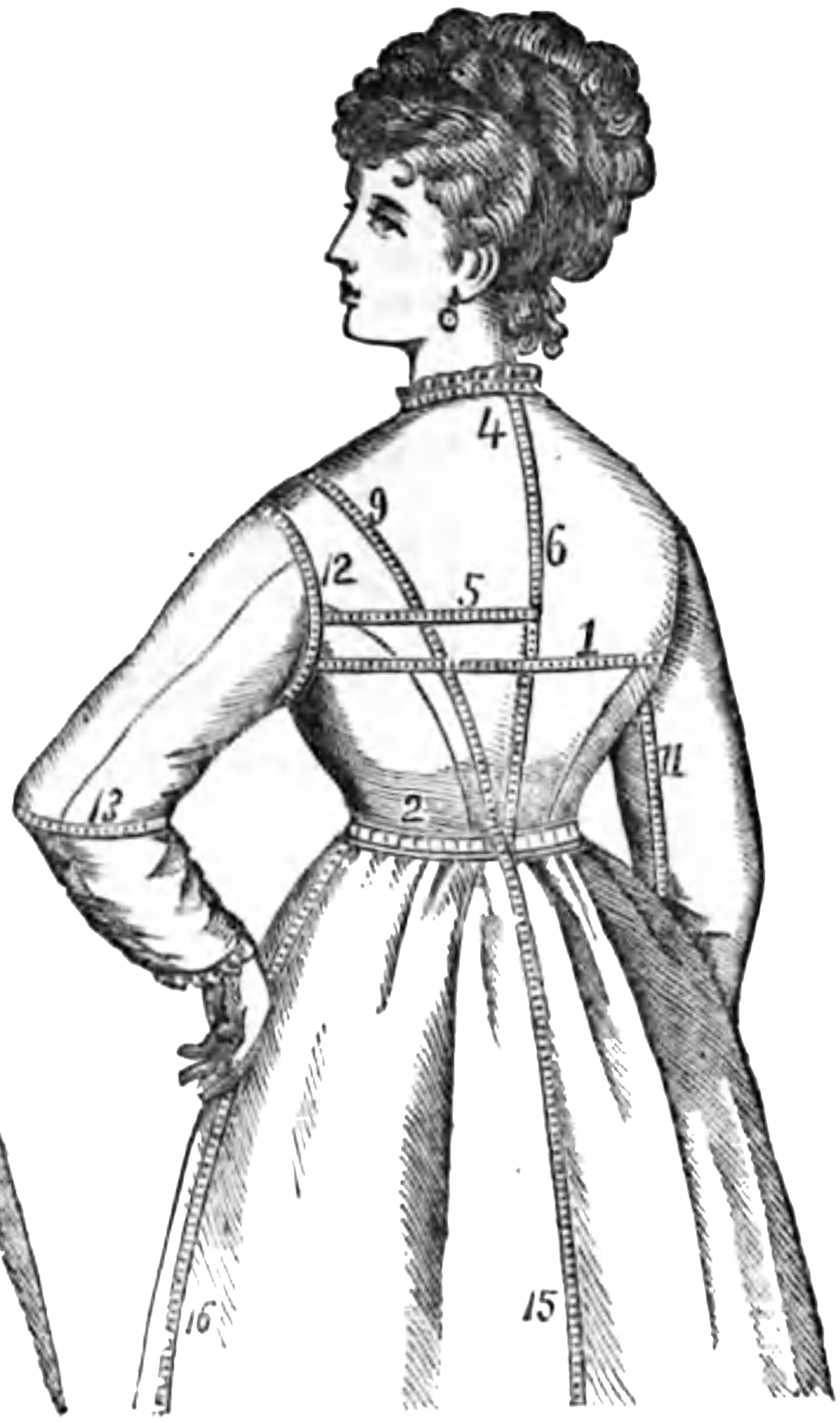


DIAGRAM No. 2.

It is a fact that some persons are more difficult to fit than others. This difficulty of fitting figures would not exist if dressmakers had only as excellent a system of measurement as tailors have. The diagrams above will assist our readers to understand the mode to be pursued:—

Take a good tape-yard measure with the figures plainly marked upon it. The first measurement to be taken, as will be seen from diagram No. 1, is the width of the chest. This measurement is a very important one, and is taken round the body under the arms. Make a note of the number of inches. The second is the size of the waist, of which also make a note. Proceed in the same way with No. 3, which will give the width of the fronts; No. 4, the size of the neck; No. 7, the length of the fronts; No. 8, the length of the same measured from the top of the shoulder; No. 9, the measurement from the lower part of the shoulder; No. 10, which will afford the length of the sides, under the arms, completes the measurement of the front of the body. The sleeves must then be considered, and No. 11 gives the length; No. 13 the width round the elbow, and No. 14 that round the wrist. The only remaining measurement for the front portion is the length of the skirt, which is a very important one. The "set" of a skirt often proclaims a home-made dress in its failure of grace; but if the measurement of length be carefully taken, and our instructions carefully followed, there can be little doubt of success.

Having carefully taken down all these measurements, and numbered them as in diagram No. 1, we next turn to the measurements for the back, which will be found in diagram No. 2.

No. 1 gives the continuation of the important measurement indicated by the same number on the first diagram. No. 5 gives the width of half of the back. (It has been found that bodices sit much better with a seam up the back, and consequently they are almost universally made with a seam now, thus allowing the back to be cut to the figure, as it could not be in the absence of a

seam. This method also makes it easier to fit the body. No. 6 gives the length of the back; No. 9 the measurement from the lower part of the shoulder to the waist. We now come to the skirt measurements, which, as we said above, are all-important. No. 15 gives the length at the back, and No. 16 the length at the side.

We will now suppose that you have all the measurements noted down, and that you have made yourself mistress of the details. If they seem complicated at first, a little study of the diagram and various parts of any tissue-paper bodice you have before you, will soon render them simple.

And now to use all these numbers, and to put in practice all this theory. (You must make, or get a paper pattern of a bodice to assist you in obtaining the outlines.) Take a piece of stout calico, which shall last you as a pattern as long as you refrain from growing stouter, or guard yourself from becoming thinner. Lay this calico on a rather large table. With the selvage of the calico lying toward you, take the yard-measure in your hand, look at your note of the number of inches opposite No. 7 on your notes, and measure off a corresponding number of inches down the selvage of the calico, beginning your measurement three inches from the end, to allow for the extra height of the shoulder. Mark off this length with a pencil, and proceed to get measurement No. 8, studying the diagram that you may judge of the direction in which this line runs. Mark this measurement also with a pencil. Then get No. 9, which you will mark in the same way. No. 3 must now he measured off and then marked, and after having done this, you may begin to cut out. Laying your paper front on the calico, draw a line from the upper part of No. 8 to the upper part of No. 9, continuing it an inch and a half beyond it in the same direction. Cut the calico over this line. This gives you the shoulder. Now cut the calico *straight down* from the end of the shoulder. Proceed to cut the arm-hole, which is done by drawing a curved line from the end of the shoulder to No. 3, and thence to the top of No. 10, a measurement which must be got by measuring from the waist-line of the calico—the number of inches marked on your notes after No. 10. The paper pattern will help you to get the outline of the arm-hole, but you must, in addition, be carful to observe your own measurement. Having cut away the calico strait at the waist, you have now the front completed, with the exeception of the plaits to fit it to the figure, and these must be arranged on the person, taking care not to make them too high. Now proceed to get the back. Line No. 6 on diagram 2 is the first to be measured. It gives the length, and if you have a seam down the back, this line comes to the selvage. Mark it off, and then get measurement No. 9, after which you cut the shoulder in the same way as you did for the front, laying the paper pattern on the calico. Next measure No. 5, cut the arm-hole round to it by your paper pattern. Cut the calico away straight at the waist, and you have the half of the back.

Now take this back and the front, pin or lightly sew them together under the arm-holes and on the shoulders. Then put them on, and arrange the plaits, pin tighter under the arm till they fit quite closely, and cut away at the neck. If you are very careful in performing this part of the operation, you will find yourself supplied with an excellent pattern for your dresses.

It is well to have a good paper pattern of a sleeve, but you must be careful in cutting your own pattern to observe your private measurements of length and width, only using the paper model as a guide to the outline. With an accurate measurement of your own you will find that you can readily use any paper model, however new and original, by simply laying the latter over your own pattern and taking care only to modify, not alter, the details of the former.

DESIGN FOR SILK EMBROIDERY.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

FLOWERS FOR EVERY-DAY GARDENS.—We are frequently asked for directions how to raise flowers, in ordinary gardens, without having to call in a professional gardener. We are also asked about flowers to grow. We propose, in the autumn, after the flower season is over, (which will be the best time,) to begin a series of papers on this subject, *to run for a year*, thus showing the proper work for each month. Meantime, we give here, a few hints as to what flowers will thrive best in the garden.

It is one of the most perplexing tasks, to the lover of flowers, this selection of such kinds as are best adapted to her wants and conveniences. There are always so many, and she can have so few. We propose to name only a few of the *best* kinds for the amateur gardener, and such as give good satisfaction with ordinary treatment, with such directions for culture as we have proved, by our own experience, to be most practical, and the likeliest to meet the wants of the average cultivator of flowers.

In the first place, we advise only such kinds as give a large amount of bloom. There are several of this class, which are easily cared for, and always satisfactory. Asters, petunias, phlox, balsams, pansies, stock, dianthus, sweet-peas, and verbenas, with, of course, mignonette, without which, if everybody's taste is like ours, no garden is complete, will afford a constant succession of bloom from June to late frosts, and every one of these flowers is of the easiest cultivation. These few kinds *well* cared for, will afford far greater satisfaction than a larger number, *half* cared for. A flower that has been neglected is a sorrowful sight to us, and is classed, in our sympathies, along with neglected children. If a lady cannot give the kinds we have named the little care they require, she had better not try her hand at flower-growing, for she will make a failure of it. But we advise *everybody* to *try*, and we think they will find the time they devote to their flowers among the most delightful hours of recreation.

Asters do best, we find, when started in boxes in the house. They get a start, in this way, which brings them into bloom much earlier in the fall. In starting seeds in the house, bear in mind this, always (after the plants are up) give plenty of sun, water enough to keep the ground moist, but never *wet*, and not too much heat. If the sun and water are given in the proper proportions, *with plenty of air*, they will not grow spindling and weak, unless the heat is too great. Balsams are hurried into bloom by planting in the house. They should not be set in the open ground until all danger of frost is over, as they are tender. Petunias and phlox we have found to do better when sowed where they are to bloom, in the beds. Pansies can be started in boxes to advantage, and should be set out in some shady corner of the garden. Sweet-peas can be sowed very early, as frost does not injure them. They make a fine screen, and can be used to cover an unsightly fence, or stump. There is nothing more fragrant for bouquets in the list of garden-flowers. Verbenas can also be started in the house, if great care is taken to *air* them well; if *not* well aired, they are apt to "damp off," and turn yellow and die. We have always found the verbena a hard plant to raise from seed, and prefer to buy our plants. A friend of ours has no trouble at all in raising dozens of plants from seed, when we fail entirely, and we conclude we haven't the "knack" required by this particular flower. But we mention this to show that ladies need not despair, if they fail, sometimes, in raising flowers from seed. But, be sure to have verbenas. They are constant bloomers, and afford such a variety of brilliant colors, and delicate shading, that no other flower surpasses them in the garden. They should be planted in beds raised in the center, as they are low, spreading growers.

Sweet-peas make a good background, as they grow tall. In front of them place asters, as the next in height. We like to have our asters in groups, keeping each color separate. Petunias and phlox should be sowed in circular raised beds, with plenty of space to flourish in, and from the time they begin blossoming till late in the fall, there will be a constant and profuse show of brilliant color. The phlox is the one most satisfactory flower for the average garden, to be found in the whole catalogue. It has a large variety of colors, is covered with bloom, and cares for itself if kept free from weeds. Balsams make the best show in rows, and their leaves should be kept well trimmed, as they are apt to hide the flowers. Mignonette is fine for edgings, or for sowing in little clumps here, there and everywhere. The soil must be made mellow for all these flowers, and kept free from weeds; hoeing among them to keep the earth mellow will keep down the weeds, and will not take up half an hour's time in a day, if you have all the kinds we have named. In dry weather they may need watering. But in ordinary seasons, keeping down weeds, and keeping the soil light, is really all the care they need. If a larger list is wanted, cockscomb, abronia, calliopsis, and such flowers as are catalogued as hardy or half-hardy can be added. But keep in mind that a *few good* ones are better than a *lot of poor* ones.

HORTICULTURAL HALL, ETC., ETC.—In the front of the number, we give a full-page engraving of Horticultural Hall, the most beautiful, perhaps, of all the edifices erected for the Centennial. In our article, "The Centennial in Pen and Pencil," is a description of it, and an illustration of the Saracenic arcade, which runs around it, inside. A cotemporary editor, not usually given to exaggeration, speaks of the grounds about it even more enthusiastically. "There is one point," says the accomplished writer, "that will suggest Eden, if any part of earth can, the Horticultural area. The building itself, hardly less fanciful, unique and charming than those aerial castles conjured up by the genii of Arabian lore, stands on the summit of a moderate eminence, the slope of which, all around, comprising many acres, has been allotted in sections to North American, European, North African, and South American States, where are thousands of trees and plants famous either for beauty or rarity. It is not tropical vegetation alone that is witnessed on this spot, nor the scrubby growth of frigid climes, nor the medium and more slightly products of a temperate soil, but an exhibition of the finest specimens of horticulture—nature's as well as man's—from many different parts of the world. Near the foot of these grounds is a large artificial lake, upon the smooth waters of which glide gondolas from Italy, and from the centre of which rises a huge fountain, formed of a pile of loose moss-grown rocks surrounding the tube. Over thirty thousand hyacinths and other bulbs have been planted between the lake and the Horticultural building, and, in no small degree, add to the bloom of the scene on the opening day. Hundreds of tropical specimens, including lemon and orange trees, are in the conservatories, many of the latter being laden with fruit." If you wish to see fairy-land, you will see it at the Centennial.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS may be made at the price paid by the rest of the club. If enough additional subscribers are sent, to make up a second club, the person sending them will become entitled to a second premium, or premiums. Always notify us, however, when such a second club is completed. These additions may be made, moreover, at any time during the year. Back numbers to January can always be supplied. Go on making additions to your clubs. You can soon fill a second club, and earn a second premium, if you care to.

OUR "CENTENNIAL GIFT."—The Frankford (Pa.) Gazette says: "We return thanks for the receipt of a fine, large-sized steel engraving, after Col. Trumbull's celebrated picture—'The Declaration of Independence,' the Centennial Gift of the publisher of Peterson's Magazine to his subscribers for 1876. The plate is very carefully engraved, with fifty-six portraits, and is a very fine specimen of the 'graver's art. It is a picture which every family ought to possess: and every family, therefore, ought to subscribe for Peterson."

FOR FIFTY CENTS EXTRA, remember, any subscriber for "Peterson" (but no other person) can obtain either "Christmas Morning," our premium plate for this year, or any one of our other premium plates. In other words, to oblige subscribers, we furnish copies of these splendid engravings at the mere cost of the paper and printing, which is a nominal price, for at retail stores similar engravings sell for five dollars.

THE LITTLE WOOD-GATHERER.—This is one of the most charming engravings we have ever published. How it brings back the days of childhood, when one thought it bliss to throw by shoes and stockings, in order to paddle in the stream, or walk barefoot over the fallen leaves in the forest!

THE CLASSICAL BODICES, now so much worn, are fastened with handsome buttons. Some are of Rhine pebbles, others of coral or turquoise, and some are of cloisonne enamel. Some of the very fashionable have their monograms in enamel on their buttons.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

'Twixt Hammer and Anvil. By Frank Lee Benedict. 3 vols., 12 mo. London: Samuel Tinsley.—We have here a new novel, by one of our oldest contributors, in the orthodox three volumes, duodecimo, of the London press. Three guineas, or about eight dollars, is its price abroad. But when it comes to be republished here, as we presume it will be, the price will not exceed a dollar. This is a fair sample of the difference in cost between novels in England and novels in America. Mr. Benedict seems to be more popular than ever in London. "A new and powerful novelist has arisen," is the verdict of that critical authority, the Spectator. Every fresh book from his pen attracts more and more attention. Our readers need not be told how well deserved is this reputation. For force and originality, "Side by Side," now being published in these pages, has not often been equalled; and "'Twixt Hammer and Anvil" has the same intensity, the same play of passion, the same freshness. In some respects, indeed, Mr. Benedict is without a rival. If he has a fault, it is in the excessive brilliancy of the talk of his chief characters: in real life people do not, and cannot, keep up such a fire of epigrams. We like this novel much better than even his last. That any writer should show such a steady improvement, and that, too, in the face of the temptation to write incessantly, is the very highest proof, not only of genius, but of thorough and artistic work.

Filth Diseases, and Their Prevention. By John Simon, M. D., F. R. C. S. First American Edition. Printed Under the Direction of the State Board of Health of Massachusetts. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: James Campbell.—The author of this little treatise is a very eminent English physician, and chief medical officer of the Privy Council. Having had access, in his official capacity, to the reports of the Government Inspectors, wherein were tabulated and described various recent epidemics, and their probable origin, he has prepared an essay, based on these facts, which is here reprinted. Dr. Simon takes the ground that typhoid fever, cholera, etc., etc., have their origin in fermenting, putrifying germs, too small, almost, for the microscope, that themselves originate in, or are heightened in virulence, by filth; and that these poisonous germs, finding their way into the human body, bring on disease. The treatise shows how bad sewerage, or no sewerage at all, slays thousands, year by year But it also points out the remedy. The Massachusetts Board of Health, in reprinting this little tract, have conferred an incalculable benefit on the American public.

Diana Carew. By Mrs. Forrester. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—Mrs. Forrester always writes well. Her "Fair Women," "My Hero," and "Dolores," were unusually good, and what is more, each succeeding novel was better than the last. In "Diana Carew," however, she surpasses herself. The character of the heroine is as original as it is attractive: we love her from the first; and we love her more and more, the more we see of her. Mrs. Forrester has one important qualification for a successful story-teller. She has a never-failing fountain of romance in her heart, which wells up continually, freshening and vivifying all things. People read novels as a relief from the prosaic lives they have to lead; and Mrs. Forrester understanding this, declines to wring their hearts with hopeless tragedies. Her novels, therefore, always end well.

Miss Hitchcock's Wedding-Dress. By the author of "Mrs. Jerningham's Journal." 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.—A charming little love-story, the character of the heroine particularly fresh, the *denouement* all that could be wished. The main incident, on which all the subsequent ones turn, is, perhaps, a little improbable; but once grant that it could have happened, and all that follows is as natural as possible. We should think that a skillful playwright could make a very popular comedy out of this story, the situations shift so quickly, and they are each and all so sparkling and effective. The volume is published in a very neat style.

Sea and Shore. By Mrs. Catharine A. Warfield. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—One of the most popular writers that we now have in America, is this lady, the author of "The Household of Bouverie," "Monfort Hall," "Miriam's Memoirs," etc., etc. Her scenes are generally laid in the South, where she seems most at home, having, we believe, resided there all her life. For rapid action and romantic incidents, she has hardly a superior.

How To Write Letters. By J. W. Westlake, A. M. 1 vol., 16 mo. Philada.: Sower, Potts & Co.—A capital manual of correspondence, showing the correct structure, composition, punctuation, forms, and uses of the various kinds of letters, notes, and cards. We are often asked questions bearing on these matters, and to such of our correspondents we would recommend this book.

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OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WHAT THE EDITORS SAY.—The newspaper editors, who see all the magazines, and are the best judges of their comparative merits, universally pronounce "Peterson" *the cheapest and best.* Says the Norwood (N. Y.) Advertiser: "It is the cheapest and best fashion publication. It is the great favorite of the ladies. Its superb colored fashion-plates and embroidery patterns are eagerly looked for. Its stories are all original, and all by American writers. It is unrivaled as a guide for fashions." Says the Maryland Republican: "It is the perfection of art and beauty, the ladies' portfolio of fashion. High-toned in literature, 'a thing of beauty and a joy forever.' As a lady's magazine there is none superior to it." The Chase City (Va.) Enterprise says: "Once allow it to pay you monthly visits, and you will never do without it." Says the Sturgios (Mich.) Journal: "As a fashion magazine it is unrivaled; and its stories are unsurpassed by any. Let no one fail to subscribe for this perfect gem of a magazine." The Tipton (Mo.) Telegraph says: "It employs the best talent; it gives the best and most reliable fashion-plates; its illustrations are the most elegant and artistic; *its premium is a genuine work of art and not a humbug;* its publisher is one of the oldest and ablest in the business, and has gathered much wisdom from experience; it is the most reasonable in price." These are but a few out of hundreds of similar notices.

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MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. V.—MARASMUS.

A neglected diarhea, or badly treated dysenteric affection, in young children, when teething or otherwise, often terminates in a chronic inflammation of the bowels, involving the isolated mucous follicles here and there in the mucous membrane, and passes into a protracted and oftimes fatal emaciation or waste, known as *marasmus*, or consumption of the bowels.

This disease, as just stated, is, in most instances, the result of neglected dysentery or diarrhea, which the mother "feels easy about," as she attributes every disorder of this kind to "the teeth," till her attention is attracted at last (and alarmed) by the rapid and progressive emaciation of her babe or child. And thus it is that the diet allowed and the treatment instituted, are decidedly injurious, and valuable time to the child is unwisely permitted to elapse.

This common error is the more to be lamented, because the age at which marasmus commonly commences, or occurs, is from three months to two years. In these cases the observant mother will notice that the discharges from the bowels, in the first place, are unhealthy, and generally too frequent, consisting either of mucus, or puss-like matter, alternating with more solid feces, composed of undigested food. When meat or potatoes are given to the child, these will be seen evacuated nearly in the same condition in which they were swallowed. In some cases the stomach rejects the food soon after it has been taken; but whether the food be retained or vomited, emaciation proceeds with rapid strides. The absorbent vessels imbibe every particle of fat originally deposited in different parts of the body. At length an obscure fever of remittent or hectic character attends the complaint; the child becomes, as it were, a living skeleton; the skin dry, tawny, or withered, literally adhering to the bones; the eyes sunk within the hollow orbits, and the patient thus deprived of all nutrition, and its withered frame robbed of its own active elements, sinks into an untimely grave.

The cause of this emaciation is the peculiar diseased condition of the intestinal mucous surface, thickened, slimed over, and more or less coated with false membranes, which prevents the process of assirriciation of food and the nutrition of the body.

It has been so much the custom, in the language of Dr. Coley, to consider all children irrecoverably advanced in this disease, when the emaciation is excessive, and the skin arid, and closely adhering to the bones, that it is difficult to induce the most anxious and affectionate parents to believe recovery possible. And yet "there is no disease in which cures may be performed by medicine under such unpromising circumstances as this." The very nature of marasmus demands the adoption of means that will restore to a healthy condition, that internal surface of intestinal canal, clear it of morbid secretions and false membranes, so that the elements of growth and vigor may again be imbibed. Hence all astringents and opiates must be sedulously avoided by both mother and physician. They never have, and never will cure these cases.

The former interrupts nature in her efforts to cast off false membranes, or other vicious products of inflammation, and the latter tends to restain all natural secretions. *They should be wholly abandoned by mothers, as they value the lives of their innocents*, but instead thereof (and this advice may be called rank old-school practice) from half to one or two grains of calomel, with one to six grains of jalap, or instead of the latter, from two to ten grains of rhubarb, according to the age of the child, *must* be given every third morning, and on each intermediate day from a half to a teaspoonful of castor oil should be administered. And this course should be steadily pursued until the unnatural, purulent, and unassimilated discharges from the bowels have ceased. To attain this end, however, may require weeks or months; nevertheless, every purgative dose will be found to diminish the pus and undigested evacuations, and the child will progressively improve in appetite, temper, and appearance. As recovery proceeds, or as convalescence is established, the urine becomes augmented, the skin acquires a more soft and natural feel, and the muscles begin to unfold themselves. In those cases where the stomach rejects all food, small doses of quinine must be given twice or thrice daily, in connection with the treatment mentioned above.

HORTICULTURAL.

Roses for Winter Blooming.—In growing roses for the window, the plants should be procured in spring. They should be of small size, and, as a matter of course, should be perfectly healthy at the start. We thus obtain a cheaper and really better foundation for future operations than when a large plant in full bloom is procured. The soil is an important item, and should be composed of thoroughly decayed sods and surface soil, (not, however, from a garden,) well enriched with good old rotted manure, mixing therewith a little sharp sand. The little plant should be potted into a size larger pot than the one in which it had been previously grown. Place it in a warm, sunny window, soak it thoroughly, at first, with water, and protect it from the strong light with paper, until the leaves no longer wilt. As soon as the weather is sufficiently mild, plunge the pots up to the rim in a cold frame, whitewash the glass, and attend to the ventilation and watering every day, regulating the same by the state of the weather. Once a week give them a weak solution of manure-water, and occasionally turn them out of the pots to examine the state of the roots. If they are white, and growing, no fear need be entertained about the tops being green and flourishing. As soon as there is an abundance of fibres around the outside of the ball of soil, the plant may be shifted into a size larger pot; but always bear in mind that one inch larger in diameter will always be sufficient, as plants are not unfrequently injured by giving them too large a size. In watering, always sprinkle the foliage well; it refreshes and invigorates it wonderfully. Some growers often mulch the surface of the pots with a little tan-bark, or, what is better, rotted manure; never use it fresh from the stables. This tends to keep the soil moist and cool in hot weather. As the excessively hot weather approaches, the frame should be made to slope to the north, and during the middle of the day the sash should be raised up at an angle of forty-five degrees, and fastened with a short prop; but as the sun declines, it must be lowered and closed entirely at sunset. Insects, of course, will annoy the novice, as they do the old gardener; but the green-fly is easily killed with a slight fumigation of tobacco-smoke, care being taken not to burn the foliage by allowing it to blaze; and mildew may be driven off by dusting the foliage with flour of sulphur. Earth-worms in the soil are sometimes very annoying. To obviate this plague, the pots should be sunk in coal-ashes. If at any time a plant should look sickly, and cease to grow, the best plan is to head it back, curtail the roots, and give it a smaller pot, with fresh soil. By autumn we thus have usually a strong, healthy plant for our winter enjoyment, and it will be a never-failing source of pleasure if kept in perfect health. In selecting varieties, by all means choose the tea-roses. They are much better adapted for pot culture than any other class, are usually very profuse bloomers, exceedingly fragrant, delicate in color, and compact in growth. A truism in rose-growing is, that those who really love flowers always have good luck; for the fact is, such always tend them well.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Restoring Drowned Persons.—The Humane Society of Massachusetts has published the following directions for restoring persons apparently dead from drowning:

I. Lose no time. Carry out these directions on the spot.

II. Remove the froth and mucus from the mouth and nostrils.

III. Hold the body, *for a few seconds only*, with the head hanging down, so that the water may run out of the lungs and windpipe.

IV. Loosen all tight articles of clothing about the neck and chest.

V. See that the tongue is pulled forward, if it falls back into the throat. By taking hold of it with a handkerchief, it will not slip.

VI. If the breathing has ceased, or nearly so, it must be stimulated by pressure of the chest with the hands, in imitation of the natural breathing; forcibly expelling the air from the lungs, and allowing it to re-enter and expand them by the elasticity of the ribs. Remember that THIS IS THE MOST IMPORTANT STEP OF ALL.

To do it readily, lay the person on his back, with a cushion, pillow, or some firm substance, under his shoulders; then press, with the flat of the hands, *over the lower part of the breast-bone, and the upper part of the abdomen*, keeping up a regular repetition and relaxation of pressure *twenty or thirty times a minute*. A pressure of *thirty pounds* may be applied with safety to a grown person.

VII. Rub the limbs with the hands, or with dry cloths, constantly, to aid the circulation, and keep the body warm.

VIII. As soon as the person can swallow, give a tablespoonful of spirits in hot water, or some warm coffee or tea.

IX. Work deliberately. Do not give up too quickly. *Success has rewarded the efforts of hours.*

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS.

Swiss Mode of Stewing a Leg of Lamb.—Take a joint of the above meat, and dredge it well with flour; lay it in a clean stew-pan, with half a pound of fresh butter. Cover it down close, and let it simmer for one hour over a very slow fire. Then put into the pan with the meat two large lettuces, cut up small, two fresh cucumbers, sliced, with the rinds left on. Let these simmer for another hour over a similar fire, with pepper and salt, and a little mace. Before taking your joint up, place in the stew-pan a scorched onion, entire. When done, remove the meat into a deep dish, pouring the liquor over.

Calf's Liver and Bacon.—This is commonly tossed in butter. The liver, sliced moderately thin, is first dressed, and the rashers of bacon afterward. Serve garnished with the latter. Calf's liver may also be fried. Dip the slices into seasoned beaten eggs and olive-oil. Fry quickly. In France, similarly shaped pieces of liver and bacon are skewered together, then dipped into oil, and subsequently sprinkled with bread-crumbs, and boiled. Season and serve. When tossed without the bacon, a glass of wine may be poured into the pan, and served in the dish with the liver.

Lamb Pie.—Make it of the loin, neck, or breast. The breast of house-lamb is one of the most delicate things that can be eaten. It should be very lightly seasoned with pepper and salt, the bone taken out, but not the gristle, and a small quantity of jelly gravy be put in hot; but the pie should not be cut till cold. Put in two spoonfuls of water before baking. Grass-lamb makes an excellent pie, and may either be boned or not; but not to bone it is, perhaps, the best. Season with only pepper and salt. Put in two spoonfuls of gravy when it is taken out of the oven.

Venetian Stew.—Take one tablespoonful each, of chopped onion, parsley, flour, and Parmesan cheese; a little salt, pepper, and ground mace. Mix, and spread between, some thin slices of veal. Leave for some hours, then stew in rich broth, with a good piece of butter.

DESSERTS.

To Make a Trifle.—The whip to put over the trifle should be made the day before it is required, as keeping it for a day improves the flavor, and makes it more solid. Put into a large bowl three ounces of pounded loaf-sugar, the whites of two eggs, one pint of cream, and a small glass of sherry or raisin wine. Whisk these ingredients well in a cool place, and take off the froth with a skimmer as fast as it rises, and put it on a sieve to drain. Continue the whisking until there is sufficient of the whip, which must be put away in a cool place to drain. For the trifle, place six small sponge-cakes, twelve macaroons, and two dozen ratafias, at the bottom of the trifle-dish; pour over them half a pint of sherry, or sweet wine, mixed with six tablespoonfuls of brandy; or if this is considered too much, a little less brandy, and more wine. The cakes should be well soaked. Over the cakes put the grated rind of a lemon, about two or three ounces of sweet almonds, blanched and cut into strips, and a layer of raspberry or strawberry jam. Make a good custard, and pour over the cakes; then heap the whip lightly over the top, as high as possible, and garnish with strips of bright currant-jelly, crystalized sweetmeats, or flowers.

Orange Pudding.—Grate the yellow part of a smooth, deep-colored orange, and of a lemon, into a saucer, and squeeze in their juice, taking out all their seeds. Stir four ounces of butter, and four ounces of powdered white sugar, to a cream. Beat three eggs as light as possible, and stir them gradually into the pan of butter and sugar. Add, gradually, a spoonful of brandy and wine, and a teaspoonful of rose-water, and then, by degrees, the orange and lemon. Stir well together. Having prepared a sheet of puff-paste, made of five ounces of sifted flour, and four ounces of fresh butter, spread the sheet in a buttered soup-plate; trim and notch the edges, and then turn in the mixture. Bake it about thirty minutes, in a moderate oven. Grate loaf-sugar over it.

Vanilla Cream.—Put one pint of milk, and six ounces of sugar, in a sauce-pan. Let them get hot over a slow fire; beat up the yolks of eight eggs, to which add the sweetened milk. Flavor with vanilla to taste; put the mixture into a jug, and place the jug in a sauce-pan of boiling water. Stir with a wooden spoon one way, until it thickens. Do not allow it to boil, or it will be full of lumps. Take it off the fire; stir in one ounce of isinglass, which should be previously dissolved in a quarter of a pint of water, and boiled for two or three minutes. Pour the cream in a mould wetted with cold water; put it in a cool place to set, and turn out carefully on a dish.

Bakewell Pudding.—Line a shallow dish with puff-paste; place over it a thin layer of any any kind of preserve. Fill the dish with the following: Two ounces of rusks, or bread-crumbs, soaked in one pint of milk, boiling; four eggs, leaving out one white, and sweetened to your taste. Bake about an hour. A little cinnamon boiled in the milk is an improvement.

TOILET AND SANITARY.

Pomade for Removing Wrinkles.—Take two ounces of the juice of onions, the same quantity of the white lily, the same of honey, and one ounce of white wax; put the whole into a new earthen pipkin till the wax is melted; take the pipkin off the fire, and in order to mix the whole together keep stirring it with a wooden spatula till it grows quite cold. You will then have an excellent ointment for removing wrinkles. It must be applied at night, on going to bed, and not wiped off till the morning.

To Cleanse Long Hair.—Beat up the yolk of an egg with a pint of soft water. Apply it warm, and afterward wash it out with warm water.

Decoction of Sarsaparilla.—Take four ounces of the root, slice it down, put the slices into four pints of water, and simmer for four hours. Take out the sarsaparilla, and beat it into a mash; put it into the liquor again, and boil down to two pints; then strain and cool the liquor. Dose, a wine-glassful three times a day. Use—to purify the blood.

Lemon Cream for Sunburn or Freckles.—Put two spoonfuls of sweet cream into half a pint of new milk; squeeze into it the juice of a lemon; add half a glass of good brandy, and a little alum and loaf-sugar. Boil the whole, skim it well, and when cool, put it on one side for use.

Chicken Tea.—Cut up a fowl in small pieces, taking off the skin; put it into an earthen vessel, with some salt and three pints of water; let it boil three hours. Strain it; set it to cool six or eight hours; then take off the fat. The tea will be like a jelly.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Making Ink.—The following simple directions for making durable marking ink may perhaps be useful, as that which is commonly sold is not always good. Put two pennyworth lunar caustic (nitrate of silver) into half a tablespoonful of gin, and in a day or two the ink is fit for use. The linen to be marked must first be wetted with a strong solution of common soda, and be thoroughly dried before the ink is used upon it. The color will be faint at first, but by exposure to the sun or the fire, it will become quite black, and very endurable.

A Cheap Filter.—Put a piece of sponge at the bottom of a large flower-pot, and fill the pot three-quarters full with clean, sharp sand, and small pieces of charcoal, mixed in equal parts. Lay upon this mixture a piece of linen or woolen cloth, so as to hang over the sides. The water poured through this will come out at the bottom clean and pure. The cloth must be kept clean, and the sand and charcoal, as well as the sponge, washed and occasionally changed.

Cleaning Mirrors is an easy operation when rightly understood. The greatest care should be taken, in cleaning a mirror, to use only the softest articles, lest the glass should be scratched. It should first be dusted with a feather-brush, then washed over with a sponge dipped in spirits, to remove the fly-spots. After this it should be dusted with the powder-blue in a thin muslin bag, and finally polished with an old silk handkerchief.

Paint.—Paint should be more often swept than scrubbed, for too frequent scrubbing causes it to decay. Use as little soap as possible, and wash it off with plenty of clean water, to prevent discoloration.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

FIG. I.—CARRIAGE-DRESS.—The under-dress is of black silk, with a narrow knife-plaited flounce. The front of the waist and sleeves are also of black silk. The over-dress, and all the waist except the vest-front, are of white silk damask. The over-skirt is very long, and finished around the bottom with a narrow knife-plaiting. It is slightly open in front, over the black silk under-dress, and is tied together with black ribbon bows. The waist is high at the back, and cut square in front. Bonnet of black chip, faced with black velvet, and trimmed with black velvet and white feathers.

FIG. II.—TRAVELING-DRESS OF MYRTLE-GREEN CASHMERE.—The flounce at the back is of a deep knife-plaiting, headed by a plain ruffle, with black silk points set in. The front of the dress has three rows of green woolen fringe, put on in points. The over-dress has waist and skirt cut in one; is very open, with the front turned back, and faced with

black silk, and caught by a green ribbon bow. The collar, revers, and cuffs, are of black silk. Hat of black felt, with a bird on one side, and a long, green gauze net.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS OF ECRU BATISTE.—The skirt is trimmed with narrow knife-plaitings, and a bias band of white and brown plaid *lemousine*. The waist and drapery on the upper part of the skirt is also of white and brown plaid *lemousine*. Straw bonnet trimmed with poppies.

FIG. IV.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF GREEN SILK.—The under-skirt is richly trimmed with ruffles and plaitings of green silk. The over-dress is of soft figured silk, of an apple-green shade, made in polonaise style, and trimmed with a knife-plaiting of the darker silk. Chip bonnet, wound with green velvet, and trimmed with feathers.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF GRAY AND WHITE SUMMER SILK.—Both the upper and under-skirts are trimmed with narrow bias bands of black silk, and a puffing of the gray and white silk finishes the edge of the upper-skirt. Sacque of ecru cashmere, trimmed with braids and fringe of brown. White straw hat, trimmed with black velvet.

FIG. VI.—INDOOR-DRESS OF VERY LIGHT-GRAY CASHMERE.—The Princess tunic is very long in front, and short at the back. Sleeve fastened at the wrist with three buttons, with three revers of silk above. Demi-train skirt, trimmed at the back with three knife-plaitings of silk. This train is mounted with gathers just below the waist, and falls over the plain gray silk petticoat.

FIG. VII.—INDOOR-DRESS OF BLACK SILK.—There is a demi-train at the back, untrimmed, but laid in large box-plaits at the top. The front is trimmed with knife-plaitings, ruffles, and bows of velvet. Where the front joins the skirt, there are three narrow bias folds of silk, extending the length of the skirt. Close, high-fitting waist.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give, as usual, several indications of the coming fashions. Though now, as heretofore, every woman dictates her own style, provided she wears her hair off the side of the face in front, close to the sides, and rather high on the top. Her dresses must also be clinging still, and we are afraid we must say that skirts threaten to be longer for walking. Only the sensible people will wear the short skirt, which barely touches the ground. To illustrate our remarks about the hair, we give four engravings of the newest styles, which can be modified according to taste. We also give a gray straw hat, and a black chip hat. In the gray straw, the brim, which is wide, is lowered over the forehead, and turned up at the back under a large bow of natte faille and gray velvet. The edge is bound with gray galoon. A torsade of gray velvet round the crown, and a bouquet of gray feathers curling over it.

The black hat is intended for a young girl. The brim, which is lined with black velvet, is bound with a basket-woven galoon, and is turned up on the left side with a large velvet bow. Small tips of curled feathers are arranged to cross each other, so as to form a plait round the crown. A long feather curls over the top.

We also give a pocket and sleeve for a morning dress. The robe is made of fancy woolen material, striped ecru and blue. The round pocket is coquille at the top, with a double box-plait, fastened down with an ecru and blue bow. The lining of the pocket is plain blue silk. The sleeve, rounded at the wrists, fastens with a button; a bow at the side.

The new dress-goods are unusually beautiful this spring. Some are of a thin silk, with a kind of satin finish, exquisitely brocaded, and most soft and pliable. These, however, are only suitable for more dressy occasions, and cost from three to four dollars a yard, though those of an inferior quality are sold for two or two and a half dollars per yard, single width. In some the colors are blue and white, pink and white, etc, or two shades of blue, or pink, or cream; in others, a dark blue is combined with a cream. Even the grenadines have brocaded figures on them, but these are of one color; as prune, chestnut-brown, myrtle-green, etc. Many lower-priced goods are made to imitate these very expensive ones, and look very well in the piece. Percales, chintzes, etc., are usually set figures on dark blue, red, purple, or brown ground. These are to be used for the over-dress; the petticoat to be made of a plain material of the color of the ground of the over-dress.

THE CUIRASS WAIST is as popular as ever. The sleeves for street wear are usually of the coat style, close-fitting, with rather plain cuffs. The seams on the shoulder are still made short, making the sleeves set in the body high up.

OVER-SKIRTS are made very long, especially in front.

SACQUES, DOLMANS, and MANTLES, of various shapes, are worn. Some of each of them have very long fronts. A gray mantle, which has just been imported, with a soft woolen suit, has the mantle short at the back, somewhat of the dolman style, over the arms, and with very long, square tabs in front. Various kinds of braid are much used to trim these wraps; steel braid, or steel and black, gold and green, and many other combinations, suiting the garment, in color, are much used.

BONNETS are of various shapes, as we have before said; but the most popular, perhaps, is that which is rather close at the sides, and high in front. Flowers are used profusely as a trimming; and never were flowers more beautiful. Ecru lace is also much used.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF A GIRL FROM FIVE TO SIX YEARS OF AGE.—The dress is of bege, Holland, or linen. The front is in the Princess style, and the back is kilt plaited. A sash of the same material, scalloped around the edge, and bound with braid, encircles the waist. The sailor-collar and cuff are bound in the same way. Wide-brimmed straw hat, trimmed with field flowers.

FIG. II.—A YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS OF GRAY BEGE, TRIMMED WITH BIAS BANDS OF BLUE SILK.—Two rows of large buttons ornament the plain part of the front of the dress. A Marie Antoinette fichu crosses the breast in front, and is tied in a careless knot at the waist, behind. Gray chip hat, trimmed with blue ribbons.

FIG. III.—LITTLE CHILD'S DRESS of ecru linen, richly braided.

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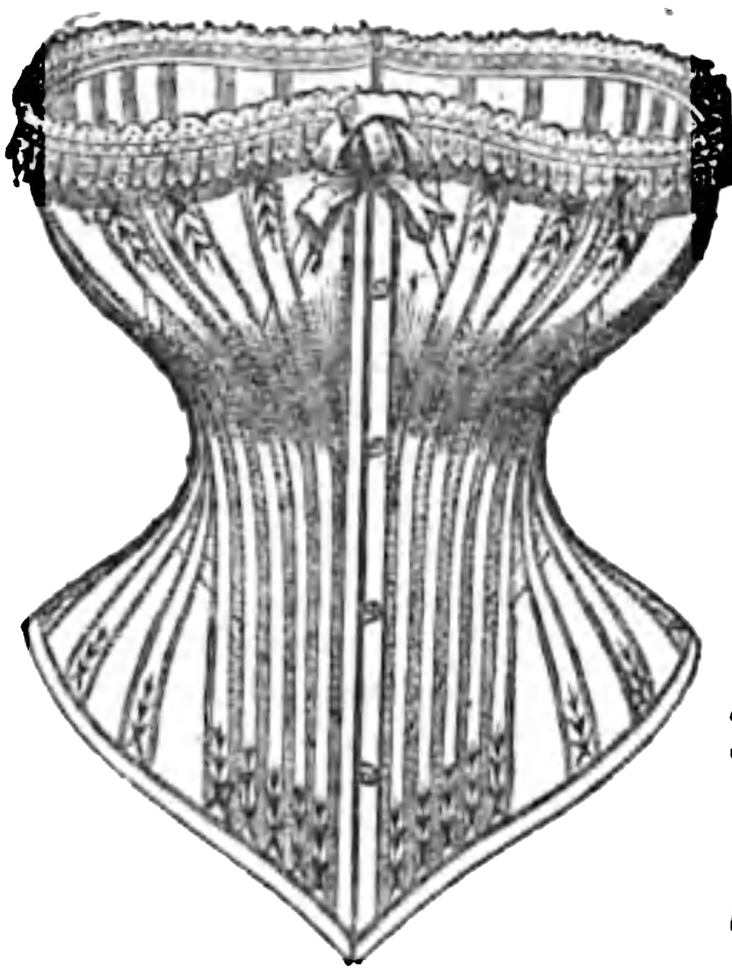
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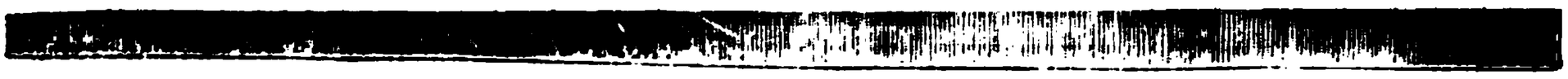
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"A DARLING LITTLE DUCK."

Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine









BLACK-LACE MANTILLA. CHILD'S PIQUE COAT. BOY'S HAT.

[redacted]



AN EVENING IN JUNE.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JUNE.



HOUSE-DRESS



WALKING-DRESS

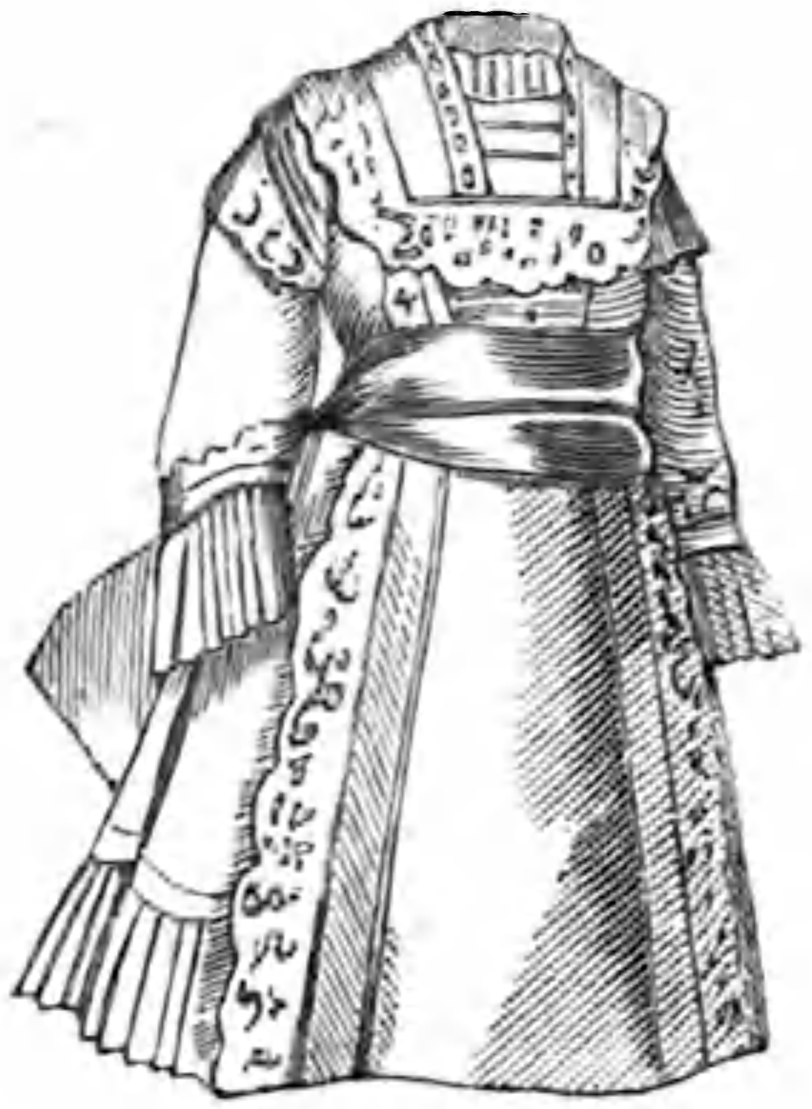






BLACK-LACE MANTILLA. CHILD'S PIQUE COAT. BOY'S HAT.







BLACK-SILK SLEEVELESS JACKET. CHILD'S DRESS. GIRL'S BONNET.





DESIGN IN APPLIQUE: CLOTH AND BRAIDING.

FAR AWAY.

Music by Mrs. J. W. BLISS.
Miss M. LINDSAY.

As published by SEP. WINNER'S SON, 1003 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia.

Modo.

mf

1 Where is now the mer - ry par - ty I re - mem - ber long a -
2 Some have gone to lands far dis - tant And with stran - gers made their
3 There are still some few re - main - ing Who re - mind us of the

p

go; Laughing round the Christmas fires, Brighten'd by its rud-dy
home, Some up - on the world of wa - ters All their lives are forc'd to
past, But they change as all things change here: Nothing in this world can

glow, Or in summer's balmy eve - nings, In the field upon the
roam; Some are gone from us for-ev - er, Longer here they might not
last. Years roll on and pass for - ev - er, What is coming, who can

un poco cres.

hay? They have all dispers'd and wan-der'd Far a - way, Far a -
stay They have reach'd a fair-er re - gion Far a - way, Far a -
say? Ere this clo - ses, ma-ny may be Far a - way, Far a -

dim. p

way, They have all dispers'd and wan-der'd Far a - way, Far a -
way, They have reach'd a fair-er re - gion Far a - way, Far a -
way, Ere this clo - ses, ma-ny may be Far a - way, Far a -

way.
way.
way.

mf





NEW STYLES FOR SUMMER BONNETS.

matter, he shook himself like a water-dog, and began to spring up the rocky path, three steps at a time, in order to return the port-folio.

"I am so sorry," said the young lady, as he came near. "It was unpardonable. If I had not been so rude you would not have fallen."

Charley had now recovered his self-possession.

"It is I who am unpardonable," he said, with a low bow, "for presenting myself to a lady in such a guise."

"And to whom am I indebted?" It was the sweetest voice Charley had ever heard.

He took out his card-case, and fortunately found a card not too wet to offer her.

She read it, slowly, to herself. "Mr. Charles Stafford," she repeated, aloud. Then she looked at him deliberately.

"But you are standing here in your wet clothes," she said, with a blush, as if just recollecting it. "Pray, hasten home, or you will catch cold."

"Am I to take that as a dismissal, Miss Derwent?" said Charley, bowing and smiling.

"How did you learn my name?" she said, looking up quickly.

"Where there's a will there's a way," nonchalantly replied Charley.

"You are not a detective, off duty, are you?" she said, with a merry twinkle of the eye.

"No. You left your satchel in the cars, the other day. A book you had been reading fell out. Your name was on the fly-leaf."

"Oh! I remember. But, indeed, indeed, you must change your dress. I shall never forgive myself if you get sick. Nay, if you talk, I will go. Good-by." And before he could stop her, she had darted down the opposite path, and was lost to sight in the woods below.

"And I never found out where she was staying," said Charley, lugubriously, as he walked homewards. "What a stupid fool I have been!"

He could think of nothing but Miss Derwent after this. Early next morning he was at the rock again, but he waited in vain to see her. He had no better success the second day, nor the third day. Meantime, he visited all the hotels in the vicinity, and even inquired at the boarding-houses. But in vain. "She must be at some private farm-house," he said, as he repaired, on the fourth day, to the rock, "and I shall never see her again."

But even as he spoke, there she sat, just before him, quietly sketching.

She looked up, at his foot-step, and nodded indifferently. "I hope you did not catch cold," she said, beginning the conversation. "But your being able to come out is a proof you did not. I am finishing the sketch I began the other day," and she held up the paper, frankly.

"A cool hand," Charley said to himself. But not to be outdone, he replied in a tone of easy assurance; and as he talked well, these two, who had met but thrice before, soon got intimate.

At the end of half an hour, the lady laid down her pencil, and prepared to go. Charley, of course, asked to escort her home. At first she seemed to hesitate, but finally assented.

As he had expected, she was living at a farm-house. "I am the only one here, not of the family," she said. "It is a small place, as you see, and there is no parlor."

"Which means I am not to be asked in?"

"I have no place to ask you, unless you sit on the fence," she replied, gayly, "as the men-help do, I believe, on Sunday nights, when they go a—court——"

She stopped with a blush. Her light spirits had carried her further than she had intended.

"I have ceased to be on the fence," said Charley, pointedly.

She blushed again. It was impossible to mistake his meaning. But she was not one to be discomfited easily. "Take care you have not got down on the wrong side," she answered, laughingly, and ran into the house.

"Was that a slap in the face?" said Charley. "But faint heart never won fair lady. And, faith! I like her the better for her sauciness."

He did not want for confidence in himself, you see, though his confidence was a good deal shaken, when, calling at the farm-house day after day, he always was told, "not at home."

At last, after several attempts, Charley found Miss Derwent in the porch, sketching.

"You don't seem to care to see me," he said, chagrined, as she looked up, nodding carelessly. "I have been here daily, for three days. I wouldn't have found you at home, now, I'm afraid, if it hadn't been raining."

"I always go out when I can," she replied, putting in a bit of color on one of her trees. Then, raising her eyes to his, she said, bluntly, "Besides, I don't like truants; and you are a truant, sir."

"A truant!"

"Yes! Mr. Charles Stafford is a person, as I suspected when I first heard his name, of whom I knew just the least little bit. He is, at this very moment, a runaway, a truant. You can't deny it. Guilt is in your face," she added, triumphantly, as she saw his crest-fallen look.

"A runaway, a truant!" he stammered, more confused than ever.

"Yes! It means, sir," shaking her head, reprovingly, "you are engaged to a far-away cousin, and just when you were expected to fulfill your engagement, you ran off. Such is the gossip, at least, that comes to me from New York. Very wicked of you! Going about, under false pretences, I should say. How lucky my correspondent happened to tell me. Some poor, easily-deluded girl, at your hotel, might otherwise have fallen in love with you, for they say you are a dreadful flirt. I shall post you, all over the White Mountains, or at least I suppose I ought to!" She laughed, again, her merry laugh.

Charley, driven to desperation, now told his story. He was anything but the self-possessed Charley of their first interview. He pulled at his whiskers, stammered for words, and could hardly meet Miss Derwent's eye.

"I've not seen her since she was a child," he concluded. "We've no tastes in common——"

"How do you know, if you haven't seen her?" maliciously interposed his tormentor.

He took a turn, half-angrily, up to the end of the porch, and came back.

"The match was made up for me," he went on, ignoring the interruption. "There can be no love in such cases——"

"Love! Has love anything to do with marriage, now-a-days?"

"Don't poke fun at a fellow," he pleaded, piteously. "I hate Miss Thorndyke. Yes, I hate her."

"Strong language, sir." And Miss Derwent put in some more color in some more trees. "Is that the way you speak of all your acquaintances?"

"I didn't speak in that way of you, at any rate," retorted Charley, brought to bay. "I—I——"

Miss Derwent interrupted him hastily.

"As we cannot be called even acquaintances," she said, with dignity, "perhaps you had better not speak of me at all. Come, Mr. Strafford, be a good boy; go home to your mother; marry Miss Goody Two Shoes, or whatever her name is; and live happily, as the story-books say, forever after."

She had begun with great gravity, but now her eyes were dancing with glee again.

"Do you wish to drive me mad?" cried Charley, coming to a full stop directly in front of her, and with a certain masterfulness in his air and attitude that made his hearer give an involuntary start. "I love *you—you—you*," emphasizing each word more. "Otherwise I wouldn't have made this confession about my cousin. I should have had no right to do it, if I hadn't loved you. I don't know who your correspondent is, but she hasn't told the whole truth. Upon my honor, Miss Derwent, I never loved Miss Thorndyke. I never made her any promise. I have never loved anyone but you, and," looking her resolutely in the face, "I never shall."

Miss Derwent began to be a little frightened. This man was not a man to be trifled with. She changed color rapidly.

"I—I cannot profess to misunderstand you," she answered. "And—and," returning his look, at last, with an effort, "I believe you." Charley tried to snatch her hand, but she withdrew it behind her. "No, that is going quite too fast," with a little, nervous laugh. "I hardly know you, remember. I have just told you we are scarcely acquaintances."

"Acquaintances! When I have loved you ever since I first saw you"

She looked up archly, she could not help it. "Then I was the 'darling duck,' after all," she said, "though you denied it so glibly."

"Forgive me!" His voice was as eloquent as his eyes. "You must have thought me insufferably impertinent. But put me on probation. Give me at least a little hope."

"Come, Mr. Stafford," said his hearer, gravely, "let us make a compact. You have been frank with me, and I believe all you say about, about Miss Thorndyke. I do not think you could act otherwise than as a man of honor. I will consent to see more of you, and give you a candid answer, after awhile. A girl can't be married off-hand," with a touch of her old archness, "as you said yourself, just now. But you mustn't call me a flirt, remember, if my decision should be against you. Otherwise, we had better bid good-by, now and forever."

So the compact was made. Charley went home full of hope. "She must like me a little," he said to himself, "or she would have refused me flatly." He seemed to go on wings.

She did like him a little, as he very soon discovered. He had won her by his impetuosity and masterfulness, though she did not herself know it at first. Before three weeks had gone by, they were as good as engaged.

"That is," was Miss Derwent's proviso, "if your mother consents. I will never enter a family where I am not welcome."

"Oh! I am sure of her consent, especially when she finds I will not marry Miss Thorndyke."

"Poor Miss Thorndyke," said his listener, with a sigh.

"You needn't say 'poor Miss Thorndyke.' I've no doubt she can get plenty of lovers. She's beastly rich, you know."

The next day Charley said, "So you go to Saratoga, under escort of your friends, the Winthrops, and not with me. I may thank Mrs. Grundy for that. But I suppose I must submit. My mother, fortunately, has gone to Saratoga herself. I have just had a letter. I shall gain half a day over you, if I start this evening. I shall do it, and when you arrive, my mother will be prepared to welcome you."

Two days after, a carriage drove up to the United States Hotel, and Charley and his mother descended from it. Our hero had made good use of the few hours, by which he had preceded his mistress. He had told the whole story to Mrs. Stafford, keeping back, however, what Miss Derwent had said about her consent.

"And you intend to marry this girl?" said his mother, coldly, breaking a long silence.

"Yes! I shall be sorry to have you against me, but I shall marry her, whether or no."

Mrs. Stafford remembered his father; remembered a certain look about the mouth; and seeing that look in Charley now, gave in.

"Well," she said, after another long pause, and with a sigh, "I will go with you, and call on her. If it has to be done, I will do it with a good grace, whether I feel like it, or not. You say she is here in Saratoga."

This was the object of their visit to the United States Hotel.

Mrs. Stafford and her son were shown into a handsome private parlor. The blinds were down, in consequence of the heat and glare. A graceful figure, hardly distinguishable, at first, in the obscurity, rose to receive them.

"Mother," said Charley, "Miss Derwent!"

"Miss Derwent?" cried Mrs. Stafford, in a tone of surprise.

She looked from one to the other, in turn, as if for an explanation.

In Miss Derwent's eyes there began to sparkle that roguish look, which Charley had learned to associate with mischief of some sort. The inclination to mirth was too much for her, and she broke into a peal of laughter, in which, after a moment, Mrs. Stafford joined, as if it was infectious.

It was Charley's turn, now, to look for an explanation.

"My dear boy," said his mother at last, "there is some mistake here; this is no Miss Derwent; this is Kate Thorndyke."

"Kate Thorndyke!"

"Forgive me, Charley," said the young lady, hardly able, even yet, to control her merriment, "but if you ran away from me, I, on my part, ran away from you. I never promised your mother to visit her; she only took it for granted. On the contrary, I resolved to put as many miles between me and the conceited fellow, for so everybody called you, who had refused me when I had never even offered myself. Accident threw us together. I was at a friend's, Miss Derwent's, when we first met. It was her Tennyson you found in my satchel. I really did not know who you were, until the day you gave me your card. Then, discovering your mistake, I determined, for awhile at least, not to undeceive you. After that," she looked down demurely, "things somehow shaped themselves. I couldn't resist being loved, you know, for myself, and not for my fortune, when I had the chance. There, you know all, now. I ran away from you, and you ran away from me; and it was no use, after all, was it, dear?" She clung fondly to his arm. "Your mother has got the better of both of us I suppose the world would call me a fool, and you a fool, and your mother a fool, and all of us fools together, but——"

Charley, by this time, had recovered from his surprise. He seized her hands, taking her in his arms, regardless of his mother's presence.

"No," he said, "anything but fools. And as for you, you are, and always shall be, what I called you at first, A DARLING LITTLE DUCK."

THE BROOK.

BY HOWARD MELVILLE.

Over the pebbles it ripples along,
  Ever it murmurs a joyous lay;
Ever it carols the same sweet song,
  The same it has caroled for many a day.

Down in the glen where the shadows are dark,
  Merrily onward it hastens through,
Then in the meadow, to meet the lark,
  Out in the sun 'neath the sky of blue.

Thus ever onward it takes its course,
  Now in the sunshine, and now in the shade;
So in this life, just as we may force,
  Of sunshine or shadow our lives are made.

A lesson we learn from the little brook,
  That sings so joyously over the stones;
One of the many in Nature's book,
  That sound so sweetly in Nature's tones.

If ever and always, when life is dark,
  We would sing and laugh just the same as when
Our spirits were gay as the song of the lark,
  We would reach the sunshine sooner again.

SIDE BY SIDE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 334.

CHAPTER III.

When the dawn broke, Janet knew the truth that Harold Payne discovered, when he stood watching her on the cliff. She had been mad. The frenzy was over, now, but she was weak and worn by a long illness.

The day passed.

Janet Carrington had thought the agony of suspense a pang from which she could never suffer again, for once in her life she had spent a whole year its passive prey; but it seemed to her, during this day, that she had never before understood even the meaning of the word—each hour was like a twelvemonth. During her first trial, it was only the destruction of her own happiness, the death-blow to her own heart which she had to dread, but this waiting was burdened with a sharper pang—the sting of her conscience.

If one of those men were to fall, his death would lie at her door—she should be a murderess. That the quarrel had been in regard to her she knew as well as if she had heard it, and it had arisen either from her conduct at the ball, or her unwomanly cruelty on the evening of the concert. It was useless to speculate; no matter how it had come about; no matter which of the two was the aggressor, she had been the original cause. He who fell would die by her hand as surely as if she had herself directed the pistol-shot.

Philip was searching for a clue which should put him upon their track. She could trust him to do everything with the utmost secrecy, and to neglect no means or effort. But if he should not succeed in learning their plans! The Prince had gone to Bordeaux—Payne absent, too!

Toward noon Philip came to tell her he had discovered that Payne had gone down to Fontarabia—an hour's distance by rail. Philip was going there; the gaming-tables were open, and that would be excuse enough for anybody's appearance in the place, whether young or old, idle man, or domestic.

"You will find out; you must find out!" Janet said.

She was sitting by her table when he entered, trying to force herself to write. It wrung honest Philip's heart to see the miserable anxiety of her face.

"I shall find out," he answered. "Don't lose heart for a single minute, Miss Janet. I shall find out."

For a little the firmly-spoken words were a sort of comfort. When he had gone, Lady Hammersley sent for her; there was no escape; she must comply; behave as usual; look as usual; listen to idle chatter, and talk nonsense—a harder task, when one is consumed by anxiety like hers, than any active labor.

The day dragged on. Oh, that day! Janet had scarcely a moment to herself. Every creature she knew seemed determined to add to her suffering by tormenting her; Lady Hammersley and the American Minister tormenting her more than anybody else—as was natural, Janet thought, in her bitterness, since they cared most for her—people's persecutions were always in the ratio of their friendships.

There was nothing spared her. Somebody improvised a luncheon in the pine-wood; she had to go. There was a children's ball in the Casino at three o'clock; the grown people must needs be present, and dance too, as if the festivity had been for their benefit. Later, Lady Hammersley wanted her to drive; then it was time to dress for dinner; they were invited to Madame de Charlmornt's, with a set of the "choicest spirits" in Biarritz.

No excuse that she could devise—indeed, her brain was so dull she found it difficult to get at any—would serve to free her from a single pinprick. People seemed determined to keep about her this day of all others.

She was at the dinner; the most beautifully-dressed woman there, as she was the handsomest and gayest. Sometimes, so morbid had grown her fancy, she was ready to astound her companions by shrieking in their ears that she was a deceiver—a living lie in every way—last of all, a murderess! She caught herself laughing at the idea of the commotion such an announcement would excite, and labored hard, in a stupid fashion, to decide just which women would faint, which scream, and which declare they were not in the least surprised.

Eleven o'clock came, and hostess and guests rushed off to the Casino to dance, as eager about it as if there had not been a ball for at least six months. Janet went, too. She had, without knowing, promised dances to every man that

"ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS."

BY EMMA SANBORN.

Mr. Walter Landor stood upon the steps of an elegant mansion, in a suburban village, his hand just touching the bell-knob, when, suddenly, the sounds of altercation floated through the open window, from the parlor,

"Jane Evans," cried a shrill, angry voice, that at first he did not recognize, "did you break my vase, you good-for-nothing imp? I'll tell mamma! And—there, take that."

The sound of a blow followed, accompanied by more angry tones, the words of which were inaudible to the unwilling listener outside.

Walter Landor turned from the door, walked swiftly down the steps, and gained the street, almost dazed.

Could it be possible, he said to himself, that this harsh, angry voice belonged to the lovely Isabel Leighton? She, whom he had thought the perfection of womanhood? Was it possible that these coarse words issued from the same beautiful lips, which had sung for him almost every evening of late such notes of tender sweetness? Was it credible that she who had seemed so amiable and lovely, could have struck a defenceless servant?

Yes! It was possible. There could be no mistake. Alas! his idol had fallen. It had been shivered to atoms in a moment. He saw it had been nothing but a common, clay image, after all.

A few hours later, Miss Leighton sat in her room, reading a note from Mr. Landor. "Mr. Landor," it ran, "regrets his inability to keep his appointment to ride with Miss Leighton this afternoon, and begs she will excuse him, as he is unexpectedly called from town."

Miss Leighton crushed the paper in her small, jeweled hand, and threw it angrily upon the carpet. What could it mean? Some subtle presentment told her that there was more in it than met the eye. She little suspected the whole truth, however.

"He has taken offence at something," she said, after she had calmed down. "Perhaps he thinks I flirt too much with Harry Fairfax." Then her eye lit up with a gleam of triumph. "Pshaw! it is only a little fit of jealousy. When he returns, I can soon have him back."

She looked at herself in the mirror, as she spoke, and the fair face, reflected there, restored her spirits.

"Have you seen Walter Landon since his return?" asked one of her acquaintances, a fortnight later. And Miss Leighton thought there was malice in the tone. "He is constantly at your house, isn't he?"

"No! Yes!" answered Miss Leighton, violating the truth, rather than admit her defeat; for this was the first she had heard of his coming back.

"He was at a small party at Mrs. Beacon's last night, and very attentive to her niece, Miss Thornley, who is from the country. Her father was a farmer, I believe; but she is an orphan, now, and teaches school. She is very pretty."

Every word of this was a stab to Miss Leighton. Three weeks ago, no party, no pretty girl, much less "a school teacher," as she scornfully called Miss Thornley, could have kept Walter Landor from her side.

When her malicious guest had left, Miss Leighton went to the window, and watched her walking down the street. "Nasty thing," she soliloquized, "she came here just to tell me that."

Suddenly, as she stood there, a thought flashed on her, like a revelation. She remembered the morning she had struck Jane Evans, and that it was about the hour that Walter Landor often called. She summoned Jane angrily, who came in, looking sulky.

"Do you remember the morning, you clumsy fool," she said, "that you broke that vase? Was Mr. Walter Landor here?"

"Yes, mam," answered Jane, glad, at last, to have her revenge. "Leastwise, when you hit me, and I ran from you, I saw, through the window, Mr. Landor on the door-steps; but he didn't ring; he turned and walked off promiscuous like." She grinned in triumph. "And he hasn't been here since."

"You leave, this day, you impudent, impudent —thing," broke out Miss Leighton, angrily. "How dare you stand there, and grin at me?"

"Please, Miss, I'm not a thing," answered Jane, with a mock curtsy. And knowing she would go for good, this time, she dared everything in her retort. "But when young ladies lose their young men, I 'spose they are mad enough to call other girls any names that comes first."

Dodging a book that Miss Leighton, now roused to fury, flung at her, Jane fled through the door,

and went straight up to the attic, to pack her things.

Miss Leighton remained in the room, blind with rage. She understood everything, now. All was lost. And it was hard, very hard; for Walter Landor was not only elegant and fastidious, but the heir to nearly half a million; and, moreover, he was the only one of all her train of admirers for whom the proud beauty had ever really cared.

Six months later Walter Landor wedded Lucy Thornley, whose sweet loveliness and charming manners were admired by every one, save Miss Leighton.

She wondered what people could see in that "country-girl to admire. The chit hadn't a bit of style. Moreover, she had taught school for a living. A lady? Not she! To think that the bride of Walter Landor should be only a poor school teacher!"

EDITH BELL.

BY MARIE J. MACCOLL.

I am dreaming, Edith Bell,
  Of youth's happy hours and thee
Ocean waves between us swell,
  Yet thou seemest near to me.
Mist-like fade the long, lone years,
  Fled since we a last farewell,
Mutely looked, through blinding tears—
  Parted hopeless, Edith Bell.

Round my heart, dear Edith Bell,
  Sad, sweet memories cluster fast;
Charming me in fancy's spell,
  Bringing back the sunny past
E'er we trod earth's thorney ways,
  E'er life's shadows on us fell—
Childhood's careless, cloudless days,
  Fair and fleeting, Edith Bell.

Of the Summers, Edith Bell,
  When we wandered by the sea.
Building castles, shell on shell,
  Launched our tiny bark with glee,
Roamed by hazel-skirted streams,
  Gathered berries in the dell;
One long feast of golden dreams
  Seemed our life, then, Edith Bell.

Winter days, sweet Edith Bell,
  Ne'er to us seemed dark or drear;
And we loved, when twilight fell,
  Grandma's wondrous tales to hear;
Of grim ghosts, or fairies bright,
  Brownie's help, or witches' spell,
Wailing banshee, evil sprite.
  Never doubting, Edith Bell.

Time sped onward, Edith Bell,
  Brought me sorrow, toil and care;
But no shadow seemed to dwell
  On your life, 'twas glad and fair
As the future we had planned
  'Mid the gowans, in the dell,
Where we sat, hand clasped in hand—
  'Twas our Eden, Edith Bell.

Dost remember, Edith Bell,
  When the last time there we met?
Could we e'er such love foretell?
  Can we e'er such grief forget?
Still your words ring out to me,
  Softer, then, were thy death knell,
"In the morn a bride you'd be—
  "Lady Clyde," not Edith Bell.

Love was conquered, Edith Bell,
  By ambition, and the fear
Of a father's curse. Too well
  Had I loved, and still more dear
Than my life art thou to me;
  Weary years, nor death, can quell
Love's fire kindled but by thee,
  In my heart, dear Edith Bell.

Snow-white now, sweet Edith Bell,
  Say they, is thy raven hair;
Lines of care and sorrow dwell
  On the brow, lang-syne so fair;
But no change my heart can see,
  So I heed not what they tell;
Thou art ever young to me,
  Ever bonnie, Edith Bell.

A DREAM MEMORY.

BY U. D. THOMAS, M.D.

I dreamed, last night, that I was with thee, dearest,
  In the dim woods, where oft we met of yore;
We wandered by a river, flowing clearest;
  We gathered shells along the pebbly shore.

I dreamed, last night, the Summer birds were singing,
  As erst of old among the groves of pine;
And as we walked, we plucked the clusters clinging
  From slender tendrils on the purple vine.

I dreamed again, last night, Oh, vision golden!
  That we had made our home among the flowers;
And there we dwelt, and read romances olden,
  Our hands together clasped the live long hours.

I woke, alas, to care and constant sorrow;
  To vanished home, and birds, and limpid stream;
There in my cottage chamber, dim and narrow,
  I wept and wept at memory of my dream.

"A DARLING LITTLE DUCK."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COBWEBS," ETC., ETC.

"WHAT a darling little duck!"

She drew herself up, and looked around in haughty surprise, as she heard this impudent speech.

A pretty picture she had made, as she stood there, in the shadow of the young wood, watching some ducks disporting in the water. The afternoon sun was getting low, and sent its beams aslant among the trees, lighting up her white dress, and her even whiter throat, and bringing her dark hair out in bold relief against the light-green, leafy background. One hand held by a young sapling, and the wide sleeve, falling back, disclosed the round, ivory arm; while in the other hand was her closed parasol, and her hat, which she had taken off on account of the heat. Her small, but plump figure, with its swelling bust, trim waist, and rounded outlines, completed a picture of rare loveliness.

She had not heard the approaching footsteps, and was a little startled at the interruption.

"I beg pardon," said a rich, manly voice, in grave tones, however, this time; and a tall, handsome young man, apparently about three-and-twenty, advanced.

He lifted his hat with an ease only to be learned in the best society, and continued,

"I was apostrophising that darling of a duck. I hope I have not alarmed you."

Our heroine did not believe a word of this glib apology: but it was impossible to tell the man so to his face.

She bowed, coldly, and made no answer.

"I fear I am on private grounds," resumed the young man, noticing, for the first time, that a graveled walk, finished by a short flight of steps, led down to the little pond. "I was told I could get back to the village, sooner, if I came through these woods; but nothing was said about the grounds being private."

"It does not matter," answered our heroine, haughtily. "But I wish you good-day, sir." And she turned and went up the steps.

"It was really too impudent in me," soliloquized Charley Stafford, as he watched the receding figure. "She's no fool; she doesn't believe me. What a graceful walk! Now, if it was only she, instead of my bug-a-boo, Miss Thorndyke, whom they're so eager to marry me to, I might not be running away."

For this was the whole story. Our hero, coming home from Europe, after an absence of two years, found that his mother had planned to marry him to a distant cousin, a great heiress. "She is just the girl for you, my son," Mrs. Stafford had said. "You remember her, don't you? I have been so afraid somebody would carry her off, before you returned. But I think I may say she is yet heart-whole. And such a fortune! I have asked her to pay us a visit, and she comes next week——"

"Comes next week? Comes to marry me, whether I will or not? Good heavens, madam, do you think I'm a bale of goods, to be ticketed, advertised, sold, and delivered in this manner?"

In vain his mother expostulated, explained, and argued. To her it seemed quite natural that she should select a wife for her boy. She knew better than he did, she told herself, what kind of a one he wanted; a peculiarity not uncommon, we have observed, with mothers generally. But Charley Stafford was quite of a different opinion. The more his mother expostulated on the wisdom of the match, the more convinced he became that she and Miss Thorndyke were in a plot against him. "A girl of any modesty would shrink from coming to a young man's house in this way," he said, in anger. "She is to be here to-morrow, you say. Well, to-morrow I leave for the White Mountains; and there I shall stay till she takes herself home again." And he left the room abruptly.

His mother was a little startled, it must be confessed, by this outburst. But she said to herself, that he did not mean it. "After having been away so long, he surely won't go off in such a hurry," she reflected. "And he'll like Kate, in spite of himself, when he sees how handsome she has grown. He can't help himself."

What was her dismay, the next morning, to hear that Charley had actually left, and two hours before she was up. "Really gone!" she exclaimed to her maid. "Yes, ma'am," was the reply, "and left word he wouldn't be back for a month." A month was the exact period named for Miss Thorndyke's visit.

That afternoon, Charley stopped at the pretty little village of Marlowe, which lay directly in his way, intending to stay till the morning, as

he never traveled at night. He had taken his bath, changed his clothes, eaten his dinner, and then started out for a walk, during which, as we have seen, he had come across this pretty vision.

"I wonder if she lives in this place," he soliloquized, as he walked back to the hotel. "She doesn't look exactly rural. She is more like a Beacon street girl, though she dresses too stunningly for that."

The next morning, at ten o'clock, Charley took his seat in the through train, when it came along. He had just succeeded in securing an empty seat, and had settled himself for a run of two hundred miles, when, looking around, he saw, some six benches off, two female figures, one of which was apparently a lady's maid, and the other the mistress. Something in the air of the latter looked not unfamiliar, and directly, when the conductor came along, and she turned her face to ask a question, Charley saw that it was the face of the fair nymph of the woods, his "darling duck."

All the morning he kept puzzling his brains how to address her. "If some of those people behind her would only go out," he said to himself, "I would take their seats, and begin a conversation somehow." But the people did not go out, and at last the train stopped at the Junction, as it was called, and the conductor came along, crying out, "Thirty minutes for dinner."

"Now is my chance," said Charley to himself, and rose to offer to help the young lady. But everybody else rose also, and crowded the passage-way, the young lady among them. As she was nearer the door than Charley, she got out first, and when he reached the dining-saloon, she was already seated at table, with her maid on one side, and a fat old country-woman on the other, and as completely entrenched as in the cars. As Charley passed her, she chanced to look up, and caught his eye. He took off his hat, and made a low bow. But her only reply was a well-bred stare, though Charley saw, from the way the corners of her mouth twitched mischievously, that she quite remembered him.

A little annoyed at so decided a "cut," Charley took a seat at some distance, and proceeded to eat his dinner as leisurely as the thirty minutes would allow. When he had finished, he sauntered back to the cars, expecting to find the lady in her seat. But the seat was empty, except for a satchel, which he recognized as hers. At the same moment, the conductor cried out, "All aboard," and the train began to move.

Charley stood irresolutely in the passage-way. Directly the conductor came along. "Is there any other train from here?" Charley asked. "Why, of course," was the reply. "This is the Junction. Passengers for Lake Champlain change here." "Has the train gone?" cried Charley, preparing to jump out, knowing that the lost satchel would serve as an introduction. "Been gone, ten minutes," was the answer; and the conductor went out, and slammed the door.

Charley hesitated for a moment, and then sat down in the seat. It was no doubt imagination, for Charley was an imaginative fellow, but he fancied there was a subtle scent of wood-violets about the satchel. The satchel was half-open, and from its mouth peeped forth a book. "No breach of honor in looking at a book," said Charley. It was Tennyson's Idyls. Charley, with a quick instinct, turned to the fly-leaf in front. Yes, there it was, her name, written in a delicate female hand, MAUD DERWENT, with a date, June 20th, 1875.

That evening, Charley reached the Profile House, hot and dusty, but not a little annoyed, that, having met this fair nymph again, he had missed her so stupidly.

Charley found the Profile House intolerably dull, and when he shifted his quarters, discovered that every other place was dull likewise. He made the tour of the White Mountains, in this way, becoming more dissatisfied daily. Of course, he kept the satchel, and took it out occasionally to look at. Somehow, also, he found himself looking at it, more and more frequently. He began, too, to think a good deal of its owner.

"Confound her," he said, at last, "she has bewitched me! I can't get her out of my head. I believe I'm in love with her."

He was now at North Conway. He had gone out fishing, the morning he made this last confession to himself; but the fish would not bite; and soon getting tired of it, he threw himself on the grass, under a rocky bluff, and began dreamily speculating about the blue eyes.

Suddenly he heard a splash in front of him, and saw a port-folio floating down the stream. A log jutted into the water. Walking out on this, he caught the port-folio, lazily, with his hook and line; and then looked around quite as lazily for the owner. Somebody, at this, burst into a merry peal of laughter, overhead.

He looked quickly up. No less a person than his blue-eyed nymph was laughing at him.

The discovery was so annoying, that he lost his balance, and was precipitated into the water, from which he emerged dripping.

Charley paused for a moment, in ill-concealed mortification. Then, putting a brave face on the

matter, he shook himse.f like a water-dog, and began to spring up the rocky path, three steps at a time, in order to return the port-folio.

"I am so sorry," said the young lady, as he came near. "It was unpardonable. If I had not been so rude you would not have fallen."

Charley had now recovered his self-possession.

"It is I who am unpardonable," he said, with a low bow, "for presenting myself to a lady in such a guise."

"And to whom am I indebted?" It was the sweetest voice Charley had ever heard.

He took out his card-case, and fortunately found a card not too wet to offer her.

She read it, slowly, to herself. "Mr. Charles Stafford," she repeated, aloud. Then she looked at him deliberately.

"But you are standing here in your wet clothes," she said, with a blush, as if just recollecting it. "Pray, hasten home, or you will catch cold."

"Am I to take that as a dismissal, Miss Derwent?" said Charley, bowing and smiling.

"How did you learn my name?" she said, looking up quickly.

"Where there's a will there's a way," nonchalantly replied Charley.

"You are not a detective, off duty, are you?" she said, with a merry twinkle of the eye.

"No. You left your satchel in the cars, the other day. A book you had been reading fell out. Your name was on the fly-leaf."

"Oh! I remember. But, indeed, indeed, you must change your dress. I shall never forgive myself if you get sick. Nay, if you talk, I will go. Good-by." And before he could stop her, she had darted down the opposite path, and was lost to sight in the woods below.

"And I never found out where she was staying," said Charley, lugubriously, as he walked homewards. "What a stupid fool I have been!"

He could think of nothing but Miss Derwent after this. Early next morning he was at the rock again, but he waited in vain to see her. He had no better success the second day, nor the third day. Meantime, he visited all the hotels in the vicinity, and even inquired at the boarding-houses. But in vain. "She must be at some private farm-house," he said, as he repaired, on the fourth day, to the rock, "and I shall never see her again."

But even as he spoke, there she sat, just before him, quietly sketching.

She looked up, at his foot-step, and nodded indifferently. "I hope you did not catch cold," she said, beginning the conversation. "But your being able to come out is a proof you did not. I am finishing the sketch I began the other day," and she held up the paper, frankly.

"A cool hand," Charley said to himself. But not to be outdone, he replied in a tone of easy assurance; and as he talked well, these two, who had met but thrice before, soon got intimate.

At the end of half an hour, the lady laid down her pencil, and prepared to go. Charley, of course, asked to escort her home. At first she seemed to hesitate, but finally assented.

As he had expected, she was living at a farm-house. "I am the only one here, not of the family," she said. "It is a small place, as you see, and there is no parlor."

"Which means I am not to be asked in?"

"I have no place to ask you, unless you sit on the fence," she replied, gayly, "as the men-help do, I believe, on Sunday nights, when they go a—court——"

She stopped with a blush. Her light spirits had carried her further than she had intended.

"I have ceased to be on the fence," said Charley, pointedly.

She blushed again. It was impossible to mistake his meaning. But she was not one to be discomfited easily. "Take care you have not got down on the wrong side," she answered, laughingly, and ran into the house.

"Was that a slap in the face?" said Charley. "But faint heart never won fair lady. And, faith! I like her the better for her sauciness."

He did not want for confidence in himself, you see, though his confidence was a good deal shaken, when, calling at the farm-house day after day, he always was told, "not at home."

At last, after several attempts, Charley found Miss Derwent in the porch, sketching.

"You don't seem to care to see me," he said, chagrined, as she looked up, nodding carelessly. "I have been here daily, for three days. I wouldn't have found you at home, now, I'm afraid, if it hadn't been raining."

"I always go out when I can," she replied, putting in a bit of color on one of her trees. Then, raising her eyes to his, she said, bluntly, "Besides, I don't like truants; and you are a truant, sir."

"A truant!"

"Yes! Mr. Charles Stafford is a person, as I suspected when I first heard his name, of whom I knew just the least little bit. He is, at this very moment, a runaway, a truant. You can't deny it. Guilt is in your face," she added, triumphantly, as she saw his crest-fallen look.

"A runaway, a truant!" he stammered, more confused than ever.

"It is death!" he repeats; "and men say a prayer in that presence. Janet, will you say with me, '*Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.*'"

Many and many a time she has told herself that if they two were to meet in the next world, she would appeal against sentence of punishment for hardness, lack of faith, or any other sin forced upon her by his falsehood and wickedness. She remembers her vow even in this awful moment. She looks full at him, and cries, defiantly,

"At least, I never trespassed against you."

"Oh, Janet!" he pleads. "No hardness now! We must die! After all, we are husband and wife. Recollect that."

"Husband and wife!" she echoed, with a shudder. "Did I not admit it?"

"I went back to America to set you free," he continues. "The papers I gave you that night are proof of the divorce."

She has never opened the packet; till this moment had forgotten his putting it in her hands.

"I should never have blamed you, if you had married," he goes on. "I am sorry, now, that when, seven years ago, you wrote and asked for your freedom, I refused to give it to you. I was mad, Janet! I ought to have granted it. I was mad!"

"*I* wrote!" she exclaims. "You can utter such a falsehood even here, with death staring you in the face! You wrote to my cousin Elsie. You told her that you would never hear my name. You accused me of a sin so horrible. You swore that you had proofs of my faithlessness. You—— Ah, stop! What does it matter? We are to die! Don't you hear our death-knell? Don't make my last earthly words a curse. We are going to meet our God!"

He catches her dress, and will not let it go, though she struggles wildly.

"Janet," he groans, "death is close by. You don't think I could lie now. As God is my witness, I never wrote such a letter. I swear, by the Judge before whom I am going, that I received a letter from you, demanding your freedom. It lies locked in my room now."

For an instant both are silent—both believe at last.

The sea roars louder as it leaps almost into the cave. They do not hear its hungry voice.

"Elsie Vaughan did the whole," Payne goes on. "What old Philip has told me since I came back, last night, makes it all clear. After she found you were to have your uncle's fortune, she meant you to marry her son; and she died before she could tell the truth, even if she had wished."

"Hush!" Janet broke in. "'*Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us!*' I can say it now."

He clasps her in his arms, with a glad cry. As he does so, the waves leap up, and lick their feet with lengths of angry spray.

"God was very good to us, to send me back here," Harold whispers. "I could not tell why I came. I understand now."

A cloud of foam sweeps in. He struggles to to the further end of the cave, still clasping Janet in his arms.

"Death!" she says, softly, looking into his face with a peaceful smile. "With you! Thank God, with you! Hold fast—fast! Let us go together. Harold! Husband——"

Then she lies silent and senseless, pillowed upon his breast.

When consciousness comes back, she is lying there still, the vaulted roof above them; the sea yet roaring close below. But He who once saved the twelve chosen ones in the little barque, beset by the midnight tempest, has again said to the waves, "*Peace, be still!*" and so spared the husband and wife to redeem the past, and set forth anew into earthly life, now going hand in hand, never to be separated any more, in time or in the sweep of endless cycles beyond this mortal sphere.

THE END.

A FAREWELL.

BY JULIA E. LEIGH.

A few short weeks of friendship sweet,
And now we part to meet no more;
And you will never think of me,
After the pain of parting's o'er.

The sloping hills and country lanes,
That you will leave behind to-day,
May pleasant pictures bring awhile,
But they will quickly fade away.

And I shall live the same old life,
That I had lived before you came,
With all its little cares and joys;
And yet it will not be the same!

The country lanes will still be here,
The same bright sky be over head;
The birds will sing as sweetly still—
But life and love for me are dead.

MERELY AN EPISODE.

BY FANNIE HODGSON BURNETT.

THEY were two very different creatures to begin with, and they were in very different moods at the present moment.

Charley was in a good enough humor, and leaned back in the most comfortable chair in the room enjoying her *marrons glacè* to the utmost, and looking the very picture of beautiful content, though a trifle surprised withal.

Charley always was in a good humor, well satisfied with herself, her pretty face, her belongings, and only desirous of being let alone. She really could not see why Prue should be in such a rage.

But to Prue—poor, brown, honest, hot-tempered little Prue—the matter appeared differently. Her eyes sparkled indignantly, her cheeks were uncomfortably red, her small fists clenched themselves, and she walked to and fro.

"Charley!" she exclaimed, "Charley, you—you are a—a cold-hearted, selfish—animal!"

Charley took another *marron glacè*, and set her white teeth into it with a gently speculative air.

"You are a rude little thing," she said, sweetly. "And nothing but your youth makes your temper excusable. And, as to my being selfish, I am sure I don't see why. A person——"

"A person!" cried Prue. "Yes, I dare say, and it is always the first person with you. You never stop to think of the second person, or the third. I am out of all patience. You white, *cold*, even-tempered——"

Charley took her turn at interruption here, smiling one of her cherubic smiles, and showing her loveliest dimple.

"To be sure, I can't call you that," she said.

"No," returned Prue, "to be sure you can't."

But she did not take up cudgels on her own account, and seeing that she did not intend to, Charley gave her a glance of inspection, and then spoke again.

"How is it you never quarrel for yourself," she put it to her. "You never do, and you are always squabbling for other people; Dick, or somebody."

"Oh," answered Prue, shortly, "I can stand it. I don't care about myself."

Charley gave her another quiet look.

"But you do care about Dick?" she suggested.

Prue's reply was straightforward enough, though she winced slightly.

"I should be ashamed of myself, if I didn't," she said. "Dick is worth loving, and always was. I was truer to him than you were when we were children, though he did love you best, and make himself your slave, and bear everything from you."

Charley indulged in another cherubic smile, and another *marron glacè*, and sighed prettily.

"Poor Dick!" she condescended.

"Poor Dick!" Prue echoed. "Poor Dick, indeed! It is all very well to look gentle, and say 'Poor Dick.' But that is your way. And to think how he loves and trusts you, and how happy you might make him. Oh, how happy I would make people if I were as pretty as you are."

Charley craned her round, white throat, to get a glimpse of the pier-glass, and then she shook her head.

"No you wouldn't," she answered. "You couldn't do it, unless you were a Turk or a Mormon."

But Prue did not laugh at the perfect good faith with which this guileless observation was made. She only shrugged her shoulders fiercely.

"Pah!" she said, and took another quick turn across the room.

When she neared Charley again, she wheeled about, and confronted her.

"When is Dick coming?" she asked.

"I don't know," was the answer. "How should I? He said he would leave Calcutta on the first, I think."

"You 'think,'" echoed Prue. "And the poor fellow thinks he is coming home to marry you?"

Charley made a nervous little move.

"Oh, don't," she said, looking half-frightened. "I don't like to—to bring it so near."

Prue advanced one step.

"Charley," she said, solemnly, "you don't mean to tell me that you care for the other one."

Charley became desperate, but she certainly did not look like a young person who felt convicted of caring for "another one." She only appeared frightened and restless, and as if she was very anxious to be let alone.

"I wish you wouldn't be so uncomfortable!" she exclaimed. "I wish you would let Dick and Jack Ingoldsby take care of themselves. I am sure they are equal to the task. I think there

never was a poor girl so worried as I am, between you all. You scolding, and Dick writing, and Jack raving. What am I to do? I cannot be rude to people, and if I am polite, they will—Well, you see how it is with Jack Ingoldsby. He will not let me alone, and he says I can save his soul, or ruin it. And then there is Dick, writing that his future is in my hands. And if I save Jack's soul, what am I to do with Dick's; and if I save Dick's, what is to become of Jack Ingoldsby. And as to you, instead of helping me, you are worse than Jack and Dick put together. Why cannot you be comfortable?"

Prue regarded her with a cold sternness which was undoubtedly most trying. She entirely ignored her pleadings.

"It is a nice thing to hear you talking of 'Jack,'" she remarked. "I did not know you had got to that point."

"How can I help it?" faltered Charley.

"You cannot help it," answered Prue, succinctly. "You have not soul enough!"

"Well, then," said Charley, "why don't you leave me alone?"

She was not at all amazed at the remark. It did not trouble her to hear that she had no soul. She never asked herself disagreeable questions about her own soul, or other people's. But Prue's next speech did disturb her to some extent.

"I will leave you alone," she said, "and then, when Dick comes, and finds you entangled with this Ingoldsby man, you can manage the matter for yourself. I think I shall like to see what you will make of it." And she walked deliberately out of the room.

"Prue!" Charley called after her, but she would not come back.

Finding herself fairly deserted, Charley made the best of the matter. She was far from feeling at ease, but she settled herself more comfortably in her chair, and turned pensively to her *bon-bons*. Certainly her prospects presented rather a trying aspect. She could scarcely remember the time when she had not seemed to belong exclusively to Dick. She did not know how it had come about, but this was the exact state of affairs. When they had been children together, he had been her slave and adorer; he had borne with her tyrannies and caprices; he had obeyed her behests; he had sacrificed himself to her continually. He had been fond of Prue, who was several years her junior, and he had praised her honesty and courage; but it was Charley he had loved, and bowed down before.

"I ought to care most for Prue," he had said, when he was twelve years old, and he had said it ruefully, and with some indignation. "She gives up to me, and she likes me, and she is a plucky little thing, too. But I don't care most for her. I care most for you; and it's a shame!"

"I am prettier than Prue," Charley had said, calmly. "People always care most for me."

And so they did. And when she was older, the case was the same. The lovely child grew into a guileless-looking young woman, with a delicious pair of wide, clear eyes, and a cherubic face, as innocent as a baby's. The soft hair fell in little wayward rings on a brow, low and white, like a child's. The girl's dimples were simply bewilderingly pretty. They showed themselves when she laughed, when she frowned, when she was surprised. She looked like an exquisite, full-grown edition of one of Raphael's child-angels, but she was, in fact, an empty delusion and a soulless snare.

But Dick had not found this out. As Dick grew to manhood, his love grew also; and, somehow or other, Charley found herself engaged to him.

He was handsome and clever, and he admired her so much, and was so ready to submit to her. So she let him persuade her to promise to marry him; and, on the strength of this promise, he went to Calcutta to make his fortune, because a fortune was necessary to Charley's happiness.

"I should not mind being married, if I could have everything I wanted." And as she made this ingenuous remark, Charley's little smile was so entrancing, that Dick could only kiss the hand she had obligingly permitted him to hold, and wonder at the extent of his own happiness.

He went to Calcutta, and worked early and late. He caught fevers, and lay at death's door, on one or two occasions, but the thought of Charley's fair, foolish face, and lazy little smile, kept life in him, and helped him to battle against pain, and hazard, and difficulty. He spent his scant salary on absurd, extravagant presents, and sent them home to Charley; and he wrote long letters, which Charley found it difficult to read even by instalments. He lived on her love, and clung to it with a passion and faith piteous to see. If Charley's letters were a little empty, and rather rambled from the point, he only thought how innocent and simple she was, and dreamed of the time when she would be wiser in love's ways.

As for Charley herself, she was quite comfortable. Dick's diffuseness tired her somewhat, but she managed to bear up under it by dint of perusing his frequent outpourings, a page at a time, and answering them in the same way. She liked the presents, which were all rare, pretty things to wear; and when she tried the articles on for

asked her in advance—anyway she dared not stop away. It might look odd; some one might suspect, what she did not know or think! It was the nervous dread one has when mad with anguish, that one may set those about wondering by some change in look or manner, from one's ordinary habits.

At last Prince Apraxin appeared, accompanied by Nordhoff and several other Russians, who had conducted the Grand Duke as far as Bordeaux. Janet had just before managed to steal up to her apartment, but Philip had not returned. When she got back, the *cotillion* was forming; Apraxin claimed her for it, and the dancing never ceased till three o'clock. She watched him narrowly, but the prince appeared exactly as usual. There was no opportunity for private conversation, the leader improvising all sorts of absurd figures, and Janet in constant requisition.

As the ball was breaking up, somebody of the special set in which Janet reigned, proposed an expedition for the next day, at ten o'clock. Apraxin entered into it with great eagerness. If the matter should have been settled amicably, after all! Several times she felt inclined to hurry him out of the room, to tell him everything, to obtain his promise to arrange the quarrel. But mad as she was, she had sense enough to know that any man would promise anything in such a business as this to satisfy a woman, and consider himself justified in going on all the same.

She had given Leontine imperative orders not to wait up for her; at least she would have her way in one thing after the slavery of this day—be free when she reached her chamber!

So, when she got rid of Lady Hammersly, at her door—it seemed to Janet that the old soul called her back three hundred times for some last trivial word—she went on to her own salon.

Philip was waiting there. She could not speak; could only stare at him with wild eyes, and hands extended in eager pleading.

"At half-past five o'clock, near St. Jean de Luz," said Philip, doing what not one person in a thousand would have done, giving his information first, and deferring the explanations.

"I must go. I must get there!" she exclaimed.

Her limbs suddenly began to tremble under her. She groped about, blindly, for a chair. Philip placed her on a sofa, and brought her some water. She was quite herself again in a few moments.

"Tell me what you found out," she said.

"Mr. Payne came up to St. Jean de Luz this evening. Left his servant at Fontarabia," Philip explained. "I got back before the Prince. I was at the station when the Bordeaux train came in. I heard him ask Monsieur Nordhoff if the carriage was ordered."

"But are you sure of the place?"

"Back of the hill, before you get to St. Jean, toward the beach. They are to leave here at half-past four."

"I must go at once. I must be there before them. How am I to manage, Philip? Think, think! I cannot."

"It is all arranged," Philip said. "I have a carriage. I got it as soon as I came back. I told the stableman I wanted to drive to Bidart, and stay all night. The carriage is waiting in a stable beyond the village. It was empty, and I had the key, for your horses were there when we first came."

She tried to thank him, but had no words.

"You must change your dress, please, Miss Janet," he said.

But she would not wait.

"I should never get it done," she said. "Nobody will see me. Oh, what do I care if the whole world saw me! Come, Philip! If we should be too late! Come!"

"There is no danger. We shall be there long before them."

But his assurance did not calm her. She gathered up the sweeping folds of her evening dress as best she could. Philip had to fasten them for her—she could not. He found a warm cloak, which enveloped her from head to foot; made her ready as skillfully as if he had been an old waiting-woman.

They got down stairs unperceived; out by the door at the back; passed along the road over the cliffs, and reached the place where Philip had left the carriage.

Dawn was breaking in the east; the tide was out; the waters moaned gray and sullen against the shore. A chill wind swept up from the open sea. The distant mountains loomed dark and frowning against the horizon. The whole scene, usually so beautiful, was ominously dreary to Janet's eyes, as she stood waiting on the hill, while Philip brought out the horses.

He helped her into the close carriage, wrapped her in a rug which he had remembered to provide. Although there was no necessity for haste, he urged the horses on at the top of their speed, because he knew that it would be a kind of relief to his mistress. Even so, now and then a feeling of intolerable haste would come over her, and she would cry through the open window.

"We don't move! We don't move! Oh, faster, Philip, faster!"

"Yes! It means, sir," shaking her head, reprovingly, "you are engaged to a far-away cousin, and just when you were expected to fulfill your engagement, you ran off. Such is the gossip, at least, that comes to me from New York. Very wicked of you! Going about, under false pretences, I should say. How lucky my correspondent happened to tell me. Some poor, easily-deluded girl, at your hotel, might otherwise have fallen in love with you, for they say you are a dreadful flirt. I shall post you, all over the White Mountains, or at least I suppose I ought to!" She laughed, again, her merry laugh.

Charley, driven to desperation, now told his story. He was anything but the self-possessed Charley of their first interview. He pulled at his whiskers, stammered for words, and could hardly meet Miss Derwent's eye.

"I've not seen her since she was a child," he concluded. "We've no tastes in common——"

"How do you know, if you haven't seen her?" maliciously interposed his tormentor.

He took a turn, half-angrily, up to the end of the porch, and came back.

"The match was made up for me," he went on, ignoring the interruption. "There can be no love in such cases——"

"Love! Has love anything to do with marriage, now-a-days?"

"Don't poke fun at a fellow," he pleaded, piteously. "I hate Miss Thorndyke. Yes, I hate her."

"Strong language, sir." And Miss Derwent put in some more color in some more trees. "Is that the way you speak of all your acquaintances?"

"I didn't speak in that way of you, at any rate," retorted Charley, brought to bay. "I—I——"

Miss Derwent interrupted him hastily.

"As we cannot be called even acquaintances," she said, with dignity, "perhaps you had better not speak of me at all. Come, Mr. Strafford, be a good boy; go home to your mother; marry Miss Goody Two Shoes, or whatever her name is; and live happily, as the story-books say, forever after."

She had begun with great gravity, but now her eyes were dancing with glee again.

"Do you wish to drive me mad?" cried Charley, coming to a full stop directly in front of her, and with a certain masterfulness in his air and attitude that made his hearer give an involuntary start. "I love *you—you—you*," emphasizing each word more. "Otherwise I wouldn't have made this confession about my cousin. I should have had no right to do it, if I hadn't loved you. I don't know who your correspondent is, but she hasn't told the whole truth. Upon my honor, Miss Derwent, I never loved Miss Thorndyke. I never made her any promise. I have never loved anyone but you, and," looking her resolutely in the face, "I never shall."

Miss Derwent began to be a little frightened. This man was not a man to be trifled with. She changed color rapidly.

"I—I cannot profess to misunderstand you," she answered. "And—and," returning his look, at last, with an effort, "I believe you." Charley tried to snatch her hand, but she withdrew it behind her. "No, that is going quite too fast," with a little, nervous laugh. "I hardly know you, remember. I have just told you we are scarcely acquaintances."

"Acquaintances! When I have loved you ever since I first saw you"

She looked up archly, she could not help it. "Then I was the 'darling duck,' after all," she said, "though you denied it so glibly."

"Forgive me!" His voice was as eloquent as his eyes. "You must have thought me insufferably impertinent. But put me on probation. Give me at least a little hope."

"Come, Mr. Stafford," said his hearer, gravely, "let us make a compact. You have been frank with me, and I believe all you say about, about Miss Thorndyke. I do not think you could act otherwise than as a man of honor. I will consent to see more of you, and give you a candid answer, after awhile. A girl can't be married off-hand," with a touch of her old archness, "as you said yourself, just now. But you musn't call me a flirt, remember, if my decision should be against you. Otherwise, we had better bid good-by, now and forever."

So the compact was made. Charley went home full of hope. "She must like me a little," he said to himself, "or she would have refused me flatly." He seemed to go on wings.

She did like him a little, as he very soon discovered. He had won her by his impetuosity and masterfulness, though she did not herself know it at first. Before three weeks had gone by, they were as good as engaged.

"That is," was Miss Derwent's proviso, "if your mother consents. I will never enter a family where I am not welcome."

"Oh! I am sure of her consent, especially when she finds I will not marry Miss Thorndyke."

"Poor Miss Thorndyke," said his listener, with a sigh.

"You needn't say 'poor Miss Thorndyke.' "I've no doubt she can get plenty of lovers. She's beastly rich, you know."

The next day Charley said, "So you go to Saratoga, under escort of your friends, the Winthrops, and not with me. I may thank Mrs. Grundy for that. But I suppose I must submit. My mother, fortunately, has gone to Saratoga herself. I have just had a letter. I shall gain half a day over you, if I start this evening. I shall do it, and when you arrive, my mother will be prepared to welcome you."

Two days after, a carriage drove up to the United States Hotel, and Charley and his mother descended from it. Our hero had made good use of the few hours, by which he had preceded his mistress. He had told the whole story to Mrs. Stafford, keeping back, however, what Miss Derwent had said about her consent.

"And you intend to marry this girl?" said his mother, coldly, breaking a long silence.

"Yes! I shall be sorry to have you against me, but I shall marry her, whether or no."

Mrs. Stafford remembered his father; remembered a certain look about the mouth; and seeing that look in Charley now, gave in.

"Well," she said, after another long pause, and with a sigh, "I will go with you, and call on her. If it has to be done, I will do it with a good grace, whether I feel like it, or not. You say she is here in Saratoga."

This was the object of their visit to the United States Hotel.

Mrs. Stafford and her son were shown into a handsome private parlor. The blinds were down, in consequence of the heat and glare. A graceful figure, hardly distinguishable, at first, in the obscurity, rose to receive them.

"Mother," said Charley, "Miss Derwent!"

"Miss Derwent?" cried Mrs. Stafford, in a tone of surprise.

She looked from one to the other, in turn, as if for an explanation.

In Miss Derwent's eyes there began to sparkle that roguish look, which Charley had learned to associate with mischief of some sort. The inclination to mirth was too much for her, and she broke into a peal of laughter, in which, after a moment, Mrs. Stafford joined, as if it was infectious.

It was Charley's turn, now, to look for an explanation.

"My dear boy," said his mother at last, "there is some mistake here; this is no Miss Derwent; this is Kate Thorndyke."

"Kate Thorndyke!"

"Forgive me, Charley," said the young lady, hardly able, even yet, to control her merriment, "but if you ran away from me, I, on my part, ran away from you. I never promised your mother to visit her; she only took it for granted. On the contrary, I resolved to put as many miles between me and the conceited fellow, for so everybody called you, who had refused me when I had never even offered myself. Accident threw us together. I was at a friend's, Miss Derwent's, when we first met. It was her Tennyson you found in my satchel. I really did not know who you were, until the day you gave me your card. Then, discovering your mistake, I determined, for awhile at least, not to undeceive you. After that," she looked down demurely, "things somehow shaped themselves. I couldn't resist being loved, you know, for myself, and not for my fortune, when I had the chance. There, you know all, now. I ran away from you, and you ran away from me; and it was no use, after all, was it, dear?" She clung fondly to his arm. "Your mother has got the better of both of us I suppose the world would call me a fool, and you a fool, and your mother a fool, and all of us fools together, but——"

Charley, by this time, had recovered from his surprise. He seized her hands, taking her in his arms, regardless of his mother's presence.

"No," he said, "anything but fools. And as for you, you are, and always shall be, what I called you at first, A DARLING LITTLE DUCK."

THE BROOK.

BY HOWARD MELVILLE.

Over the pebbles it ripples along,
Ever it murmurs a joyous lay;
Ever it carols the same sweet song,
The same it has caroled for many a day.

Down in the glen where the shadows are dark,
Merrily onward it hastens through,
Then in the meadow, to meet the lark,
Out in the sun 'neath the sky of blue.

Thus ever onward it takes its course,
Now in the sunshine, and now in the shade;
So in this life, just as we may force,
Of sunshine or shadow our lives are made.

A lesson we learn from the little brook,
That sings so joyously over the stones;
One of the many in Nature's book,
That sound so sweetly in Nature's tones.

If ever and always, when life is dark,
We would sing and laugh just the same as when
Our spirits were gay as the song of the lark,
We would reach the sunshine sooner again.

SIDE BY SIDE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 334.

CHAPTER III.

When the dawn broke, Janet knew the truth that Harold Payne discovered, when he stood watching her on the cliff. She had been mad. The frenzy was over, now, but she was weak and worn by a long illness.

The day passed.

Janet Carrington had thought the agony of suspense a pang from which she could never suffer again, for once in her life she had spent a whole year its passive prey; but it seemed to her, during this day, that she had never before understood even the meaning of the word—each hour was like a twelvemonth. During her first trial, it was only the destruction of her own happiness, the death-blow to her own heart which she had to dread, but this waiting was burdened with a sharper pang—the sting of her conscience.

If one of those men were to fall, his death would lie at her door—she should be a murderess. That the quarrel had been in regard to her she knew as well as if she had heard it, and it had arisen either from her conduct at the ball, or her unwomanly cruelty on the evening of the concert. It was useless to speculate; no matter how it had come about; no matter which of the two was the aggressor, she had been the original cause. He who fell would die by her hand as surely as if she had herself directed the pistol-shot.

Philip was searching for a clue which should put him upon their track. She could trust him to do everything with the utmost secrecy, and to neglect no means or effort. But if he should not succeed in learning their plans! The Prince had gone to Bordeaux—Payne absent, too!

Toward noon Philip came to tell her he had discovered that Payne had gone down to Fontarabia—an hour's distance by rail. Philip was going there; the gaming-tables were open, and that would be excuse enough for anybody's appearance in the place, whether young or old, idle man, or domestic.

"You will find out; you must find out!" Janet said.

She was sitting by her table when he entered, trying to force herself to write. It wrung honest Philip's heart to see the miserable anxiety of her face.

"I shall find out," he answered. "Don't lose heart for a single minute, Miss Janet. I shall find out."

For a little the firmly-spoken words were a sort of comfort. When he had gone, Lady Hammersley sent for her; there was no escape; she must comply; behave as usual; look as usual; listen to idle chatter, and talk nonsense—a harder task, when one is consumed by anxiety like hers, than any active labor.

The day dragged on. Oh, that day! Janet had scarcely a moment to herself. Every creature she knew seemed determined to add to her suffering by tormenting her; Lady Hammersley and the American Minister tormenting her more than anybody else—as was natural, Janet thought, in her bitterness, since they cared most for her—people's persecutions were always in the ratio of their friendships.

There was nothing spared her. Somebody improvised a luncheon in the pine-wood; she had to go. There was a children's ball in the Casino at three o'clock; the grown people must needs be present, and dance too, as if the festivity had been for their benefit. Later, Lady Hammersley wanted her to drive; then it was time to dress for dinner; they were invited to Madame de Charlmornt's, with a set of the "choicest spirits" in Biarritz.

No excuse that she could devise—indeed, her brain was so dull she found it difficult to get at any—would serve to free her from a single pin-prick. People seemed determined to keep about her this day of all others.

She was at the dinner; the most beautifully-dressed woman there, as she was the handsomest and gayest. Sometimes, so morbid had grown her fancy, she was ready to astound her companions by shrieking in their ears that she was a deceiver—a living lie in every way—last of all, a murderess! She caught herself laughing at the idea of the commotion such an announcement would excite, and labored hard, in a stupid fashion, to decide just which women would faint, which scream, and which declare they were not in the least surprised.

Eleven o'clock came, and hostess and guests rushed off to the Casino to dance, as eager about it as if there had not been a ball for at least six months. Janet went, too. She had, without knowing, promised dances to every man that

asked her in advance—anyway she dared not stop away. It might look odd; some one might suspect, what she did not know or think! It was the nervous dread one has when mad with anguish, that one may set those about wondering by some change in look or manner, from one's ordinary habits.

At last Prince Apraxin appeared, accompanied by Nordhoff and several other Russians, who had conducted the Grand Duke as far as Bordeaux. Janet had just before managed to steal up to her apartment, but Philip had not returned. When she got back, the *cotillion* was forming; Apraxin claimed her for it, and the dancing never ceased till three o'clock. She watched him narrowly, but the prince appeared exactly as usual. There was no opportunity for private conversation, the leader improvising all sorts of absurd figures, and Janet in constant requisition.

As the ball was breaking up, somebody of the special set in which Janet reigned, proposed an expedition for the next day, at ten o'clock. Apraxin entered into it with great eagerness. If the matter should have been settled amicably, after all! Several times she felt inclined to hurry him out of the room, to tell him everything, to obtain his promise to arrange the quarrel. But mad as she was, she had sense enough to know that any man would promise anything in such a business as this to satisfy a woman, and consider himself justified in going on all the same.

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Philip was waiting there. She could not speak; could only stare at him with wild eyes, and hands extended in eager pleading.

"At half-past five o'clock, near St. Jean de Luz," said Philip, doing what not one person in a thousand would have done, giving his information first, and deferring the explanations.

"I must go. I must get there!" she exclaimed.

Her limbs suddenly began to tremble under her. She groped about, blindly, for a chair. Philip placed her on a sofa, and brought her some water. She was quite herself again in a few moments.

"Tell me what you found out," she said.

"Mr. Payne came up to St. Jean de Luz this evening. Left his servant at Fontarabia," Philip explained. "I got back before the Prince. I was at the station when the Bordeaux train came in. I heard him ask Monsieur Nordhoff if the carriage was ordered."

"But are you sure of the place?"

"Back of the hill, before you get to St. Jean, toward the beach. They are to leave here at half-past four."

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"It is all arranged," Philip said. "I have a carriage. I got it as soon as I came back. I told the stableman I wanted to drive to Bidart, and stay all night. The carriage is waiting in a stable beyond the village. It was empty, and I had the key, for your horses were there when we first came."

She tried to thank him, but had no words.

"You must change your dress, please, Miss Janet," he said.

But she would not wait.

"I should never get it done," she said. "Nobody will see me. Oh, what do I care if the whole world saw me! Come, Philip! If we should be too late! Come!"

"There is no danger. We shall be there long before them."

But his assurance did not calm her. She gathered up the sweeping folds of her evening dress as best she could. Philip had to fasten them for her—she could not. He found a warm cloak, which enveloped her from head to foot; made her ready as skillfully as if he had been an old waiting-woman.

They got down stairs unperceived; out by the door at the back; passed along the road over the cliffs, and reached the place where Philip had left the carriage.

Dawn was breaking in the east; the tide was out; the waters moaned gray and sullen against the shore. A chill wind swept up from the open sea. The distant mountains loomed dark and frowning against the horizon. The whole scene, usually so beautiful, was ominously dreary to Janet's eyes, as she stood waiting on the hill, while Philip brought out the horses.

He helped her into the close carriage, wrapped her in a rug which he had remembered to provide. Although there was no necessity for haste, he urged the horses on at the top of their speed, because he knew that it would be a kind of relief to his mistress. Even so, now and then a feeling of intolerable haste would come over her, and she would cry through the open window.

"We don't move! We don't move! Oh, faster, Philip, faster!"

The drive took rather more than an hour. Philip got a little out of his way by turning down a side road, when they were near to the town which he fancied would take them close to the place where they must wait. The road ended in a field, but Janet could sit still in the carriage no longer.

"Just as well to leave the horses here as anywhere," she said. "Can you tie them to the tree there?"

So, when the animals were secured, they set off through the fields. They were on the top of the hill. Before them, to the left, lay pretty old St. Jean de Luz, in its sleepy quiet, below the wide stretch of rocky beach, then the sea.

The sky had brightened. Great waves, of gorgeous color, spread across the eastern horizon, giving token of the coming sun. The sullen waters caught the glow, and wakened into beauty. The morning was so clear, that the long sweep of Spanish coast was visible away off to Cape Santa Maria, jutting in and out, line after line of picturesque hills and mountains, whose tops were beginning to turn golden in the light.

They reached a little grove, and Philip begged his mistress to wait there.

"I can see both ways along the path from here," he said. "We shall have some time to wait still."

He arranged a seat for her at the foot of a tree. He had not forgotten to take the rug out of the carriage. Janet was completely hidden as she sat by a great clump of furze bushes. She remained quite still; the wild impatience had passed. She felt cold and stony. She had not in the least reflected upon what she meant to do. Even now she was utterly incapable of thought. A dull, physical pain, a benumbing ache that began in her head, and tingled through every limb, grew so strong, that it positively deadened all mental sensations.

She sat, staring blindly out at the sea and the mountains, noticing, in an unconscious sort of way, how the glorious light widened and deepened; wondering, vaguely, how the day could be so bright. The birds were out, and singing gayly. A troop of yellow butterflies played over her head like flecks of sunshine. A tribe of busy ants were hard at work on a mound near. Everything, animate or inanimate, looked so bright, so full of life, and she so cold and dead, sometimes hardly able to realise why she was there.

Philip had thoughtfully taken himself out of sight; the only kindness he could show her; and from his post of concealment was eagerly watching the shore.

After awhile the great bell of the Cathedral, the old church of St. Jean de Luz, in which Louis XIV. was married, struck five. Half a score of other bells took up the chime. Presently the bells from Gnetery sounded, swelling down the shore like an echo. Then those of Bidart, a hamlet still nearer Biarritz, like a second repetition of the echo; then, faint and low, came the murmur of the Biarritz bells themselves, the echo of an echo; then all was still, save the low murmur of the sea, and the carols of the birds.

Twenty minutes later Philip saw three men appear on the platform of rock below the spot where he was stationed. He was near enough to recognize them; the Russian Nordhoff, an Italian who was a friend of Payne's, and a young American surgeon, who chanced to be stopping at Biarritz.

Neither of the principals were yet in sight. He waited to see them before he warned his mistress.

Janet had not moved. There she crouched, staring out at the sunlight, half-wondering, still, why she was there.

A sound among the bushes, to the right, aroused her. She turned her head that way, and saw Apraxin coming over the hill. At the same moment Harold Payne appeared from the left. Both were walking straight toward Janet's place of concealment, as unconscious of her neighborhood as they were of each other's.

The two came slowly on. Janet could see them both now. Each chanced to be walking, in a direct line, toward a tree whose trunk concealed them from each other.

They came closer and closer. They were just in front of the thicket behind which she sat. Each saw his enemy at the same instant. Janet saw them lift their hats with grave courtesy. She did not stir; even yet she did not know what she intended to do. She had to prevent murder; but she could not tell what she meant to say. The necessity for revealing the secret of her life to Apraxin had not occurred to her. She must prevent bloodshed. That was all she comprehended.

After their exchange of salutations, the two men stood still for a moment, looking at each other. Apraxin appeared heated and angry. Payne's face was cold and emotionless.

Suddenly Apraxin made a gesture toward the platform, where the seconds and surgeons were standing in earnest conversation. Again the antagonists exchanged a salute. They were turning away. This was the time; she must act now. Janet knew that! All the while the whole scene looked strangely unreal, and

even yet she did not know what she meant to do.

She was on her feet. She was starting out of her hiding place. The two men heard a voice say,

"Stop!"

They turned, and saw Janet Carrington. Her cloak had caught in the furze bushes, and was half torn from her shoulders, revealing the white silk dress, the bare neck and arms on which the jewels she had worn at the ball, were still gleaming.

"Stop!" she said again.

They stood dumb. The voice was so awful; the face so death-like, that for a second, I think, the thought in the mind of each gazer was, that he beheld Janet Carrington's ghost.

"If you go down yonder, I go, too!" she said. "If you attempt to shoot each other, I stand between."

Payne made a step forward, then stopped. Apraxin hurried to her exclaiming,

"In God's name, how came you here, Miss Carrington? Where is your carriage? Let me take you away."

"How came you here?" she repeated. "What do you want?"

The enemies exchanged a glance, not of hate, just in helpless confusion. Neither had any suspicion of false play or cowardly conduct on the part of his foe; each felt his antagonist incapable of it.

"Let me take you away," Apraxin said, again.

Even yet Janet did not know that she meant to tell her secret; that secret which, two days before, she believed she could not reveal to save a dozen lives.

Suddenly she put her hands to her head. The horrible pain, which encircled it like a band of fire, only left her conscious that her senses were leaving her.

"I am going mad!" she said, in a dreadful whisper. "I am going mad!"

Both men started forward, frightened by her looks and words. Both, without being aware of it, called her name at the same time.

"Janet! Janet!"

"Be still!" said she, hoarsely. "I am going mad! What was it? Oh, I know! It is murder! Murder! You can't do it!" she added, pointing to Apraxin. "You can't kill my husband! *You* can't do it!" And now her hand pointed toward Payne. "You can't make your wife a murderess!"

Then, without warning, she sunk lifeless on the ground.

Husband and wife! That was Janet's secret!

Before either Payne or Apraxin could stir, old Philip rushed up, and raised his mistress in his arms.

"Curse you both!" he shouted. "You have killed her, between you! Curse you both!"

His voice brought them to their senses. All either could think of was, that she lay there dead before their eyes.

"You pair of fools!" cried Philip. "Do you want those idiots down yonder to see her? Go! Send them off! Keep away! If she sees either of you again, she'll go crazy. Oh, my Miss Janet! Oh, my dearest, my dearest!"

He began to cry a little; but when he looked up again, and saw the men still staring, he added,

"I'll kill you if you don't both go. I've a revolver in my pocket! I'll kill you! Do you want the whole world to know? Haven't you disgraced her enough, tortured her enough? Oh, you pair of devils, you!"

Apraxin went up to Payne, and laid a hand on his shoulder. He tottered like a man who had just received a mortal blow; but he spoke calmly enough.

"Come away," he said, "come away. Let us go tell these men to get home."

They passed across the hill together, and appeared side by side before the astonished eyes of the three gentlemen who had finished measuring the ground.

"Messieurs," said Apraxin, "we desire to offer you an apology for having called you out of bed for nothing."

"Thank God, they've made it up!" shouted Nordhoff; and I think, since duels first came into fashion, no expectant witnesses were ever so glad to have a difficulty of the sort settled without bloodshed as these three men.

When Apraxin had led the two away toward St. Jean de Luz, Payne returned to the place where he had left Janet and the old man, but they were gone. He hurried on over the hill; saw the carriage in the road; Philip was helping his mistress in. It drove swiftly off.

It was still very early when the vehicle entered Biarritz. Philip had gained the village by the road along the cliffs. He drove on down till they were near the end of the Casino. There was not a creature in sight. He leaned back in his seat, and spoke through the window.

"Can you get to the house, Miss Janet? If anybody should see you, they will only think you have been for a walk."

She had been dozing. She roused up at the sound of his voice.

"Where are we?" she asked. "What has happened? What are we doing here?"

Philip got down, and opened the carriage-door.

"You can't go alone," he said.

"Oh, yes, I know, now! I can walk. Let me out!"

He helped her to descend; she passed him without a word; walked into the house, and up to her room. She remembered, long afterward, that she met several of the hotel servants in turn, and told them she had been for a stroll, and that they accepted the explanation without surprise; but she knew nothing about the encounter at the time.

In the same unconscious way, when once in her chamber, she changed her attire for a dressing-gown; put her jewels carefully in their box; disarranged the bed, so that it should look as if she had slept in it, but she knew nothing of that either.

Her bell did not ring. Philip would not let Leontine disturb her; he hoped she might be sleeping. At length he grew alarmed, and himself crept into her chamber. Janet was lying on her bed, in a fainting-fit, that was like the insensibility of death.

A fortnight passed before she left her room. She learned that Apraxin and Payne had left Biarritz in different directions, on the very day she was taken ill. She found a brief letter from each, which told her that she need have no fear.

Time drifted on. It was the third week in September. Biarritz was emptying rapidly. Most of the pleasure-seekers were already gone; scarcely anybody remained but quiet people, and those for whom the coming hither had been a search after health and repose.

The good old American Minister had followed the rest of his diplomatic brethren to Paris, though he waited till Janet was pronounced on the road to recovery. Lady Hammersley and her charge still lingered. Janet was quite well again, but seemed disinclined to move; and Lady Hammersley had not yet finished a course of wonderful medicated baths, which she considered were quite restoring her to health—not that there had been anything the matter, but idle folk must have excitement of some sort.

There came three days of fierce tempest; a storm whose like had not been seen for nearly a century. Then the sky cleared, the sun came out, and the afternoon of the fourth day was as lovely as if it had freshly strayed from Paradise.

Janet went out for a walk. She passed down the promenade, toward the deserted chateau, where the beautiful Eugenie once held her gay summer-court. The tide was out, so she could follow the sands below the cliffs on which the light-house stands.

Away out at sea, a frightful tempest was still raging, as it had done for days and nights. The morning papers had come in full of terrible disasters that had befallen ships and steamers. During the past night the tide reached a height which the old fishermen said it had never done, since the memorable equinoctial storm of more than fifty years ago.

Janet had several hours to spare before the tide would return. In accordance with the mysterious law which it obeys, it had gone down as much lower than ordinary as it had risen higher at the last flood. A soft, creamy foam danced and played along the edge of the sands. The sun shone golden and glorious. To look back beyond Biarritz toward the Spanish hills, was like gazing at the Delectable mountains. The near scene was calm and peaceful; the middle distance of waters smooth and still; but out toward the open sea, far as the eye could reach, the ocean was swelling and heaving angrily, and a low scud of mist swept back and forth across the horizon's verge like the black sails of a pirate fleet waiting an opportunity to work havoc and death.

Janet wandered on and on; away past the cliffs, near to the second light-house, where the Adour sweps down into the sea from Bayonne. She was unconscious how far she had walked; she did not care, either, for her demons had begun to torment her with renewed force, and she only longed to tire herself completely out, both in mind and body.

Not a creature did she meet after leaving the promenade; not even a fisherman's child was playing on the shore; not even a fisherman's boat to be seen on the waves. The old sea-faring men knew too well that the present calm was but a deceitful lull in the tempest for them to trust their barques on the bay, or their children on the sands.

For more than an hour Janet walked along the wet beach—walked as fast as if some chance of life and death were hanging on her speed. She could look away off, now, toward the range of the High Pyrenees, beyond Pau, eighty miles away, yet seeming so near that she could count the wrinkles and crevices on their snow-covered sides. Suddenly the glory of their sun-tinted heights became torture to her sight. She turned her back upon them, and hurried homeward again, at the same mad pace.

She had reached the foot of the precipitous cliffs near the light-house, when her strength gave way without warning. She was sick and

faint; she could go no further. She was glad to feel the fatigue; her very brain shared in it. Even the horrible pain at her heart seemed numbed, and her soul was too sluggish and dull to cry out and beat its wings against its prison-bars, as it had been doing ever since she was able to leave her sick bed.

She sank for a moment on the sands, then dragged herself close to the base of the precipitous rocks, sat down upon a shelving ledge, and leaned her back against their gray sides.

Once more she roused herself sufficiently to look out toward the sea. There was no sign, she thought, of the tide having turned. She should have time enough. She must rest.

Her eyes closed. The low beat, beat of the distant billows, came like low music to her weary ears; grew fainter and fainter, till the measured melody lulled her fast asleep. She dreamed, smiling in her slumber; dreamed that she was living ten years back; that Harold Payne was beside her; all difficulties subdued, and she his honored wife before the world. She dreamed, living over the old hopes, and the old love, in their pristine brightness; the hopes that burned to ashes so long ago, and burned her heart up in their flame; the love, grown so distorted and deformed, that she believed it hatred, but which was love still, and, struggle as she might, believe as she would, this love must remain while life endured. Alas, poor Janet!

The sun drifts lower and lower in the west; a great bank of fiery-red clouds shoots up, with yellow gleams that look like lightnings playing through it. The wind rises in the distance, and drives the line of curling mist higher and higher up the horizon. The far-off roar of the billows grows more and more loud; they change their course, and come galloping in to shore like a herd of wild horses, inky black, with long, white manes; and each successive range dashes further and further up the sands.

A stronger blast sends the funereal fog so high, that it blots out the sun, and quenches the fire of the red clouds. Without warning, the heavens become one dull sheet of leaden-gray from horizon to zenith. The rush and tumult of the waves and winds grows deafening. Mightier and more fiercely the billows leap in—on—on—up—up—booming across the sands like thunder. The place where Janet was walking, an hour before, is a great wall of heaving surge. The spot where she first sank down to rest is a whirlpool. A madder blast, a fiercer roll of the waves, and they dash to the very foot of the rocks where she sits.

Janet wakes to feel her garments drenched with spray; to see the ocean close below her; no human aid in sight; no way of escape, unless it may be up the frowning ledge which seems suddenly to have grown steeper and more formidable as she gazes helplessly at it.

She cannot tell if she is frightened. All her senses are concentrated in mere physical desire to escape an awful death. Often and often she has prayed to die. Why, last night she fell asleep with that prayer on her lips, and woke this morning only to repeat it. But not such a death as this! Oh, God, not such a death as this!

Desperately she begins to climb the cliff. The wind comes from every point of the compass at once, and tries to beat her down, but she clings to bush and jutting point, and struggles blindly on, while each instant the tide leaps higher and higher, in its efforts to seize its prey.

Then, above the din of winds and waves, she hears a human voice, close beside her; then her strength yields.

She falls forward; knows that she is caught in a strong grasp. When she can again open her eyes, she is held in her husband's arms, and he is carrying her in at the mouth of a narrow, dark cave, which some convulsion of the elements hollowed out there long before the memory of man.

He, too, was overtaken by the tide, and has had a harder fight than she for life; and both are too thoroughly exhausted to feel emotion of any kind.

Janet leans against the rocks where he places her, and closes her eyes again. Presently she hears him say, in a calm voice,

"It will reach us, after all. I thought we should be safe here; but it is coming very fast—very fast."

She leans forward, and looks out. The tide is sweeping up so rapidly, that the path along which he carried her, a few moments before, is already nearly hidden. She gives one glance, then leans back again.

A few seconds pass, then she hears his voice anew.

"Janet," he cries, "it is death, and we must go together."

She cannot rouse herself enough even to feel afraid. She can hardly realize their position, or remember the years which are gone; can only recollect that, a little while ago, she was dreaming of his love, and now they are to die together.

"Janet!" he calls, desperately, going close to her.

"Hush!" she answers. "It is death! Let us be still"

"It is death!" he repeats; "and men say a prayer in that presence. Janet, will you say with me, '*Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.*'"

Many and many a time she has told herself that if they two were to meet in the next world, she would appeal against sentence of punishment for hardness, lack of faith, or any other sin forced upon her by his falsehood and wickedness. She remembers her vow even in this awful moment. She looks full at him, and cries, defiantly,

"At least, I never trespassed against you."

"Oh, Janet!" he pleads. "No hardness now! We must die! After all, we are husband and wife. Recollect that."

"Husband and wife!" she echoed, with a shudder. "Did I not admit it?"

"I went back to America to set you free," he continues. "The papers I gave you that night are proof of the divorce."

She has never opened the packet; till this moment had forgotten his putting it in her hands.

"I should never have blamed you, if you had married," he goes on. "I am sorry, now, that when, seven years ago, you wrote and asked for your freedom, I refused to give it to you. I was mad, Janet! I ought to have granted it. I was mad!"

"*I* wrote!" she exclaims. "You can utter such a falsehood even here, with death staring you in the face! You wrote to my cousin Elsie. You told her that you would never hear my name. You accused me of a sin so horrible. You swore that you had proofs of my faithlessness. You—— Ah, stop! What does it matter? We are to die! Don't you hear our death-knell? Don't make my last earthly words a curse. We are going to meet our God!"

He catches her dress, and will not let it go, though she struggles wildly.

"Janet," he groans, "death is close by. You don't think I could lie now. As God is my witness, I never wrote such a letter. I swear, by the Judge before whom I am going, that I received a letter from you, demanding your freedom. It lies locked in my room now."

For an instant both are silent—both believe at last.

The sea roars louder as it leaps almost into the cave. They do not hear its hungry voice.

"Elsie Vaughan did the whole," Payne goes on. "What old Philip has told me since I came back, last night, makes it all clear. After she found you were to have your uncle's fortune, she meant you to marry her son; and she died before she could tell the truth, even if she had wished."

"Hush!" Janet broke in. "'*Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us!*' I can say it now."

He clasps her in his arms, with a glad cry. As he does so, the waves leap up, and lick their feet with lengths of angry spray.

"God was very good to us, to send me back here," Harold whispers. "I could not tell why I came. I understand now."

A cloud of foam sweeps in. He struggles to to the further end of the cave, still clasping Janet in his arms.

"Death!" she says, softly, looking into his face with a peaceful smile. "With you! Thank God, with you! Hold fast—fast! Let us go together. Harold! Husband——"

Then she lies silent and senseless, pillowed upon his breast.

When consciousness comes back, she is lying there still, the vaulted roof above them; the sea yet roaring close below. But He who once saved the twelve chosen ones in the little barque, beset by the midnight tempest, has again said to the waves, "*Peace, be still!*" and so spared the husband and wife to redeem the past, and set forth anew into earthly life, now going hand in hand, never to be separated any more, in time or in the sweep of endless cycles beyond this mortal sphere.

THE END.

A FAREWELL.

BY JULIA E. LEIGH.

A few short weeks of friendship sweet,
  And now we part to meet no more;
And you will never think of me,
  After the pain of parting's o'er.

The sloping hills and country lanes,
  That you will leave behind to-day,
May pleasant pictures bring awhile,
  But they will quickly fade away.

And I shall live the same old life,
  That I had lived before you came,
With all its little cares and joys;
  And yet it will not be the same!

The country lanes will still be here,
  The same bright sky be over head;
The birds will sing as sweetly still—
  But life and love for me are dead.

MERELY AN EPISODE.

BY FANNIE HODGSON BURNETT.

THEY were two very different creatures to begin with, and they were in very different moods at the present moment.

Charley was in a good enough humor, and leaned back in the most comfortable chair in the room enjoying her *marrons glacè* to the utmost, and looking the very picture of beautiful content, though a trifle surprised withal.

Charley always was in a good humor, well satisfied with herself, her pretty face, her belongings, and only desirous of being let alone. She really could not see why Prue should be in such a rage.

But to Prue—poor, brown, honest, hot-tempered little Prue—the matter appeared differently. Her eyes sparkled indignantly, her cheeks were uncomfortably red, her small fists clenched themselves, and she walked to and fro.

"Charley!" she exclaimed, "Charley, you—you are a—a cold-hearted, selfish—animal!"

Charley took another *marron glacè*, and set her white teeth into it with a gently speculative air.

"You are a rude little thing," she said, sweetly. "And nothing but your youth makes your temper excusable. And, as to my being selfish, I am sure I don't see why. A person——"

"A person!" cried Prue. "Yes, I dare say, and it is always the first person with you. You never stop to think of the second person, or the third. I am out of all patience. You white, cold, even-tempered——"

Charley took her turn at interruption here, smiling one of her cherubic smiles, and showing her loveliest dimple.

"To be sure, I can't call you that," she said.

"No," returned Prue, "to be sure you can't."

But she did not take up cudgels on her own account, and seeing that she did not intend to, Charley gave her a glance of inspection, and then spoke again.

"How is it you never quarrel for yourself," she put it to her. "You never do, and you are always squabbling for other people; Dick, or somebody."

"Oh," answered Prue, shortly, "I can stand it. I don't care about myself."

Charley gave her another quiet look.

"But you do care about Dick?" she suggested.

Prue's reply was straightforward enough, though she winced slightly.

"I should be ashamed of myself, if I didn't," she said. "Dick is worth loving, and always was. I was truer to him than you were when we were children, though he did love you best, and make himself your slave, and bear everything from you."

Charley indulged in another cherubic smile, and another *marron glacè*, and sighed prettily.

"Poor Dick!" she condescended.

"Poor Dick!" Prue echoed. "Poor Dick, indeed! It is all very well to look gentle, and say 'Poor Dick.' But that is your way. And to think how he loves and trusts you, and how happy you might make him. Oh, how happy I would make people if I were as pretty as you are."

Charley craned her round, white throat, to get a glimpse of the pier-glass, and then she shook her head.

"No you wouldn't," she answered. "You couldn't do it, unless you were a Turk or a Mormon."

But Prue did not laugh at the perfect good faith with which this guileless observation was made. She only shrugged her shoulders fiercely.

"Pah!" she said, and took another quick turn across the room.

When she neared Charley again, she wheeled about, and confronted her.

"When is Dick coming?" she asked.

"I don't know," was the answer. "How should I? He said he would leave Calcutta on the first, I think."

"You 'think,'" echoed Prue. "And the poor fellow thinks he is coming home to marry you?"

Charley made a nervous little move.

"Oh, don't," she said, looking half-frightened. "I don't like to—to bring it so near."

Prue advanced one step.

"Charley," she said, solemnly, "you don't mean to tell me that you care for the other one."

Charley became desperate, but she certainly did not look like a young person who felt convicted of caring for "another one." She only appeared frightened and restless, and as if she was very anxious to be let alone.

"I wish you wouldn't be so uncomfortable!" she exclaimed. "I wish you would let Dick and Jack Ingoldsby take care of themselves. I am sure they are equal to the task. I think there

never was a poor girl so worried as I am, between you all. You scolding, and Dick writing, and Jack raving. What am I to do? I cannot be rude to people, and if I am polite, they will—Well, you see how it is with Jack Ingoldsby. He will not let me alone, and he says I can save his soul, or ruin it. And then there is Dick, writing that his future is in my hands. And if I save Jack's soul, what am I to do with Dick's; and if I save Dick's, what is to become of Jack Ingoldsby. And as to you, instead of helping me, you are worse than Jack and Dick put together. Why cannot you be comfortable?"

Prue regarded her with a cold sternness which was undoubtedly most trying. She entirely ignored her pleadings.

"It is a nice thing to hear you talking of 'Jack,'" she remarked. "I did not know you had got to that point."

"How can I help it?" faltered Charley.

"You cannot help it," answered Prue, succinctly. "You have not soul enough!"

"Well, then," said Charley, "why don't you leave me alone?"

She was not at all amazed at the remark. It did not trouble her to hear that she had no soul. She never asked herself disagreeable questions about her own soul, or other people's. But Prue's next speech did disturb her to some extent.

"I will leave you alone," she said, "and then, when Dick comes, and finds you entangled with this Ingoldsby man, you can manage the matter for yourself. I think I shall like to see what you will make of it." And she walked deliberately out of the room.

"Prue!" Charley called after her, but she would not come back.

Finding herself fairly deserted, Charley made the best of the matter. She was far from feeling at ease, but she settled herself more comfortably in her chair, and turned pensively to her *bon-bons*. Certainly her prospects presented rather a trying aspect. She could scarcely remember the time when she had not seemed to belong exclusively to Dick. She did not know how it had come about, but this was the exact state of affairs. When they had been children together, he had been her slave and adorer; he had borne with her tyrannies and caprices; he had obeyed her behests; he had sacrificed himself to her continually. He had been fond of Prue, who was several years her junior, and he had praised her honesty and courage; but it was Charley he had loved, and bowed down before.

"I ought to care most for Prue," he had said, when he was twelve years old, and he had said it ruefully, and with some indignation. "She gives up to me, and she likes me, and she is a plucky little thing, too. But I don't care most for her. I care most for you; and it's a shame!"

"I am prettier than Prue," Charley had said, calmly. "People always care most for me."

And so they did. And when she was older, the case was the same. The lovely child grew into a guileless-looking young woman, with a delicious pair of wide, clear eyes, and a cherubic face, as innocent as a baby's. The soft hair fell in little wayward rings on a brow, low and white, like a child's. The girl's dimples were simply bewilderingly pretty. They showed themselves when she laughed, when she frowned, when she was surprised. She looked like an exquisite, full-grown edition of one of Raphael's child-angels, but she was, in fact, an empty delusion and a soulless snare.

But Dick had not found this out. As Dick grew to manhood, his love grew also; and, somehow or other, Charley found herself engaged to him.

He was handsome and clever, and he admired her so much, and was so ready to submit to her. So she let him persuade her to promise to marry him; and, on the strength of this promise, he went to Calcutta to make his fortune, because a fortune was necessary to Charley's happiness.

"I should not mind being married, if I could have everything I wanted." And as she made this ingenuous remark, Charley's little smile was so entrancing, that Dick could only kiss the hand she had obligingly permitted him to hold, and wonder at the extent of his own happiness.

He went to Calcutta, and worked early and late. He caught fevers, and lay at death's door, on one or two occasions, but the thought of Charley's fair, foolish face, and lazy little smile, kept life in him, and helped him to battle against pain, and hazard, and difficulty. He spent his scant salary on absurd, extravagant presents, and sent them home to Charley; and he wrote long letters, which Charley found it difficult to read even by instalments. He lived on her love, and clung to it with a passion and faith piteous to see. If Charley's letters were a little empty, and rather rambled from the point, he only thought how innocent and simple she was, and dreamed of the time when she would be wiser in love's ways.

As for Charley herself, she was quite comfortable. Dick's diffuseness tired her somewhat, but she managed to bear up under it by dint of perusing his frequent outpourings, a page at a time, and answering them in the same way. She liked the presents, which were all rare, pretty things to wear; and when she tried the articles on for

the first time, she often felt quite affectionately moved toward the donor. Once, when she stood before the mirror, in an exquisite Indian muslin he had sent, she found herself so charming, that she raised her arm, and kissed the lace frill upon it.

"Why did you do that?" asked practical Prue, startled a little.

"Oh, I don't know exactly," was the answer. "It looks so nice, and I like it so."

"I thought it was for Dick," said Prue, coolly.

"For Dick!" laughed Charley, opening her eyes.

But when next she wrote to Dick, finding herself at a loss for something to say, she recorded the incident very creditably. "I liked the dress so much, you dear Dick, that I kissed it. Prue said the kiss was for you, and perhaps it was." Which Dick believed most implicitly.

He might not have believed it so wholly, if he had known everything. She was not over-faithful, this ensnaring Charley. She was too fond of admiration not to be generous with her smiles. Men fell in love with her incontinently, and had their trouble for the pains, in the end. It was not love Charley wanted; it was universal adoration. She did not care who gave it her—old men, young men, or middle-aged individuals, who ought to have known better. It was the old story of the knight, who "loved and rode away." But it was Charley who rode away. But though the name of her admirers were legion, she had never had one before who interested her as much as Jack Ingoldsby did. She had heard horribly discreditable stories of Jack Ingoldsby all her girlhood; and she had also heard all sorts of amazing reports of his beauty, and wealth, and lavishness. He had wasted two or three fortunes in riotous living; but that did not matter at all, because he had a few score more in the background. His father had threatened to disinherit him again and again. But who could resist the fascination of beautiful, bad Jack Ingoldsby. He had traveled all over the world, and dozens of beautiful creatures had died of broken hearts through his charms and his neglect. So, hearing all this, Charley had innocently concluded, long before she met him, that he must be "nice." The fact of the matter was, that Jack Ingoldsby was bad enough, but not nearly so bad as he was painted. There was good enough in him to have retrieved him, if he had met with a good woman, with strength of character to make a struggle for him. He was not one of the weak, whose amiability is their snare. He was an unusually fine young fellow, who had been spoiled, and who had gone wrong. But he did not meet with a good woman. He met with Charley. He encountered her at an evening party, and was irrevocably bewitched. If he had taken a fancy to the moon, he would have immediately taken steps to obtain possession of it. So, taking a fancy to Charley, he attacked the fortifications boldly. She was not in his "set," and she had nothing on earth but her clear eyes, and her dimples; but such objections were puerile. He made love to Charley; he followed her here and there; he called on her again and again: and each time he saw her he was more bewitched than ever. In the end, he threw himself at her feet, though this fact was discreetly kept secret from Prue. He concealed nothing. He had been bad enough, as bad as the worst, but Charley could save him. He would begin a new life for her sake. He really believed that the girl was as angelic as she looked, and he trusted her as completely as Dick did. He had heard nothing of Dick. Charley was discreetly silent upon this point, also. When Jack Ingoldsby knelt at her side, with real tears in his handsome eyes, and implored her to forget his past, and vowed that he would have been willing to sacrifice all he owned for the inward knowledge that his life had been a pure one, and that he was worthy of her, she looked at him with a sweet, troubled smile on her infantile mouth, and faltered out, "Oh, please, don't! It frightens me! I know you will be good now. Please, don't!" And looked bewildering in her unsophisticated distress. And but that Jack Ingoldsby was a fiery lover, she might never have gone any further. But the time came when his tempestuousness betrayed her into divers little indiscretions. And so it was, that here was the end, now that Dick was coming home, having inconveniently made the fortune through a marvellous stroke of good luck; and she was in the rather trying position of being afraid to face him.

What would he say to Jack Ingoldsby, and what would Jack Ingoldsby say to him? How could she explain matters satisfactorily, if they each chanced to learn the whole truth. With Jack at a safe distance, she was quite equal to telling divers little lies to Dick; or, with Dick away, she could have done the same in case of difficulty with Jack. But with both on her hands——! She almost swallowed a *marron glace* whole in her trepidation. Ingoldsby had sent to Paris for the *marron glace* for her, by the way, and while she ate them, she was dressed in Dick's sheer Indian muslin and rich old lace.

When the clock struck four, she glanced round the room rather uneasily. It was just as well

that Prue had left her to herself. She had a little engagement, of which that sturdy young person would hardly have approved; and she must keep it, though, under existing circumstances, it was somewhat hazardous.

She rose from her seat, and went to the glass, and began touching her hair up, turning her head from side to side, and approving of herself in spite of her trifling anxiety.

"He will be waiting," she said; "and he is so impatient. How fond men can be of people, to be sure! And how fond he is of me, poor fellow!" with a little self-satisfied smile.

She did not feel guilty, as she slipped out of the house, and through the garden. She was only afraid of meeting Prue. Once out of sight of the house, she began to feel at ease again. She felt that she had managed rather cleverly; and when she had reached the little wood, which was the trysting-place, she was in quite a serene frame of mind, and conscious of looking her best.

Of course, Jack Ingoldsby was waiting. He stood in the golden autumn sun-glow, holding his horse's bridle on his arm, and watching, impatiently enough. His frame of mind was not serene, it was evident. He was pale, and his knitted brows showed signs of restless anger.

When he caught sight of Charley's white gown advancing through the greenery, he brightened a little, though only a little. She was so ensnaring a picture as she hurried forward, slightly out of breath, and flushed, and smiling radiantly.

"I had to run away," she said, seating herself on the trunk of a fallen tree, and shading her face with a white hand. "Prue was so cross."

"Prue!" exclaimed Ingoldsby. "What business is it of Miss Prue's?"

Charley shrugged her shoulders.

"Oh, you don't know her," she answered, with much simplicity. "She is such a cross little thing when she pleases. And you know I am under everybody's thumb."

Jack Ingoldsby regarded her just a shade discontented.

"Charley," he broke forth at length, "is it because you are under Prue's thumb, that you will insist on keeping me in the background in this curious fashion. You are surely not afraid of a girl of seventeen—and I am beginning to feel more than half ashamed of myself. There are people enough who would say a gentleman should not stand in the position you have persuaded me to stand in. You have never said 'Yes' to me, yet; but after all this you cannot mean to say 'no.' And though I am not exactly a man for a woman to be proud of, this is not fair to me; it is not, indeed, dear. And it is not fair to yourself, Charley."

She had a certain cleverness of her own, this cherubic Charley, and she looked up questioningly in an instant.

"Somebody has been saying something disagreeable to you," she suggested, plaintively.

"Yes," he answered, knitting his brow again. "Somebody has been saying something disagreeable to me, and I want to talk to you about it."

He loosened his hold upon the bridle, and sat down beside her. He took her hand, and bent forward, to look into her downcast face.

"Charley," he cried, passionately, "I love you with my whole soul, and I heard, an hour ago, that you were playing me false."

Thoroughly frightened as she was, Charley had nerve enough not to start.

"Ah!" she murmured, "I knew it was something like that. Whenever anybody likes me, somebody else tells them I am playing them false."

"How many people have 'liked you' during your twenty-one years?" asked Jack, a tinge bitterly. "A great many people, I am afraid, Charley."

"Yes," answered Charley, at once, pathetic, and injured. "A great many people, I am sorry to say. A great many."

The *naivité* of the speech almost disarmed him. How could he help adoring a creature like this? A creature with such a face, and such a voice, and such a soft, submissive air? He kissed her hand with eager love, just as Dick had kissed it long ago.

"I will believe anything you tell me," he whispered. "It is not true, is it—it is not true that there is some one else who has a right to you; a better fellow than I am, and one who has loved you always. Oh, Charley, it cannot be true, that just when I have sworn to begin my life again, it must come to a bitter end."

"I don't know who can have told you such a cruel thing," protested Charley, with tears in her eyes.

How was Ingoldsby to know that they were tears of genuine terror and confusion? In sooth, this timid, easy young traitress did not know where to turn. She could only invent a poor, little, diplomatic slip-shod speech.

"Never mind who told me," said Ingoldsby, feverishly, "if it is not true."

There was only one poor lie to be told, and Charley was fain to tell it stammeringly, and in great dread of the consequences.

"How—how could I be here, if it was," she said.

And then, having gone this far, she was obliged to go farther, and was led from one indiscretion into another, until she was involved in a perfect labyrinth of small fibs, and damaging half-denials of poor Dick and his claims.

"I don't know how I shall get out of it," she said to herself, as she slipped homeward in the twilight. "I suppose I shall get out of it, though. One always does, after awhile; but it is dreadful."

And her eyes filled once more with tears of vexation. But before the day closed the plot thickened. At dinner, a letter was handed to her, and when she opened it, she dropped it, with a faint cry,

"Oh, Prue," she said, helplessly, "Dick has reached London!"

"Has he?" returned Prue, coolly tasting her soup. "Well, of course, it is what one might expect, you know, if he sailed on the first, as he intimated."

"Yes," faltered Charley, meekly.

She did not eat any more soup, though it was her favorite kind, and she was endowed with a good appetite at most times. She neglected the other courses, also, and only revived a little when a certain amber-jelly was brought upon the table—a jelly she much affected, and could not have resisted on the steps of the scaffold.

And yet, after all, she made herself as charming as possible, to meet Dick's eye the next day. She knew he would come, and made divers graceful preparations accordingly. She sewed fresh bows of soft, light blue on a dress of his favorite transparent white; she snooded her hair with blue, touched up the baby-rings on her forehead, and having made her toilet, presented herself in the parlor to Prue, looking like a seraph for sinlessness.

"Do I look nice, Prue?" she asked, trying the pier-glass, as usual. "I should like to look nice when Dick comes."

"You always look nice," snapped Prue. "That is the trouble. And it isn't Dick you care about, it is yourself. You are as vain as a peacock."

But Charley only smiled, and sat down comfortably by the window.

When Dick came at last, her manner was simply perfect. The tender-hearted, impressible fellow thought it was emotion that brought the delicate red to her cheeks, when he rushed into the room, and caught her to his breast.

"Oh, my Charley! My Charley!" he cried, when he could speak. "How beautiful you are! Ah, Prue, how beautiful she is! A thousand times more beautiful than ever! And to think she has been so sweetly true to a poor, rough fellow like me! How can I be grateful enough to her! What is such a life as mine worth, to be laid at her feet? It is not worthy of the honor. Ah, this pays for all! This would pay for years of poverty and work."

Charley settled down into her chair, comfortable again, holding Dick's fingers with a nice little clinging touch.

"Have you been working very hard, poor boy?" she asked. "And are you very rich, indeed? I hope you have not been working too hard."

Dick threw himself on the stool, at her feet, and sat adoring her, and listening hungrily to every sound of her soft, lazy voice. Prue withdrew into the shade of a pair of window-curtains, and looked on with a lump in her throat, and hot, rebellious tears rising in her eyes.

"He will find her out some day, and then—" she murmured. "Oh! he does not deserve it. It is not fair."

For the next few days Charley found matters arranging themselves so smoothly, that she began to think Fate must mean to treat her kindly. It was so easy to forget, with Dick lavishing love and admiration upon her, and Prue forced into silence. It was so pleasant to be admired from morning till night, and have somebody at her feet. She began to be almost fond of Dick. His star was in the ascendant. He had brought a cargo of lovely things for her; rarities only to be found in India. Once, when he had just opened a case of wonders more charming than all the rest, she took his hand, and actually pressed it to her cheek, in her delight.

"Oh, Dick, I am so glad you came home," she cried, artlessly. "And how nice you were, to think of me so."

It was just such a caress as she had bestowed upon the lace frill, but Dick looked upon it as the most bewitching little outburst in the world.

"She is such a child," he said to Prue. "I can hardly believe you are the younger sister, Prue. Why, pretty, foolish Charley!"

But there came a day when this was changed—changed with terrible suddenness. One afternoon he came to the house with a strange expression on his white face. The simple sight of him frightened Charley out of all self-possession.

"Charley," he said, "put on your hat, and come with me."

The color faded out of the girl's cheeks, and she stared at him submissively. She had a vague idea that she was coming unexpectedly upon her hill of difficulty, but she was too great a coward to confront it boldly. She obeyed him, because her shallow brain suggested nothing else. He did not look like Dick at all. He had the air of a man who was terribly in earnest.

"Where are you going?" she asked, timidly. when they passed through the gate.

"We are going to the wood where you used to meet Jack Ingoldsby," he answered.

She gave him one glance, and caught her fluttering breath. She saw that her day of reckoning had come; and it was ten times worse than she had fancied it could be.

"Dick," she cried, "how cruel you are! How can you be——"

But he stopped her, in a voice hopeless enough to have moved her very soul.

"Don't tell me any lies, Charley," he said. "That is all over. I might not have believed the others, but I have seen Prue. I met her after I heard the story, and I asked her to tell me the truth, for God's sake. I told her that my life to come rested upon what she might tell me; and I asked her to remember the years strong men live through, and just to be fair with me. I can believe Prue. She was hard to conquer; but she cannot lie, and she was obliged to give me either yes or no. I can believe Prue, but when I look back I can see things that—that—— Well, it is all over, Charley."

They reached the little road, and he led her to the very spot where she had met Ingoldsby. He even took her to the fallen tree.

"Sit down," he said. "I had a fancy I could talk to you here. But it was not Prue who told me of this. This is your own little secret, Charley."

There really was a kind of pathos in her helplessness. She obeyed him like a child, clasping her hands on her knee, and lifting her face to his. She broke into quick little sobs.

"Please!" she gasped. "Please, Dick, don't! I'm not used to—to being spoken crossly to; and—and I can't bear it. I will never do it again—never. I know it was wicked, but I couldn't help it; and I didn't mean it. Don't look at me in that way, Dick, or you will kill me!"

"No," he answered; "I shall not kill you. You are not the kind that is easily killed."

Her sobs rose into a cry of terror.

"Dick," she wailed, "you have not—it can't be! You would never stop loving me—Charley."

He staggered back a pace, and stared at her in passionate misery. It was as if she had struck him a blow. Then he spoke in a slow, anguished fashion.

"I once thought that, too," he said; and he turned away, and leaned against the tree, hiding his face.

It was rather hard upon Charley. If she could have invented an apt little lie; but she could not. She could only shudder and wring her hands together.

"I will never do it again," she protested. "I didn't mean to be wicked, Dick."

"No!" Dick groaned. "You did not mean it."

She did not quite comprehend the full significance of his words; but she hoped they meant mercy for her, and she tried to pluck up courage a little.

"I never thought Prue would have done such a thing," she began, petulantly. "It is all her fault."

Dick turned toward her again, with the ghost of a smile.

"Was it Prue's fault?" he asked her. "Are you sure it was not mine, Charley? Or, better still, Ingoldsby's?"

Charley made a piteous face, and shrugged her shoulders.

"If you knew all, you would not be so sure it was not Jack Ingoldsby's," she answered. "How am I to keep people from falling in love with me? You—you did it yourself."

But Dick's tender appreciation of her pretty follies was a thing of the past, and he did not smile this time.

"I ought not to condemn you quite unheard," he said, wearedly. "It is only fair to tell you all I have learned. You have trifled with me, and you have trifled with others; Jack Ingoldsby more than all. For I ought to have known you. You met Ingoldsby here in secret, when he wished to act in honor and candor. You told him that I had no claim upon you, and you let him believe that you were fond of him. You endangered your reputation when you were an honest man's promised wife. The thought of that fact had not a thread's power to hold you. Are these things truth, or lies?"

"I—I. He led me into it," she answered, after a pause, in a burst of wretchedness, and she hung her head, the tears slipping down her cheeks.

That was all Dick cared to hear, the last frail tie snapped at that moment,. He gave her a long look, and held out his hand.

"Good-by," he said.

Perhaps the old memories crowding upon him made his voice choked and unsteady. After these hard years of danger, and faith, and love's labor—love's labor lost! Far, far better, that he should have come home, and found the earth lying heavy on the fair, foolish face! But Charley fancied she detected relenting in his tone, and she acted upon the supposition. She hung her head more dejectedly, and let her tears run faster; she sobbed soft, quivering, childish sobs, and did not say a

word. The next instant, however, she was undeceived, and a sharp shock it was to her. Dick's hand fell, and he turned from her quietly. Her heart leaped into her throat. He was going to leave her in terrible, stern earnest. And then she remembered his loving blindness, his adoration, his readiness of self-sacrifice, his lavishness. Who else would be so willing and tender a slave? Who else would admire her so wholly? And then all the lovely things he had given her! Just two or three steps Dick had taken, when he heard an emotional, little shuddering sob, and Charley had sprung forward, and thrown her arms about his neck. Her cheek touched his shoulders, her beautiful eyes appealed to him quite pathetically. Pride might have controled some women, but not Charley.

"Dick," she pleaded, "don't leave me, Dick, please. No one has ever been so—so faithful to me. And, Dick, if you go away, I know it will end in my marrying Jack Ingoldsby—I know it will. And he isn't a good man, Dick, and I am afraid. Don't leave me. Stay with me, and keep me safe."

Fate had been cruel enough to her already, but all had not been meted out to her until this moment.

Even as she clung to Dick, swayed by the reckless impulse of her unstable, inconsequent nature, standing revealed in a poorer light than she had ever stood revealed in before, both heard a slight crackling of the twigs, a footstep on the sward, and Jack Ingoldsby himself came toward them.

But he did not look like Dick—his handsome face had a sneer upon it. Dick's was only sad and despairing—his was defiant and sardonic. He bared his head, and stood in the sunshine, smiling a smile which almost drove Charley out of her frail senses.

"I thought I should find you here," he said, "and I am glad to be in time. You are fond of this place, Miss Maurier."

But there the power of his youth and passion conquered him, and his mocking changed to fierce earnest. His nature was not such an one as Charley's. There were heights and depths in it such as she could never have comprehended.

"You did your worst for me," he said, hoarsely, "but now I know you—thank God, I know you too shallow and valueless a creature to go to perdition for. You might have been my utter ruin, but I have escaped you, thanks to chance. You said just now, as I came up, that you were afraid you would be driven to marrying me. Don't be afraid of that; your peace will not be so endangered. I shall not trouble you again; this is my last transgression upon your leniency."

Then ye bowed to Dick, with a touch of manly dignity, and replaced his hat upon his head. "I ask your pardon for my words," he added. "I cannot ask her's." And, having ended, turned on his heel, and left them.

Dick's last reproach and farewell was uttered then.

"Oh, Charley," he said, "to think how we have both loved you, and you could be true to neither of us. It is good-by, indeed." And he released himself from her hands gently, and went away, too.

To describe Charley's bitter sense of defeat, and misery, and humiliation, would be a difficult matter. It almost amounted to an agony for the first few minutes after she found herself left alone. She flung herself down upon the turf, and shed the most heartfelt tears of her life; but it was her own helplessness she was weeping for. She felt herself far more to be pitied than any one else. Dick adored her no longer, and Ingoldsby did not even admire her. It was more than she could bear to face all at once.

It was unpleasant enough to think of confronting Prue, but she was obliged to do it at last. She fanned herself with her hat, and walked slowly home, in hopes that the cool air would destroy the traces of her emotion. But Prue did not avoid the dreaded subject. She met her at the door with a succinct remark, and Charley saw she had been crying, too.

"Dick has gone," she said.

"Where?" faltered Charley.

"Back to Calcutta," answered Prue, choking back a sob.

Charley stood a moment in apparently humble silence, and then she spoke in sweet reflectiveness.

"I wonder if he will expect me to send back all his presents," she said.

Prue turned her back upon her, and marched away. Charley went up stairs, and consulted her glass, to see if she was very much disfigured by her tears. She looked like a baby who had cried. Her eyes were soft and dewy, her cheeks wore a warm flush, and the evening wind had ruffled the little wayward rings upon her brow. She was sufficiently encouraged to draw a sigh of relief.

"It is the most disagreeable thing that ever happened to me in my life," she murmured. "But," and here she smiled the cherubic smile, "I am too—too pretty not to be—married some day."

Merely an episode!

KIRKE.

BY JEAN SCOFIELD.

EVENING is drawing on, gray and chill. In the foreground is a lonely road, or rather trail, which emerges from the wilderness at one side, to vanish again in the wilderness at the other. In the centre is a wide clearing, upon which stands a comfortable log house. In the background is the sombre magnificence of the primitive forest, standing out against a pale, clear, golden sky.

Several persons are collected in a group by the road-side. With two exceptions, they are rough, stalwart lumbermen, returning to their cabin at the close of the day's work. Of these two exceptions, one is Mr. Murray, the proprietor of the dwelling yonder; a gentlemen from the east, who has brought his invalid wife and delicate daughter to this wild region, hoping the far-famed purity of its climate may effect for them the usual wonders. The other is his factotum, Ben, a gaunt, shrewd-featured New Englander, of the stuff of which pioneers are made.

"To think this should happen at my door!" Mr. Murray is saying, perplexed and excited. "Under the circumstances, I hardly know what my duty is. Were it any other person, I should say at once, 'Bring him in, bring him in, and send for a doctor.' But to receive Kirke under the same roof with my wife and daughter; a desperado like that—a—— Really, I don't know what to call him—the most notorious character in the country! It's a very unpleasant dilemma."

"It's a sticker, that's a fact," says a broad-shouldered Hercules, meditatively chewing his stubby pipe-stem.

"Pity he wa'n't killed outright," remarks another; "and then there'd ha' been no bother with him."

"Well, he is not killed, and he cannot be left here to die," says Mr. Murray, rather sharply.

"He hain't been a fortnight out o' jail yet," continues the second Hercules, "where he'd been on suspicion o' havin' stuck Bill Caruthers, which would ha' been a hangin' affair, if they'd only had proof enough; and a pity they didn't. If he dies this bout, the county 'll be rid o' the two worst scoundrels in it; for there ain't the match o' this ere Kirke in the diggins since Bill Caruthers is gone up."

With the exception of Mr. Murray, they are all regarding the prostrate figure before them much as if it were that of a wounded wild beast. That gentleman's heart is sorely exercised between its natural benevolence and the quite as natural repugnance toward this social outcast, thrown, as it were, on his charity. What is to be done with him? Ben presently volunteers a suggestion.

"Tell you what, square, if you hain't no objections, and any o' these gentlemen 'll turn in and help, I'll load the critter into the big wagon, and off with him to the Bend, and hunt him up a doctor to look a'ter his bruises. I guess he's bad enough off, and needs all the help he can git mighty quick. What d'ye say, boys?"

"That'll be doin' the square thing," says one, with an affirmative oath.

"Very well, very well," says Mr. Murray, uneasily. "I suppose nothing better can be done. Yes, yes, Ben, see to it at once. Poor fellow! I fear his injuries are very severe; perhaps fatal."

"Them kind don't die so easy," Hercules begins; and then suddenly stammering, steps back, abashed and staring. Mr. Murray looks around with a start.

A young girl has approached the group so lightly and noiselessly, that they have not remarked it, and she now stands close beside them. She had thrown some sort of drapery over her head on leaving the house, but it has fallen back on her shoulders, and the golden head, the beautiful, flower-like face, and large, startled eyes, seem to illuminate the twilight, like a bright passage in the midst of some sombre poem.

"Theresa, what are you doing here?" says her father, reprovingly. "Go back to the house, child; it's no place for you."

"Mrs. Ben said some stranger had met with an accident, and I ran down to see what was keeping you so long," says Theresa, her clear, bird-like voice tremulous. "Papa, what are you going to do with the poor fellow?"

"Ben will take him to the Bend, and see that he is cared for, my dear. You had better go in."

Theresa has given one involuntary glance at the sufferer, and, shuddering, drawn back behind her father.

"But it is so far to the Bend, papa, and so late, and the roads are so bad. Had they not better carry him into the house?"

"But you don't consider who the man is, Theresa. It is Kirke—the notorious Kirke."

"What difference does it make who he is, papa?" says Theresa, bravely. "It is enough to know that he needs our care."

"My dear, you are too tender-hearted. If it was Beelzebub, or Long Arrow, who has threatened all our lives, you would want him taken in and nursed all the same," says Mr. Murray, with impatience; a sure sign that he is on the point of yielding.

"To be sure, papa. And you know it would be our duty. Please, papa, let them carry the man in. You will never be sorry. I feel you never will."

"But, Theresa—Kirke——"

"But, papa, Jesus Christ!" The tears begin to gather in Theresa's eyes; her voice sinks. "'A stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me.' Papa, I'm ashamed to seem to be preaching, but——"

A tear from Theresa is a most powerful argument with her father. Not absolutely with the best grace in the world, he orders his daughter back to the house, and requests the assistance of the men in carrying their fallen fellow-creature in. They comply with alacrity. Somehow, the sight of the fair young girl, and her few words, have touched the rock of their rough, but human hearts, and up gush the waters of sympathy. They are ready, now, to do anything for Kirke. One Hercules volunteers to go for a doctor; another offers to remain and sit up with the wounded man during the night.

Thus, for the first time in many a long year, Kirke becomes the inmate of a decent home, and is tended by Christian hands. None of that household is accustomed to do things by halves. The man having once been received under their roof, all are ready to do for him whatever brotherly kindness can suggest. Nor is it an easy task they have undertaken. A broken limb and broken ribs are not healed in a day; and for long weeks Kirke lies helpless on the hands of his hospitable entertainers. But Ben and his wife, occasionally assisted by a friendly neighbor, prove to be excellent nurses, and Kirke does not die.

At first, the man is bewildered by his position; and who can wonder? To be suddenly transported from the accustomed wild, bad life of danger and excitement, to this pure and quiet atmosphere, is almost as great a change for him as it would be for some of your acquaintances to enter heaven. These people are not of his kind, nor he of theirs. He is shy of saying much to them, and they do not know how to talk to him. Mr. Murray visits him frequently, and Kirke is civil, but very silent. Once or twice the good gentleman has attempted a little serious talk with his strange guest, but it has been so stolidly received, that he has given it up in despair. Mrs. Murray, also, in a heroic moment, pays him a visit; but the poor lady is hardly in the room before her nerves fail, and, with a faint word or two of sympathy, she retreats, and declares she is sure she will dream of the dreadful man for weeks; and she wishes he were well out of the house, and nobody murdered.

For the most part, he bears his sufferings, outwardly, with stoical endurance, inwardly cursing his fate, and anxiously impatient to recover his strength, and escape from the unnatural restraints of order, kindness, and decency. Not that the man is not, in his way, grateful; he is only uneasy, and out of place. Besides, he suspects Mr. Murray of a desire to "convert" him, and angrily resents the idea of any mortal's presuming thus toward him—Gus Kirke; trying to take him in, he phrases it to himself. They are a soft lot, anyway, he thinks, with a kind of toleration for their weakness.

One thing in the place he likes, though he says nothing about it. There is a piano in a room near by, and almost every day its chords vibrate to sweet sounds, often accompanied by a voice sweeter than their own. That is the chief pleasure of Kirke's long, terrible days. Not that the choice of the invisible musician is always to his liking. One day she sang the "Land o' the Leal," and startled Kirke with a sudden recollection of the old mother who used to sing it; and such a crowd of other memories of that old mother followed the first, that the man muttered an angry oath, and put his fingers to his ears to shut out the sound. Another time she sang "Annie Laurie," and Kirke thought of the pink-checked girl who sat by his side at spelling-school, twenty years ago—he was a wild boy then, but not like this—and of the fancies he had had of his own and Lucy's future, and of what it had all come to; and he became more desperately impatient than ever to be out of the house. But impatience will not help him. He cannot so much as take one step, and is fettered by his weakness more effectually than iron could do it. In this strait, notwithstanding such occasional drawbacks, the piano is his great consoler and friend.

Do you suppose Theresa Murray, sitting down every day to sing and play, has any idea that she is preaching to a poor, benighted soul a wonderful sermon without words, which penetrates where the most eloquent sermons of the greatest

divines could not? Not at all. She does not dream of becoming an evangelist. The most effective preaching is often the most unconscious. What has not the innocent touch of a child's little hand done for many and many a worldly or wicked life? As much as makes the difference between two eternities.

Kirke's anxiety to be off is very sincere; but as the time draws nearer and nearer, it brings with it a strange, undefinable reluctance. The old, exciting career, regarded from this peaceful standpoint, is not absolutely what it has hitherto seemed to be. It has its charms yet, no doubt; but Kirke sometimes finds a curious debate going on within himself, much to his own astonishment, as to whether a life of self-restraint, quiet, and respectability, in spite of its apparent prosiness, may not be preferable in the long run. Besides, when he is once well and away, he will be out of the sound of that sweet voice. He thinks he would like to see the singer's face before he goes. He is quite sure it is the same face he is vaguely conscious, that hovered near him on the evening of his accident. He remembers, too, some compassionate words uttered over him in that same voice. Any thought of obligation to the household centres always in her.

At last the doctor tells him he may attempt to walk in a day or two, but he adds something that sounds like a death-warrant, or worse, in Kirke's ears. He will walk, but never erectly and swiftly again; some fatal injury has befallen sinew and joint; Kirke is doomed to be a cripple for life. He cannot believe it, at first; he will not believe it; and when conviction, in no gentle terms, is forced upon him by the doctor, he is fairly overwhelmed. With a savage burst of blasphemy, a curse against God and man, he buries his face in the pillow, and is silent. Such rough attempts at consolation as Ben and the doctor offer, he resents, desires them to get out of his sight. They leave him alone, to reconcile himself, as best he may, with the new conditions of his existence.

In the meantime there is excitement in the house, with which Kirke has nothing to do. Business suddenly calls Mr. Murray away, and as it is the first time he has been separated from his family for a night since he brought them to this lonely spot, there is a corresponding bustle of departure, and a multitude of last words and last directions. At the final moment, Mr. Murray hesitates to go. Trusting and believing that he leaves his wife and daughter safe and well protected, he cannot account for this feeling, and concludes it must be that he is more or less affected by his wife's nervousness over his absence.

"But I'll be back to-morrow evening, at the latest," he repeats, for the twentieth time, "and there is not the slightest excuse for worrying."

"If you cannot return before evening, John, you must really promise to remain until the next day," says his wife, always ready with her apprehensions. "It is such a long, dreary ride, especially after dark; and then, you know, that dreadful Long Arrow has been seen in the neighborhood lately; and I tremble when I think of the threats he has made against you; those Indians are so revengeful! Pray, be careful, and promise me you won't attempt to travel at night."

"Well, then, I promise," says Mr. Murray. "Bless me, how nervous these women are!" Then he turns around to give minute directions as to the bolting and securing of the house in his absence, and ten times as nervous as his wife, at last mounts his horse and rides away. Looking back at the house, something like a presentiment of evil tugs so strongly at his heart, that he is tempted to renounce his journey altogether, but ashamed of what looks so extremely like a foolish weakness, he says, "Pshaw!" to himself, and proceeds.

The remaining members of the household go about their usual affairs. Before retiring at night, Mrs. Murray patrols the house like a sentinel. It is so well secured that the family will have difficulty in releasing themselves next day. She is afraid of Indians, of horse-thieves, of rattlesnakes, of Kirke; she is sure they will never see daylight again. But they do; and it is already late in the afternoon of the second day of Mr. Murray's absence.

Mrs. Murray, after her night of anxiety, has lain down for a nap; Mrs. Ben is gathering whortleberries; the men are busy with their work not far from the house; Theresa is at the piano, singing and playing, and Kirke is alone in his room.

His mind is full of the doctor's terrible judgment. Is he henceforth to crawl between heaven and earth, an object of pity even to the meanest—the poor, maimed wreck of a man? He, who but yesterday, as it were, exulted in the pride and fullness of animal strength? It seems like the horrible transformations of a dream—monstrous, not to be credited. Bitter, and sore, and unresigned, everything for this world looks black to him, and of another he but seldom thinks. Nevertheless, he is not exactly what he has been. He does not realize it himself; others have not noticed it, but there is a change, an undefinable change. A little wedge has been inserted into a long-neglected fissure of the man's tough-fibred heart; but one blow is needed to drive it home.

Theresa Murray is singing and playing. At first, the music angers him; it seems to be mocking his solitude and misery. But as it continues, he grows calmer by degrees. All the house is silent, but for those sounds. An idea strikes him. He is going away so soon; perhaps he may not have another opportunity to see the young girl to whom he owes so much, and who has touched some tender chords of which he is hardly conscious, deep down in the man's begrimmed soul. The house is deserted, and nobody will be the wiser if he steals out, and takes a look at her; he will at least have a clear memory of her face to carry away with him. It is partly curiosity, and partly a better feeling; partly, too, a desire to escape by any means from the dreary contemplation of his own misery. It has sometimes occurred to Kirke, of late, that he was not meant to be a bad man; he thinks of it now, and wonders vaguely what he was meant to be. Then he makes the first attempt to leave his room since he entered it.

He is weaker than he thought, and in taking a single step, he finds the doctor's words verified; he can only drag himself painfully and slowly along. With a kind of horror upon him, he sets his teeth together, and wishes he had died rather than linger on to meet such a fate.

Supporting himself against the wall, he crawls out of his room, and slowly makes his way toward the door, which lies between him and the singer. Crouching down beside it, exhausted and trembling, he has his wish. Theresa sits at the piano, her delicate profile outlined against the window opposite, her youth and beauty shining in the low-ceiled, homely room, like a star.

Kirke remains quite still, watching her. She is playing a simple, but touching air; something in it reminds you of the odor of violets in the spring. A sense of awful, impassable distance grows upon him as he gazes and listens. What is he? Even to mention his career in the presence of innocence is to offend it. He, born to fair prospects and an honorable name, has thrown away the one, and blackened the other. He has been the willing associate, nay, the leader of men whom vice and crime have almost thrown without the pale of humanity. His very name is a synonym for whatever is bad. He forgets the physical infirmities which he but now cursed as his greatest misfortune. An unutterable sense of degradation and desolation possesses him. Unable to resist the impulse, he gradually sinks on his knees, and reclining against the wall, weeps bitter tears—despairing tears. All is lost; all thrown away—honor, reputation, happiness; health and strength have followed them. What can the wretched prodigal do but weep! What can he do but despair?

I think an angel puts it into Theresa's heart at this moment, to sing an old, familiar hymn. Kirke has heard it many times in his boyhood. Every line and note speak to him with an eloquence which only old associations could give. It possessed little meaning then; but now, did the voice of his dead mother speak from the grave, it could not speak with more power. It is a soul's supreme moment. Kirke's hardened, bitter heart melts within him; a keen longing to be something better than he is—something not unfit to breathe the same atmosphere with that pure young creature; to do something to retrieve his unworthy past—fills his breast. I believe, at this moment, true repentance visits the man's soul, and that the Kirke, who kneels weeping at the door of the rude parlor, is one of those over whom the angels in heaven rejoice.

Theresa, in the meantime, absorbed in sweet sounds, hears nothing, and sees nothing. But as she is finishing a plaintive old ballad, something—a shadow, a stealthy step, she scarcely knows what—causes her to glance with a start behind her. Great God! Is it a fearful illusion! The word on her lip dies in an inarticulate moan. She faintly strives to rise, to fly; but the blood in her veins is turning to ice. Death, a horrible death, menaces her, and she is powerless even to shriek. The swarthy features of Long Arrow scowl upon her with demoniac ferocity! The long knife in his uplifted hand gleams above her! A moment more, and the Indian's coveted vengeance will be consummated. Theresa closes her eyes, thinks of her mother, and tries to say a last prayer.

But there is a rescue at hand. The bright young life is not to close thus. Almost at the same moment as Theresa, Kirke has caught sight of the intruding savage. He is on his feet. Instantly, with the strength of desperation, he throws himself upon the astounded Long Arrow, and they are locked in a deadly struggle. Theresa's screams reach the ears of the men in the field. They drop their tools, and hasten to the house with their utmost speed, expecting they know not what.

What they find is a room in utter disorder! Mrs. Murray fainting at the door; Theresa Murray kneeling on the floor, holding Kirke's hands in hers. Long Arrow's terrible knife has missed the victim for whom he had destined it, but it has found another. Long Arrow has escaped. But Kirke is dying.

The career of the wild western desperado is over; the new life, just begun, will be completed

elsewhere. The men soon comprehend how it is. They bare their heads around the recumbent form.

However Kirke has lived, he is dying like a hero at last; and the rudest among us have the instinct of the heroic.

"Kirke, what shall I do for you? What shall I say to you? Oh, Kirke, do you know how to pray?" says Theresa, with fast-dropping tears.

"Not much. Say a prayer for me," says Kirke, faintly.

"I'll pray for you as long as I live. Oh, Kirke, pray for yourself! It's not too late."

"Yes, yes. Just now I prayed. I reckon the Almighty heard me; for He let me save your life; and I couldn't ask for anything more. Don't forget me, Theresa."

"Never, never! Oh, poor Kirke! To think you gave your life for me! Oh, may God bless you! May He have mercy upon you!"

"Amen!" says Kirke, with a long sigh. Theresa kisses the cold hand, over which her tears rain so thickly. It drops heavily. A gleam like a smile, a look of surprise, as at something beautiful crosses the outlaw's face. It is the last look that will ever rest there in this world. He is gone.

And this is how Kirke died.

WEE-WEE'S LULLABY.

BY L. A. W. SHACKELFORD.

Wee-wee, sweet! Bonnie sweet!
  Dainty baby Bell!
Rest your little head to sleep,
  While mother rocks you well
Fold your pearly rose-leaf lids
  Over bright eyes blue—.
Purple-blue of hyacinths,
  Tipped with gleamy dew.

Goldy locks, peach-bloom cheeks,
  Ripe strawberry lips,
Full of honey-dew more sweet
  Than queen-bee ever sips,
Nestle here, and mother's arms
  Will take you, soft and slow,
To see the bonnie, blessed things
  The bright dream spirits show.

Should the whole world coaxing come,
  With its throne to-day,
Mother would not, for its throne,
  Give her love away.
All the nabobs of the earth,
  Counting down their gold,
Never have the quarter-worth
  Of baby's kisses told.

All the might of all the world—
  Crowns, and pounds, and lands,
Are not worth a finger-tip
  Of baby's tiny hands.
All the gems of land and sea,
  And stars in all the skies,
Are not worth, to mother's heart,
  The light in baby's eyes.

Bands of fairy flower horns,
  Wound in mountain air;
Syren's harp of pearly shell,
  Strung with amber hair,
Nor any song is half so sweet,
  Say they what they will,
As Wee-wee's little merry laugh,
  And Wee-wee's coo and trill.

But, darling with the hidden wings!
  Bonnie baby, Bell!
Silver-tongue is weary now;
  That can mother tell.
So rest you gently here awhile,
  And mother's care will keep
Sweet quiet for her sweetest one,
  As long as she may sleep.

IT WAS A DREAM.

BY ANNIE ROBERTSON NOXON.

It was a dream—it was a dream—
  Haply such dreams do come;
When only cobwebs fill the brain,
  And lips are dumb,
And fingers drop the tangled skein.

It was a dream—it was a dream;
  I know 'twas false as fair;
But, ah! it was of beauteous worlds,
  And you were there;
We met upon the angel's stair.

We met as here we never meet,
  No troubled thought between;
The skies were bluer than these skies;
  The trees more green.
More tender were your tender eyes.

I thought, as sometimes dreamers think,
  That life had gone away;
That we had wandered into space;
  No longer clay;
  No longer beasts and birds of prey.

We had no foul and scheming heart,
  To mock our happy sleep;
No busy hands to dig at graves,
  No tears to weep;
No appetite that mortal craves.

We were contented; this—no more;
  We knew not, asked not why;
No longer did we fear to part,
  Or dread to die.
  That we had vanquished—you and I.

It was a dream! It was a dream!
  I ne'er may touch your hand;
We may not meet on earth again,
  But, in the dreamer's land,
They cannot, cannot part us twain.

THE DAYS OF SEVENTY-SIX.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.].

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 362.

CHAPTER XV.

The British army entered New York, and held high carnival there, while Washington continued his masterly and slow retreat to the upper end of Manhattan Island, under such disadvantages as few men can struggle with and conquer.

To the Royalists, half the neutrals, and unthinking young people, this was a gala day, and their enthusiasm quite overpowered the gloom of the patriots, citizens who, unable to escape or oppose the hateful pageant, looked on in grim silence, while crowds applauded, and the streets were literally alive with scarlet uniforms, emblazoned banners, and lordly generals on caparisoned war-horses, all moving to blasts of martial music, with the uplifted faces and measured tread of conquerors, along the streets so lately occupied by the coarsely-clad, rudely-armed farmers, who had hurried from their plows and cider-mills, to give their lives up in any rude fashion that would serve the country they loved.

To thinking minds grandeur of action is understood better than material effects; but such minds are always in the minority with crowds; and for a time all this grand paraphernalia of war inspired wider enthusiasm than was yet felt for Sterling, and his little band of martyrs, who had only a few days before faced death in the Gowanus marshes. There was something that appealed directly to the imagination in troops thus gorgeously attired, led on by noblemen who boasted the blood of kings in their veins; something that aroused an enthusiasm of romance even in those who, in calmer moments, loved the cause these men had come to crush.

Many a fair woman and lovely girl, that day, stood behind the half-drawn curtains of her window, and looked forth on the glittering pageant, with burning cheeks and throbbing pulse, forgetting, in the music and rare excitement, that track across Long Island, which was yet red with the best blood of our retreating army.

"There is nothing so successful as success." While some brave men and consistent women witnessed this scene in mute sorrow, or burning rage, the masses turned the calamity into a gala season, and hailed it, as a burst of sunshine, after the dull heaviness of a cloud has rolled away. Many who had grudgingly opened their doors to the rustic patriots, who had no idea of war save endurance and fighting, now flung their houses wide open for the lordly officers who mingling gallantry with their military duties, brought the sumptuous habits, and gay amusements of the old world, in sparkling contrast with the gravity and earnest patriotism of ours.

Thus days and weeks wore on. Never had the city been so gay! Never had its houses rung with such merry laughter, or the public walks resounded with grander music. Never had all that was bright and beautiful among women received such graceful homage.

Is it strange that the army of patriots, building defences, and digging ditches knee-deep in mud, at Washington Heights, should have been almost forgotten by the floating population that hide their faces in a storm, but turn them smiling when the south wind blows.

When the first excitement had abated a little, and the army had settled down into quarters, as pigeons, when weary of flight, sweep down among the trees of a grove, many persons, who had fled from the city while it was held by the patriots, came flocking back to their old homes, thus adding to the general cheerfulness. With them came strangers, also Royalists, seeking shelter near the British, or strangers drawn to the city from various motives, all of whom served to swell the social tide, and make New York the headquarters for those aristocrats who still adhered to the traditions of Old England, or had private aspirations to gratify.

During the occupation of Washington, many houses in the city had been abandoned, or shut up by the owners, and, as a general thing, these buildings had been left unmolested. One of them, a large brick house, near the Battery, and within sight of the Bowling Green, was opened one morning, and a half-dozen negro servants, all strangers in the neighborhood, were busy as bees, dusting the shutters, shaking rugs, and making such general arrangements as precede the advent of a family. A young officer, who

was quartered in a neighboring house, paused a moment, and, in a careless, pleasant fashion, entered into conversation with an old negro, who seemed to be a leader in these operations.

"So, we are to have neighbors, I see. So much the better. A house with the shutters closed is too much like a tomb for my fancy. Who is coming here, my fine fellow? Some one who loves the King, I hope."

Old Nelse Kingsford lifted one hand to the white locks on his temple, and gave them a little twist with his fingers, as he bowed lower and lower, impressed by the soldierly appearance of the young man.

"Lub de king! Seems like yer never hearn 'bout ole marse Kingsford."

"No, I never did. Who is he?"

"Nebber bin to Philerdelpher, or dat question 'd be a'most 'sultin'."

"No, I never was in Philadelphia. So, there can be no offence in my ignorance."

"Under dem circumstancers, I don't hesitate to say as marse Kingsford is de berry fust gemman in dem parts; an' I am one of his boys."

"Boys! Rather an old one, I should think."

Nelse straightened a lock of his white wool over his eyes, and broke into a chuckling laugh, as it rolled back crisply to his temple.

"Hi, hi! He, he! Dat am de fact. But, yer see, ole marse took dis darkey for his own boy 'fore he went ter college, an' de name sticks."

"Exactly. So, your master is coming from Philadelphia?"

"Jes so."

"And is a good friend to the king?"

"Der most intermate frien' de king ebber had. No mistake 'bout dat."

The officer laughed; at which Nelse grew serious.

"Dat am de livin' truf. De king can boast ob it ebbery day in de year, if he wants ter."

"That is kind," said the young man, striving to look grave. "So, your master is an old man?"

"Jes yer wait one minit, while I learn dem fool niggers how to shake a rug," said Nelse, turning sharply on two young Africans, who were lazily swinging a Turkish rug between them, near the door-step. "Look a here! What you 'bout dar, switchin' dat rug inside de door-yard fence? Get out inter de middle ob de road, an' make de dust fly, dar."

The two men sauntered indolently through the gate, and raised a small cloud of dust in the middle of the street. Then Nelse turned to the officer, and made another elaborate bow.

"'Scuse me, but yer was askin' if marse Kingsford was an ole man. In course not. 'Bout my time ob life."

"Indeed!"

"An' spry as a cricket. Wish yer could jist see him hist Miss Grace onter her side-saddle."

"Miss Grace is his daughter, I suppose?"

"Ye-es, Miss Grace is his darter; but it might a been Miss Rhoder, an' there you'd a bin mistook."

"Two young ladies! Why, that will make the neighborhood brilliant."

"One on 'em is 'nuff for dat."

"I should fancy that one would be Miss Grace," said the young man, who had been watching the darkey's face, as he spoke, with some interest.

"In course. But how did yer guess dat? He, he!"

"Oh, I am famous at guessing. But this young lady. What is she like?"

"Jis like an angeril from de golden streets ob de New Jeruserlem."

"Fair, then?"

"Ha!"

"White——"

"As der lily ob der valler."

"Blue eyes?"

"Like robins's eggs, jes laid."

"Hair——"

"Guinea gold, spun inter flax."

"She must be graceful, too."

"As a trout, when her kinder sails out from under de bank, ballencering herself on her fins."

"Your young mistress must be a rare creature."

"Rare! No. Nothin' skittish 'bout her; gentle as de lamb ob de paster. Now, if yer want one ob de rarer kind, thar's Miss Rhoder, when she's got blue blazers in her eyes."

"Miss Rhoda, I think you said, is not Mr. Kingsford's daughter."

"No. 'Twixt you an' de gate-post, she am ris in de household, Miss Rhoda Clyde is, 'cause der is some ob de ole blood in her; but it's mixed, I tell yer. I's afraid it's awfully mixed."

"How?"

"I's gwoin to 'lustrate. Did yer ebber drink ole apple-jack?"

"Apple-jack? What is that?"

Nelse looked in the young man's face an instant, lost in wondering amazement. Then he broke into a low laugh, dashing one hand against his knee.

"What am dat! Ha, ha, ha! he, he, he! What am apple-jack! Jes as if yer didn't know!"

Nelse curved his hand into a cup, with the

thumb twisted in for a handle, and went through a very fair pantomime of drinking.

"But I do not understand yet," said the officer, greatly amused. "It might be wine or brandy you are taking in that dry drink."

"Wine! Brandy!" answered Nelse, with ineffable contempt. "What am them comparative with apple-jack?"

"Then it is something to drink?"

"For drink! Jes try it. Come in an' pay your 'spects arter ole marse comes on. Nelse 'ill be 'bout, sure. Jest stowed a dimmerjohn in de pantry; ole as der hills; strong as dat feller wid de har, as tore down der gates ob Gallerlee; an' mild as a day-old kitten afore it is drownded."

"This must be a wonderful drink," said the young man, to whom Nelse was a perfectly novel character. "Pray, tell me what it is made of."

"Made on? Apple juice—jes dat. But, as I wer a sayin', Miss Roder, am apple-jack jest arter its 'stilled, when de first fire am in it, sharp, hot, an' strong; sets a feller's head a swimmin' wid de fust drink. But Miss Grace am de ole critter, when it's stood, an' stood, an' stood, till de brash fire am all gone, an' it drinks meller as peaches—so meller dat you kinder forgit how strong it is."

"I shall not forget the illustration," said the young man. "It will be my first American lesson. Apple-jack and the ladies——"

"Mighty nice! Mighty nice, both on 'em," said Nelse, softly rubbing his hands together; "but, oh, Garry! if dar don't come de family coach 'fore its 'spected, an' dem lazy yaller boys confolercating over de rug, as if dar kingdom wasn't a comin'. I say, Scipio Demosthernes, can't you hear de rattle of dem wheels? Take in dat rug, I tells yer, an' stan' ready ter wait on de ladies when dey gits out. Hear, now, I tells yer."

The colored lads gave the rug one vigorous shake, and hurried into the house, then out again, with considerable dust on their clothes, which they had no time to brush off, for the great cream-colored coach came up with a dash, sweeping so close to where the English officer was quietly attempting a retreat, that he was obliged to draw back to the gate, for the leaders had swerved from a straight line, and blocked up his path.

It was an embarrassing position, but the officer accepted it gracefully, though his face was a little flushed when Nelse opened the carriage-door with a jerk, and a stately old gentleman came down the iron steps, bending his head to the young stranger as his foot touched the ground. Then he turned to assist a lady out with more than usual care, for she set her foot irresolutely on the steps, and her pale face, when it appeared, was wan with something more serious than fatigue. It was a beautiful face, no longer young, but full of that delicate loveliness that springs from a pure life, and is more touching than the bloom of beauty ever was. Either the old man's footing was insecure, or he was disabled by fatigue, for when the lady placed her hand on his shoulder, and from necessity threw her weight upon him, he faltered under the pressure.

"Permit me," said the young man, coming forward, and, with gentle care, he too assisted the lady to descend those clumsy steps; then resigning her to Mr. Kingsford, he held the gate open while they passed through.

By this time another face appeared at the carriage-door, and a dainty little foot, in a red-heeled shoe, with silver buckles, was poised on the first step, as if its owner was about to leap impatiently to the ground.

The officer saw the danger, and sprang forward to prevent it.

"Be careful, the distance is more than it seems," he said, with hurried disregard of ceremony.

The girl was dangerously willful, or had given herself too much impetus for retreat. At any rate, instead of drawing back, she half-fell, half-leaped into the arms of the stranger, suddenly outstretched to break her fall. For one moment she clung to him, then struggled from his arms, crimson from neck to forehead, and flashed a look upon that handsome face that brought the blood into it like a storm.

"You are very kind, and I was more than rash," she said, with a light laugh, carelessly shaking the dust from her garments in a fashion that revealed the embroidered clocks that glowed on her silken-clad ankles. "Be careful, Grace, these horrible steps were too much even for me to clear."

"Oh, I shall come down safely," answered a sweet voice from within the coach, and directly a hesitating little foot was thrust out, and a face of wonderful loveliness appeared, looking down upon them.

"Ah, this is Grace," thought the young man, turning from the fair lady, who was still busy with her skirts. "The negro was right. She is like an angel."

He hesitated a little, as men of the world will when impressed by the exceptional purity of a perfect woman, but held out his hand reverently, as if about to touch some consecrated thing, when Grace Kingsford faltered on the first step, and seemed ready to draw back; for his life he

would not have dared to open his arms for her, as he clasped them around the other one.

Grace laid her gloved-hand in his, and carefully descended the steps, thanking him, gently, when she reached the ground. By this time, Rhoda Clyde had arranged her dress, and rather reluctantly followed Grace, as she walked toward the house. When the officer held the gate open, those large and most expressive eyes were lifted once more to his, and withdrawn beneath their sweeping lashes, as stars lose themselves in a cloud.

The officer watched the ladies enter their dwelling, and loitered by the gate, while those poor, tired horses took a little breathing-time in front of the heavy coach, which with the last sunbeams flickering upon its painted pannels and gilded scroll-work still blocked the way. The horses, flecked with foam and clouded with dust, and the traveling-carriage and servants had attracted a crowd of boys to the neighborhood, at which Nelse was deeply offended.

"Jest yer crack yer whip ober der heads, an' larn de young fry betterer manners dan come crowdin' 'bout here; den pull up yer hosses, an' trundle dis yer chariot off to de stable. Dese York ignoramerouses ain't used to sich."

The coachman, to whom Nelse was high domestic authority, gathered up his reins, drew his horses into line, and turned the next corner with a dash that elicited a faint shout of admiration from the crowd which Nelse was majestically waving away with his hand.

The young officer, highly amused by the scene, stood by the gate waiting for a free passage, when Mr. Kingsford came out of the house and addressed him.

"Excuse me, but my wife has been ill, and I forgot everything but her. The journey has been a terribly severe one, and she was completely worn out. So I had no choice but to abandon the young ladies to your care."

"It was both a pleasure and an honor you conferred on me; I was glad to be of service. The lady is not seriously ill, I hope?"

"A little faint and exhausted with fatigue, but quiet and rest will restore her, we hope. It has been a long journey, and our roads are rough affairs, compared to those of your country; for I take you to be an English officer."

The young man bowed, and smiled.

"Pray, accept my thanks, now. The ladies will offer their's hereafter. And, tell me, to whom are they indebted?"

The young man lifted his military hat, and answered, with modest grace,

"Major André, of his majesty's army."

CHAPTER XVI.

"FIRE! Fire! Fire!"

This awful cry came first from the hoarse throat of a city watchman, who still paced his rounds among the soldiers, calling out the time of night. It was echoed fiercely from point to point, by soldiers on guard, and passengers out late in the streets.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!"

The cry swelled and took volume from a thousand voices. Trumpets sounded the alarm. Bells chimed fiercely in, adding their iron clangor to the tumult. Citizens sprang from their beds in dire alarm. Soldiers, thinking it a midnight attack, seized upon their arms, and poured into the street, eager to cope with an enemy that defied their valor.

A band of soldiers, prolonging a fierce drunken carouse in some public house, wanting fire for their pipes, and finding none in the white ashes on the hearth, had torn down the muslin of a curtain at the window, and striking sparks from their flint-locks, twisted it in a wisp, threw it on the table reeking with their potations, and set it on fire, shouting as they thrust their pipes into the burning mass, or turned away in moody silence, scarcely knowing if their pipes were alight or not. In the stupor that was upon them, no one heeded that the fire upon the table turned into liquid, blue flame, and leaped and hissed, licking up the spilled liquor, which lay in pools on the uneven boards, then crept upward and onward, till the room, where half of them had fallen down in a drunken sleep, was hot and red as a furnace, from which they staggered into the street, stolidly muttering, "Fire! Fire!"

The town was one mass of fire now. Flames leaped from the windows, burst through the roof, and gave its red ruin to the wind, which rose, fiend-like, just then, seized upon it greedily, and shook the fiery rain abroad; then seized upon new objects with the swiftness of an evil thought.

Then it was that the cry of fire arose loudest, in which the drunken soldiers joined; some in hoarse shouts, some asking maudlin questions, with the glare of the flames burning red upon their faces.

The wind rose high, and the flames spread, pouring hot sparks in torrents through the great ornamental forest-trees, coiling like serpents along the light wood-work of the fences, dashing floods of burning gold on window-panes and chimneys, till they, too, blazed out, and gave double force to the conflagration.

The streets were black with people now. Men carrying water in buckets, shot in and out of the

crowd. Pumps were in motion at every corner; but there was no organization; no means by which the fire-fiend could be overtaken in its first wild outburst.

With soldiers accustomed to the roar of cannon, and shouts of struggling men, this great tumult scarcely brought the power of disturbance. To young Andre it only waked a dream of battle, though a storm of fire-sparks was drifting through the open window, and shooting ten thousand jewels through the summer curtains of his bed. This filmy material took a fresh current of air, and burst into flame, as the door was flung open, and a young lad rushed in.

With a single leap, the boy seized upon the draperies, tore them down, and flung them, a mass of curling flame, through the window. Then he sprang to the bed, and shook the officer fiercely upon his pillow.

"Get up! Get up! The house is on fire!"

It was the shrill, clear voice of a child, agonized with fear, cutting sharply through the storm of fire; a voice that went to the sleeper's heart. He started from his bed, found his clothes amid the fiery smoke, while the boy, who had seemed so brave, sunk into a corner of the room, with both hands to his face, and was sobbing piteously.

"Take care of yourself, my lad, or you will be suffocated. The room is filling with smoke!" shouted the officer.

"And you—and you!" cried the lad, coming into the glare of the window, where the pale beauty of his face shone out luridly. "The fire can reach you as well as me."

"Well, child, I am ready. Come."

The lad gave a deep sob, and clung to him with both hands, as Andre almost carried him through the rolling smoke.

"Oh, have mercy! The stairs are on fire!" cried the lad, shrinking back.

It was true, tongues of flame were curling up the banisters, and darting across the stairs. Andre took a swift survey of the danger. "Cover your face," he said, promptly; and snatching the lad in his arms, he leaped like a deer down the stairs, and out into the street.

"Take care of yourself, Charley! Take care of yourself, and keep out of harm's way. This is terrible!" he cried, as the boy struggled down from his arms. "The danger here is nothing; but down yonder is a house, where helpless women may be asleep. A house on fire! Great Heavens! And they are strangers! People will think the place untenanted, and do nothing to save them."

Andre seemed to forget the lad in this new alarm, for he turned, before any answer was given to his caution, and dashed down the street.

The boy uttered a faint cry, and sprang after him, following breathlessly through the crowd.

"Let me help!" he panted, rushing to the young man's side, as he reached the door of Kingsford's house, and tried to dash it open.

"It is locked! God help us!" cried Andre, scarcely heeding the lad's presence. "Is there no way?"

The boy, Charles, seized him by the arm.

"The window! It isn't very high. It may not be fastened. Let me climb upon your shoulder."

"Brave boy! My glorious boy! Come!"

The next instant Charley was mounted on the young man's shoulder, with one foot upon the window-sill. He dashed his foot through the sash, leaped through, and was gone.

"The door! Open the door!" shouted Andre.

Almost on the instant the door swung open, and the first flight of stairs was cleared.

"Fire! Fire! Get up, for your lives! Get up! Fire! Fire!"

The house was foggy with smoke, through which a crowd of negro servants came rushing, almost white with terror.

"Where is your master's room? Where——"

Old Nelse did not wait to answer, but, flinging open a door, called out,

"Gor a massy on us! What am yer 'bout, ole marse? Fire! But nebber yer mind; Nelse am here, fire or no fire."

Andre saw that the inmate of that room was aroused, and rushed to the next. One moment he hesitated at the door, then he opened it with noiseless swiftness, and looked in. It was a large chamber, with two deep windows, looking out upon a garden lighted up by the conflagration, till the room itself was flooded. A soft haze of smoke floated in, half veiling the high-posted bedstead, the crowd of snowy curtains, and a fair girl that lay sleeping beneath them.

The danger was terrible, but this young man stood fettered upon the door-sill, and dared not enter.

"I have aroused the rest. They will be saved," said Charles, coming up. "But be quick! Be quick! The fire is close upon us. Is this room empty?"

"No, no! There is a lady still sleeping, but——"

"Still sleeping! A lady! Ah, how beautiful she is!" said the boy. "Stand back! She must not be looked on in her sleep. Don't you know that she would remember it always with shame? I will awake her."

Saying this, the boy glided into the chamber,

lifted the curtains, that veiled the slumbers of Grace Kingsford, and looked down upon her with strange earnestness, murmuring to himself, "Beautiful! Oh, how beautiful!"

The lad might well say that, for a lovelier head and shoulders never rested on the cloudy whiteness of a bed, than those he gazed upon. One glance at the sweet face, the waves of rich hair, half veiling the curved whiteness of an arm folded under the head, half scattered on the pillow, was enough to win a harder heart than his to admiration. Still the boy's face clouded, and leaning forward, he gathered the night-dress, that had fallen away from the white throat, tenderly over it; then, as tenderly, laid a hand on the shoulder he had covered, for the glance and act came together.

"Get up, lady! Get up! It is to save your life. Do not be frightened. Just open your eyes, and look about. Some houses are on fire close by, and this——"

Grace Kingsford opened her eyes widely, wonderingly, like a child disturbed in the midst of her innocent dreams, and bewildered by the shock. Then she became conscious that some one, in the dress of a soldier, was close by her bed, and drew the counterpane up to her affrighted face, and lay there trembling.

"You can see the burning houses. The trees themselves seem on fire. I tell you, there is danger."

"But my father—my mother!" cried the girl, starting up. "Go to them! Go to my poor mother! She is ill; she is helpless. What am I doing here?"

Charles caught hold of the terrified young creature, as her bare feet touched the floor, and held her back.

"Not there, lady. The street door is open. Strange men may be in the house."

Grace shrunk back, wringing her hands for a moment. Then she tore herself away.

"Strange men! What are they to me? Must my mother be left to perish because of this?"

She was darting off through the faint fog of the smoke, a cloudy figure, swift and white as a sea-bird, when the lad stood in her way.

"There is no need of this, lady. Your father is warned. The servants are up. A young lady passed me as I reached your door, just from her bed, as you are. She is with your mother."

"With my mother, and I here! Rhoda is good and strong, but not her own child!"

"Charles! Charles!"

The door opened, and a man's face looked in. The sight of this stranger, more than the boy's pleading, drove Grace from her purpose. She shrunk back, and clung to the bedpost, trembling.

"Charles, Charles, do not frighten the lady. There is time. Ladders are found, and our men are mounting to the roof, with buckets. Tell her to have courage." Then he was gone.

Grace had no strength to move. When assured that the sharp peril was over, all her heroism gave way; but, true to her filial love, she was striving to thrust her trembling arms into the sleeves of a dressing-gown that she had found somehow, when Charles looked back and saw her shaking from head to foot.

"Dear me! How terribly you are frightened," he said, coming from the window, and holding the dressing-gown while she put it on. "But that is nothing—nothing at all. I was terrified to death, at first; but a battle or two cures one of that, unless you have a friend in the action who will expose himself, then I shake and tremble, almost as you do. There, now, here are your slippers. I found them by the fire-light flashing on the buckles. Let me put them on, you will never manage it; but I am awful cool in danger since I came into the service; nothing like that to give a fellow courage."

While he was talking, the boy fell upon his knees, and, without waiting for permission or dissent, put the high-heeled slippers on the girl's feet tenderly as a mother fits the first fleecy socks on her infant.

Grace neither drew back or felt the strangeness of this proceeding. On the contrary, his sympathy comforted her, and she almost smiled down into the handsome face uplifted to hers, as he drew the silken slipper on her foot.

"You are kind; I shall never forget how kind," she said, hurriedly passing from him through the red fire-light. "Some day I shall know better how to thank you."

"Not me. Don't think that I did not know that this house was inhabited. It was Major Andre. He aroused you all. He called up our fellows, and set them to work, or the whole concern would be making ashes now."

The boy spoke eagerly, as if defying some wish of repression. His fine eyes flashed, and his face glowed in the illumination of the room.

"You must thank him," he added; "not me."

"I will; I will! But you, also. Major Andre has already done us a service."

"Ah! I thought so."

The boy was left alone, when this faint exclamation broke from him, and, even in the ruddy light, his face changed completely.

"I thought so. He knows them already. His own quarters he left to burn down, that this house might be saved. But it was like him—so like him. Up there we had no helpless women to protect, while here was a sick lady, an old man, and that beautiful girl. Ah, me! A battle-field is better than this. There we have no ladies."

Miss Kingsford found her mother lying upon her bed, exhausted with the excitement that still preyed upon her. Her cheeks were like marble, her lips pale, and tinged with faint blue. She had evidently been saved from a cruel death, for an hour in the streets, that night, would undoubtedly have been fatal.

When Grace came in, she reached out her hand, but could not speak, could not smile, though her poor, white lips made a quivering effort. She was not alone. Mr. Kingsford had gone down among the soldiers, still anxious about the house; but old Sally sat by her mistress, fanning her with a gentle, sleepy motion, for the atmosphere was still heavy with smoke, and the noises that came through the windows startling even to a robust person.

Rhoda Clyde stood by the open window, so absorbed by what she saw there, that Grace came into the room unnoticed. Now and then she broke into wild exclamations, and leaned out till the red light bathed her head and shoulders with burning carmine.

"The church! The church is going! The fire has crept in! I can see it shooting upward, like serpents, in the blackness of a cave. They seize upon the pews. They coil and twine through the fantastic ornaments. Now it is a net-work of jewels, now latticed all over with burning gold. Ha! How it runs up the arches, and breaks in the hollow of the roof! Every beam stands out like a burning bridge. The pulpit is one blaze of glory. Over it the sounding-board vibrates like a great diadem raining down jewels. Beautiful! beautiful! Oh, if this could last! No, no, the flames leap broader, and merge into each other. It is one chaos of fire. The windows are molten gold. The roof breaks into fissures, and those fiery snakes, shrill harbingers of conflagration, coil and race toward the steeple, hissing as they go."

Here Rhoda Clyde drew back, and stood in the light like a priestess, entranced by inspiration; her hands were clasped, her red lips parted; her eyes shone like stars.

No wonder! The sight was terribly beautiful! Great clouds of smoke were swept northward, and shut out the horizon with gigantic embankments of darkness, under which a sea of fire dashed its red waves. Against this weird background rose the church-steeple, now swathed in a winding-sheet of white smoke, now standing out in the hot glare, as a spectral fabric of gold, with every line and curve burning against the smoky blackness beyond.

Still the steeple was not on fire; for the conflagration raged with more fury in the other end of the church; but all at once a wreath of flame darted through some rent in the roof, coiled around its base, and shot forth scintillations of sparks in another direction, till all, breaking and uniting, rushed upward in swift leaps of destruction.

Then it was that Rhoda Clyde flung up her arms, and a cry of horror broke from her.

"Oh, Heavens! Some living thing is up there! A human being, striving to escape! I can see him move, but the fire swiftly pursues him up—up! Oh, this is awful!"

The keen agony of this cry startled Mrs. Kingsford, who rose from her pillow, wild with terror.

"What is it? Who is in danger? Not my husband!"

"Yonder! Yonder!" cried Rhoda, pointing to the steeple. "It is climbing, climbing!"

"Grace, see what it is!"

Grace left her mother, and hurried to the window, but instantly her features became white as marble, for there, upon the burning steeple, she saw a human being, scarcely more than a child, it appeared, from that distance, creeping upward with desperate energy, while, after him, the flames danced, and coiled, and shot with fiendish glee.

Horror-stricken, but fascinated, the two girls watched this struggle for life with distended eyes and bosoms that forgot to breathe. The figure reached the belfry. He had distanced the flames by a foot or two, wound himself in through the wood-work, and hung there, one awful moment, with his body in the air.

Down upon their knees the girls cowered, veiling their white faces with trembling hands; they could not endure to see a human being perish as this one must. While they shrunk together in an agony of distress, the hoarse clang of a bell swept over them. It was followed by a single crash, and then a loud, rushing sound.

When they looked up, the steeple was swaying to and fro, one slender pyramid of flame; then it sunk like a gigantic torch, flung down, sending a storm of sparks surging upward, that settled down, in cinders, upon blackened walls, where a church had been.

CHAPTER XVII.

"On, my men! You have saved this house, but others are on fire. We are not wanted here."

Those stout, British soldiers, who had been reinforced by the captain and crew of a gun-boat in the harbor, had only to hear a word of command to obey it. Almost before the order left that young officer's lips, the ladders were taken down, the water-carts in motion, and the soldiers, in a close body, were pressing their way through the crowd, ready to fight the tempest of fire so long as it raged.

Charles Wentworth remained on guard in the upper hall, after he had seen the ladies safe in one room, until Mr. Kingsford appeared, and with many courteous thanks, relieved him from his self-imposed guard.

The lad scarcely waited for the thanks he did not want, but rushed down the stairs, and into the street. He hoped to be in time to join his superior officer, and stood, for a moment, bewildered by the swift changes of the fire, which had swept the crowd far up the street.

"I will follow," he said, starting on a run. "Our fellows will be together, and that will be the way to find him."

Threading his course from fire to fire, Charles came to a house in the neighborhood of the church, around which the men he sought were hard at work, taking orders from the old mariner from the gun-boat, who blasted them hoarsely through his speaking-trumpet.

"Where is he? Where is the Major?" questioned the lad, seizing the seaman by the arm.

The old tar, who was thundering forth a fresh order, took the trumpet from his mouth, with an oath.

"Where is who, jackanapes? And what are you doin' here? Get home, out on the way."

"The Major! He ordered up the company! Where is he?"

"Major! What do we want of sich, when water has got to fight fire? In course, he's used up. Goin' toward the church, the last time I seen on him. On the roof, I shouldn't wonder. Nice pint to watch the fire from."

"Thank you! Thank you!"

Waiting for no more words, Charley turned from the man, and walked rapidly to the church. It was already on fire, and for one moment he shrank back in dismay. The next, he rushed forward, darting toward a narrow flight of stairs, that led to the roof. In doing this, his feet caught in the heavy bell-rope, that lay trailing upon the floor, and he was nearly thrown upon his face; but, recovering himself, he pushed the peor aside with his foot.

"On the roof! On the roof! He does not know of the fire below! Major! Major! What, ho!"

The boy thought that his voice rang out loudly as he leaped up the narrow stairs, screaming as he went; but it was scarcely more than a breath, and could have been no more heard through that outward tumult than the chirp of a frightened bird.

How he found the door leading to the roof, or how he balanced himself on the sloping surface, when he got there, the poor boy could never have told; but he hurried to and fro without a thought of his own danger, calling out a name that made the heart in his bosom tremble as he uttered it, and pausing in dread when no answer came.

"He is not here! Let the fire burn, he is safe somewhere else!" he said, with a strange, wild laugh, while the tears leaped down his face. "And I—and I——"

All at once the roof seemed sliding from beneath his feet; a sick faintness came over him. He noticed, with shuddering, the awful height to which he had climbed, the fire that was roaring and crackling under him.

For a little time he lay, prone upon the roof, paralyzed, and clinging to the shingles with his hands. Then he started up in wild desperation, and crept forward on his hands and knees till he reached the door. Here he drew back with a cry of dismay. The narrow stair-case was choked up with fiery smoke, which poured over him on the roof.

Groping blindly about, he found another door, pushed it open, and shut himself into a winding passage. Here he could breathe again, for many openings were above him, and for a time the wind blew freshly through an opening, from which he could see a crowd swarming around the church, and hear the trumpet-tones of that old mariner giving orders to his men. The lad tried to call out, but no one heard or saw him; so he sat down on the steps, numb and half dead.

All at once a fierce, hissing sound drew him out of this dull apathy. A thin veil of smoke, flecked with fire, came curling up the stairs; then a denser volume swept over him, through which sharp streaks of flame shot upward. Wild, desperate, mad with terror, he fled upward, swinging himself out of one opening, in at another, until he reached the belfry. Here his strength well-nigh failed, but, in some mad way he drew himself into the shelter of the bell, whose black mouth shielded him from the glare of the conflagration. Here he lay awhile, at full length, panting for breath, and shuddering with great throes of fear.

The crowd had discovered him from below,

hanging madly to the wood-work of the belfry, as those two girls had seen him, and a hoarse cry broke upward, more terrible to him than the roar and howl of the flames, for it was one of deep horror.

Suddenly the boy lifted his head. The bray of a trumpet had reached him through the tumult.

"The bell-rope! The bell-rope! Haul it up! Heave it over before the fire catches it."

Swift as thought, the lad leaped to his feet, seized upon the heavy rope, and dragged it up.

"Tumble it down! Toss it out with all your might!" sounded the trumpet.

Fired with supernatural power, the boy wound the end of the rope into a coil, dashed it out, and clinging to the wood-work, looked down. His breath came in sobs. A rain of perspiration fell from his face as he watched it rush downward, like a great black serpent, writhing and quivering toward the hundred eager hands held up to receive it.

"Hold on! Keep her taut!" shouted the old mariner, to his men, who seized upon the rope. "Stiddy, now! Stiddy!" Then clapping the trumpet to his mouth, he called out, "Stiddy it is, my hearty! Take a good grip! Grapple the riggin with yer feet, and give way! Never fear, but we'll haul yer in."

The lad heard these words, and tried to obey them, but shrunk back appalled. That sea of pale, upturned faces, heaving in waves beneath him; the conflagration roaring like wild beasts under his feet; the great black canopy of smoke shutting out the sky overhead, smote all the courage from his heart. His limbs shook, his teeth knocked together; the blindness of great terror came to his eyes.

"He is panic-struck! He is panic struck! Nothing can save him now!" cried a stranger in the crowd. "God help the boy!"

"Who is in peril? What is it that strikes the crowd dumb?" asked an officer, who had just pushed his way into the throng.

"Up yonder! Up yonder! You can see his face yet! God only knows how he came there," answered the man, covering his face to shut out the scene.

The officer lifted his eyes, and saw the face. No word escaped him; but, of all the human beings there, he was the palest.

"Pluck up heart. Swing yourself over like a man——"

Before the sentence could be finished, the trumpet was snatched from the mariner's lips, and the trembling voice of the officer sounded through it.

"Charley! Charley! Try, try, for God's sake! The rope! The rope!"

Through all the tumult, through all the hoarseness of the brazen trumpet, the boy recognized that voice. With one leap, he sprang upward, seized upon the rope with hands and feet, clung to it madly, and dropped; for his weight swayed the bell, which gave one crash, and then lay sideways, with the great iron tongue quivering in its throat, while the shock of that first fall did not wrench away the desperate grasp of those hands; they clung to the rope till it was steadied again, and, impelled by his own weight, the boy glided down, down, till he was borne over the roof of the church. Then a wild cry, and a deeper groan, broke from the crowd.

"The rope! The rope is on fire!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NETTIE'S PRAYER.

BY MRS. G. W. WHITE.

Little Nettie had chanced to stray,
Into a neighbor's house one day;
Pure as a pearl an infant lay,
On pillows of snowy white.
"Ah!" said Nettie, "I wish, I do,
I had a dear little sister, too,"
As her eyes looked down with a wistful blue,
At the holy, beautiful sight.

That eve she knelt by her trundle bed,
And lowly bowing her childish head,
"Send, Father, kind!" she softly said,
"A sister for Nettie. Oh!
It is so lonely and still all day,
I thought I would just kneel down and pray,
If you wouldn't send one right away,
Dear Father, I want it so."

Time stole along. With every night,
Still Nettie knelt in her robe of white;
And angels leaned over the crystal height,
To hear the little one's prayer.
And so it happened that, by-and-by,
As the blossoming days of the spring drew nigh,
Fond hearts were entwined by another tie,
And the darling was surely there.

What other little one under the sun,
So pretty a deed has ever done?
And if by asking the gift was won,
Faith holds a magical wand!
May Nettie never forget to pray,
For the precious sister that came that day,
Till the tides of life shall have ebbed away,
To the golden, sweet Beyond.

THE HOUSE THAT JOHN DAMA BUILDED.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Yes, it's very fine," said John Dama, in answer to the remark of a friend, "but wait till you see my house."

"Ah! Then you are going to build?"

"I am."

"Where?"

"I'll show you."

A few minutes afterward, Mr. Dama drew up his splendid pair of bays, and pointing to a large, old-fashioned house, beautifully situated on an eminence that sloped down in long reaches and graceful undulations to a small lake, from which flowed a stream that the eye could trace for a for a mile away, until it lost itself in a broad river, said,

"I am going to build on the spot where that house stands. I've been waiting over three years for its owner to get where he'd be obliged to sell, so that I could buy the place at my own figures. I saw that he was drifting to leeward, and that he would strand, ere long, or go to pieces on the rocks. So I held off, knowing the time must come when he would be forced to sacrifice this old homestead, which has been in the family for nearly a century. You know how it is; when times are easy, property holds its own in the market, and if you buy you have to pay about all it is worth; but when a pinch comes, and many owners of real estate are forced to sell, in order to raise money for business purposes, prices are apt to fall off heavily. We are in just such a pinch now, as you are aware; and this man's necessity has become my opportunity. Yesterday the title of his splendid old estate passed to me, and to-day I would not accept twenty thousand dollars advance on my bargain."

John Dama was a happy man, or thought himself so. He had long envied his neighbor the possession of this property, and now it was his own. Why should he not be happy?

"I would drive you through the place," said Mr. Dama, "but the late owner has asked, as a special favor, that while his family remain, which will be for a month, they shall be free from all intrusion. Some people have this weakness, you know."

And Mr. Dama shrugged his shoulders, while a look of mock compassion flitted across his face.

"I'm sorry for them," he added, in an indifferent tone, "but its their misfortune, and there are plenty to keep them company. The place has been running to seed these ten years, and it is time it passed into better hands. The march of improvement does not stop, and if people stand in its way, they have to go down. A man has no right to hold on to a piece of property like that, if he isn't able to improve it. He mars the beauty of the whole neighborhood."

"You will build magnificently?"

"Wait, and see," returned Mr. Dama, with a proud toss of his head.

"The site is one of the finest in the neighborhood."

"The very finest," said Mr. Dama. "And the house shall be the finest. I never do things by halves, and never count myself second to any man."

It was in this spirit that John Dama set to work to build the house in which he thought to dwell; and, to do him credit, he did build magnificently; so that his splendid residence eclipsed the most costly and elegant to be found in the neighborhood. But it happened with him, as it happens with most men who build ambitiously. Never, in any true sense, did he live in this house which had cost him so much thought, and care, and money. Its halls were spacious, its rooms large and high, its furniture like that of a king's palace; but he could never make it really his own, because it was not in correspondence with his true inner life, which was selfish, narrow, and mean.

When Mr. Dama saw, from a distance, his palace-home standing out against the sky in all its grand and tasteful proportions, and felt a glow of satisfaction warming his breast, his pleasure was not grounded in any love of beauty or art, but in pride. It was not from outward things that his nature was stirred, but from the admiring voices of men heard in his thoughts. When he walked amid the rare and costly adornments with which he had surrounded himself, the pictures and statuary, the rich furniture and mirrors, they did not speak to anything responsive in his soul, but only awakened a dull feeling of pride. He was their possessor, and because of this he gloried in them.

Before a year went by, it came to pass, that Mr. Dama lived for a small part of his time in his home, which he had builded so grandly. True, his body was there—his outer man—but the real John Dama, in his conscious living and thinking self, dwelt in another and very different home; one not set up by masons and carpenters, at his bidding, but built, stone on stone, with his own hands. No deft weaver wrought in looms the curtains and carpets that hung at its windows, and covered its floors. The furniture was not made by skilled workmen; nor did its pictures and ornaments grow under the magic hands of world-renowned artists. All was the creation of John Dama himself, and in every smallest thing a representative of the quality of his life.

It was in this home, which he had built up and adorned, that Mr. Dama really dwelt. How poor, and mean, and narrow it was! Why? Because, as to the life of his affections, which is every man's true life, he was narrow and mean. There was no largeness of sentiment about him; nothing broad; the circle of his interests was too small to really include another. He lived in the poor little world of self, and not in the magnificent domain of humanity, wherein every man who will may enter and abide.

One day, it was three years from the time we presented John Dama to the reader, he sat with a friend in one of the broad piazzas that surrounded his residence. Before them stretched a green lawn, smooth as a carpet, and richly adorned with the choicest flowers and shrubbery. Beyond, the ground fell off into a picturesque valley, in the bosom of which rested a beautiful lake, its surface gleaming like burnished silver, and beyond this rose wooded hills. A few miles away, seen through a break in these hills, lay the city, with its hundred spires and towers revealed against a cloudless sky. It was early summer, and nature was in one of her loveliest moods.

"This is perfect!" exclaimed the friend, as he felt the beauty of the scene. "You are living in paradise, Mr. Dama."

"I know of nothing finer," responded the gratified owner, a little motion of pride stirring the surface of his feelings. But the smile that flitted over his face faded off quickly.

"It is simply perfect!" The friend expressed anew his admiration.

"No, not perfect. It would be if——"

Mr. Dama turned his eyes to a bit of woods, through which a cool vista opened. Beyond this the view was obstructed by the plain walls of a large brick house."

"When I bought this place," said Mr. Dama, "you had, instead of that horrid red pile of bricks and mortar, a view, now hidden, of distant hills crowded with elegant villas. It is all shut off now. I had a landscape gardener employed for a year, and the opening of that vista through the trees, so as to give one the charming view beyond, was his best work on my estate. I'll never forgive the man that built that house. Never, sir! I'll owe him a grudge as long as I live."

Mr. Dama's face grew red with anger.

"Don't look in that direction," answered his friend. "There's beauty enough everywhere else to satisfy the heart."

"I can't help it. I can't see anything else now. It stands out as plainly before me, when my eyes are shut, as when they are open. It is marring everything."

"Plant trees in the vista, and let it be as before. In a short time they will grow up, and this house will be hidden from your sight."

"Wait twenty years."

"Cut another opening through the woods, and get your beautiful view again."

"To have another wretch shut it away with some architectural monstrosity! No, sir! No, sir! I give it up!"

"What then?" asked the friend. "Is all this perfection to go for nothing because of a blemish at a single point?"

"I cannot say. As things are now, the charm of the place has departed from my eyes. This flaw in my jewel has so lessened its beauty, that its excellence is gone."

"I'm sorry. But you'll get over this. There is so much to allure the eye, and gratify the taste, in and around your lovely home, that you will soon forget the flaw."

"Impossible! If a finger were broken from the hand of that Hebe, do you think I could ever again look at the statue without seeing the blemish? No, sir! It is my nature! Things marred, or out of harmony, always disturb me. I am troubled by defect more than I am charmed by beauty."

A shadow of unquietness and discontent settled over the man's face. He was the legal owner of this wonderfully beautiful estate, a paradise in itself; but not its possessor in any true sense. He did not live in it except as to his body. His soul had other surroundings, true representatives of his inner life, which was, as we have before said, narrow and mean; for he lived for his little self alone, and not broadly and generously for humanity. On the walls of the chambers of the house in which he really dwelt, were no lovely pictures; the windows did not open upon culti-

vated gardens and charming landscapes. No spacious halls ran through it. It was dreary within, and the ground barren without. One room, and that in which he dwelt for most of his time, was lined with mirrors, that gave him multiplied reflections of himself. He liked this room best of all, because, whenever he entered it, self was exalted, and he saw how great and important a man he was. No one else, in all the world, was reflected in these mirrors; and so he thought of none else, exeept as born to serve him, or minister in some way to his inordinate self-regard.

There was scarcely a man, or woman, or child, living in sight of Mr. Dama's lovely home, who did not have in it a more real ownership than he who had builded it. Its beauties, so rarely seen, now, by his blinded eyes, delighted and refreshed them day by day. Its loveliness was reflected into the souls of hundreds, giving them sweet satisfactions. Mr. Dama, though he knew it not, had built for others more than for himself; and others took possession and enjoyed, while he, alien-like, wandered, lazily and discontented, through the richly-furnished apartments, and about the perfect grounds, possessing and enjoying nothing.

As the years went by, and Mr. Dama grew narrower, and meaner, and more selfish in spirit, his soul withdrew itself entirely from the palace-home which his pride had created; though, as to the outer man, he still dwelt where art and taste made all things exquisite. Day by day, beautiful things spread themselves out before him, and allured his senses, but he saw them not. They passed him as a moving panorama, in which he had no life-interest, and faded from the retina like objects not really seen, and therefore not reported to the mind. And the reason was plain. He had no pure love of the beautiful. He was simply a lover of himself; and the beauty with which he had surrounded himself was for the eyes of his fellow-men, that they might see and admire, or envy him, he did not care which.

Like all other men, Mr. Dama lived in the house his affections had builded, and because these were narrow and mean, and not broad and generous, this house was of small dimensions, and poor and comfortless. It was not a happy home; but as it answered in all things to his inner life, through which it had been created, he could not really live anywhere else, and was restless and dissatisfied whenever he went out therefrom. He had friends and companions here who were rarely, if ever, seen in the splendid home his ambitious, social pride had set up so grandly in the eyes of men. They were contempt of others, self-worship, hatred, and ill-will.

A remarkable thing about this unseen house, which Mr. Dama had built, and of whose existence few had any knowledge, was the enduring character of the materials used, and the faithfulness of its workmanship. It was built to last forever! Even as the topmost-stone was laid on the walls of his palace-home, the tooth of time, that gnaws on day and night, set itself to the work of sure destruction. But Mr. Dama's real house, the one created out of the substance of his affections, could never be touched by time or decay. Only as his affections changed could it change. As he built in time, so it would remain to all eternity.

This was the remarkable thing about Mr. Dama's unseen house. He might have built more largely and magnificently within than without, and made for his soul's eternal dwelling-place a princelier home than king or emperor had ever seen. But self is the smallest and poorest thing in all the universe; and when self builds for self, it must needs build meanly.

As John Dama built so are we all buiding. The houses we set up in the eyes of the world, are not our real homes; these may be smaller and humbler, or larger and more beautiful, according as we are lovers of self, or lovers of humanity. The lover of self needs only a poor little place in which to hide himself, but the lover of humanity must build like a prince.

OUR HAPPIEST DAYS.

BY NELLIE J. PALMER.

Our happiest days, are they all fled?
  Or are they yet to be?
Must farewell words be often said?
Must sorrow fill our hearts with dread,
  And check the sound of glee?

Our happiest days—a voice replies,
  Doubt not thy Father's love;
He listens to His children's cries,
And bids them from their sorrows rise—
  Points to a home above.

Our happiest days. God's hand may clear
  The darkly-clouded sky;
And we, without a doubt or fear,
With joy the welcome news will hear,
  The Father draweth nigh.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, the back and front of an afternoon toilet. It is of two materials,



a plain self-colored silk, or alpaca, for the under-skirt, and a delicate checked material for the over-dress. The under-skirt is ornamented on the front with three small ruffles, cut on the bias, bound and gathered; the back widths are trimmed with a deep plaiting, ten inches deep. The tunic is cut square at the sides, trimmed with four rows of worsted braid, or piping of silk. The edge of the tunic is bordered with a long silk tasseled fringe. The drapery at the back is lined with the plain material of the under-skirt, and trimmed with braid also. The basque, (cuirass) with five seams in the back, the front perfectly plain. Small collar and sleeves of the same material as the under-skirt. Body sash, tied low below the waist, with two long loops and one end, completes this costume. Buttons are all very small. Ten yards of twenty-seven inch material for the over-dress; ten to twelve yards of silk or alpaca for the skirt. This would be a good design for percale: for the

under-skirt, navy-blue, or brown, solid colors, and any of the pretty checked Cheviots, for the over-skirt. This combination would make a charming country costume.

Next we give an embroidered muslin, suitable for the summer, or for an evening costume. The skirt is trimmed with nine ruffles, cut straight, trimmed at the edge, and plaited. Allow three times fullness for these plaitings. The tablier is draped at the back with several rows of gathering, which form a heading to two frills that meet

in the centre. Joan of Arc bodice, cut square in front, and worn over an inside spencer of fine French muslin, edged at the neck with a ruching of Valenciennes lace. The sleeves and edge of tablier are trimmed with plaitings same as those on the skirt. The scarf that crosses the tablier, and is knotted at the back, is of silk; the color to suit the wearer of the costume. Twenty to twenty-five yards of embroidered muslin will be required. Very pretty ones can be bought for fifty cents per yard, either in polka dots or small sprigs.



Next is a very tasteful morning-robe, to be made either of striped blue and white flannel, or plain cashmere. The form is Princess, loose in front, and closely-fitting at the back. A hood is simulated with black velvet ribbon and guipure lace; the ribbon is formed into loops as far as the waist, and terminates in long, flowing ends. The pocket, which is of the same material as the robe, is ornamented with a velvet bow. The cuffs are in the same style. We think this an improvement upon the Watteau wrapper, so long worn; and certainly it will prove more comfortable, as the double plait of the Watteau, coming from the neck, always produce a dragging sensation most uncomfortable. Twelve yards of flannel, or ten of merino or cashmere will be required. With this robe a little coquettish muslin cap should be worn, trimmed with bows and Valenciennes lace.



Next is a dress, intended for an evening party, for a young lady. It is composed of a foulard silk in stripes of two shades of blue. The skirt is perfectly plain, with demi-train, the only ornament being a "bonne femme" pocket, decorated with black velvet bows and ends. There is a plain bodice of the foulard, over which is worn a black velvet bodice, with the basque slashed to the waist; the edges trimmed with fringe, headed by a ruching of black tulle. The long sash is also of black velvet. This bodice and sash would be very pretty in a solid-colored silk to correspond with the striped under-skirt. This costume is useful rather as a suggestion of a pretty style to utilize two old dresses, or parts of dresses.



Next is a sailor suit for a boy of six to eight years. It needs but little description. Make it of navy-blue flannel, and trim with black



braid, edged with a narrow white one. This is a very useful dress for the country or sea-side.

For a girl of twelve to fourteen years, we give a stylish Polonaise for a walking or traveling suit, made in linen or any of the light-colored calicoes. The under-skirt has but one bias ruffle, six inches deep; and the Polonaise is simply trimmed with two rows of braid, cut double-breasted, fastening down the front with a double row of rather large buttons.



The next is a Princess frock for a girl of four years. It is made of dark-blue linen, trimmed with Hamburg edging The back is full, having a broad sash tied at the waist. A wide box-plait,



ornamented with buttons, and two rows of herring-bone stitch is carried down the front. This is to be worn over a high-neck and long-sleeved under-waist of white linen or Nainsook.

CRETONNE APPLIQUE EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a very beautiful pattern in Cretonne Applique, now so fashionable. Great efforts, indeed, are made to introduce novelties in fancy work. Cloth is not so much used as last year; and yet there are some pretty bands in pale blue cloth (the shade known as dead turquoise,) with trails of autumn leaves embroidered with wool and silk. The foliage is worked in a new stitch called point de riz, and the autumn leaves are shaded from deep brown to pale gray. Bands thus worked are used for bordering curtains, or for placing down the centre of a chair or an ottoman.

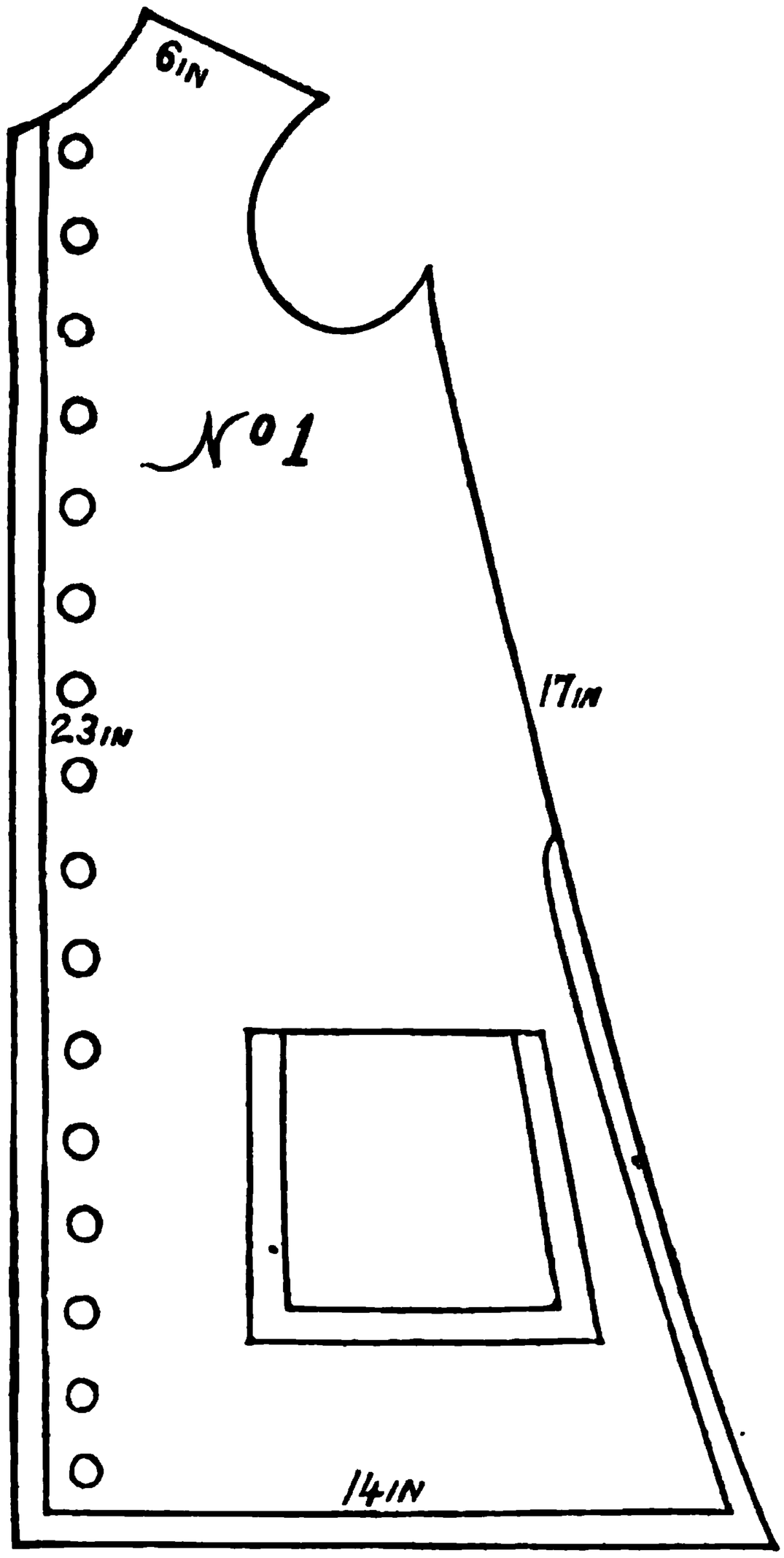
The work called in England cretonne applique, or broderie perse, is likewise very fashionable now; but here the foundation is black satin, and the colors are subdued. Watteau figures, cupids, birds, and flowers, are cut out from cretonnes, chintzes, applique on the black satin, and so perfectly embroidered that it is impossible to detect the cretonne figures beneath. When a man or woman is cut out of the chintz, the faces are left untouched, but the hair is worked over, the effect is extraordinary, as until the process is explained, it is marvelous how the well-painted face got there.

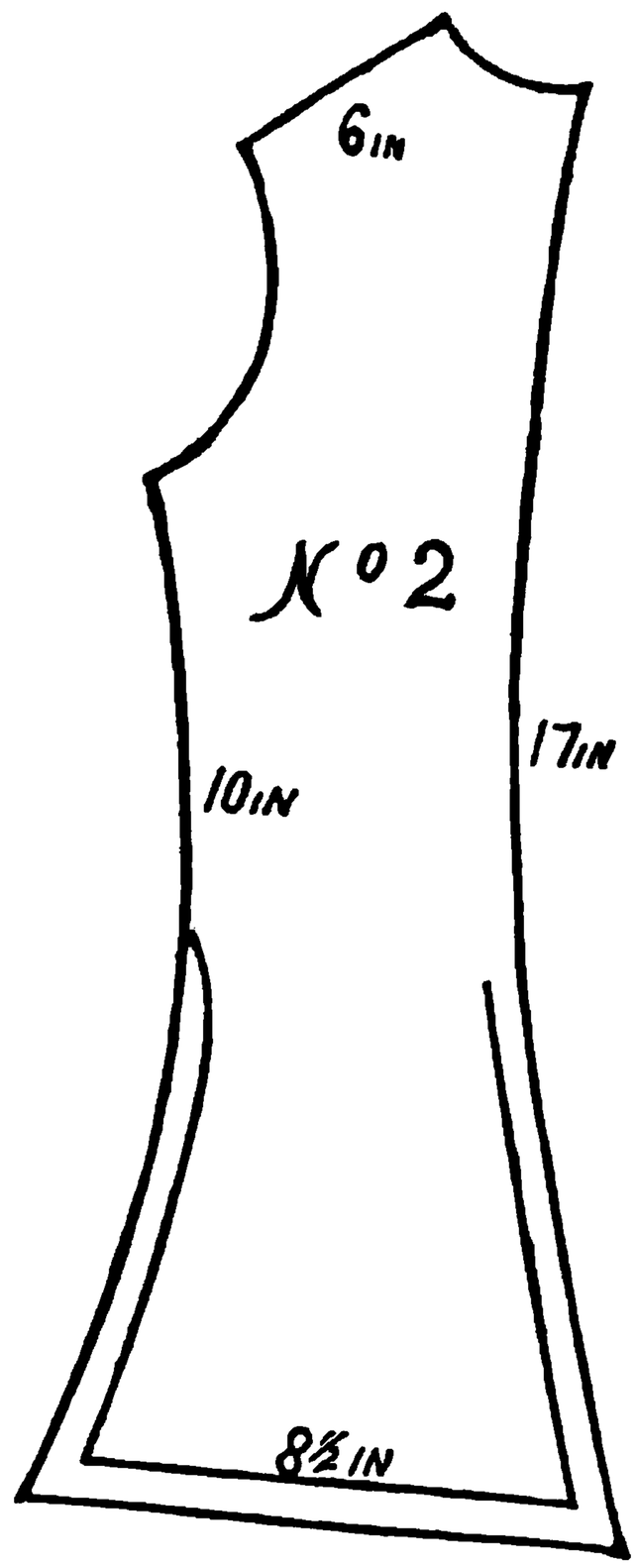
SUIT FOR A BOY OF SIX YEARS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

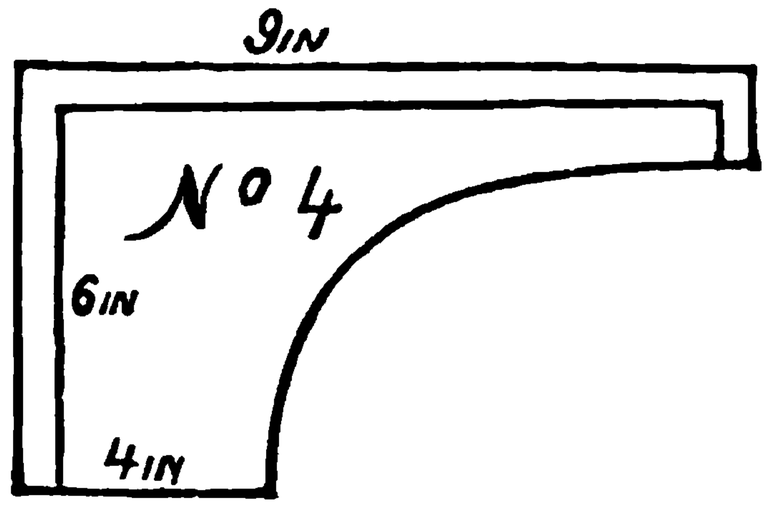


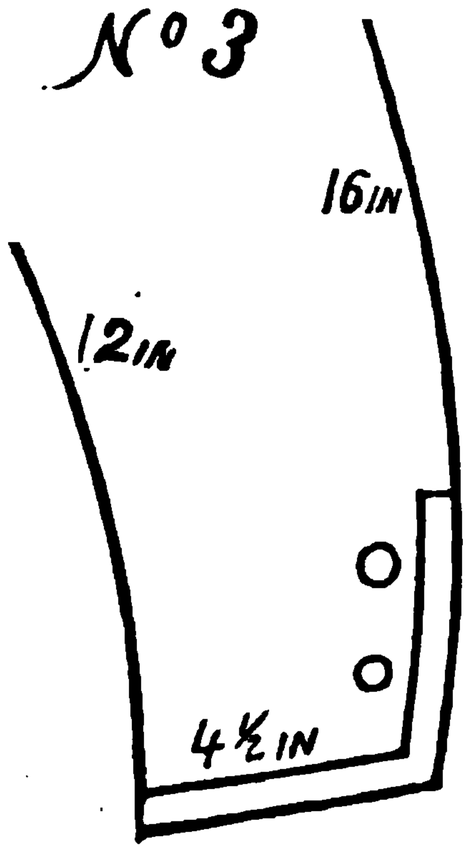
We give, this month, a pattern, and also a diagram by which to cut it out, for a pretty suit, for a boy of six years old. The suit consists of five pieces.









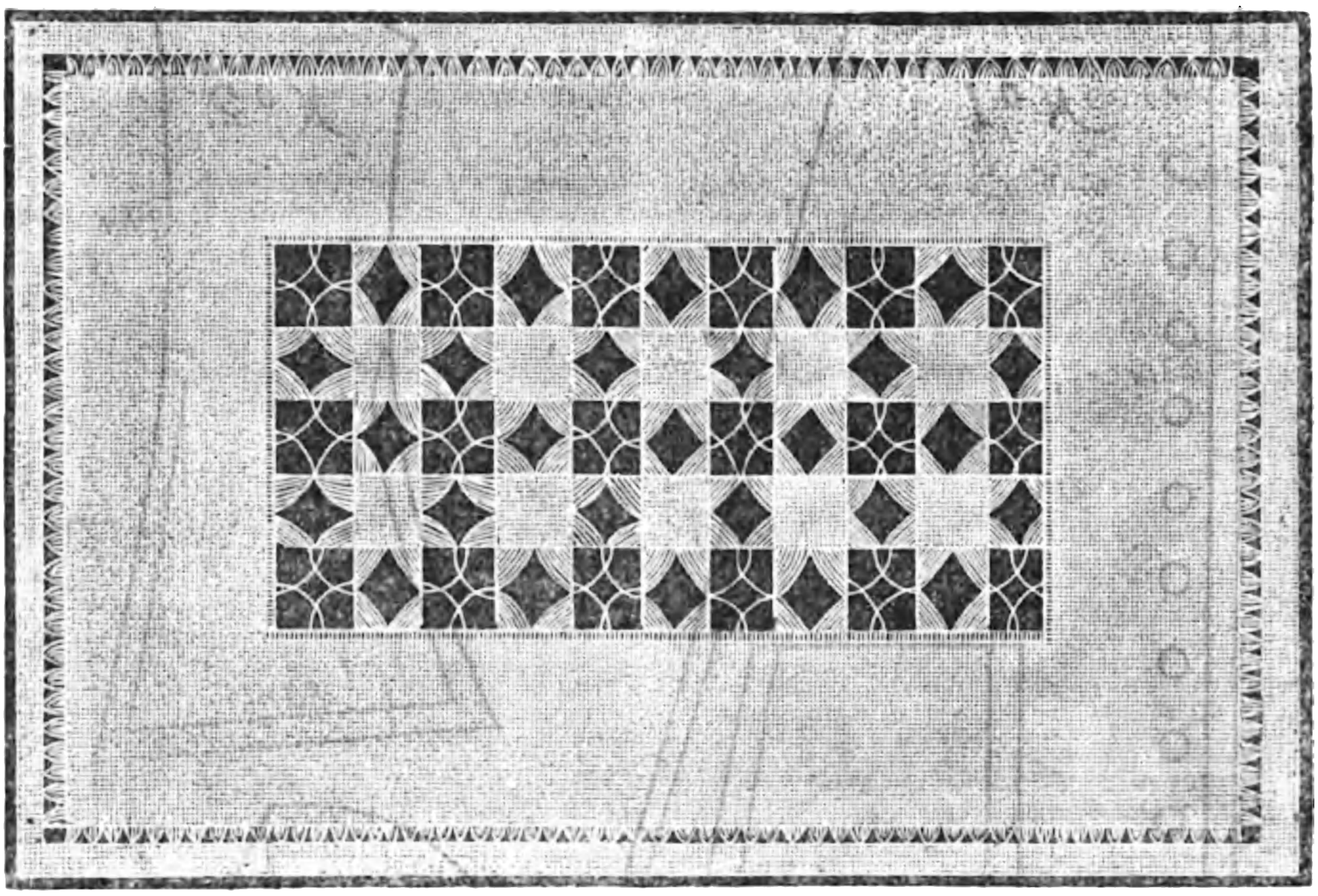


No. 1. HALF OF FRONT.
No. 2. HALF OF BACK.
No. 3. HALF OF SLEEVE
No. 4. HALF OF COLLAR.

No. 5, which we give no diagram of, as it is simply the skirt, which is kilted in the back and plain in front, and is sewed to a petticoat body.

INSERTION, DRAWN WORK.

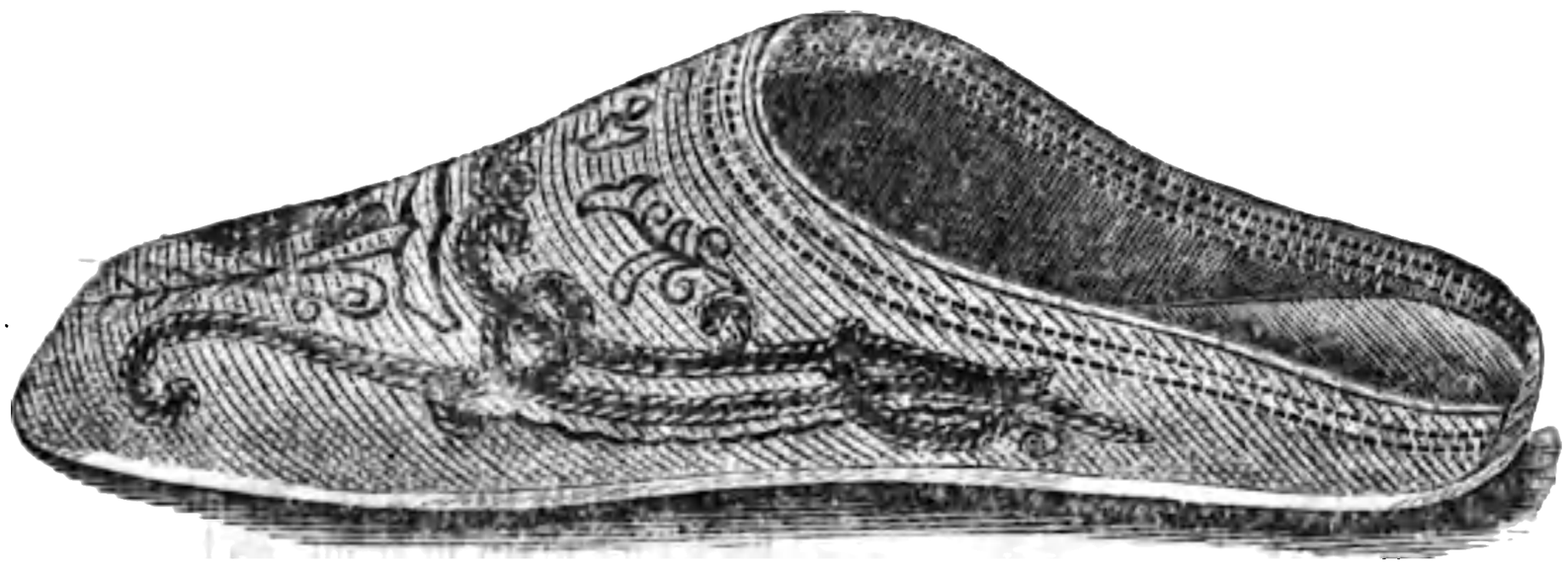
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



In executing this style of work, the linen is cut to the size required, and then the threads are drawn horizontally and perpendicularly, so as to form alternate open and solid squares. These are then caught together with a sort of point d'esprit, which ties the threads of the linen together. An open hem-stitch borders the insertion.

GENTLEMAN'S DRESSING-SLIPPER.

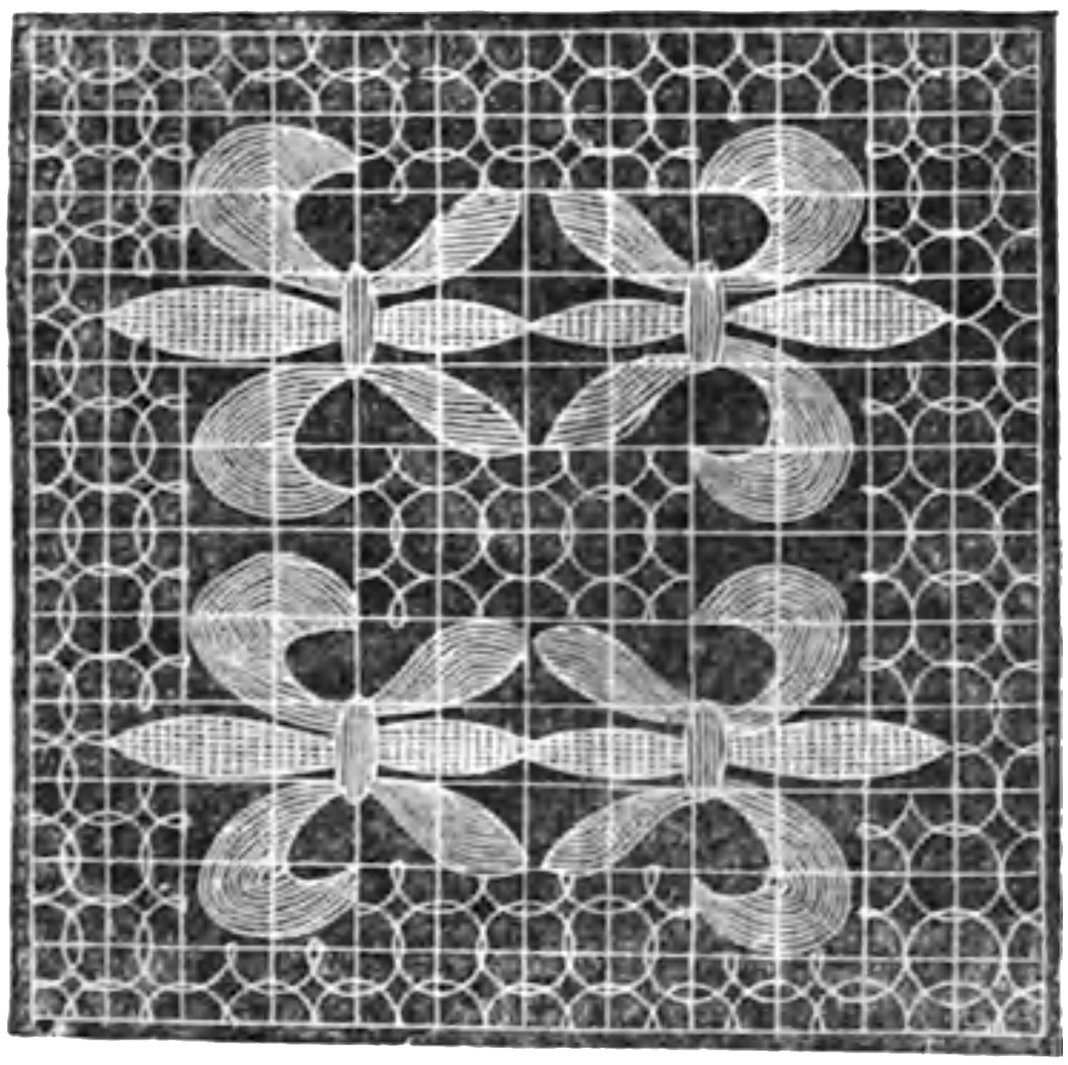
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

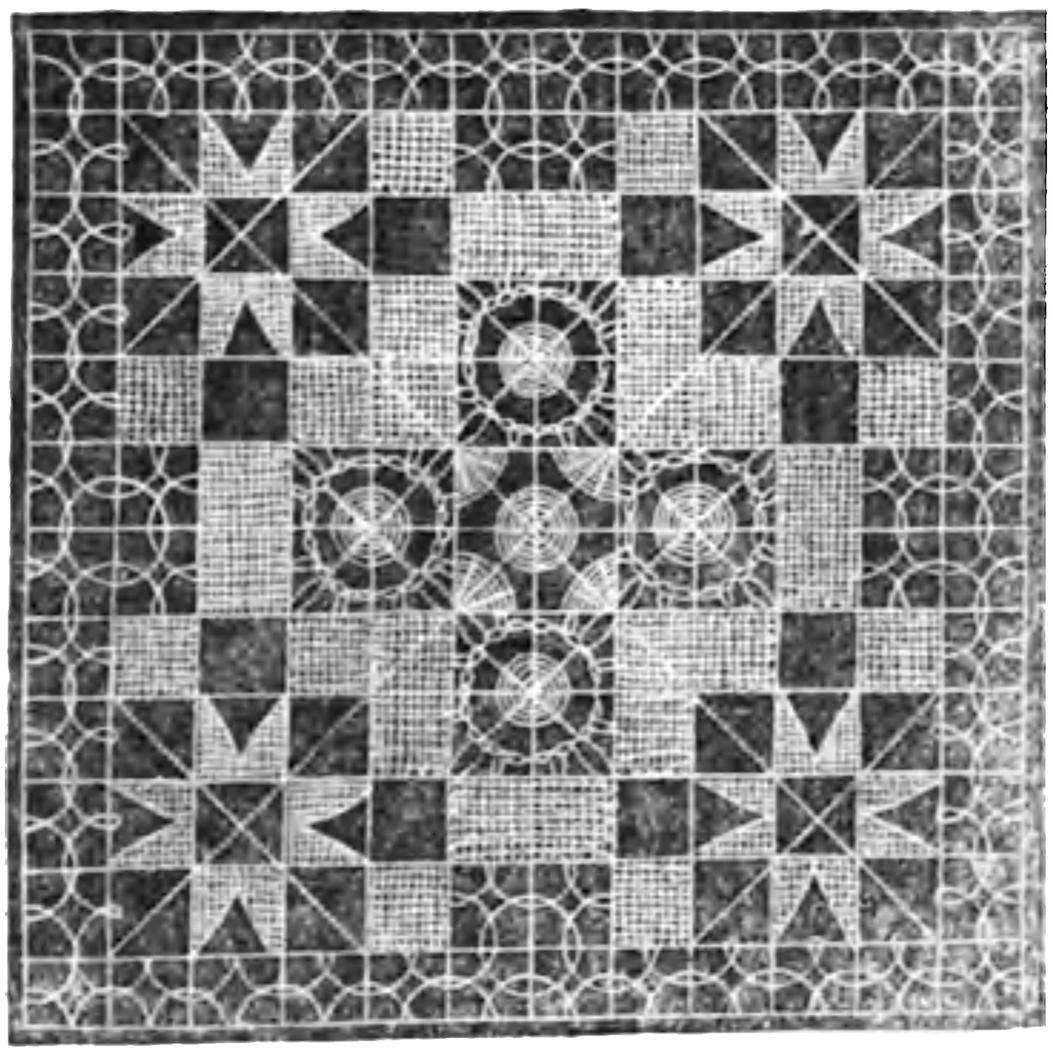


The slipper is of cloth, ornamented with embroidery, and sewn to a cork sole. It is lined with colored flannel, and is stitched twice round the top.

SQUARES—GUIPURE D'ART.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

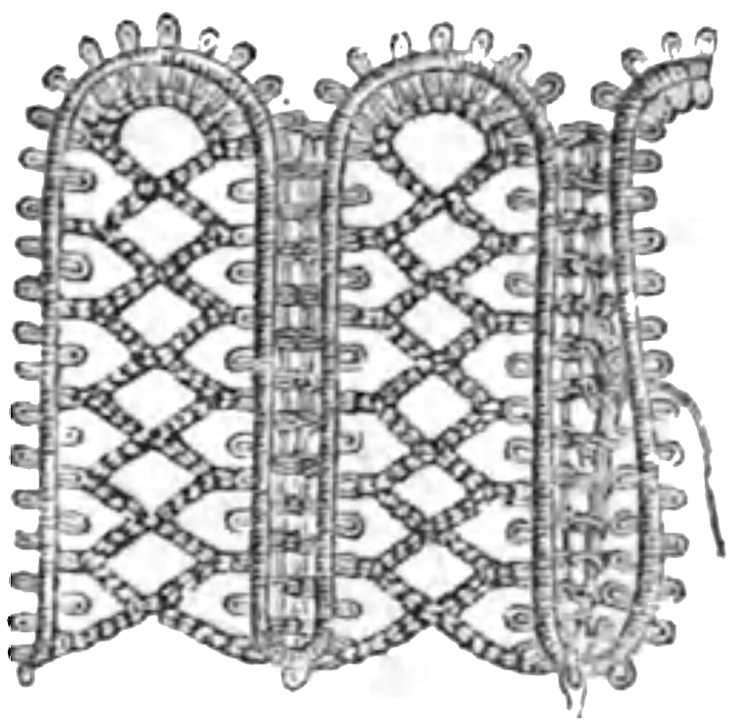




These small squares will be found useful in joining the larger squares of the same work, and he embroidery that is used for antimacassars. They are netted in the usual manner, and are darned with raised stitches, such as point d'esprit, point de toile, etc.

TRIMMING—CROCHET AND MIGNARDISE.

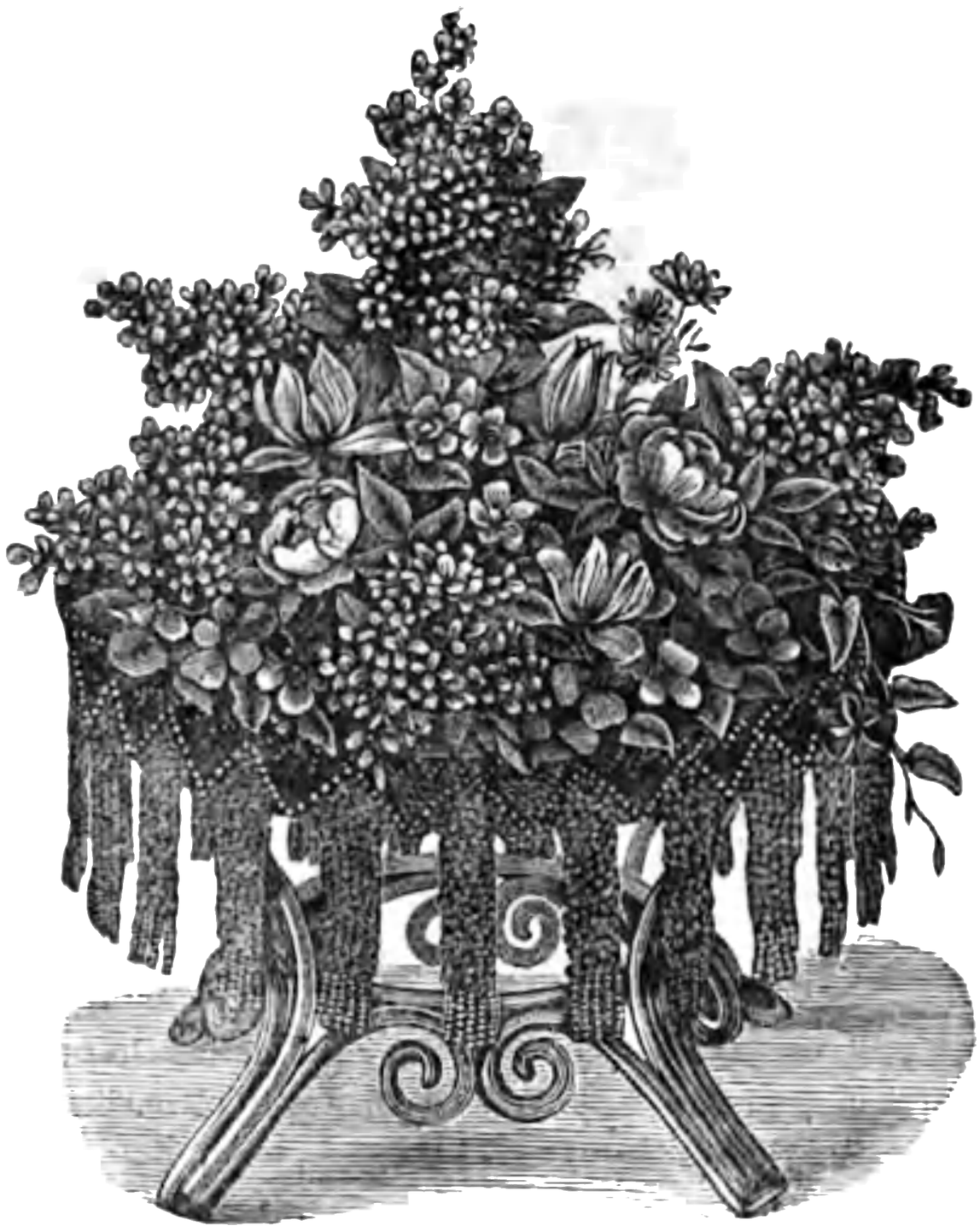
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



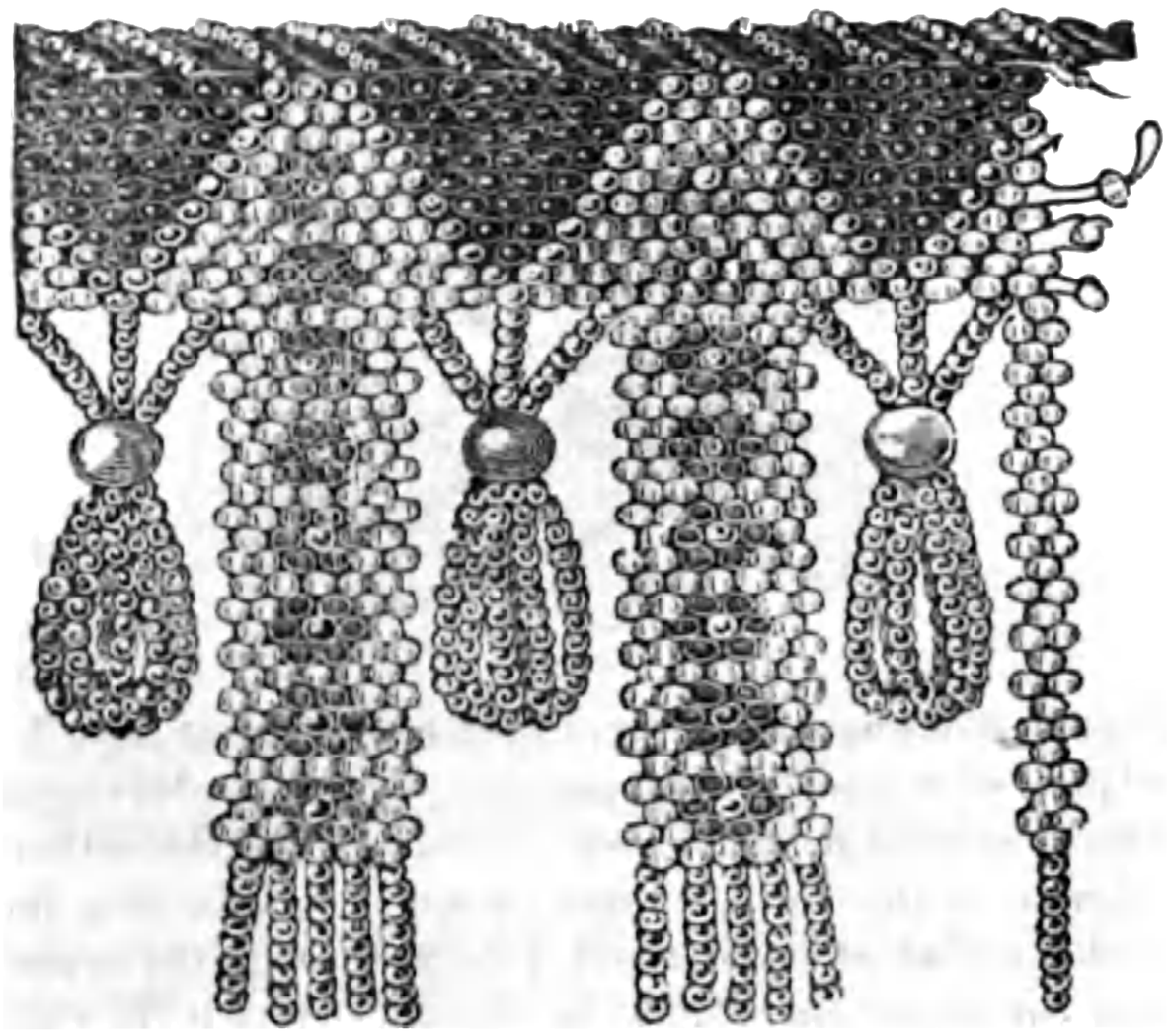
* One double in first picot of mignardise, seven chain, pass over one picot of mignardise; repeat six times more; one single in eight succesive loops of mignardise, one double in the ninth, * three chain, one double under centre of seven chain, three chain, pass over one picot, one double in the next; repeat from * five times more. Fold the mignardise, leaving one picot at the top (see design,) draw the cotton down through thirteen loops of mignardise, then work back thirteen single through the opposite loops of mignardise together; repeat from the beginning.

ORNAMENTAL FLOWER-STAND.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This stand may be made of bronzed cones, or rustic work. Fit the stand with a zinc or tin tray to receive the flowers. The stand should be about six inches high, and nine wide. Round the outside is a border of mosaic work, done in beads, the sewing on of which is hidden by a blue cord wound round by a string of gold beads. The method of stringing the beads for the border can be clearly seen by reference to the detail which we give. It is worked the narrow way, in backward and forward rows. The ground is in milk-white beads, the forget-me-nots in blue and gold, the vandykes black, the border and little tassels in gold beads.



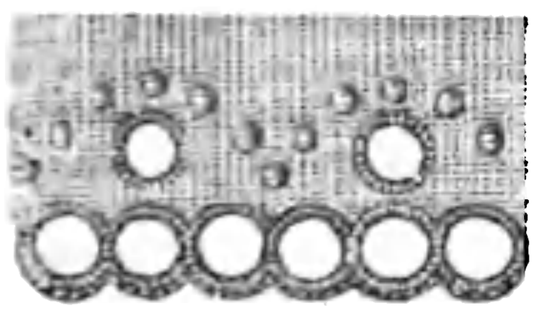
INFANT'S HOOD.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

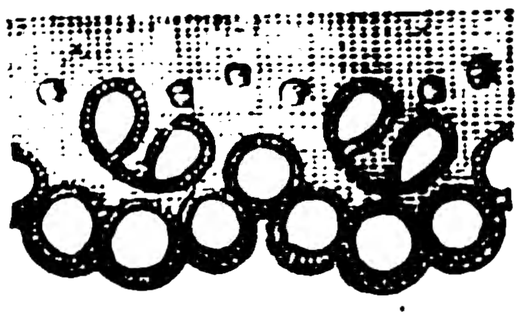


The material is fine colored flannel, embroidered at the edge with white silk. We have given designs suitable for the embroidery in many of the back numbers of this magazine. Trimming strings, and bows, to finish the hood, are of white ribbon.

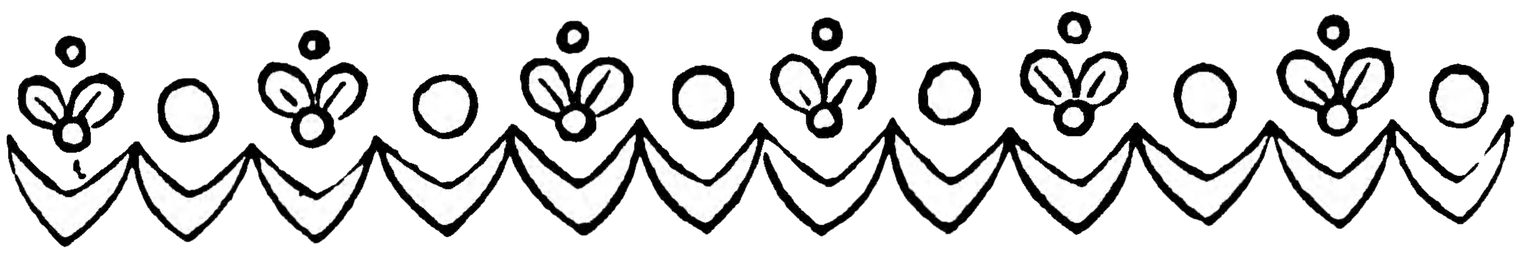
EDGINGS AND LETTER, FOR EMBROIDERING UNDER-LINENS.







EDGING.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

TRIMMINGS FOR HOME-MADE DRESSES.—In our April issue we gave a few directions how to make dresses at home. We now add some remarks on the subject of trimmings.

There is this advantage in making one's dresses; each lady is enabled to exercise her own taste and ingenuity in getting up a costume which can be fashionable, and yet have an individuality about it. Dresses bought ready made, and even those made by the dress-maker, unless she is a first-rate "artiste," are apt to be of distressing similarity.

A woman of taste and cultivation, ought to have some idea of the fitness of things, and if possessed of leisure, although not of a well-lined purse, she may arrange and make toilets, more ladylike and artistic than ever could emanate from the hands of a second-class modeste. Of course, when dressmaking is undertaken at home, it involves considerable trouble at first, and a good deal of heavy thinking; but after two or three trials, the formidable intricacies become easy possibilities, and the occupation is both pleasant and agreeable; and, as a matter of economy, the cost of having a dress made, out of the house, is oftentimes greater than the cost of the material.

But let us proceed to the practical part of our lesson. In April we gave some hints for renovating and remodeling an old black silk; this month we propose to give a few directions about cutting out and putting on trimmings. If bias flounces are desired, the first point is to get them cut evenly and exactly on the bias. To do this, a beginner had better cut a long strip of newspaper the exact width of the flounce or band to be cut; then fold over the material cornerwise, so as to obtain a perfect bias. Lay the paper upon the bias so obtained; pin it securely, and then cut with confidence. Adopt the same plan with narrower frills, or you will be apt to waste the material; and if your frills or flounces are not cut evenly and due bias, they will never set well.

With bias fold, even greater care must be taken, and each fold must be lined with crinoline, also carefully cut on the bias, and basted. In lining bias folds, hold the lining next to the hand in sewing, and be careful not to stretch the edges. In sewing on the skirt, put a white basting-thread where the fold is to be sewn, so that it may be put upon the skirt evenly, and at equal distances, when several are arranged.

Flounces should lap over each other about an inch. Now that we are approaching the season for wash-goods, plaiting must be abandoned, and ruffles substituted; and for washing materials, these must always be cut straight. For simply gathered flounces, as full again will be enough; if to be goffered, three times fullness must be allowed,

For percales, calicoes, and cheviot shirting, bias-bands, stitched down by the sewing machine, look very well, either as the whole trimming, or made narrow, to head a flounce. These should always be stretched before sewing on, or else, when washed, will be apt to iron in wrinkles, caused by the extra fullness. A little care, and neat work, add greatly to the finish of a dress.

"MOST VALUABLE PUBLISHED."—The Western (Mo.) Commercial says of this magazine: "Its fashion-plates, its patterns, its stories, receipts, poetry, and items of general interest, make it the most valuable ladies' book published; and no housekeeper should be without it. Its visits are always hailed with delight, and it comes like the glad tidings of great joy. Try it one year, and you will never regret the investment."

TO TRANSFER PATTERNS.—For those of our readers who desire to transfer patterns for embroidery or braiding, we give a few simple directions. First trace the pattern upon a sheet of white paper—this tracing to be done by placing the design to the window, and following it with a pencil, or place a piece of tracing paper on a sheet of white paper, then the design, now with a stencil, or a knitting-needle, if nothing better is to be had; follow the design, bearing firmly, but not hard enough to mutilate the design. After it has been carefully gone over, raise the design and the tracing paper, and the pattern will be clearly traced upon the sheet of paper beneath. Now prick this pattern quite closely with pin-pricks clear through, then lay it upon the article desired to be stamped, and with a stamping pad, rubbed with stamping powder, rub hard, and the pattern will be clearly stamped upon the material. White, dry powder is used for stamping cloth or velvet, and indigo for stamping muslin and all washing material. For those who cannot supply themselves with the stamping-powder and pad, use indigo, and make a pad by rolling some pieces of flannel into a hard pad.

CREAM AND ECRU SHADES still retain their popularity. The newest veils are of ecru net, with chenille dots, and these look well with dark bonnets. There is also a large meshed ecru net, resembling the plain part of the ecru lace, but nothing is more dressy for theatres, etc., than the cream silk tulle made at Lyons. Some ladies arrange their veils in a comfortable manner, whether they be made of net or of colored gauze. They place the centre of the veil over the face smoothly, pass each end backward, cross them behind the head, and, after bringing them forward again, they tie them under the chin in what is called a mammoth bow.

INDISPENSABLE TO ALL.—The Carroll County (Ill.) Gazette says: "Peterson's Ladies' Magazine is a marvel of cheapness. We do not see how it can be afforded for such a remarkably low price. Not only to the lady of fashion, but every lady, and especially every mother, is this an indispensable work, on account of its monthly installment of patterns and diagrams of every-day dresses, in calico, delaine, etc., in addition to the mammoth colored fashion-plates. The reading matter is first class, being entertaining and practical."

SHOES FOR BALLS are now made open; that is to say, with very short toes or fronts. The most elegant are of rich, dead-looking silk, with a tiny bow, and frequently there is no bow, but only a square buckle, of either mother-of-pearl or Rhine pebbles. In many cases the shoes are covered with the same material as the dress, which is good style. The square Louis XVI. buckles of red gold are worn on black satin shoes, and are considered very stylish.

CORAL, which has been so little worn of late, has again become fashionable, especially pink coral, which is very costly. Coral necklets are now made of three, five, and even seven rows of beads; and the larger the beads, the more valuable they are. Carved coral is not worn. It is rather plain polished coral that is now affected. The price varies according to color and quality.

"AN EVENING IN JUNE."—This charming landscape, engraved in the front of the number, brings back vividly the loveliness of many a June sunset.

Now is the Time to Subscribe to this magazine, either singly, or in clubs. A new volume begins with the next number, affording an opportunity to those who do not wish back numbers. But back numbers can be supplied to all who desire to commence with the January number. Additions to clubs, beginning with that number, can still be made, and at the price paid by the rest of the club. Whenever, in this way, enough additional subscribers have been sent, to make up a second club, the person sending them will become entitled to a second premium, or premiums. These additions may be made at any time during the year.

"A Welcome Visitor."—An exchange says: "We have received 'Peterson's Magazine,' and it is worthy of this Centennial year. The beauty of its fashion-plates, the elegance and finish of its engravings, the high-toned character of its reading matter, and the unvarying excellence of its typography, all combine to make this magazine a welcome visitor in our best home-circles."

Dried Fern Leaves make a handsome screen for a grate or fire place during the summer months, and are very beautiful gummed on glass. As a screen or window-blind, they are also very useful.

"The Best Magazine."—Says the Woburn (Mass.) Journal: "We recommend 'Peterson' as the best magazine for ladies."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Dunault's Millions. A Novel. By Charles Henry Jones. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This is a book with a thoroughly noble purpose. In it we find two principal characters, both born in lowly life. One never aspired above his class, but dignified and exalted it by self-sacrifice. The other despised that class, and did all he could to bring it into contempt, as, alas! too many self-made men do. The manner in which these men are contrasted is a bit of very nice artistic work. Other characters, however, figure in the story. Two of these, also, carry with them a moral. In the author's own words, "in religion, as in everything else, he who has the most clearly-defined, pronounced, and consistent convictions to guide him, will achieve immeasurably more than he who seeks success through latitudinarianism or indifference." There is no exaggeration in these various characters; they are those of every-day life; and this is a very great merit. The style is pure and idiomatic, another thing to be praised. The author is clearly a scholar and a gentleman. Of course, there is a heroine, and love-making; but though all this is well done, it is, as one sees at once, only subsidiary; the main object of the story is to teach the salutary lesson, that nobleness of living, and not mere wealth, is what we should all strive after.

The Official Guide Book of Philadelphia. A New Hand-Book for Strangers and Citizens. By Thompson Westcott. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: Porter & Coates.*—No person as competent as Mr. Westcott could have been found, perhaps, for the compilation of a guide-book of Philadelphia. Hence we have, in this, a really first-class one. The volume contains nearly one hundred engravings, illustrating the principal public edifices, the churches, etc., etc. A history of the city, from its first settlement, forms not the least interesting part of the work. A large map of the city, showing all the routes of the passenger railways, and also a map of the Philadelphia Park, accompany the volume. These are not bound in the book, however, but folded in pockets, so as to be taken out, if necessary, for better examination: a very excellent arrangement. In short, the work is as near perfect as it is possible to make a guide-book.

Married Beneath Him. By James Payne. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—Mr. Payne is familiarly known as the author of numerous fictions of merit. The present, however, is his best. It is a story that would be more probable in England, where the scene is laid, than in America; for it turns on the prejudices of caste, from which, fortunately, we are comparatively free in America. Worth, rather than wealth, still has most to do with marriage, in this country; and long may it continue so. Until one has traveled in England, it is difficult to understand the broad lines of demarcation, drawn there, between what we call the gentry and the trades-people. It is a gulf that is rarely passed, in forming a matrimonial connection. Those who read "Married Beneath Him," will find all this very faithfully set forth. In other respects, also, the novel is noteworthy. The plot is exceedingly interesting, without being a bit sensational. The volume is handsomely printed.

Ladies' Fancy Work. Hints and Helps To Home Taste and Recreation. By Mrs. C. S. Jones and Henry T. Williams. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: Henry T. Williams.*—This forms the third volume of "Williams's Household Series," a set of books which has had great popularity, and deservedly so. Of one of the earliest ones, "Household Elegancies," we have already spoken in terms of high praise. The present volume contains patterns and directions for almost all kinds of fancy work, including paper flowers, shell-work, bead-work, straw-work, wax-flowers, etc., etc. The volume is handsomely printed.

Visitors' Guide to the Centennial Exhibition. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This little volume will be invaluable to the visitor to the Centennial Exhibition. It is full of statistics and other information. Two excellent maps accompany it, one showing the principal points of interest in Philadelphia, the other giving a plan of the grounds and buildings of the Exhibition. This guide is authorized by the Centennial Board of Finance, and by the Director General, and is the only one which is allowed to be sold on the Exhibition grounds.

Ishmael. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is, perhaps, the most powerful novel that Mrs. Southworth has ever written. The interest is intense throughout. It forms a book of seven hundred duodecimo pages, and is printed in clear type. A capital portrait of the author, engraved on steel, adorns the volume. The binding, also, is handsome.

A Family Secret. By Fanny Andrews. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This novel is by a new writer, and an American one. It is unusually original. The scene is laid in the South. The book has two very great merits; the interest of the story is never allowed to flag, and it is full of local color. It would be worth reading for its pictures of manners, even if less engrossing as a tale.

Centennial and Other Poems. By Kate Harrington. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philad.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—Our limited space this month, forbids our criticising these poems, at large, as we had intended. The authoress is a Western woman, with all the freshness, fire, and sincerity of the great West, and her verses ring out with a force that we look in vain for among the too-often emasculated effusions of the East.

An Odd Couple. By Mrs. Oliphant. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada.: Porter & Coates.*—This is the least successful of any of this author's recent fictions. It is not near so good, for example, as "The Curate in Charge," which has recently been running through McMillan's London Magazine. It forms one of the popular "International Series."

Estella. By the Author of "My Little Lady." 1 vol., 16 *mo. New York: Henry Holt & Co.*—A rather weak story, and not at all up to the author's previous effort, "My Little Lady." The volume, however, is neatly printed.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WITHOUT A MAGAZINE no household is perfect. And if you take any magazine, you should take "Peterson" first of all, for it combines more advantages, and gives more for the money, than any in the world. On this point the newspaper press is unanimous. Says the Havre de Grace (Md.) Reporter, "The stories, as everything else in the magazine, are the best that time, money, and labor can procure. It should be taken in every household." Says the People's Voice, "The world has not yet produced the peer of Peterson's, whether you take it as a literary or as a fashion magazine. We cannot see how our lady readers can afford to do without it." The Shenandoah (Va.) Valley says, "It is really fascinating. The illustrations are unsurpassed—the fashion-plates charming. The articles and papers are terse—altogether refined and elevating. Its very appearance in a family, will teach, at once, a lesson of tidiness, refinement, and taste—accomplishments so desirable." Norwood (N. Y.) Advertiser says: "The beautiful colored fashion plates it contains are alone worth more than the subscription price, while the colored patterns in embroidery, crochet, etc., are rich in design, and surpass anything of the kind given in similar publications" The Woburn (Mass.) Journal says: "The mammoth colored fashion plates, designs for needle-work, and patterns in Peterson are unequalled." Says the Lynn (Mass.) Reporter: "So far as the reading matter is concerned, it is up to the usual high standard of this favorite periodical, which is praise enough, as every one who has taken 'Peterson's' will admit. The principal illustration is a gem." Says the Hopkinsville (Ky.) Democrat: "It has the best of reading matter and fashion plates. The publisher tries to make every number better than its predecessor. It is one of the cheapest and best magazines of the kind published in this country." Says the People's (N. C.) Press: "This excellent magazine increases in interest with every number. It is superior to some higher-priced fashion magazines. It has stood the test of years, and is more popular now than ever." Says the Norristown (Pa.) Herald: "The ladies, in glancing at the varied attractions of the last number of Peterson's Magazine, will voluntarily exclaim, 'It's just splendid!' And this, by-the-way, is what they say of each successive number." The Tecumseh (Nebraska) Citizen says: "The cheapest and best of its kind in the world. Its fashion-plates are the standard authority." Now is the time to subscribe, either singly, or in clubs. A new volume begins with the next number.

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MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. VI.—CHOLERA INFANTUM.

THIS disease is not introduced to the attention of the mothers with the expectation that they can be taught how to treat a disease that baffles the most learned and experienced in the profession; but with a hope that the remarks made under this head may be of some value to them, especially where medical aid is difficult to procure, and both useful and practical to some practitioners who may not have enjoyed full facilities of informing themselves of the various means of cure, and thus enable them more skillfully to conduct the treatment.

This fell disease of the summer is chiefly caused by highly heated and close air, made more morbidly effective by teething, weaning, coarse food, or change of food; improper diet of indigestible substances, and want of sufficient care exercised by mothers, in alimentation, when nursing. The bath, or sponging children in hot weather, is essential to health; but if the child be delicate, salt water, or the warm salt-water bath, should be daily resorted to, in every case, followed by smart friction. If the external surface or skin is healthful, the internal, or mucous membrane, which is a mere continuation of the skin, will more likely be healthy, also. The prevention of this disease will, therefore, mainly depend upon the avoidance of these causes, and our best directed efforts will avail naught unless the utmost prudence be exercised by the mother, both in the child's diet and regimen.

Presuming that all sources of irritation, such as indigestible substances, have been removed by castor oil, or syrup of rhubarb, the following formula may be advised by the physician:

1. Lime-water, six ounces; spiced syrup of rhubarb, one ounce; paregoric, half an ounce; and compound tincture of cardamoms, half an ounce. Mix, and give a teaspoonful every two or three hours during the day. If the tongue be coated, discharges light in color, give one grain of *hyd. c. creta*, (mercury with chalk,) triturated with a little sugar, night and morning. This treatment was successfully used in the Western Infirmary, about twenty years ago.

2. Hydarg. comp. creta, ten grains, triturated with thirty grains of sugar, and divided in ten powders; one to be given every two, three, or four hours, till the color and consistence of the stools change for the better. This "gray powder" is a great favorite with many "old-school" physicians, and is a good remedy, often arresting a diarrhœa in infants and children, when astringents have failed. And astringents will generally fail when the tongue is coated, secretions arrested, liver torpid, as indicated by whey-like discharges.

3. The late Prof. T. D. Mitchell said, "the paramount value of *minute* doses of calomel, in cholera infantum, is already made out. I have so long been in the practice of treating the disease in children of twelve or fifteen months old with a twelfth of a grain six to ten times a day, and *with such constant success*, that I cannot but commend to the profession what I regard as the best kind of practice in that very fatal disease of children." High irritability of the stomach, as well as of the bowels, will generally be checked by two or three powders, placed upon the tongue, combined with a little gum arabic or white sugar. Longer intervals between the doses will then be proper; and when the stools are greatly reduced in quantity, and altered in color and consistence, once or twice a day will suffice for a day or two; after which the powders may be discontinued.

4. The *neutralizing cordial*, (Eclectic remedy,) made of rhubarb, peppermint plant, and a little saleratus, formed into a syrup, is a good medicine in suitable cases.

5. A half to one drop of tincture cinchona, given every two, three, or four hours, is a favorite remedy with the rational homeopaths. So, also,

6. One drop of the wine of ipecac, frequently repeated, has been much lauded, and is deserving of trial.

7. One drop of creosote, thoroughly diffused through one ounce of mucilage of gum arabic, and given in half to one teaspoonful doses, will often arrest vomiting of cholera infantum.

8. One drop of croton oil, dissolved in nine drops of alcohol, and the whole triturated well in ninety grains of white sugar, and given in doses of two or three grains, has promptly arrested this disease.

9. Tincture of iris, in like manner, is very serviceable in this complaint.

These several prescriptions are those used mainly by the rational homœpaths.

The diet should be most bland and simple. Thin, well-cooked gruels, barley, or rice-water, mucilages, gelatin, arrow-root, etc., should only be allowed. A thin flannel binder can be advantageously applied around the child's body. Salt-water baths, or sponging, followed by frictions of the "salted towel," (i. e. a towel dipped in salt-water, and allowed to dry before using,) are useful adjuvents.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

SOUPS AND FISH.

Tomato Soup.—Take eight middling-sized tomatoes, cut them in two, and, removing the pips and watery substance, put them in a sauce-pan with a bundle of sweet herbs, a clove of garlic, an onion stuck with three or four cloves, some allspice, and whole pepper and salt to taste. Place the sauce-pan on a gentle fire, stirring the contents occasionally. When the tomatoes are thoroughly done, turn them out on a hair-sieve; remove the onion, the garlic, and the bundle of sweet herbs; remove, also, the moisture which will drip from the tomatoes; then work them through the sieve until nothing remains on the top but the skins. Have a quart of plain stock, boiling hot, stir the tomato pulp into it, and, removing the sauce-pan from the fire, stir in the yolks of two eggs, beaten with a little cold water, and strained. Serve over small dice of bread fried in butter.

Salmon and Caper Sauce.—Lay two slices of salmon in a baking-dish; place pieces of butter over it, and add half a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, one shalot, salt, pepper, and grated nutmeg to taste. Rub a little seasoning into the fish; baste it frequently. When done, take it out, and drain for a minute or two. Lay it in a dish, pour sauce over it, and serve. Salmon dressed in this way, with tomato-sauce, is very delicious.

Kedgeree.—Take any cooked fish, and pull it into small pieces, with a couple of forks; put them into a stew-pan with a lump of butter. Boil some rice, and mix with it one or more hard-boiled eggs, chopped up. Season it with pepper and salt, put it into a stew-pan with the fish, and enough milk to moisten the whole. When thoroughly hot, serve.

Baked Mackerel.—Clean the fish, take out the roes, fill up the forcemeat, and sew up the slit. Flour and put them in a dish, heads and tails alternately with the roes, and between each layer put some little pieces of butter, and pepper and salt. Bake for half an hour, and serve either with melted or maitre-d'hotel sauce.

Potted Trout.—Clean, and take out the bones; pepper and salt them, and, with a little herb seasoning, pack them flat and tight into a potting-pot, with a little butter. Bake them for a quarter of an hour. Let them get perfectly cold, and then cover them with clarified butter.

DESSERTS.

Cherry Ice.—Stone two pounds of ripe cherries; bruise, and set them on the fire, with a little water and half a pound of sugar. When they have boiled, pass them through a hair sieve into an earthen pan. Pound a handful of the kernels; put them in a basin, with the juice of two lemons; add to the cherries one pound of sugar, and strain on them the lemon-juice and kernels. Mix the whole together, and put into a sorbetiere with pounded ice. Work the cherries up with it well, until it is set; then place it in glasses.

Strawberry Jelly.—Boil two calves'-feet five or six hours, in about three quarts of water; skim and strain. When cold, remove every particle of grease; clear one quart with the whites and shells of three or four eggs; add a quarter of a pound of sugar, the strained juice of two or three lemons, a wineglassful of sherry, and one of maraschino. Let it simmer; skim, and pass through a jelly-bag. If not quite stiff enough, add a little isinglass, dissolved in just enough water to cover it. Ornament the top of the mould with some very fine picked strawberries, and then alternate layers of jelly (nearly set) and strawberries; these not too close. Ice, if the weather be hot, and turn it out carefully.

Rice Cream.—Put in a stew-pan four ounces of ground rice, two ounces of sugar, a few drops of the essence of almonds, or any other essence you choose, with two ounces of fresh butter; add a quart of milk. Boil from fifteen to twenty minutes, till it forms a smooth substance, though not too thick; then pour into a mould previously oiled, and serve when cold and well set. If the mould be dipped in warm water, the cream will turn out like a jelly. If no mould, put either in cups or a pie-dish. The rice had better be done a little too much than underdone.

Strawberry Ice Cream.—Put some picked strawberries into a basin; sweeten with powdered sugar; add strawberry-jam equal in quantity to the fruit, the juice of two lemons, a small quantity of new milk, and a pint of cream. Mix, color with a little cochineal, and freeze.

Pine-Apple Ice Cream.—Pound a new pine-apple up with plenty of powdered sugar; add the juice of one and a half lemons. Take a small quantity of new milk, one pint of cream. Mix well, and freeze.

PRESERVES AND JELLIES.

Cherry Jelly.—Remove the stones and stalks from two pounds of dark-red, fleshy cherries, and put the cherries into a basin. Pound the kernels, and squeeze the juice of four lemons through a tammy. Mash the cherries with a wooden spoon, adding half a pot of currant-jelly, then the kernels, and lastly, the lemon-juice, and mix all well together. Boil and skim a pint of thick, clarified sugar and isinglass. Put the cherries into a jelly-bag, pour the sugar and isinglass over them, and run through till quite clear. Add more sugar, if not sweet enough, or more lemon-juice, if acid be required. Wet the mould, place it in ice, and fill it with the jelly, not turning it out until the last moment.

Rhubarb Preserve.—To six pounds of rhubarb allow five pounds of sugar, one pound of figs, two ounces of candied lemon-peel cut fine. The sugar, peel, and figs, are to lay upon the cut rhubarb for a night. Boil all together one hour. It makes a delicious preserve, and will keep good for a year.

SUMMER DRINKS.

Ginger Beer.—One gallon of water, one pound of lump-sugar, one ounce of cream of tartar, one ounce of ginger, and one lemon. Pour the water, boiling, over the sugar, cream of tartar, and lemon; then bruise the ginger, and boil it in about a pint of water for a quarter of an hour; add it to the liquor, and let it remain till nearly cold. Put a tablespoonful of yeast on a slice of bread, toasted; let it stand till the next morning, then take the yeast off, and pour the liquor into another vessel. Add the white of an egg, well beaten, strain, and bottle it. In a few days it will be ready for use.

Lemonade.—Roll the lemons on something hard, till they become soft. Grate the rinds, cut the lemons in half, and squeeze them into a pitcher. Pour on the required quantity of water, and sweeten according to taste. The grated rinds, for the sake of their aroma, should also be added. After mixing thoroughly, set the pitcher aside for half an hour; then strain the liquor through a jelly-strainer, and put in the ice.

Elder Wine.—To a gallon of elder-berries put an equal quantity of water. Boil them about three-quarters of an hour, then strain clear off, pressing the berries a little. Then, to each gallon of liquor put four pounds of moist sugar. Boil it full half an hour, until the scum has done rising, with some ginger and cloves tied up in a piece of muslin, then set to cool; and when nearly cold, put into it a yeast toast. Let it work gently three days, then put it into the cask with some spice, as before. When the fermentation ceases, stop it close. Add some brandy, if you like.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

FIG. I.—HOUSE-DRESS OF LIGHT-BLUE TWILLED FOULARD.—The front of the skirt has three aprons of the silk, trimmed with duchess lace. The straight side-pieces, which are made to look as if buttoned on the drapery at the back, and the body and sleeves, are trimmed with the same lace.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS OF LILAC AND WHITE STRIPED BATISTE.—The basque, waist, cuffs, and apron-front of the dress are made of a batiste with wider stripe, whilst the sleeves and back of the skirt are of batiste with narrower stripes, but of the same color as the other. White straw bonnet, trimmed with lilac ribbon.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF BLUE SILK.—The under-skirt has two flounces, edged with knife-plaiting. The upper-skirt is untrimmed, and gracefully draped a little longer on the right side, in front, and on the left side at the back, and is caught under a wide bow of black gros grain ribbon. The coat-basque, which is open in front, and the sleeves, are trimmed with black silk. White chip bonnet, trimmed with a white feather, and blue gauze on the outside, and black velvet band and bow under the brim.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS OF ECRU CAMEL'S-HAIR.—Both the skirt and apron over-dress are trimmed with a plaiting of navy-blue silk. The dolman is of black silk, richly embroidered, and trimmed with lace.

FIG. V.—OUTDOOR DRESS OF PINK AND WHITE STRIPED BATISTE.—The lower skirt has two plaited ruffles, headed by bias bands of the batiste. The over-dress is made bias in front, tied and draped rather low at the back, and is edged with white Hamburg embroidery. The jacket, basque, and sleeves, are trimmed to correspond, and are ornamented with bows and ends of black velvet. Coarse white satin hat, with a plaited straw edge, trimmed with roses and black velvet.

FIG. VI.—DRESS FOR THE COUNTRY, OF TOILE D'ALSACE.—This material is of cotton, but has a feeling of silk finish; it is of blue and white plaid, with delicate lines of pink intermixed. The over-skirt is finished with a bias band, edged with a row of white embroidery. The basque and sleeves correspond.

FIG. VII.—HOUSE-DRESS OF ECRU BATISTE, WORN OVER A BROWN SILK SKIRT.——The skirt has one knife-plaited ruffle, with two headed puffings above. The over-dress is quite deep in front, brought up rather high at the back, in stiff plaits, and trimmed with a narrow knife-plaiting of the batiste.

FIG. VIII.—BLACK SILK SLEEVELESS JACKET, made quite long in front, and cut in a point, and trimmed with silk embroidery, and edged with black lace.

FIG IX.—BLACK LACE MANTILLA, which crosses in front, and fits the figure closely.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give, also, a bountiful variety of things besides our dress patterns: a hat of gray straw, trimmed with cherries, for a little girl; child's-dress of white nansook, trimmed with a plaiting, and white embroidery; a pique coat, scalloped, and finished with braid; cuffs and pockets to correspond; a boy's hat, of straw, trimmed with dark-blue ribbon; and two of the newest of the many new bonnets. The first is of gray straw, trimmed with pale-pink ribbon and small ostrich tip, having pink convolvuli and leaves in the face; the other is of white straw, with a blue velvet face trimming, with the flowers and red and black fruit of the blackberry for the outside garniture.

The dress with the waist and skirt cut in one, known under the various titles of Polonaise, Princess, and Gabrielle, is very popular. But the cuirass waist divides the public favor. Still, the Princess is just now the rage in Paris. The dress is variously trimmed and draped, and assumes as many forms as the old tunic skirt. It is most becoming to a fine figure. The cuirass waist is now frequently made more in the jacket shape, (as in our fifth figure, in the fashion-plate,) instead of straight all around, as earlier in the season. This is more becoming, except to very slight figures.

PERCALES, BATISTES, MADRAS, AND TOILE D'ALSACE, are all so beautiful this year, that they are universally worn by young and old. Stripes are more popular than plaids, though some of the latter are so beautiful, that one has to purchase them in spite of the style being older than the stripes.

The Centennial Year has caused fichus, small shawls, carelessly tied in front, and capes of various designs, to be very popular for more dressy occasions.

As the warm weather has come, we see fewer SACQUES, DOLMANS, etc. They are laid aside, to be resumed on the first cool day.

ECRU LACE is used on all articles of dress, and Ecru Batiste is also used for collars, handkerchiefs, ties, etc.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY.—The whole sailor suit is of buff linen, with the stripes down the side of the trousers; the cuffs, collar, etc., all of corded red; the sash is of silk of the same color. Sailor's straw hat, with blue ribbon.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The skirt, vest, and jacket, are of light gray pique, embroidered in gray linen braid, and edged with white embroidery. On the shoulders and at the neck are knots of black velvet ribbon, Black velvet ribbon also ties the hair.

FIG. III.—CHILD'S COAT OF WHITE PIQUE, richly braided. It has a deep, round cape, also braided.

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Chest-Warmer—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - 370
Coals of Fire—By Lucy H. Hooper, - - - - 395
Child and Woman—By Frank Lee Benedict, - - - 417
Children's Fashions, (*Illustrated,*) 82, 154, 226, 298, 377, 454
Cerice Bodice for a Miss of Sixteen—By Emily H. May,
(*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - 146
Cloud Netting—By Mrs. JaneWeaver, (*Illustrated,*) - 77
Edgings in Embroidery, - - - - - - - - 290
Edging, - - - - - - - - - - - - 291
Edgings for Under-Linen, - - - - - - - 367
Edging, - - - - - - - - - - - - 214
Etiquette, Manners, etc., - - - - - - - - 374
Every-Day Dresses, Garments, etc.—By Emily H. May,
Illustrated,) - - - 71, 143, 212, 283, 363, 440









COSTUME FOR BOY OF FOUR. SCOTCH SUIT FOR BOY. COSTUME FOR GIRL.

CONTENTS

TO THE

SEVENTIETH VOLUME.

FROM JULY TO DECEMBER, 1876, INCLUSIVE.

A Bit of Old Lace—By Frank Lee Benedict, - - - 330
Alphabets for Marking, - - - - - - - - 145

Bébé—By Fannie Hodgson Burnett, - - - - - 39
Borders, Worked with Colored Silks—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - 288
Borders in Russian Embroidery—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - - 76
Border, Roman Embroidery—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - - 148
Button-Hole with Embroidery—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - - 149
Baby's Sock, Crochet—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - - - 447
Border in Silk Embroidery, - - - - - - - 447
Butterfly Design for Applique—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - 446

Costume of Chintz—By Emily H. May, (*Illustrated,*) - 215
Chest-Warmer—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - 370
Coals of Fire—By Lucy H. Hooper, - - - - 395
Child and Woman—By Frank Lee Benedict, - - - 417
Children's Fashions, (*Illustrated,*) 82, 154, 226, 298, 377, 454
Cerice Bodice for a Miss of Sixteen—By Emily H. May, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - 146
Cloud Netting—By Mrs. JaneWeaver, (*Illustrated,*) - 77
Corsage A Basque—By Emily H. May, (*Illustrated,*) - 7
Cicely—By Jeanie T. Gould, - - - - - - 29, 97
Christmas Games, - - - - - - - - - 452
Cashmere Paletot—By Emily H. May, (*Illustrated,*) - 443

Dinner-Parties, - - - - - - - - - - 375
Diagram for Corsage a Basque, - - - - - - 75
Diagram for Cerice Bodice, - - - - - - - 147
Diagram for Costume of Chintz, - - - - - - 216
Diagram of Girl's Paletot, - - - - - - - 287
Diagram of Paletot for a Miss of Eight to Ten Years, 366
Diagram of Cashmere Paletot, - - - - - - 444
Diagram of Paletot, - - - - - - - - 444
Dish D'Oyley, With Detail of Border—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - 289
Design for Hand-Screen—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - - 442

Edgings in Embroidery, - - - - - - - - 290
Edging, - - - - - - - - - - - - 291
Edgings for Under-Linen, - - - - - - - 367
Edging, - - - - - - - - - - - - 214
Etiquette, Manners, etc., - - - - - - - - 374
Every-Day Dresses, Garments, etc.—By Emily H. May, *Illustrated,*) - - - 71, 143, 212, 283, 363, 440

Editor's Table, - - - - 78, 150, 222, 292, 372, 450
Embroidered Bag for Tobacco—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - 445
Embroidered Footstool—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - - 448

Flannel Skirt—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - 369
Fringe for Table-Covers, Affghans, Tidies, etc.—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - 76
Fashions for July, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - 82
Fashions for August, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - 154
Fashions for September, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - 225
Fashions for October, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - 297
Fashions for November, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - 377
Fashions for December, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - 454

Girl's Paletot——By Emily H. May, (*Illustrated,*) - - 286

How Serepta Carried the Meetin'-House—By Josiah Allen's Wife, - - - - - - - - - 350
How Mabel Was Saved—By Marietta Holley, - - 248
How the Meetin'-House Leg'go of Serepta—By Josiah Allen's Wife, - - - - - - - - - 424
Housekeeping Department, - - - - - - 375
Household Art, - - - - - - - - - 295

Insertion, Ecru Cambric and Net—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - 221
"In For a Penny, In For a Pound"—By Frank Lee Benedict, - - - - - - - - - - 242

Josey's Dower—By the Author of "The Second Life," - 324
"J."—By T. H. Robertson, - - - - - - 128

Knitted Under-Cap for Elderly Ladies—By Mrs. Jane Weaver. (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - 369
Knitted Sleeves—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - 367
Knitted Shawl—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - 368

Making Bricks Without Straw—By Meta H. Hyde, - 177
Miss Crespigny's Absurd Flirtation—By Fanuie Hodgson Burnett, - - - - - - 180, 253, 338, 399
Modern Point Lace—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) 218
My "Bete-Noir"—By M. Searle, - - - - - 264
Miss Sylvester's Fan—By Addie F. Van Kortland, - 27
My Blonde Wig—By Kate Virginia Peyton, - - - 318
Monogram, - - - - - - - - - - 146
Monograms, - - - - - - - - - - 148
Monogram for Handkerchief, - - - - - - 149
Mat in Russian Embroidery—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - 77
Mother's Department—by Abram Livezy, M. D., 80, 152 224, 294, 374, 452
My Canada Campaign—By Ella Rodman Church, - 103
"My Dear Friend Barbara Sharpless"—By Fanny Hodgson Burnett, - - - - - - - - - 110
My Old Point Lace—By Emma Garrison Jones, - - 36

Needle-Book—Closed and Open—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - 448

Ornamental Glove-Box—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - - 217
Our Arm-Chair, - - - 80, 152, 224, 294, 374, 452
Our New Cook Book, - - 81, 152, 224, 296, 376, 453

Pink Corals—By Emma Garrison Jones, - - - 208
Pattern in Embroidery, - - - - - - - - 285
Point De Mouches, Crochet——By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - 288
Paletot for a Miss of Eight to Ten Years—By Emily H. May, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - 365

Review of New Books, - - 79, 151, 223, 293, 373, 451

Square-Netted Antimacassar—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - 449

The Golden Pumpkin-Seed—By Agnes James, - - 190
Trimming for Dresses, etc.——By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - 217
The Heroine of an Umbrella—By Emily J. Mackintosh, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - 239
Two Names on a Tree—By Helen Brotherton, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - - 315
Table-Cover of Java Canvas—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - 371
The Centennial in Pen and Pencil, No. IV.—By Henry J. Vernon, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - 23
Two Questions—By Frank Lee Benedict, (*Illustrated,*) - 51
The Widow Doodle—By Josiah Allen's Wife, - - 57

The Days of Seventy-Six—By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, - 61, 132, 200, 274, 354, 427
The Centennial Tidy—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated*) 75
The Flower-Girl—By Emma Garrison Jones, - - 391
The Story of Cleo—By Marrietta Holley, - - - 409
The Toilet, - - - - - - - - - - - 295
The Unceremonious Visitor—By Mrs. J. E. M'Conaughy, 27
The Flower Garden—By E. B. Rexford, - 294, 375, 452
The Little Prophetess—By Frank Lee Benedict, - - 120
The Tables Turned—By Mrs. J. E. M'Conaughy, - 167
Tobacco-Bag (Crochet)—By Henry J. Vernon, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - - - 291
Worth Waiting For—By Frank Lee Benedict, (*Illustrated,*) - - - - - - - - - - 170
Work-Bag—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - - 290
What Came of a House-Cleaning—By Miss Julia Ditton, 93
Work-Pocket—By Mrs. Jane Weaver, (*Illustrated,*) - 446

POETRY.

"And Nobody Reads the Tune"—By Laura H. Fisher, - 60
A Love-Story—By Annie F. Burnham, - - - - 70
Autumn Leaves—By Merle Murrie, - - - - 179
A Song of Life—By Marie S. Ladd, - - - - 323
A Wish—By Clara B. Heath, - - - - - - 269
A Prayer—By W. C. Burnett, - - - - - - 241
Autumn Winds—By E. W. Lane, - - - - - 252
An Invocation—By J. Hunt, - - - - - - 416
A Memory—By Annie E. Doty, - - - - - 394

Blue-Bird—By Mrs. L. V. Robinson, - - - - 131

Centennial Tribute to Washington—By G. P. Smoote, - 28

Daisy Bell—By U. D. Thomas, M. D., - - - - 127
Drifting With the Tide—By Howard Melville, - - 426

Friends—By F. F. Beals, - - - - - - - - 439
Fireside Musings—By Milton T. Adkins, - - - 398
Forgiveness—By Victor Smith, - - - - - 329

Glory—By Milton H. Marble, - - - - - 247

Hand and Glove—By Bennett H. Bellman, - - - 349
His and Ours—By Clara B. Heath, - - - - - 353

In Memoriam—By John M. Davis, - - - - - - 179
"Implora Pace"—By Alexander A. Irvine, - - - 436

Katie Munro—By W. C. Miller, - - - - - - 38

Little Cathie—By Claudine Scott, - - - - - 263
Lines—By an Old Contributor, - - - - - 70
Let's Meet Our Fortune Squarely—By Geo. Martyn, - 252
Love's Lesson—By Annie Robertson Noxon, - - - 282
Looking Through—By Alexis Bond, - - - - 102
Lines—By Edmund N. Gosse, - - - - - - 423

My Treasures—By Mrs. M. L. Blum, - - - - 56
Memory Bells—By Mrs. Emma Dix, - - - - 142
My Love is False—By William Brunton, - - - 439

Not Teaching: Being Taught—By Onlie A. Snow, - 329
No Heart?—By C. F. Earle, - - - - - - 398

Pleading—By Jennie Wren, - - - - - - 362
Parted—By Medora Clark, - - - - - - 426
Parted—By Helen Ladd Warner, - - - - - 199
Pretty Queennie Ray—By Theo. D. C. Miller, M. D., - 176

Sunshine and Shadow—By Jennie Carter, - - - 189
Shall We Meet?—By Nellie J. Palmer, - - - - 169

The Kissing-Bridge—By Josephine Pollard, - - - 211
The Watchers' Report—By Harriette Wood, - - - 273
The Autumn-Time—By Mary W. M'Vicar, - - - 317
Twilight—By J. A. Clark, - - - - - - - 35
The Rainy Night—By Albert F. Bridges, - - - 38
The Fishers—By Alexander Hume, - - - - 96
The Childless Widow—By Caroline North, - - - 109
Twilight Musings—By Katharine Higgins, - - - 119
The After-Rain—By Mrs. Mary E. Kail, - - - 142
The Morning of Joy—By Theo. D. C. Miller, M. D., - 337
The Evening's Hush—By Rose Geranium, - - - 337

Unto the End—By Georgiana Bowers, - - - - 211
United Forever—By Albert N. Gould, M. D., - - - 28

Water-Lilies—By Belle Bremer, - - - - - 207
Watching for the New Year—By Geo. Weatherby, - 408

STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

"Naught, and Carry One."
Fashions for July, colored.
"Pick-a-Pack."
Fashions for August, colored.
The Jack in the Box.
Fashions for September, colored.
Psyche With Her Lamp.
Fashions for October, colored.
"Innocence."
Fashions for November, colored.
The Flower-Girl.
Fashions for December, colored.
Title-Page.

COLORED ENGRAVINGS.

Centennial Tidy in Crochet.
Danish Braid Work.
Tidy in Crochet.
Tidy on Java Canvas.
The Indian Slipper.
Design for Hand Screen.

FULL PAGE WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

Lydia Ashleigh.
The Fishers.
In the Garden-Seat.
The Heroine of an Umbrella.
Two Names On a Tree.
Charlie's Christmas-Morning Kiss.
Go Away, Greedy.

WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

July number, Fifty-one Engravings.
August number, Thirty-six Engravings.
September number, Forty-three Engravings.
October number, Fifty-one Engravings.
November number, Forty-four Engravings.
December number, Thirty-six Engravings.

MUSIC.

Serenade to Ida.
Only.
Manies Polka.
Bliss Forever Past.
I Love My Love.
Reiter Galop.

Peterson's Magazine—July, 1876.

Centennial Tidy in Crochet.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JULY.







CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JULY.



THE ISABEAU DRESS. STRAW BONNET.



THE BEATRICE DRESS. BLACK STRAW HAT





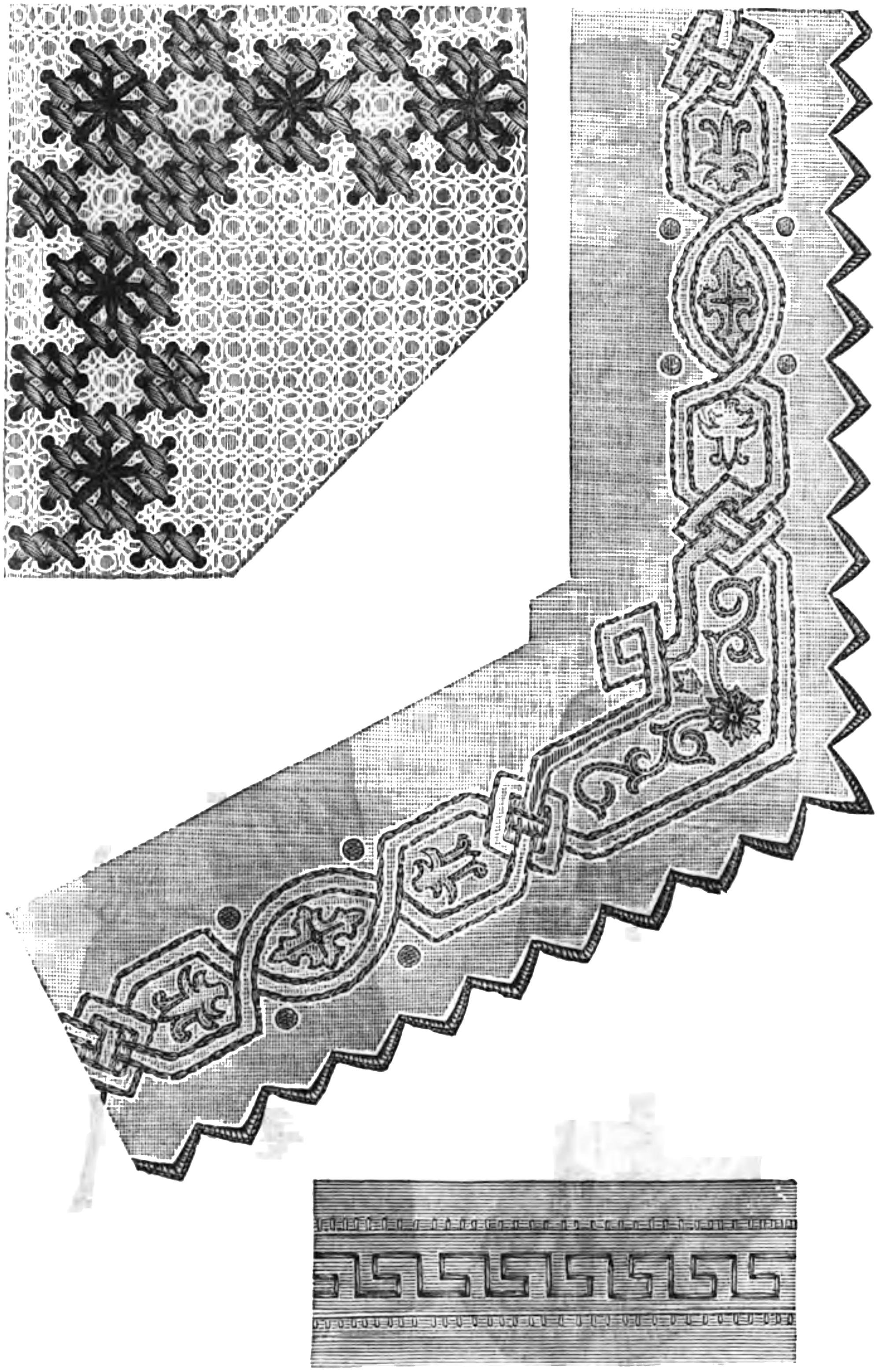




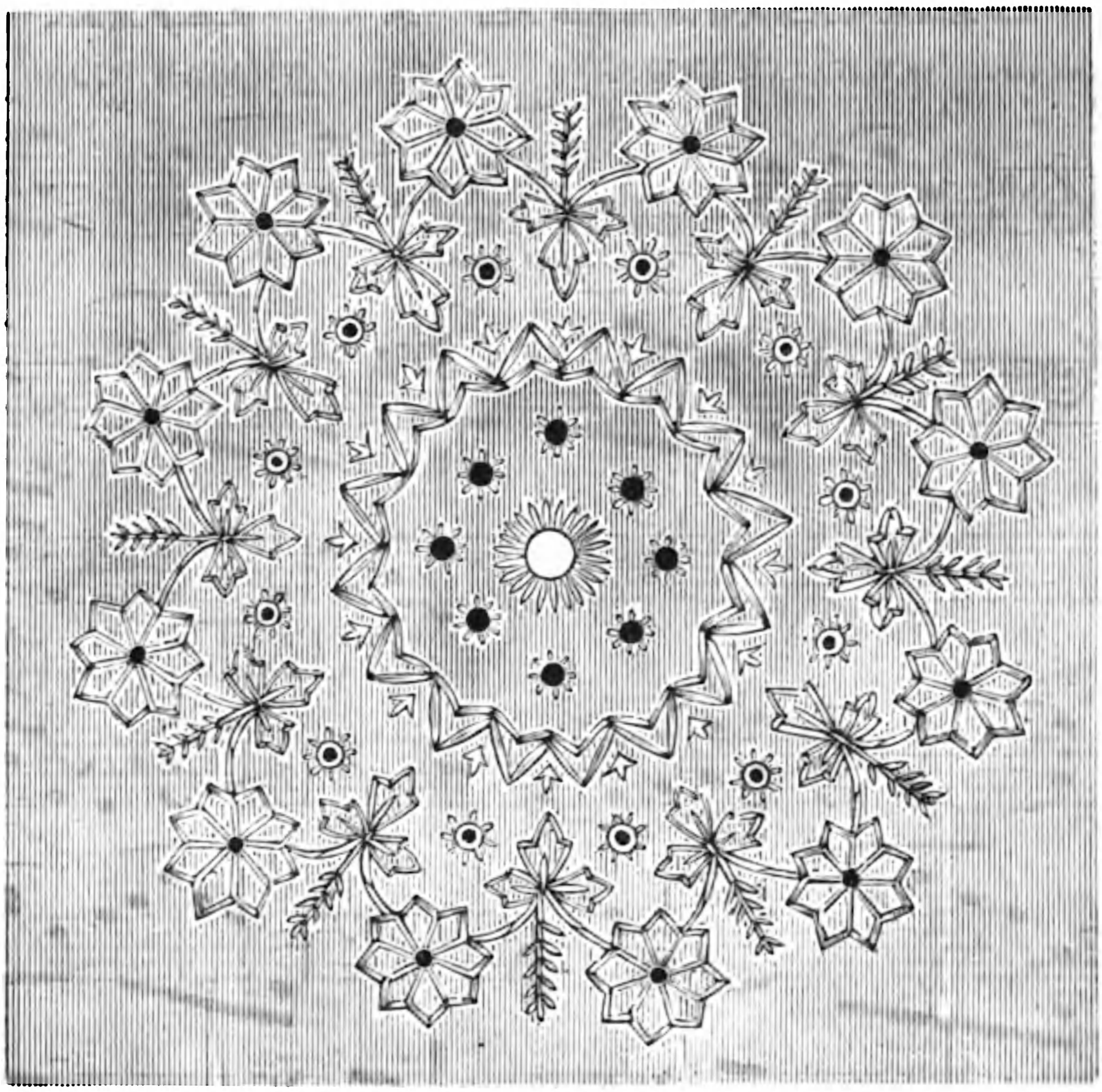
COSTUME FOR BOY OF FOUR. SCOTCH SUIT FOR BOY. COSTUME FOR GIRL.

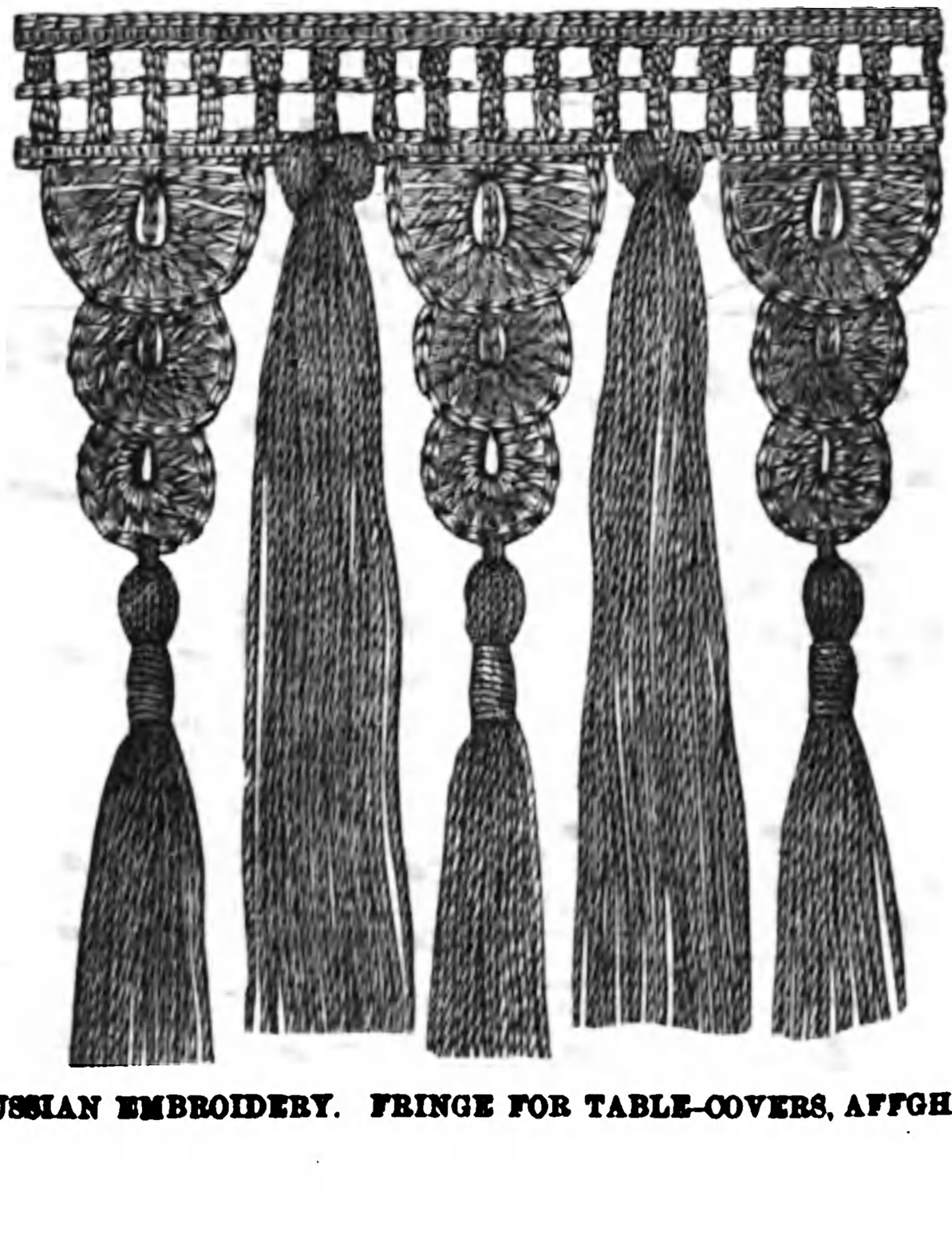


DRESSING JACKETS. BACK AND FRONT OF TUNIC.



INSERTION IN RUSSIAN EMBROIDERY. CHEMISE YOKE. PERFORATED CARD BOARD.





MAT IN RUSSIAN EMBROIDERY. FRINGE FOR TABLE-COVERS, AFFGHANS, TIDIES, ETC.

SERENADE TO IDA.

English version by WILLIAM HILLS. Music by WILLIAM WEINGAND.

PIANO.

1 Night a - round is soft - ly
2 Tho' a - round these clois - ters

p

creep - ing, All the earth to rest is laid; Grief it -
night - ly, Spir - its awe the tim - id breast, Love fears

cres.

self lies calm - ly sleep - ing, Sleep - est thou, be - lov - ed
not, where slumb'ring light - ly, I - da lies in heav'n - ly

cres.

dol. cres.

maid? I - da, hear my lute's soft num - bers, Float - ing
rest. Play - ful zeph - yrs gent - ly steal - ing, Up - ward

p cres.

poco rit.

on the balm - y air, —— Yet my lute, if I - da
waft my song to thee, —— May its tones, my love re -

poco rit.

f dim.

slum - bers, Hush! nor wake my la - dy fair.
veal - ing, Fill thy dreams with thoughts of me.

f dim.

p











PINAFORE. OVERALL PINAFORE. BOY'S SAILOR COSTUME. NORFOLK BLOUSE. NURSERY PINAFORE.

pardon me, it is a mystery to me how you ever selected it."

Cicely's head went down. She had a swift battle with her tears, as she answered,

"David's lament has been echoing in my ears all day, 'Woe is me that I am constrained to dwell among the tents of Kedar! Do you care to know how and why I came?"

Thayne's answer was not given in words, but a glance at his face convinced her that she was understood; and, without further preamble, Cicely told him her little history. It moved Thayne deeply. This brown-eyed girl touched the higher, purer part of the man's being, as *no other* hand had done; and as he looked at the sorrowful face and bent head, he said to himself, as a great poet has said before him, "I should paint her, unaware, with a halo round her hair."

"My dear little child," Thayne answered, speaking aloud, and he had an insane impulse *to take* Cicely up in his arms then and there, and comfort her. "My dear little child, don't trouble yourself so. Surely the pitfalls of Vanity Fair cannot prove snares for you while you have the best Helper."

If Cicely had not known before, she felt then that this man was striving to tread the same path as *herself*, and that out of the folly and sin of the world he yearned for holier things. A long pause fell between them; and when, at last, Thayne broke it, it was to talk as he had never spoken before, save to the angel-mother, with whom, from that moment, he associated Cicely in his thoughts.

It was a sudden descent into this work-a-day world, when Madame Randolph came upon them in the gathering twilight, and announced that the Lichfield carriage had come for Cicely. Madam was full of a new idea, which she speedily confided to her young guests. This was neither more nor less than a project of a grand ball, a *bal masque*, which she purposed to give on Mardi Gras, and, as she smilingly said, for Cicely's benefit. Poor little Cicely was somewhat oppressed with her weight of obligation, and the vague idea which a *bal masque* conveyed to her unsophisticated mind; but she uttered gentle thanks, which madam saw were sincere; and, being such, the old lady was gratified.

Thayne intended to escort Cicely to her carriage, but, somewhat to his surprise, and more to Cicely's, Sir Malcom stood in the way; so, Thayne bade his hostess good-morning, and went down "H" street as the carriage whirled Cicely up Vermont Avenue. But Sir Malcom went back to the library, where Madame Randolph sat, alone.

"Well?" said the old lady, quietly.

"She is very lovely," he said, answering the unspoken thought; "but it is a loveliness which smites me to the heart. How can I ever undo the evil of the past?"

"The dead are at peace," she answered, solemnly. "But have you not a duty to the living, and that not to Cicely alone?"

The blood rushed painfully into his bronzed face.

"You do not think that possible?"

"Why not?" said madam, gently. "My friend, I can only say—try."

"I will."

He spoke with sudden enthusiasm as he raised the kind old hand to his lips. But a hot tear-drop fell on it, and, keen as Madam's ears were, she had to strain them to catch the husky murmur below his breath.

"I do not deserve success," were his words. "God help me to repair the sins of my youth!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

TWILIGHT.

BY J. A. CLARK.

The twilight is slowly creeping
  Across the western sky;
The winds and the waves are sleeping,
  And silent night draws nigh.

Old faces look through the shadows,
  And gather, one by one,
Around me, in tender silence,
  Like children at set of sun.

I can almost hear their voices
  Speak to my waiting ear,
Sweet words of love and friendship,
  In tones of love and cheer.

And can almost feel the pressure
  Of that soft and gentle hand,
That would guide me through the shadows
  To the blessed Better Land.

Thus the night comes down with blessing,
  And the voices of the past
Bid me wait, in hopeful patience,
  For the rest that comes at last;

For the rest that is Eternal,
  For the day that knows no night;
Where no sorrow is, nor sadness—
  In that land where all is light.



MASSACHUSETTS STATE BUILDING.

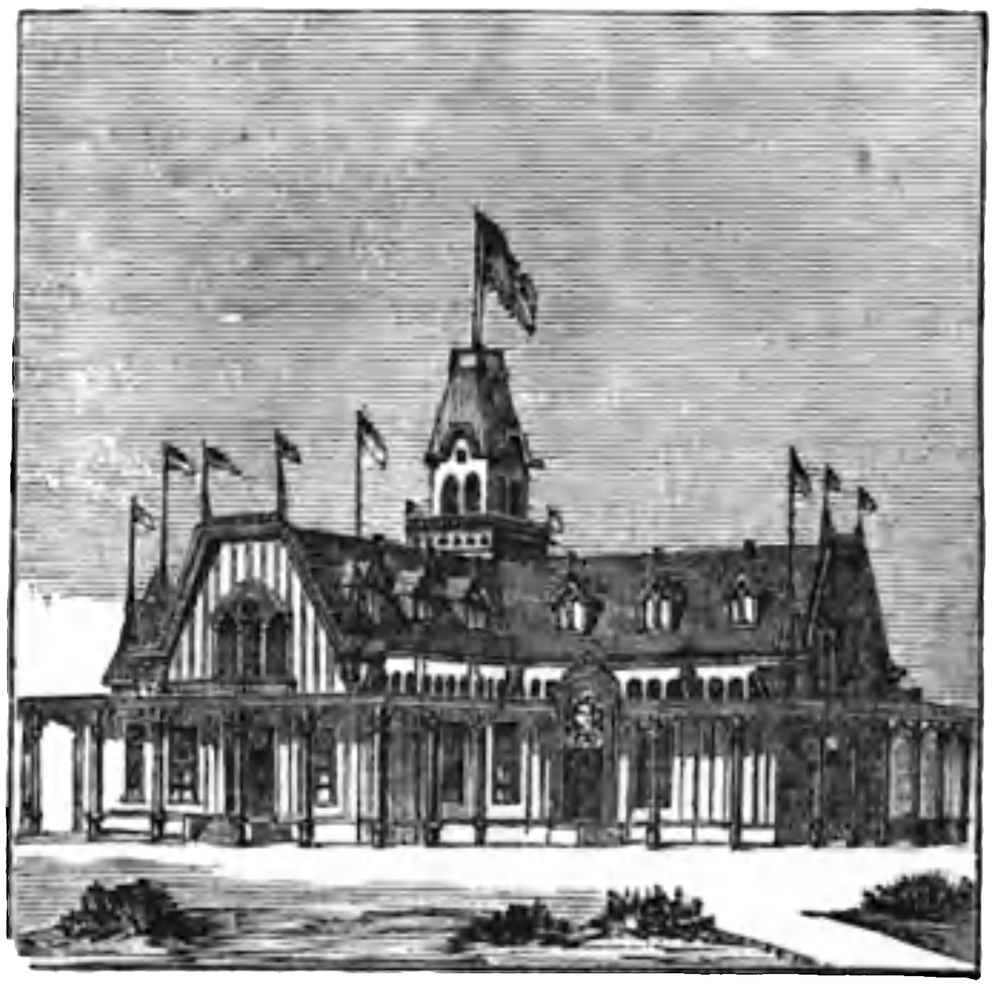
handsomer than the ebony ones. To describe the beautiful things, on exhibition, in these show-cases, would require volumes.

Machinery Hall and Agricultural Hall, are also crowded with articles, but as the exhibits in these places have but a secondary interest to ladies, we pass them by. Horticultural Hall grows more beautiful daily, or rather the plants in, and about it do. Days might be spent profitably in studying the almost infinite variety of flowers of every description there. In the May number we gave a full-page illustration of Horticultural Hall, and need not, therefore, repeat it now. The various tropical, and other plants, sheltered under its glass canopies, cannot be described in words, nor even pictured, intelligently, by any illustrations we could give, as their beauty depends so much more on color than on form.



DELAWARE STATE BUILDING.

That portion of the Exhibition which will most interest persons of taste, is the collection of pictures in Memorial Hall and its annexes. No exhibition of paintings, at all comparable in numbers or excellence, will probably occur in this country, within a lifetime of any person now living. Take the English art-department as an example. The manager of this department, himself an artist of merit, has said that never before has he seen so many first-class English pictures on exhibition together. The writer of this has been present at several Royal Academy exhibitions in London, and has visited private and public galleries in England without number; and can bear witness to the same effect. Of the three hundred and odd pictures, on the walls, most of them are first-class, and none are inferior. A generation may pass before, even in England, a collection can be made again, so fairly and fully representing the English school of art. Nor is the display confined to the pictures of living artists. The Royal Academy, the Queen herself,



KANSAS STATE BUILDING.

and private individuals, with a liberality that can only be appreciated when the risk run is taken into consideration, have contributed numerous paintings by Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Constable, Landseer, and other deceased artists. Of living painters there are first-class works by Millais, Leighton, Alma Tadema, Firth, Pettie, etc., etc. Gibson's Venus, one of the loveliest of modern statues, is also here.

Differing from the English school of art is the French. In technical execution, no school exists, no school ever has existed, surpassing this. But in the lighter qualities of art, in imagination at least, the existing French school is comparatively deficient. It was not so thirty or forty years ago. Ary Schaeffer, though a German by descent, belonged really to the French school of art. In technical execution he was deficient, but not so in ideality and suggestiveness. Now it is these latter qualities that give a picture its hold on posterity. Witness the "Transfiguration" and "Sistine Madonna" by Raphael, or

shabby way! Only look at your dress, it is quite rusty; and your gloves are worn out. My dear, you surely know that no well-bred woman *ever* wears untidy gloves."

I knew it. But how was I to help it? We hadn't the price of a pair of gloves in the world. I kissed poor mamma good-by, and went on my errand.

My way ran through the whole length of the town to a sort of pawnbroker's establishment, *in an* obscure street.

It was mid May-time. The sun shone brightly, the sky was like sapphire, and in every door-yard there was an odor of early roses and lilac-bloom that carried my heart away back into the *half-forgotten* morning of childhood. Little birds flattered and chirped amid the green maple-leaves, and on a bit of common just without the town, the bleating of lambs, the tinkle of cattle-bells, and the voices of happy children made pleasant music.

How they thrill us, these potent sights, and *fragrances*, and voices of Nature! I forgot my shabby apparel. I forgot all my heartache and trouble, and, before I knew it, my eyes were blinded by tears, not tears of sorrow, but drops of pure delight, bright as the May-dew that glistens in the early dawn.

A passer-by gave me a rude jostle, and, coming *to my* senses with a start, I drew out my handkerchief in great haste, cleared my vision, and hurried on my way.

Reaching the shop of the dealer, my heart ached with a bitter pain. I had been ever so brave with mamma; nevertheless, it went hard with me to sell the old point. It was such rare *old lace*, and it had been intended for my marriage robes. I hated to see it go into that dingy den for a few paltry coins.

And I suppose, underlying all my love for the old heir-loom lace, was the shadow of a hope that some day Carroll would find me, and I should want it. I was not conscious of any such hope; still I think it lived in the depths of my heart; for love that is true is allied to hope, and both are eternal.

But my need was imperative! What a pitiful thing it is, that lack of daily bread is a something to which every other need in life must succumb. We may starve our souls, and live, but never our bodies. The dear old point had to go. I choked down my heartache, and entered the shop.

"Do you wish to purchase some very valuable old point lace, sir?"

The pawnbroker's eyes began to glow like fireflies on a rainy night.

"Old Point lace! A very unsaleable article, madam; one we don't care to invest in. However, let's have a look at it."

I put my hand in my pocket, and found that my old point was gone!

Any one of you, who have ever seen your forlorn hope drift away, can imagine what I felt.

"I've lost it!" I gasped, and hurried out of the shop.

On the door-step a gentleman confronted me, a package, wrapped in silver tissue, in his hand.

"I beg your pardon, madam, but I saw you drop this."

"Oh, sir, I thank you!"

There I stopped short, and the package fell from my shaking hand. I forgot mamma's worldly-wise advice, with that dear face before me.

"Oh, Carroll, Carroll!" I gasped out.

"Val! Is it Val?" was the answer. "Oh, my darling, have I found you at last?"

His two hands clasped mine, his true and tender eyes shone upon me, and, woman-like, I burst into tears.

"Come," he said, slipping the silver package into his pocket, "let's walk out on the common. It looks ever so cheerful there."

We went on until we reached a bit of grassy field, where the lambs gamboled, and the cattle-bells tinkled. There he stopped, and looked me full in the face.

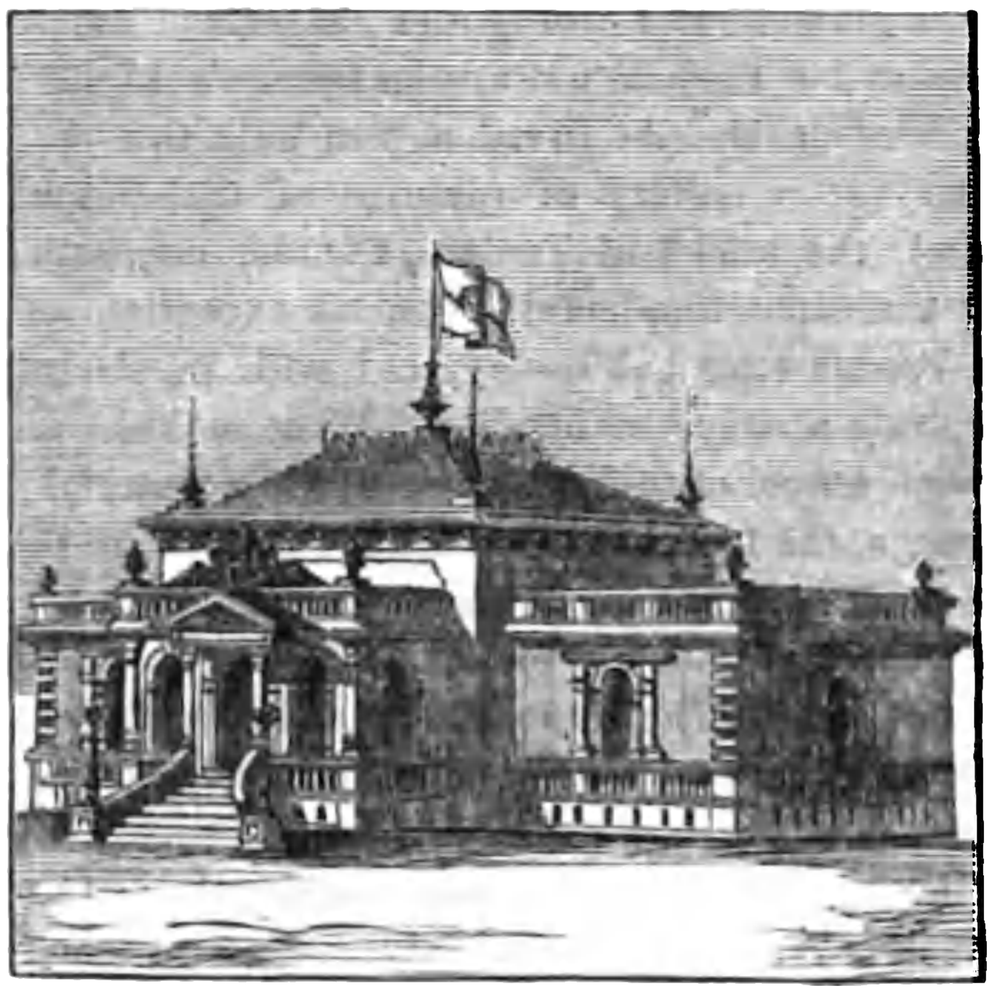
"Now, Val," he said, "I want an explanation. What made you release me from my engagement, and then run away and hide yourself? Did you think I cared so much for your money?"

"No, no, Carroll! But mamma said it was out of the question that you should ever think of me again, and I——"

"Yes, you believed her. Val, my dear, mamma's a wonderfully fine woman, but she's of the world, and worldly. You should have had better sense. Why, child, did you think that your troubles could fail to make me love you all the better? I've hunted you, high and low, six round months, and should have left this little town in despair, only for this blessed, blessed package you dropped. What is it?"

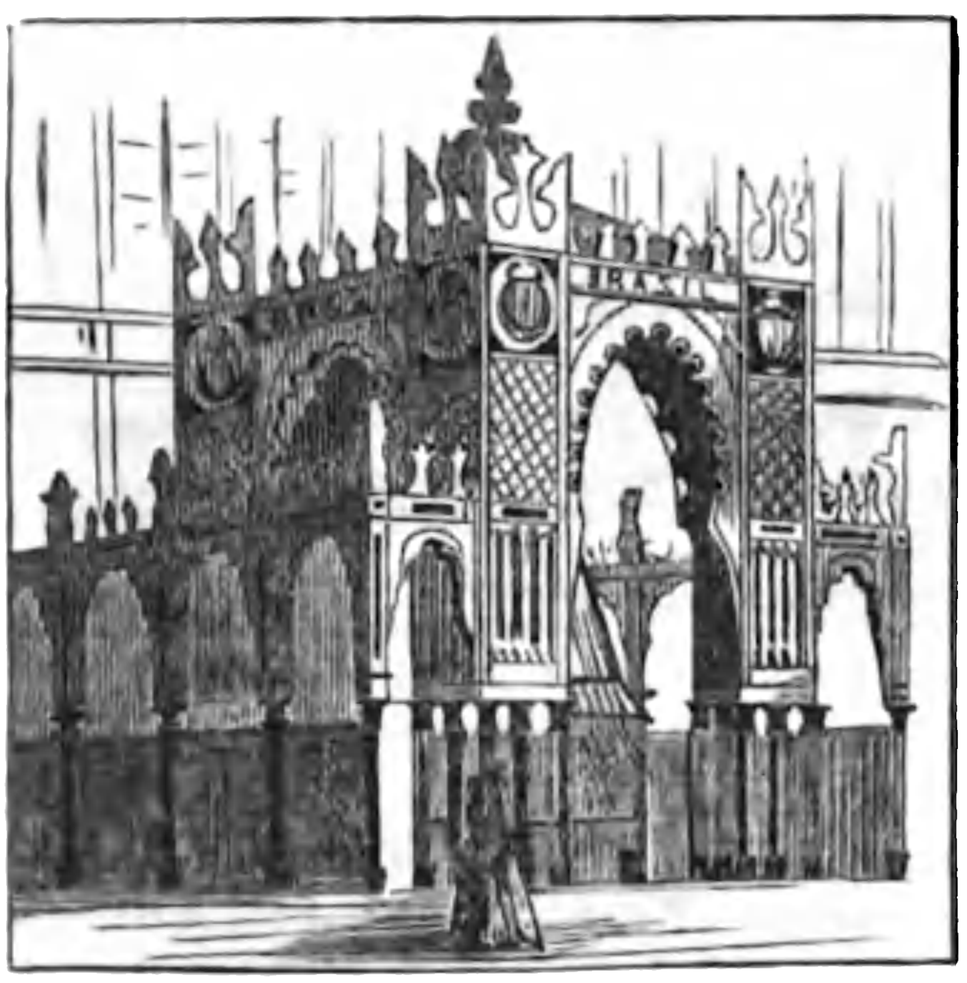
"My old point lace, Carroll. I was going to sell it. We're dreadfully poor, you see; and I have to do plain sewing in order to get daily bread and butter. We haven't a thing left, only the old point, that—that—was to have been worn at my marriage."

"Ah, yes! I remember! How fortunate that you pulled it out of your pocket, Val, or that pawnbroker might have it in his clutches. It



GERMAN EMPIRE.

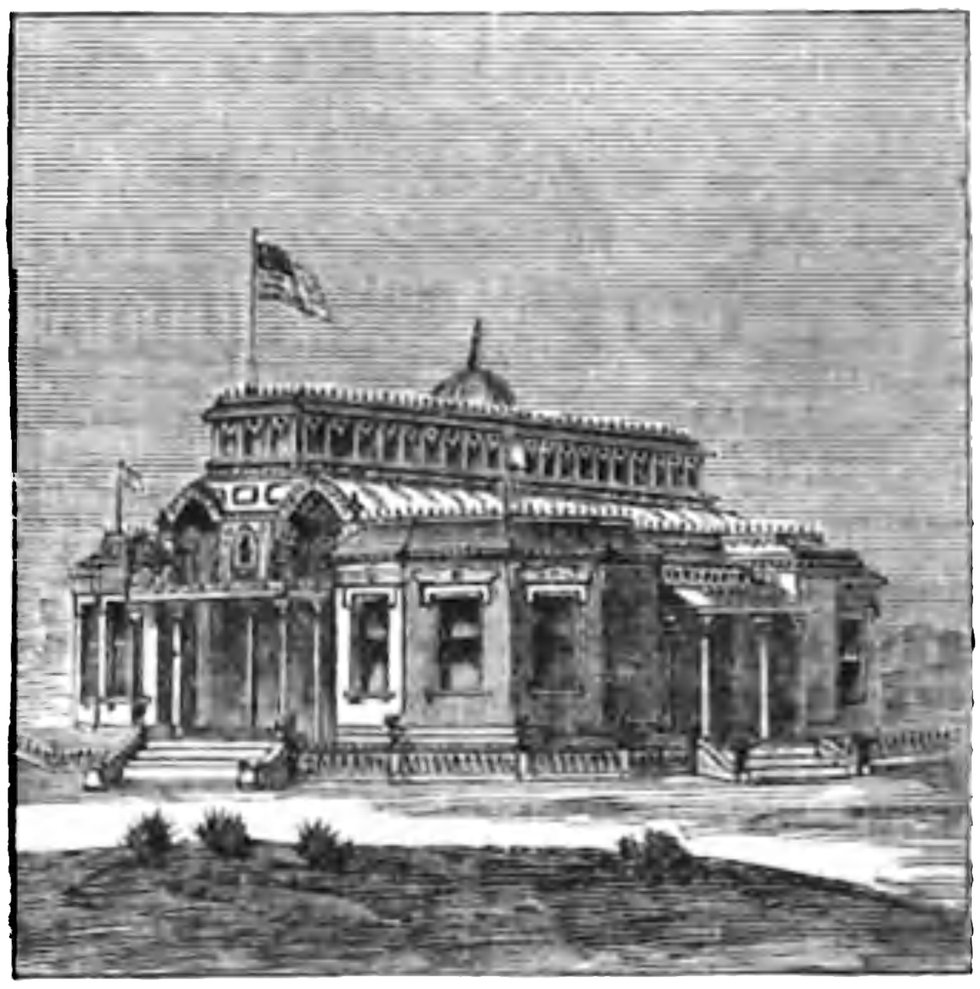
he is not only an American, but indisputably the first of living sculptors. For in all that relates to the arts, this country, we regret to say, seems behind several others. Our pictures, and statues, and Ceramic ware, even the finer kinds of household furniture are, as seen here, and as a rule, only second-rate. There is one exception to this. The American silver ware, and the better kinds of plated ware, excel, perhaps, all others. One of the most wholesome results of this Exhibition



BRAZILIAN EMPIRE.

will be, we trust, to open our eyes to our deficiencies, and by improving the popular taste, and stimulatiug our artisans to emulation, to raise the character of all manufactures in which we are behind hand. Recognizing this inferiority, a number of public-spirited citizens of Philadelphia have subscribed to found an Art-Museum in this city, somewhat similar to the institution in London, known as the Kensington Museum, which has done so much to elevate the industrial tastes of England. and open up for her new markets. They have already purchased some of the best specimens in the Exhibition, as models, and will, doubtless, buy more, so that this World's Fair will continue to do good, even after its doors are closed forever.

The English department is particularly strong in porcelain, pottery, tiles, etc. One pair of vases alone sold for three thousand dollars.



INDIANA STATE BUILDING.

There are plates on exhibition worth five hundred and fifty dollars a dozen. These seem enormous prices. But it must be remembered that they represent months of labor, and exceptional artistic skill. The French, however, press close on the English in the manufacture of fine porcelain. There is a dessert service, made for St. Petersburg, in the French department, which



ILLINOIS STATE BUILDING.

cost five thousand dollars in gold. Of course, things like these are only for the very rich. But "a cat may look at a king," and we have found great pleasure in seeing this beautiful china, even though too poor to buy even the least bit of it.

THE UNCEREMONIOUS VISITOR.

BY MRS. J. E. M'CONAUGHY.

"Don't come down, Mrs. Allen: it is only me," said an early afternoon visitor, to her near neighbor, as she called to her, when ascending the back stairs of her dwelling. "I told Jane not to trouble you," she went on, as she coolly entered the room, where the other was dressing for the afternoon. "I always do dislike to make people trouble. I shall never stand on ceremony with you. I would just as leave sit here as in the parlor."

As she spoke, she settled herself comfortably in an easy-chair, taking a sharp survey of the room at the same time.

Mrs. Allen's cheek flushed as she saw her visitor's glance rest on the tumbled work-table, and a shawl and dress thrown over the foot of the bed. She was painfully conscious of the fact, that she had been too hurried, all the morning, to sweep and dust the apartment; and she knew full well that her unceremonious visitor was taking note of all these things.

"Why, I did not hear you ring at all, Mrs. Dawson," she said.

"Oh, I just ran in at the kitchen-door. I didn't want to startle you, by ringing the front-door bell, making you think some company was coming. You know I am not company at all. I never wish you to stand on the slightest ceremony with me. I never do with people I like."

Poor Mrs. Allen reflected, with growing nervousness, that Jane's dishes were most likely unwashed, and that the kitchen was anything but "set to rights." But there was no help for it. So she proceeded to put up her hair as best she could, with such a keen pair of eyes watching her.

"Your hair is getting very thin on the top, isn't it?" said her unceremonious visitor. "But that little lace affair hides it pretty well. It seems to me your complexion is redder than it used to be. Perhaps you eat too much meat, or, maybe, you put something on your face when you go out. So many do. Is this your box of perfumery?" and she opened a little casket on the bureau. "Why, no, it is your jewelry-box. May I look it over?"

"There is not much to see, I assure you," said the other, in vexation, as she cast her eye over the bureau, to see what article there was the visitor was next likely to pounce upon. She slipped a little letter-case slyly into a drawer, for fear her unceremonious caller should take a notion to read her correspondence.

The pieces of simple jewelry did not detain or interest Mrs. Dawson long. She next adroitly turned the conversation on houses, and the inconvenience of some clothes-presses.

"Now this one of your's," she remarked, as she swung open the door, and took a look up and down at the dresses hanging there, "is just about the right size. Dear me, how frayed your black silk is getting around the bottom. Oh! that is your band-box. May I take a look at your new hat? I want to see how it is trimmed?"

Now the hat was of home construction, and much piecd out; and though it looked very respectable, when worn, it would hardly bear too close an inspection.

Mrs. Allen, more and more vexed, every moment, made all the haste she could, and at last was ready to go down stairs, feeling that she had been pretty thoroughly inspected, so far at least, as her toilet was concerned. The other stopped at the mantle a moment, to saturate her handkerchief with some very choice Cologne water, and then, taking a parting glance at the room, reluctantly went down to the parlor.

Poor little Charley had, unluckily, set his box of cream candies, which Uncle George had sent him, upon the parlor table, for safe-keeping. The little fellow had saved them carefully, in order to show them to a little friend, who was coming on Saturday, and with whom he delighted to share all his good things. He had only tasted of two or three of the smallest, so choice was he of them. Mrs. Dawson's fingers were on the lid in half a minute, and, one after another, the sweets disappeared, in a way that would have filled little Charley's heart with dismay, and his eyes with tears, if he had not been taking his comfortable afternoon nap up stairs.

"How I hope he will not wake up." thought the mother, nervously listening for any sound up stairs. She knew how the child's heart was set on his little treasures, and how bitter would be his disappointment at having his stores rifled in this way. Mrs. Dawson did not allow her delicacy to stand in her way, but kept on until the box was nearly empty. She picked the prettiest and nicest, too, making many comments on their excellence.

A messenger at this moment came to the door, with a basket that Mr. Allen had sent home. Mrs. Dawson was in the kitchen to attend to it about as soon as Mrs. Allen.

"A box of early strawberries!" cried the visitor. "Dear me, what extravagance! Fresh lettuce and radishes, too! Why, I am almost tempted to stay and take tea with you."

And she did stay, taking quite the lion's share of all these delicacies, and making the poor, wearied, nervous, hostess a world of additional trouble and anxiety. Not the least of these anxieties was the fear that she would make a regular thing of "dropping in," in this unceremonious way.

The long day came to an end at length, and that tiresome visitor went her way, to inflict a call on some one else, before she returned home, and tell all she had seen at Mrs. Allen's.

There are a great many pests in society, but few that compare with an UNCEREMONIOUS VISITOR.

CENTENNIAL TRIBUTE TO WASHINGTON.

BY GEORGE P. SMOOTE.

A THOUSAND names around our country's birth,
  In high historic glow their fame combine;
But one there is of most exalted worth,
  Whose fragrant lustre seems almost divine.
That name remains distinct, apart, and high;
  Not comet-like, distilling baneful blights,
But, throned forever up in glory's sky,
  It shines a fixed star with its satellites.

When war its horrors o'er our country cast;
  When freedom dear with blood and life was bought;
For us, through want, and pain, and wintry blast,
  And lying envy, and defeat, he fought.
Amid the blood-red storm of battle leading,
  With one high purpose filling all his soul,
He braved each peril, hero-like, unheeding,
  Until he stood triumphant at the goal!

But his transcendant triumph was not won,
  That he might wear a crown, a sceptre hold;
For liberty his noble deeds were done,
  For liberty his tide of victory rolled:
When rescued liberty in safety breathed,
  He straightway folded every standard-sheet,
His flashing brand of war forever sheathed,
  And calmly laid them at his country's feet.

A high ambition that would not endure
  The aid of any thought or action wrong;
Exalted wisdom, calm, serene, and pure;
  A fortitude sedate, self-poised, and strong,
The glory which from stainless honor springs,
  A valor formed to dare and overcome,
A soul proportioned for the grandest things—
  Of that unequaled man made up the sum!

With dauntless soul, and with unshrinking hand,
  He nobly wrought for us, our Hero-seer,
And round him rose the pillars of the land!
  And now, in this, our first Centennial Year,
With what full hearts, what patriotic love,
  Our minds look through the past, upon the might
With which he bravely lifted, far above
  Despotic hands, our country's Dome of Light!

His great example lives in fame sublime,
  And, like an ever-burning pharos, gleams
In splendor by the storm-swept sea of Time,
  And on each nation's Pilot throws its beams!
With gratitude earth's noblest country owns,
  How much to him its life and freedom owe!
No greater name is found among earth's thrones,
  Nor with a brighter, earth's long annals glow!

UNITED FOREVER.

BY ALBERT N. GOULD, M.D.

In midnight dreams I see
  A little, angel's hand
Stretched over Death's dark waters unto thee and me,
  From yonder heavenly land.
"Come, father, mother! I have waited long,
  And waiting still, I stand,
To welcome you where flowers never fade,
  And joyous meet you on the shining strand.
Here we shall know and love each other, evermore;
  Death cannot break our re-united band,
  And golden links of love's sweet chain!"
Oh, happy shore! where, in my dreams, I see our Alta stand,
And beckon to me with his snow-white hand.

Oh, best and dearest loved! Together will we walk Life's Pathway—you and I!
And live, and love, enjoy, and suffer here,
  Until life's varied sky
Grows pale and cold with evening mists and shadows!
  Together we will die!
And when the flowers bloom, and sweet birds sing,
And distant flowing streams make mournful melody,
  Together we will lie.

Then we shall see our angel, face to face,
  And to our hearts the dear one press!
But here we miss the baby smiles and grace.
  And in our midnight visions give the vain caress.

CICELY.

BY JEANIE T. GOULD.

CHAPTER I.

The keen November wind whistled up the path. The dead leaves whirled in little gusts under the eaves of the house, and rustled down from the old maples, upon the shining hair of a young girl, who stood leaning upon the gate.

Presently, one of the lower windows was raised softly; a middle-aged woman, with a kind, homely face, looked out, and a crisp, but not unpleasing voice called,

"Miss Cicely!"

"Yes, Elizabeth."

"Will you come in? The mistress wants you. The post's come, and she's in a worrit."

Elizabeth ran up the path, as the woman was about to close the window, and asked, eagerly,

"Letters, did you say? Any news from——"

"Hush, Miss Cicely! She might hear you. Stop a bit, and I'll open the door."

But Cicely stepped lightly over the low sill, and stood beside her.

"I was not gone very long, Elizabeth. Surely, she could not have missed me?"

A quick, impatient ring of a bell from another room interrupted her, and pulling the last dead leaf from her hair, Cicely went down the hall.

The house was a very old-fashioned one, with high, gabled windows, and wide, low rooms; a genuine New England homestead. Cicely passed the parlors and the "keeping-room," and turning down the hall of the west wing, knocked quietly at the door on the left. A voice from within bade her enter, and the young girl opened the door.

The room was furnished with old and handsome mahogany, and in the wide fire-place were andirons and fender of most antique pattern; but the luxuriant lounging chairs, and satin-covered divan, seemed as out of place, with the hair-cloth covering, as the superb cashmere shawl, which the sole occupant of the apartment wore, as she sat in stately grace near a secretary which was covered with letters and papers in much confusion.

"Where have you been, Cicely?"

The tone was frigid, but the cold, gray eyes lighted strangely as they fell on the sweet, fair face.

"Only to the Rectory, aunt. Mr. Payson was out, but the children were so glad to see me, that I stayed."

"What were you doing at the gate? I sent Elizabeth to call you. You looked as if your thoughts were miles away."

"So they were," said the girl, with a frank blush. "I was wondering what the world could be, beyond that line of purple hills, which have been my boundary ever since I can remember."

"The bird is pluming its wings for flight," murmured the elder woman, beneath her breath. "Cicely, come here. Take your stool. I want to look at you."

Wonderingly, the girl obeyed. What had come over Aunt Theodora this afternoon? For she put her hand under Cicely's chin, and studied every feature of the fair, lovely face, until the cheeks flushed rosy-red at her scrutiny.

"Cicely," dropping her hand, abruptly, "I have had a letter which concerns you."

"Me?" Cicely said, in amazement.

"Yes, child. A letter from your mother's brother, James Lichfield. Cicely, there are many circumstances, connected with your family history, which I have never told you; but, now that your eighteenth birth-day is past, I can keep silence no longer. Indeed, if I wished to forget that my claim upon you is uncertain, Mr. Lichfield's letter is here as a reminder."

"But, Aunt Theodora——"

"Hush!" Miss Cameron said, with a wave of her delicate hand. "You already know that I am 'aunt' to you by courtesy and affection alone. There is no tie of blood between us. You came to me when a very young child. Your mother was my dear and intimate friend, and she implored me, with almost her latest breath, to adopt you, and bring you up in a pure, homely, simple way. What the trials were that led your mother to this decision——" Miss Cameron's voice faltered, and she paused a moment, "there is no necessity for my entering upon. God knows that, fondly as I loved her, I was almost glad when her broken heart was at rest. She was so averse to have you exposed to the artificial glitter and excitement in which most of her own life had been spent, that she wished to make me your sole guardian. I objected. Your uncle had always been deeply attached to his sister, and I did not deem it either just or wise to cut you off

totally from family ties. Therefore it was arranged that, until you were eighteen, I should have the exclusive care of you; and, when you reached that age, you were to reside in your uncle's family until you attained legal majority. Then, if still unmarried, you might select your place of residence with the Lichfields, or myself. And this letter, Cicely, tells me that your uncle expects you to fulfill your part of the contract. He wishes you to join him in Washington as speedily as I can get you ready for what he terms 'the winter campaign.'"

"Washington!" Cicely said, in a slow, bewildered voice. "*I* go away from Westerly! Leave *you?* The dear old home! Oh, never! Aunt Theodora, don't send me away. I did not mean what I said when I came in. If I did dream about the world that lies beyond the purple hills, I do not care for the reality; to feel myself drifting out, helplessly, among relatives whom I never saw; who have never taken the pains to remember me during the years of my childhood; to whom I owe nothing! My uncle may take my decision now. I will not go."

Miss Cameron laid her hand on the indignant girl's head, and Cicely saw, to her infinite surprise, that her cold, gray eyes were full of tears.

"Child, I thank you. The years have not been without fruit. I have gained your love. But it is best and expedient that you should leave me; best for many reasons. And I am somewhat to blame. The Lichfields would have sent for you long ago, had I been willing to permit you to leave me. No, Cicely, you have no option in the matter. We must, for the present, be separated. But make me one promise," and Miss Cameron's voice sank to a husky whisper, "for your angel mother's sake; promise that, so far as woman can, you will return to me with the same pure, unsullied heart which you carry away."

"I promise."

The clear, girlish voice uttered the words as solemnly as if they had been a vow; and, with a long-drawn sigh, Miss Cameron's self-control gave way, and dropping back among the cushions of her chair, she wept bitterly.

Cicely was terrified. She ventured to cling around Miss Cameron's neck, whispering soft, loving words, and leaving tender kisses on lip and brow. It shocked the girl to see that proud, haughty woman so unstrung, and she realized, for the first time, what the love had been that had cared for her all these years.

"Forgive me, Cicely," said Miss Cameron, at last, regaining her composure. "You are like your mother. You put me strongly in mind of her to-night. And now, suppose we talk a little reasonably about the matter. Many girls would be only too proud of obtaining the entree to Washington circles with Mrs. John Lichfield."

"Proud!" sighed Cicely. Then, with a little more interest in her tone, "Has my uncle any children?"

"Two daughters and a son. I have not seen the girls since they were very young; but I understand that they are great beauties, especially Agatha."

"Agatha Lichfield! What a pretty name! And what is my other cousin called?"

"Virginia. She is the eldest, although there is but little difference in the ages of the two girls. Agatha is probably twenty. Reverdon is the oldest child."

"And my aunt?"

A cloud passed over Miss Cameron's face.

"Mrs. Lichfield and I are not friends," she said, coldly. "She is a very popular woman in society, however. And, Cicely, your Uncle James is a man worthy of your affection."

A brisk knock interrupted them, and Elizabeth asked whether her mistress would have candles, adding that tea was ready.

"And I am not," cried Cicely, jumping up in dismay, and vanishing up stairs.

She came down, presently, to find her aunt sitting behind the urn, in the dining-room, with Elizabeth standing by her chair, as usual. Cicely thought what a dear, quaint room it was, with its curiously-carved side-board, set into a niche made for it, its old-fashioned crimson curtains, and the claw-legged tables and sofa; and she looked down at the blue Indian china, with shepherds and their flocks wandering oddly over the plates, and felt tears rise in her eyes as she remembered how she would miss all these familiar surroundings, in the strange new world whence she was going. But Miss Cameron exerted herself to throw the conversation into channels that interested Cicely; and, before she had quite conquered the home-sick feeling, the girl found herself giving a bright description of the Rectory, and Bobby Payson's mischievous ways.

After tea was over, Miss Cameron, contrary to her usual custom, told Elizabeth to carry her candles into the east parlor, instead of the west one, where she usually sat in the evening. And when Cicely followed her, she found her aunt bending over a curious Indian cabinet, which she never remembered to have seen opened before.

"Cicely," said Miss Cameron, with a slight smile, "has it occurred to you that for what your uncle calls a 'winter campaign' in Washington, some preparation will be necessary?"

"New dresses," said Cicely, with a comical face of dismay. "I wonder what Mrs. Lichfield will say to a toilet achieved in Westerly?"

"Westerly!" Miss Cameron's face was an amused one. "Mrs. Lichfield, in a note accompanying your uncle's letter, begged me to permit her to order your wardrobe. It is a little soon for that," drawing up her stately figure, as if about to confront the offending Mrs. Lichfield. "But, as I wish your toilet at first to be of the most simple sort, I shall send several of these to New York, to be made for you."

As she spoke, she opened a drawer, and disclosed to Cicely's wondering eyes the most exquisite of India and French muslins, embroidered in white, silver, and gold; lovely, oriental-looking things, which would have driven a fashionable belle wild with envy. In another drawer was rare old lace, and quaint fans, the latter almost as valuable as the former; one fan, Miss Cameron said, had been carried at the Court of Marie Antoinette by a fair ancestress of her own. The soft, delicate color flew into Cicely's cheeks; she had all a girl's pleasure in pretty things.

"It's very much like a fairy-tale," said she, "and you are the god-mother who dresses Cinderella. Oh, Aunt Theodora! What splendid jewels!"

Miss Cameron sighed, as she watched the eager fingers open case after case, for the old Indian cabinet held jewels fit for a princess. And, as she gazed at them, the scene faded, and she saw instead a tall form bending over a young and beautiful girl, on whose neck and arms gleamed costly gems; and she heard again the sweet, persuasive accents which had made havoc of every hope she held most dear.

"I will not give you these, lest they carry ill-fortune with them," Miss Cameron said, having fought with and conquered her emotion. "But these pearls were mine before trouble came; take them, and be happy when you wear them."

As she looked up at the troubled face, a reaction of feeling passed over Cicely, and kneeling down beside her, she said, softly,

"I thank you, oh, a thousand times, but, indeed, dear aunt, I would rather you took back your gifts, and let me stay here with you. I will write to my uncle. I will tell him that my dear old home is dearer than any other can ever be; that my strongest duty is to you. Aunt Theodora, do not send me away."

But Miss Cameron shook her head; that was decided already, she said. No wish of Cicely's could alter it, and then she locked the cabinet, and bade Cicely bring the new book they were reading; and the evening passed away in the usual quiet, homely fashion.

When ten o'clock struck, Elizabeth carried the candle to Miss Cameron's bed-room, and, after Cicely had said good-night, the servant barred the shutters closely for the night.

"Miss Theodora, will you take the drops to-night?" she asked, uneasily, seeing her mistress's pallid face and lips.

"Yes, Elizabeth; double the quantity." But Elizabeth did not obey; she poured out the usual dose.

"Ma'am," said the woman, eyeing her, sadly, "did you tell Miss Cicely all?"

"Hush!" Miss Cameron waved her away, hastily: then added,

"She is too young, too innocent to be saddened. It is enough that we must let her go."

"Where?"

"To the Lichfields. They are in Washington this winter."

"I thought she would have to go," Elizabeth went on. "Well, Miss Theodora, never worrit yourself. Miss Cicely has prayers to guard her that she knows naught about. God bless her pretty face!" And with a respectful good-night, the woman left the room.

But, up stairs, with the blue velvet case of pearls open before her, Cicely was building all manner of girlish air-castles about the unknown world that lay outside of Westerly. She was only eighteen, and at that golden age we look at life through rose-colored spectacles; there were no doubled-down, sealed pages, in her calm past to throw their shadow into the future. And, even then, the vision ended with a sigh, as she remembered her aunt's solemn injunction, and, bowing her fair young head, Cicely murmured a petition, whose closing sentence fell softly from her sweet, innocent lips——

"And keep myself 'unspotted from the world!'"

CHAPTER II.

OUTSIDE, the rain fell heavily and fast, with gusts and thuds against the panes; inside, light, warmth, and the very air fragrant with flowers. The room was an octagon; one of those charming apartments which are neither too large nor too small, something between a boudoir and a parlor. The hangings were crimson, of the softest, warmest hue; exquisite gem-pictures hung upon the walls; and, from a niche, made expressly for her, the lovely, laughing face of a marble Hebe looked down upon the luxurious room, as if fully satisfied with her surroundings.

In a crimson velvet chair, against the deep

color of which her fair, white arms almost rivaled Hebe's, sat Agatha Lichfield, and opposite her, leaning carelessly, with one hand upon the mantel, stood Reginald Thayne. Only a man and a woman, yet each so superbly handsome, that they merit more than a passing notice.

Strangely enough, there was a certain similarity in their appearance. Both had the tall, lithe figures, fair hair, and snowy skin, which might almost be called the Scandinavian type of beauty; but the hair which shone on Agatha Lichfield's golden head took a tinge of brown with it as it waved above Thayne's temples; and where his eyes were the deepest shade of violet, hers were gray, a rare combination with her complexion and hair. The features of each were nearly faultless. The essential difference here lay in the mouth. His, with its clear-cut, delicate lips, cold, except when they flashed into a smile whose gentleness charmed you, was widely unlike the rose-bud mouth, with its soft, alluring, expression, most bewitching, perhaps, when in repose. In Reginald Thayne, the intellectual, spiritual part of his nature struck the gazer instantly. In Agatha, her beauty, her coloring, the exquisite grace and fascination of her every movement so enthralled the senses, that you were prone to invest such physical loveliness with every mental gift that nature could bestow. To-night she was in full evening toilet, and Thayne said to himself, admiringly, as he gazed down at her, that she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, either in the old world or on this hemisphere.

"Were you repenting your proposal?" said Agatha, presently, breaking the silence which had fallen between them.

"It is extremely vexatious that the bill did not pass the House to-day. Papa is so annoyed. It prevents his leaving town, he assures me. And there is Miss Cameron, evidently highly offended at the delay. Really, if you will make a sacrifice of yourself, as far as the Ray's party is concerned, and go on to New York as escort for my very troublesome cousin, papa will be infinitely indebted, and I——"

"And you?" as she paused.

"And I," with a dazzling smile, "shall be terribly *triste* without you."

"Yet, seriously, Agatha, there is one member of your train whom I would like to see you dispense with."

"I suppose you refer to the Count Agostini," she said, coldly. "He is as much Virginia's adorer as mine."

"I hardly thought you would condescend to quibble," said Thayne. "Surely, you do not fancy I have forgotten last spring, in Rome? Was it Virginia then?"

"You are cruel!" Agatha cried, passionately. "Cannot I know a moment's peace? Let me forget last year—if I can."

"I must recall it sometimes," he said, sadly. "But I want to caution you, not altogether for my sake, as you know. By the way, what is your cousin's name, whom I am going to meet?"

"Fleming. Cicely Fleming. Pretty, is it not?"

"Quaint, I think. Cicely!" musingly. "I'll describe her for you, by instinct, shall I? A tall, slender girl, with limpid gray eyes; not as dark as yours, Agatha. A character made up of negatives—not brilliant, not wise, not self-willed. A gentle creature, whose words are swayed by every passing wind. Have you any commands in New York?"

"Bring me the loveliest bouquet you can find, for Thursday evening. There is a reception at Madame Roberts's, and a dinner at the Lane's."

"Well, good-by! Remember, I have warned you," he said. So with a troubledsigh, Reginald Thayne took his leave of Agatha, and drove down to his rooms, at Wormley's, where, after packing his valise, he started for New York.

CHAPTER III.

"Oh, it's not to be woudered at, *cara mia*," said Agatha, folding her beautiful white arms wearily above her head, as she lay back on her pillows. "The only question, in my mind, is whether any desperately fast act, on my part, would set our coterie talking, or if I can go on doing as I like, and have my dear 'five hundred' friends shrug their shoulders, and say, 'It's only Miss Lichfield's way.'"

"But is it right?" asked Cicely's low voice, as her pure, truthful eyes sought the drooping gray ones.

Agatha shook her head impatiently, and Cicely, with a little sigh, went back to her seat, near the fire.

Cicely had been in Washington for two months now, and her little bark may be said to be safely launched upon the uncertain waters of fashionable life. Miss Cameron was right in affirming that many girls would be enchanted with the prospect of an introduction to society under Mrs. Lichfield's wing; but this particular girl was too innocent and unsophisticated to realize how much of the attention paid her was due to the fact of her being Mr. Lichfield's niece. As yet, the great brown eyes wore their look of childlike serenity; as yet the unworldly heart basked in the sunshine, and believed everybody to be as

good, kind, and affectionate, as the masks they wore. Fashionable young men, the *jeunesse dorée*, were a singular species in Cicely's eyes. They hovered about her, they sent bouquets, they complimented her, until her puzzled face and wondering eyes amused Reginald Thayne inexpressibly. Cicely had her favorites, however, let Agatha laugh at and rally her as she pleased. There was a courtly old general of engineers, a man who carried his simple faith in human nature written on his kindly, handsome face; a young boy, barely out of his teens, guarded by his papa, a grizzled dragon in the shape of an ancient officer of marines, but whom Cicely liked for his very freshness and boyishness. "There was a breath of Westerly about Cecil Wyldrake," she told Agatha. And then, best of all, there was Reginald Thayne.

When Thayne had consented to go to New York, to oblige Mr. Lichfield, he had uttered a mental protest. This hero of mine was very much like the rest of his sex; the prospect of nine hours of uninterrupted tete-a-tete with a very young girl, did not fill him with enthusiasm. Miss Cameron had given Cicely into his charge, with many injunctions to take care of her; and, to his surprise, Thayne found the task most agreeable. The charm of Cicely's fresh ideas, the pleasure of seeing the great brown eyes light up with swift appreciation, proved very *piquante;* and, almost before he realized it, he was exerting himself to talk to this girl as he rarely did to any, save the few select literary friends of his own coterie; and, above all, the kindly, encouraging words with which he quieted her trembling, before meeting all the Lichfield's, won their way to Cicely's grateful remembrance. She felt as if he was a friend in a strange land; an odd connecting-link with the old home-life.

Cicely's reception had not been unpleasant. After their lights, Mrs. Lichfield and Virginia had been kind to her; but it was a kindness over which a thin coating of ice seemed to extend. Mrs. Lichfield sighed a mental thanksgiving, as her eyes fell on the shy, lovely face of her niece, and decided that a winter under her guidance would improve her immensely; congratulating herself that Cicely's beauty was of an entirely different order from her cousin's. Virginia had given a few careless words and a formal kiss. It remained for Agatha and her father to welcome their kinswoman as she should be welcomed. There were tears in Mr. Lichfield's dark eyes as he took the little creature into his arms, while Agatha kissed and fondled her, and called her "My Lady Simplicity." Cicely was entranced with Agatha's beauty and graciousness, and she wrote long letters to Miss Cameron, the whole burden of which was praise of this lovely new cousin.

The two were much thrown together. Virginia had her own set of friends, and was, moreover, too coldly selfish to exert herself for Cicely. Agatha had taken a strong fancy to her little cousin; perhaps Thayne's warm admiration had made her curious to know what called it forth. So she took Cicely under her own particular wing, ordered the *jeunesse dorée* to turn its attention upon the *debutante*, pooh-poohed her, on account of her two year's seniority, and laughed at her when Cicely asked grave questions as to the propriety of her actions. For Agatha Lichfield, with all her generous impulses, and a vein of higher qualities which might make her a true womanly woman, had been spoiled by education; and between a fast set of Americans abroad, and those faster still at home, the taint had spread. Flirting was a mild term as applied to Agatha's operations. Other and plainer women, said that Miss Lichfield's behaviour to men was simply outrageous; but whatever her own sex might say, men raved over her, even while the more cautious of them had been known to hint darkly that Miss Lichfield, in her reckless disregard of *les convenances*, was "going the pace, by Jove!"

Among the crowd who followed Agatha, there was one man who had made himself peculiarly obnoxious to Cicely. The Count D'Agostini, although not officially connected with the Italian legation, yet, from his ancient name and wealth, was able to identify himself with it to a considerable degree, and had, in consequence, the *entree* to the most exclusive set in Washington. He was courted, too, although there was an unpleasant scandal which had occurred in Rome, two winters before, wherein his name figured prominently, and he attached himself to the Lichfield's, with Mrs. Lichfield's apparent approbation.

Cicely's gentle remonstrance with her wayward cousin had been called forth by the fact of that young lady's having declined to dance the "German" at a party the night previous, after which she retired into the semi-darkness of a small room, at the head of the stairs, with the Count in attendance. Cicely, who seldom joined in the genteel game of romps, styled by courtesy, the "German," had occupied a quiet nook in the hall, where Thayne entertained her charmingly. That is, it would have been charming, if she had not remarked the wandering gaze of her companion's eyes toward the room where Agatha sat, and once, when she made a laughing remark about her cousin's propensity for flirting, he had answered, very impatiently, for him, "If

she would only have some discretion in her pastime! I wonder if it be a sin to wish Agostini at the bottom of the Tiber?"

And Cicely had spent a sleepless night, or rather morning, for it was a field-night for ball-goers, and they did not come home early; and venturing, as already said, to remonstrate with Agatha, she found her gentle rebuke fell unheeded.

The winter was one of unusual gayety, even for Washington. Lent was to come in early, so ball after ball followed each other with bewildering rapidity. Cicely began to dread balls. Society was a weariness of the flesh to her. The pure, little spirit found nothing to lay hold of in this new world, which was so full of froth and glitter; there was nothing substantial about it; the pleasure was like fairy-gold; when she looked at it by the clear light of day, it turned to dead leaves, and she drooped a little; nothing was satisfying here.

Kneeling, one rainy Sunday morning, in his pew at St. John's, Reginald Thayne's ear caught a faint, half-smothered sob behind him, and, raising his head quickly, he recognized the slender, girlish figure, and the little head crowned with chestnut braids. But a pained look came into his eyes, as he detected a bright tear-drop on the velvet cover of Cicely's prayer-book; and then, having looked long and steadily at the drooping head, he became aware of the sharp, penetrating gaze of Madam Randolph's bright old eyes, and discretion warned him to join in the responses, and not investigate his neighbor's doings.

Madam Randolph, in whose pew Cicely sat, was one of the few people whom the young girl liked. She had been a beauty, and a *belle-ésprit*, and was still a power in society. No one in Washington gave such *récherché* dinners as Madam Randolph. Nobody dared to aspire to the style and elegance of her "high teas." As she sat in her drawing-room, like a queen surrounded by her courtiers, she was a splendid specimen of the *ancien régimé*. And, strangely enough, no one ever came within reach of Madam Randolph's stately courtesy without feeling upon their very best behaviour; the *jeunesse doree* found themselves subdued when they came into her presence, and a quiet wave of her still shapely hand would awe the most noisy of them into respectful behaviour. Upon Cicely's arrival in Washington, Madam Randolph's coach had rumbled up to the Lichfield's door, and she had introduced herself as one of her mother's friends, and proceeded to make herself as charming as she could be, which Cicely thought was very charming, indeed.

Going down the aisle, after church, Thayne joined them.

"May I take you to your carriage?" he asked Cicely.

"You may take me," Madam Randolph said, smiling, for Thayne was one of her favorites, "and I shall be glad to carry you home to dine with me. Cicely is under my charge for the day, and you shall entertain her for me, while I look after my English guests."

Madam's English guests meant sundry members of the Joint High Commission, including the very highest joint of all, their chief—and Thayne knew it; but his immediate and pleased acceptance of the invitation was hardly owing to its titled attractions. And Cicely's sober little face brightened. Even the rain-drops, pattering against the window-pane, did not sound half so dismal as they did two hours ago.

The dinner was very stately, without being stiff, and Cicely found that an Earl is very much like other men, at least at a dinner-table. Their number was six. Beside the Earl and Thayne, there was a gentleman whom Madam called Sir Malcom, and a lady of uncertain age, named Miss Coyle. Sir Malcom sat next Cicely, and watched her every movement in a way that was almost annoying; and once, when Cicely blushed painfully under his gaze, he apologized by saying that she reminded him of some one whom he knew years ago. His whole manner was so odd that he almost frightened her, and she was by no means sorry when dinner was over, and Thayne joined her in the drawing-room. The house was a perfect old curiosity-shop, full of all sorts of rare and beautiful things; and presently Thayne asked to see a certain famous Guido, and Madam graciously bade Cicely show it to him.

"You are quite at home, here, my dear," she said, tapping Cicely's cheek, "and I am growing too old a woman to play cicerone well."

"Miss Cicely," Thayne said, rather abruptly, as they seated themselves in a nook of the picture-gallery where the Guido smiled serenely down at them from the carved frame, "Miss Cicely, you do not know how surprised I was at seeing you at church this morning. What business have you to be out in to-day's storm?"

"Business?" she asked, soberly. "Only the business of spending Sunday as one ought, I suppose."

He gave her a quick, appreciative glance.

"Right," he said, softly. "But how many women are there in Vanity Fair who remember that Sunday brings any duty with it? Miss Cicely, this atmosphere does not suit you, and,

pardon me, it is a mystery to me how you ever selected it."

Cicely's head went down. She had a swift battle with her tears, as she answered,

"David's lament has been echoing in my ears all day, 'Woe is me that I am constrained to dwell among the tents of Kedar! Do you care to know how and why I came?"

Thayne's answer was not given in words, but a glance at his face convinced her that she was understood; and, without further preamble, Cicely told him her little history. It moved Thayne deeply. This brown-eyed girl touched the higher, purer part of the man's being, as no other hand had done; and as he looked at the sorrowful face and bent head, he said to himself, as a great poet has said before him, "I should paint her, unaware, with a halo round her hair."

"My dear little child," Thayne answered, speaking aloud, and he had an insane impulse to take Cicely up in his arms then and there, and comfort her. "My dear little child, don't trouble yourself so. Surely the pitfalls of Vanity Fair cannot prove snares for you while you have the best Helper."

If Cicely had not known before, she felt then that this man was striving to tread the same path as herself, and that out of the folly and sin of the world he yearned for holier things. A long pause fell between them; and when, at last, Thayne broke it, it was to talk as he had never spoken before, save to the angel-mother, with whom, from that moment, he associated Cicely in his thoughts.

It was a sudden descent into this work-a-day world, when Madame Randolph came upon them in the gathering twilight, and announced that the Lichfield carriage had come for Cicely. Madam was full of a new idea, which she speedily confided to her young guests. This was neither more nor less than a project of a grand ball, a *bal masque*, which she purposed to give on Mardi Gras, and, as she smilingly said, for Cicely's benefit. Poor little Cicely was somewhat oppressed with her weight of obligation, and the vague idea which a *bal masque* conveyed to her unsophisticated mind; but she uttered gentle thanks, which madam saw were sincere; and, being such, the old lady was gratified.

Thayne intended to escort Cicely to her carriage, but, somewhat to his surprise, and more to Cicely's, Sir Malcom stood in the way; so, Thayne bade his hostess good-morning, and went down "H" street as the carriage whirled Cicely up Vermont Avenue. But Sir Malcom went back to the library, where Madame Randolph sat, alone.

"Well?" said the old lady, quietly.

"She is very lovely," he said, answering the unspoken thought; "but it is a loveliness which smites me to the heart. How can I ever undo the evil of the past?"

"The dead are at peace," she answered, solemnly. "But have you not a duty to the living, and that not to Cicely alone?"

The blood rushed painfully into his bronzed face.

"You do not think that possible?"

"Why not?" said madam, gently. "My friend, I can only say—try."

"I will."

He spoke with sudden enthusiasm as he raised the kind old hand to his lips. But a hot tear-drop fell on it, and, keen as Madam's ears were, she had to strain them to catch the husky murmur below his breath.

"I do not deserve success," were his words. "God help me to repair the sins of my youth!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

TWILIGHT.

BY J. A. CLARK.

The twilight is slowly creeping
Across the western sky;
The winds and the waves are sleeping,
And silent night draws nigh.

Old faces look through the shadows,
And gather, one by one,
Around me, in tender silence,
Like children at set of sun.

I can almost hear their voices
Speak to my waiting ear,
Sweet words of love and friendship,
In tones of love and cheer.

And can almost feel the pressure
Of that soft and gentle hand,
That would guide me through the shadows
To the blessed Better Land.

Thus the night comes down with blessing,
And the voices of the past
Bid me wait, in hopeful patience,
For the rest that comes at last;

For the rest that is Eternal,
For the day that knows no night;
Where no sorrow is, nor sadness—
In that land where all is light.

MY OLD POINT LACE.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

THERE is nothing which gives one such a comfortable feeling of confidence and self-respect, as the consciousness of being well-dressed.

I was dreadfully shabby that morning. My best cashmere was worn and rusty, my gloves were out at the fingers, and my bonnet not in the fashion. All the same, go out I must, the need was imperative.

I was going to sell my old point-lace! Poor mamma began to cry, as soon as I took it out. It was rare old lace, fine as gossamer, and rich as cream, and worth, I can't tell how many times its weight in gold. Mamma's great, great grandmother wore it on her marriage-robes, when she wedded a titled Englishman.

I always kept it wrapt in silver tissue, in a carved, Indian box, that had a curious smell of amber and camphor-wood. Papa brought me the box for a birth-day gift, when he came home from Calcutta, and it was full to the brim with jewels.

Ah, me, such jewels as they were, too! Great, luminous diamonds, like globes of light, rosy rubies, sparkling emeralds, and "ropes of pearls."

They were all gone now; I hadn't so much as a stone left, nothing but one plain ring, and that will go with me to my grave. It was Carroll's ring, you see, and I couldn't bear to part with it, though I let all the rest go willingly enough.

I'll tell you how it was. I was engaged to Carroll. We met, one summer, in Switzerland, and, somehow, we seemed to like each other from the first. Carroll was very rich, and came of one of the first families; so papa made no objection. Mamma demurred a little, because, having given me the treasurd old point lace to garnish my bridal robes, she had set her heart on seeing me win a title. And, sure enough, I did have one chance, the autumn we spent in England. Sir Humphrey Dawes, of Malvern Grange, asked me to be his wife; and mamma actually did her best to make me accept him, and he a rusty, crusty old bachelor, old enough to be my father.

I let the title go, and accepted Carroll, and our marriage-day was appointed for the ensuing spring. We came home, and Carroll went off on some diplomatic mission to Austria.

Dear me, how happy those days must have been! I did not seem to realize it at the time—one never does. A thing has to slip through our fingers before we are sensible of its full value.

We were so rich! Mamma was a veritable queen in her gay, grand little world. Whatever we cared to have was ours for the asking. And I was so supremely blest in Carroll's love. Every week brought me his letters, and my bridal robes were ordered, and my bridal day was drawing near.

"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip!" The slip which dashed aside my cup of bliss, came in the shape of a great financial crash, which shook the country. With scores of others, papa was ruined, and being a man of fine honor, everything went to settle his liabilities. Houses, and horses, and carriages, and plate, and jewels! We were left as poor as the poorest of our servants; and one little month after, papa went too!

Mamma had reigned queen, as I have said, and she could not bear to abdicate her throne, and clamber up to the roof of a tenement, and sew for bread, under the very eyes of the people who had worshipped her; so we turned our backs on papa's grave, and came here.

"My dear," she said, "don't leave a trace by which we may be found. You couldn't expect Carroll Ross ever to think of you again. Under the circumstances such a thing is out of the question; write, and release him from his engagement, and spare yourself humiliation by never letting him hear from you again."

Mamma was a wise woman, so I hearkened to her advice, and we dropped out of our old life, as a meteor drops out of a summer sky.

But I kept the old point lace. And that morning, as I unfolded it, poor mamma began to sob,

"Oh, Val, don't! You'll break my heart! To think how long it has been in my family! And my great, great grandmother was married in it, and she married a title, as you might have done, if you'd hearkened to me. You ought to have some consideration for your poor mother!"

"I have," I replied, "I can't 'see you lack the few little comforts you need, mamma. The old point must go!"

I put it in my pocket, and donned my old-fashioned bonnet.

"Oh, Val, you surely won't go out in that

shabby way! Only look at your dress, it is quite rusty; and your gloves are worn out. My dear, you surely know that no well-bred woman ever wears untidy gloves."

I knew it. But how was I to help it? We hadn't the price of a pair of gloves in the world. I kissed poor mamma good-by, and went on my errand.

My way ran through the whole length of the town to a sort of pawnbroker's establishment, in an obscure street.

It was mid May-time. The sun shone brightly, the sky was like sapphire, and in every door-yard there was an odor of early roses and lilac-bloom that carried my heart away back into the half-forgotten morning of childhood. Little birds fluttered and chirped amid the green maple-leaves, and on a bit of common just without the town, the bleating of lambs, the tinkle of cattle-bells, and the voices of happy children made pleasant music.

How they thrill us, these potent sights, and fragrances, and voices of Nature! I forgot my shabby apparel. I forgot all my heartache and trouble, and, before I knew it, my eyes were blinded by tears, not tears of sorrow, but drops of pure delight, bright as the May-dew that glistens in the early dawn.

A passer-by gave me a rude jostle, and, coming to my senses with a start, I drew out my handkerchief in great haste, cleared my vision, and hurried on my way.

Reaching the shop of the dealer, my heart ached with a bitter pain. I had been ever so brave with mamma; nevertheless, it went hard with me to sell the old point. It was such rare old lace, and it had been intended for my marriage robes. I hated to see it go into that dingy den for a few paltry coins.

And I suppose, underlying all my love for the old heir-loom lace, was the shadow of a hope that some day Carroll would find me, and I should want it. I was not conscious of any such hope; still I think it lived in the depths of my heart; for love that is true is allied to hope, and both are eternal.

But my need was imperative! What a pitiful thing it is, that lack of daily bread is a something to which every other need in life must succumb. We may starve our souls, and live, but never our bodies. The dear old point had to go. I choked down my heartache, and entered the shop.

"Do you wish to purchase some very valuable old point lace, sir?"

The pawnbroker's eyes began to glow like fire-flies on a rainy night.

"Old Point lace! A very unsaleable article, madam; one we don't care to invest in. However, let's have a look at it."

I put my hand in my pocket, and found that my old point was gone!

Any one of you, who have ever seen your forlorn hope drift away, can imagine what I felt.

"I've lost it!" I gasped, and hurried out of the shop.

On the door-step a gentleman confronted me, a package, wrapped in silver tissue, in his hand.

"I beg your pardon, madam, but I saw you drop this."

"Oh, sir, I thank you!"

There I stopped short, and the package fell from my shaking hand. I forgot mamma's worldly-wise advice, with that dear face before me.

"Oh, Carroll, Carroll!" I gasped out.

"Val! Is it Val?" was the answer. "Oh, my darling, have I found you at last?"

His two hands clasped mine, his true and tender eyes shone upon me, and, woman-like, I burst into tears.

"Come," he said, slipping the silver package into his pocket, "let's walk out on the common. It looks ever so cheerful there."

We went on until we reached a bit of grassy field, where the lambs gamboled, and the cattle-bells tinkled. There he stopped, and looked me full in the face.

"Now, Val," he said, "I want an explanation. What made you release me from my engagement, and then run away and hide yourself? Did you think I cared so much for your money?"

"No, no, Carroll! But mamma said it was out of the question that you should ever think of me again, and I——"

"Yes, you believed her. Val, my dear, mamma's a wonderfully fine woman, but she's of the world, and worldly. You should have had better sense. Why, child, did you think that your troubles could fail to make me love you all the better? I've hunted you, high and low, six round months, and should have left this little town in despair, only for this blessed, blessed package you dropped. What is it?"

"My old point lace, Carroll. I was going to sell it. We're dreadfully poor, you see; and I have to do plain sewing in order to get daily bread and butter. We haven't a thing left, only the old point, that—that—was to have been worn at my marriage."

"Ah, yes! I remember! How fortunate that you pulled it out of your pocket, Val, or that pawnbroker might have it in his clutches. It

shall adorn your wedding-robes yet, my silly little darling. I've come home with lots of money, and some few honors; and, Val, I lay them all at your feet, unless you've changed, and don't care for me any more. Is that the secret? Come, now, tell me, if we could change places, and I were poor, and you rich, would you cast me off?"

"Oh, Carroll, no! If I were the queen on her throne, my love is yours for ever and ever!"

"Then why didn't you judge my heart by your own, and spare me such a world of trouble? Never mind, however. I won't scold you. I'm too happy, Val. I've got you back again, and you've got your old point lace, and our wedding-day shall dawn, Heaven willing, before the June roses bloom."

THE RAINY NIGHT.

BY ALBERT F. BRIDGES.

The sky is dark with freighted clouds,
The rain is falling fast;
The winds have hushed their solemn moan,
And quiet reigns at last;
Save where, with faint and muffled sound,
Far in its cloudy home,
The muttering thunder's sullen voice
Rolls through the vaulted dome.

No longer, in her festal halls,
Does Beauty's votive throng
Beguile the lonely midnight hours,
With music, dance, and song.
The noisy street is silent now,
Late filled with clamorous din;
Its wandering, homeless denizens,
Are somewhere housed within.

On palace roof and pavement bare,
Against the window-pane,
And in the still, deserted streets,
Fall the chill drops of rain.
All night the dreary, dreamy sound
Will meet my wakeful ear,
As from its hidden fountain springs
The hot and blinding tear.

With antique porch and mossy roof,
As in the olden days,
A humble cottage stands revealed
To Memory's eager gaze;
And in a bed, so snug and neat,
Beside the whitewashed wall,
Two youthful brothers list to hear
The pattering rain-drops fall.

The years have winged their silent flight
To dark oblivion's strand,
One now is in the Father's house,
Far in the better land.
And one is left to wander here,
With harsh, vindictive foe;
To wage relentless strife, and drink
Life's bitter dregs of woe.

The rain-drops' ceaseless fall without,
The shade of gathering gloom
Finds echo in my weary heart,
A kinsman in my room;
For well I know the cold, cold rain,
Where willows bend and wave,
Is falling now, as thick and fast,
On my lost brother's grave.

KATIE MUNRO.

BY W. C. MILLER.

Sweet Katie Munro had a cot on the hill,
With flowers in her garden, and flowers on her sill;
But fairer than all the sweet flowers that grow,
Was dear little Katie, sweet Katie Munro.

One evening in April I sought the bright spot,
This cottage of Katie's, and finding her not,
Adown all the paths she delighted to go,
I went, calling, "Katie, oh, Katie Munro!"

"Sweet Katie Munro, are you down by the spring?
Oh, speak to me, Katie! I've bought you a ring."
When, lo! I beheld, on the green bank below,
So quietly slumbering, my Katie Munro.

"Sleep on! Now, I've found you, I'll haste to thy side;
I'll waken thee tenderly, then I will hide,
And laugh when I see you endeavor to know
Who 'twas that awoke you. Wake, Katie Munro!"

She woke not. "Last evening you sancily fled,
And hid those two ruby-red lips, when I said,
'Come, give me one kiss, Katie, darling!' But, lo!
How many I'll give thee, now, Katie Munro!"

She spoke not. A clammy dew sprang to my head,
But fiercely I brushed it away, as I said,
"The gentle spring zephyrs, though faintly they blow,
Have chilled the fair brow of dear Katie Munro.'

"Dear Katie, once, laughing, you said, in your pride,
'Suppose that some gentle would make me his bride?'
I bent o'er her hand—"But this fillet shall show
Whose bride is the dear little Katie Munro."

I took the white hand, but it fell from my hold;
I raised the dear form, it was lifeless and cold.
Death! Death, like a stream that is caught in its flow,
Had frozen the life of sweet Katie Munro.

"Oh, God!" I knew not that near by there still hung
The murderous viper, whose venom had stung;
I knew not, I cared not, but this I did know,
Dead, dead, on the grass, lay my Katie Munro!

BÉBÉ.

BY FANNIE HODGSON BURNETT.

CHAPTER I.

It was a wonderful structure in the eyes of Floxham, and it had been an object of deep, if not always appreciative interest from the first.

When the foundation was being dug, the juvenile members of the lower strata of Floxham society had been wont to gather round the workman, to gaze, open-mouthed, at "th' big pit as th' men wur diggin' to put Mester Norford's new house i' " and, as the work advanced, and the building grew and developed into hinting at its future imposing appearance, older people wakened from the apathy with which they had previously regarded it, and indulged in remarks and criticism.

"Has tha seen that theer new house o' Norford's?" men would ask each other, as they enjoyed their evening lounge over palings and garden gates.

"Aye, to be sure," would be the answer.

After this generally came a significant pause, and then a half-contemptuous, half-amused laugh.

"Eh! he's a rare chap, is Norford," usually came next. "He's a graidly 'un, an' theer'll be rare doins i' th' new place when it's finished." And the chuckle which followed was just a shade suggestive of secret delight in the "rare doins" in question. In truth Floxham was not celebrated for its high standard of morality; but even Floxham felt some slight scruples concerning the social peculiarities of its great man. Respectable people shuddered, and held themselves aloof from him openly, and those who hovered between the shady and respectable, shrugged their shoulders, or laughed, to suit the society they were in when the man's name chanced to be mentioned.

"Norford," or "Jem Norford," Floxham and the surrounding country called him; there was no need of a ceremonious prefix. He was not the kind of a man to demand one, and even if he had demanded it, he was not likely to get it. Twenty-five years before the foundation of the new house was dug, a ragged boy of ten had crept into the foundry which was Floxham's pulse, and had staggered and fallen in an apparently perishing condition, just within the circle of kindly warmth thrown out by the furnace-fires. It was midnight, but this was one of the pushing seasons during which the pulse throbbed day and night, and so the fainting lad had been found, and found barely in time to save life. He would say nothing for himself, but that he had been "on tramp" for weeks, and that he had eaten "next to nowt fur three days, and th' cold had froze th' heart out o' him," and the glow of the furnace-fires had attracted him to come in. From his reticence they gathered that he was a run-away, but his pinched, wan face, and a certain dogged courage in his answers, touched the hearts of the men who found him, and they shared their supper with him, let him sleep in a warm corner, and the next morning presented him to the master as a candidate for work.

Since that night he had rarely been absent a day from the place. He had labored early and late, and had grumbled at no task given him to perform. The shrewd, bold child had become a shrewd, bold man; and as the years went by he had been promoted from post to post, and had saved and managed until, by a sharp, daring stroke, he had won his present position, and become master of his trade, master of the great foundry, and so master of Floxham's very self, and the daily bread she ate.

"I said I'd do it, an' I've done it," he said to the first man who congratulated him, on the first day of his accession to his full powers. "I ran away from the work-house my father drunk me into, when I was ten years old, an' I ran away because work-house fare didn't suit me; an' I knew there was a place for me in th' world somewhere, if I'd work sharp enough for it. I tramped from Kent to Lancashire, an' starved, and froze, an' well-nigh broke down; but when I found a place to set my foot in, I set it there, an' kept it there, an' I held my word to what I meant to do. I wish I knew where the chaps were as give me my first lift; they should have such a spree to-night as they wouldn't get over in a week;" and he laughed a queer, short laugh which rather puzzled his hearer. "There's only two on 'em left in th' foundery," he added, after a breath's pause. "It's twenty years since, an' chaps die an' scatter in twenty years," and he turned away suddenly, without saying more.

He behaved well enough to his work-people, and gave them all a fair chance. "These hands of Jem Norford's will give him trouble some-

day," other foundery-owners used to say; but the prophesy never came true; and once, when there was a strike in the country, Jem Norford marched straight into his foundry one morning, and called his hands together, and faced them with the blunt command, "Them as I've done fair by, and as means to do fair by me, let 'em step into line." There was not a laggard among them, and there was not one of them who suffered through his faith; for Jem Norford armed every man, and armed himself, and warned the "Union" fairly by a unique notice posted on walls and fences.

"The chap that plays tricks on Jem Norford's men, let him look out. There's six barrels to a man, and a bullet to each barrel, night and day; and there's twelve to Jem Norford, and the will to use them without stopping to ask questions.

(Signed) JEM NORFORD."

And yet, despite defiant courage, and defiant justice, he was a bad fellow—Jem Norford.

"He's a plague-spot on the place, that fellow Norford," said the Squire, "and he's all the worse because he's an honest rascal. If he was a cheat, or a liar, or a bully, Floxham would be better for it. But as it is, he riots and outrages all social laws, and lives a life to make decent people quake, and yet, somehow, hurts no one but himself; and only appears to the unthinking, uncultivated people to be a reckless fellow, going to the devil in his own way, and because he chooses."

When the new house was built, respectable Floxham fairly shook in its shoes. Jem Norford never forced himself upon them. They did not want him, and he did not want them. He had a society of his own, and he confined himself to it. But hitherto he had lived in such a way as compelled him to leave Floxham when he was inclined to riot and evil-doing. Now, however, he would have room and power to entertain his associates as he chose. Every order of sinner would find his way to the quiet village, and enjoy himself at Norford's expense. The great house was built to contain visitors, and no money was to be spared upon its appointments.

"I'm going to enjoy myself in my own way, lads," Norford announced, loudly.

Loads of furniture were brought from London, and a small army of proficients were at work continually. When it was finished, there would not be such another place in the whole country. London sent gardeners, also, and the grounds and conservatories were to be wonders.

"I'm going to have it ship-shape," said Jem, with pardonable complacency. "An' I'm not such a fool as to think I can manage it myself. Let them do it as knows how. Iron's my trade, and silks and satins, and velvets, is theirs. I can better afford to pay than to meddle."

So he left everything in the hands of the best firms, only keeping a sharp eye on results, and taking care that there should be no loitering in the work. He dropped into the place every few days, and walked through the long, luxurious rooms, as if from a business-like sense of duty, and with the rueful air of a man who was far from feeling at home. The thick carpets, refusing to give back an echo to his tread, irritated him with their soundless softness. He was used to the clatter of metal, the whirr of machinery, and the roar of fires. His life had been spent in a kind of harmless Inferno, and the delicate colors and rich, subdued lights were too novel to be entirely pleasant. Perhaps more than all, the faces in the pictures on his walls troubled him, the silent faces looking down at him with beautiful human eyes, whose beauty was still something more than human. Sometimes he tried to avoid answering their gaze, but oftener they forced him to look up, and then he would pause a moment, and rub his big hand confusedly over his rough, black hair, and pass on, feeling ill at ease.

"Seem to watch a fellow so, somehow," he would mutter.

One day he was absent from the foundry, and the next he drove up the lane before the new house, with a companion, whom he assisted to descend from the light carriage. She was a woman, such as Floxham had never seen before; a woman with a fair face and large, languid eyes, and a proud air. Her dress was faultless; a dress to deceive one into fancying that its cost was a mere nothing, and yet to hold one wondering at its perfection of taste. She gave her hand to Jem Norford, as if he had been her servant, and she walked through the broad sweep of gravel as if the things, which were so new to him, were a story old enough to be monotonous to her. She walked through room after room, glancing here and there as if it were an effort to her not to appear wholly indifferent.

"Do you like it, Cicely?" Norford asked, after watching her askant for awhile. "Come, say something. You know it was you I wanted to please."

She smiled faintly, and then one saw that her beauty would grow with one's knowledge of it; for, though a little cold, the smile had a certain gentleness.

"You are very good," she answered. "And

I do like it. It is not——" Then, correcting herself, hastily, "Is it your own taste?"

Jem Norford laughed.

"No," said he, "not a bit of it. I knew better than that. My taste wouldn't have been your style, Cice; and I tell you it was you I wanted to please most; so, I gave the thing into proper hands, an' let 'em know I was willing to pay for good work."

"It was an excellent plan," she remarked, quietly. "I wish every man I know had as much good sense."

"Then it's better than Tom Wade's place?" suggested Jem.

"Wade is a fool!" flushing slightly; "and a coarse one. He is one of the men I hate."

Jem Norford felt rather astonished, and showed as much.

"Why?" he asked.

Her answer was given somewhat impatiently.

"He has had a life full of opportunities, and he has thrown them all away, just because he is a weak simpleton, with coarse instincts. Pouf! Why should we speak of him?" cooling contemptuously. "Suppose you show me your flowers."

There were flowers in abundance to show. The grounds had been laid out as soon as the foundation was dug, and the gardeners had been at work constantly.

They wandered about until the sun set, and then they returned to the house.

"It is a pretty place," said Cicely, taking a last look, as she turned upon the threshold, and she said the words quite softly.

They were standing together, at one of the windows, a few minutes later, when they both became conscious of the presence of a small figure on the terrace, into which the window opened. It stood only a couple of feet from them, and was the figure of a child of five or six, who, bending her closely-curled head, busied herself with something that she held gathered up in her short apron.

"Halloo!" exclaimed Jem, in surprise. "I'm hanged if it isn't a young one."

"Don't frighten her," said Cicely, hurriedly. "Open the window! What is she doing?"

Jem opened the window, and at the sound, the child looked up, and they saw what she was doing. Her apron was full of roses, and it was plain she had just gathered them.

"I say, youngster," said Norford, with good-natured roughness, "who gave you those?" pointing to the flowers.

"Don't frighten her," said Cicely, again.

But she did not seem frightened, though she was a small child, even for five or six, and a frail bit of a creature, too. She had round, soft eyes, which she fixed upon Jem Norford, in a fearless calm.

"I took them, Monsieur," she said: "I am Bébé."

Jem turned a little awkwardly to his companion.

"What's the matter with her?" he asked. "She don't belong to Lancashire."

There was a kind of strained attention in the woman's face, as she answered him.

"No," she said. "She's French. Hush!"

She bent forward, and held out both her hands.

"Come here," she said, to the child.

It came, without hesitation, only keeping its eyes fixed on her face.

Jem Norford stood by, and looked on, while the woman bent down to bring herself upon a level with the child.

"Where do you live?" she asked.

"Here," was the reply. "I am Bébé," and she tucked a stray rose into the corner of her apron.

Then a light flashed upon Jem Norton.

"I'll tell you where she comes from," he broke out. "She belongs to the people at the lodge. The man who came to ask about the place, said there was a child, but not their own."

The child nodded, and smiled at him.

"Yes, I am Bébé, and I live here," she said, "in Monsieur's garden."

Then she looked up at the pale face bending over her. All at once, it seemed to Norford to have become a very pale face, indeed, and haggard, in spite of its beauty. And she spoke to it in a soft, hushed voice.

"Madame is—is *tres belle*," she said. "Madame is *tres belle*," and she touched the fair cheek with her little hand.

The woman quite started.

"Kiss me," she said, suddenly. "Kiss me—and go away."

When the child lifted her lips to bestow her caress, it was returned with a fervor almost impassioned, and then Cicely gave her a little push.

"There, take your roses home," she said. "It is getting dark."

Bébé turned away in smiling content, and trotted off into the twilight.

It was all over in a few minutes, and they were standing alone together, and Jem was conscious that his companion shook from head to foot, with a nervous tremor.

"What is the matter?" he asked, anxiously. "Cice, what is it?"

She had been watching the small figure out of sight, and she turned to him with a heavy breath.

"It is nothing," she answered. "It is nothing, now. Only," with a piteous effort at a laugh, "the child there is a ghost."

CHAPTER II.

Before the last finishing touch was given to the great house, its master had drifted into a most amiable intimacy with Bébé. A certain degree of good-fellowship was established between them. It may have been that Jem Norford was a child-lover by nature, but if this was the case, the sentiment had never developed itself on any previous occasion. He knew nothing of children and their ways, and had possibly scarcely spoken to a child in his life; but somehow he managed to advance steadily in the esteem of this little one. He appeared on the threshold of the lodge a few days after his first brief interview with Bébé, and finding that young person sitting on the step, engaged in the manufacture of a daisy-chain, intended for the personal adornment of her cat, he stopped short, and looked down at her, feeling somewhat curious, and, at the same time, somewhat abashed at her sage demeanor. In fact, it was Bébé he had come to see, though he could not have told why. It had just occurred to him, as he entered the gates, that he should like to see "the youngster," and so he turned in. But, having arrived at this point, he did not find it easy to get further. He would have felt less embarrassed, perhaps, if the child had belonged to the ordinary, round, rosy, and cherubic order. But she did not. She was small, and frail, and pale, and a certain seriousness seemed to brood upon her little face. She looked too old for her age, and too sedate; even her attire had a style of its own, its principal feature being the quaint black blouse and white cap, worn by so many of the French working classes. The white cap fitting round her face, gave her a more serious air still, almost the air of an infantine nun who had abjured the world.

"I say," said Jem, at last, "how are you?"

She recognized him at once, he saw. She dropped her daisy-chain.

"Where is the beautiful Mademoiselle?" she asked.

"She's a very long way from here," replied Jem, awkwardly.

Bébé pointed up the gravel-walk.

"Will she not live there, with Monsieur—in the big house?"

Jem shifted his feet uneasily, and reddened.

"No," he said, "she wont. But she'll come there. She's a friend of mine. But, I say," hastily, "how are you?"

Bébé sighed, and returned to her daisies.

"I have the bad, bad head, this morning," she answered. "It aches. I wish Mademoiselle had come with you."

"Why?" asked Jem.

"She is good," said Bébé. "She is beautiful. Her hands are soft, and she kissed me."

There was a pause after this, in which Jem found himself somewhat ignored. But as he waited, a brilliant idea occurred to him. He put his hand into his pocket, and drew forth a bright, new shilling.

"See here, little 'un," he said, "here's something to buy snaps with—ginger."

Then Bébé was plainly moved. It was such a new shilling, so bright and alluring. She glanced at it, and then at Jem, and rose, and called to some one in the house in a shrill, little voice,

"Julie! Julie!"

The Julie in question, who was a plump young French woman, and no other than the gatekeeper's wife, appeared upon the spot as soon as she could make her way from the back part of the house, and seeing Norford, overwhelmed him with pretty apologies for keeping him waiting. She had been cutting vegetables for her soup, and had not seen or heard Monsieur, she said.

"But I haven't been waiting," said Norford. "I didn t want anything. I was talking to—what's her name? What *is* her name?"

"We have always called her Bébé," replied the woman. "She does not know any other name, but," dropping her voice, abruptly, "she was baptized. of course, and the name I gave her was Cecilie."

"Cecilie," said Norford. "That's pretty near Cicely, by Jove. She's not your's, is she?"

No, she was not their's, but like their own, nevertheless. She had no parents, and was all alone in the world; and they had cared for her from the first. Would Monsieur be seated?

No, Monsieur would not. He was on his way to take a turn through the house. And then, with a clumsy off-handedness, he displayed the new shilling.

"I've been telling her she could buy snaps with that," he said. "She's a queer little fish. Let her spend it, and let her run about the place, and do what she pleases. She won't hurt nothing. Good-day, ma'am."

He touched his hat, and strode away; but before he had taken many steps, he heard pattering feet, and a small hand plucked at his coat. It

was Bébé, and she raised herself upon her two tips with an unmistakable meaning. Two or three seconds elapsed before Norford summoned courage to bend down; and having done so, he lifted his head, with a very red face.

"You're a queer fish," he said. "Good-by, young 'un, an' much obleeged," and he walked away, flushed and hurried.

This was the beginning of the acquaintance, and the rapidity and steadiness of its progress was wonderful.

The time came when Norford never passed the lodge without stopping to exchange a word with the child, or hand her some trifle—a flaming picture-book, or a toy, or a toothsome token of friendly feeling, all of which Bébé received with demonstrations of gratitude. She was never very talkative, but Norford found her a peculiarly attractive companion. She got into the habit of following him about the house and grounds like a dog. She seemed at least to consider him her own personal property, and people became accustomed to the sight of Jem Norford roaming about the place with the small figure by his side, or trotting at his heels composedly.

"A curious freak!" observers remarked.

"Thank Heaven, it is not a bad one!" added the Squire, devoutly.

It was a nondescript crowd enough, whose carriages rolled up the drive on the night of Jem Norford's house-warming. There were handsome faces and haggard ones; coarse faces and singularly refined ones. There were men and women who were both young and old; but there was not a Floxhamite among them, and there was not a face which had not a suggestion of hardness in its lines, whether it was fair or faded. The men were well-dressed men, and the women carried their silks, and velvet, and lace, as if they were used to their splendor. The handsomest woman of all was the latest arrival. A small, dark Brougham, whose servants wore the simplest of liveries, drove up at the eleventh hour, and Jem Norford himself appeared on the spot to meet its occupant. A sweet, cold face, and a blaze of diamonds, shone out upon him from the darkness into the light, and then the woman, ascending the steps, stood smiling faintly at the greeting of her host.

"By Jove, Cicely!" he exclaimed. "How well you look!"

"Well?" she answered. "Or handsome? Which is it?"

"It's handsome," he confessed, "now I come to look at you again. It's not well. You're white, by Jove—under——"

"Under the rouge," she ended for him, with a laugh. "Don't be afraid to speak the truth to me, Jem, but don't tell the other women."

She laid her hand lightly upon his arm, and he led her forward. As they passed the half-opened door of one of the rooms, she started back, and uttered an exclamation.

"What frightened you?" asked Jem. "You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"There is that child again!" she answered. "What is it doing here? It put its head out of the door, and startled me."

And sure enough, the door was pushed open, slowly, to its full width, and Bébé stood upon the threshold, wide-eyed, black-bloused, white-capped, and grave as usual.

Jem laughed, half-confusedly.

"Halloo!" he said. "I'd forgotten her in the row and bustle. She's a friend of mine by this time, Cicely. We're good friends, me and Bébé. Ain't we, youngster? I told the lodge-keeper to bring her up to the house, an' let her see the finery on the quiet. I say, shrimp, how do you like it?"

But Cicely hurried him past the child, in spite of his inclination to stop.

"Never mind stopping to talk to her," she said. "You will be missed, and the child looks half-frightened. Children don't always like to be noticed by strangers."

"But I'm not a stranger to her," returned Jem, interested in the subject, as Cicely had never seen him interested in anything before. "She's not afraid of me, by George! No more than I'm afraid of her. Fact is," sheepishly, and dropping his voice. "Fact is, I don't know but what I am a bit afraid of her now an' then. I don't know much about youngsters, but I don't fancy as she's like the most on 'em. Danged if she doesn't say her prayers night an' mornin', an' sing hymn-tunes as well; an'—an'——" his laugh quite an unsteady affair. "One day she asked me who I said mine to. It upset me a bit, you see, seein' as she looked so innocent about it, an' I didn't know what to say."

"What did you say?" asked Cicely.

"Told her as I didn't have no one to say 'em to; an' then—— Well, hanged if she didn't tell me I'd better say 'em to her, and wanted me to kneel down an' say 'em then an' there. I don't know how I should have got out of it, if it hadn't have been for her mother."

"Then she has a mother?"

"A kind of one," said Jem. "Her own mother's dead, but the woman as keeps her is a good soul, though she is French, and has a furrin' religion."

Men and women glanced at the two as they

entered the room, some smilingly, some angrily, some with bold and ready admiration. But no sign of any feeling displayed itself in the cold face at Norford's side. Jem himself looked for a moment both awkward and conscious. His skin reddened, and he made a desperate effort to appear at ease. Ignorant as he was, he knew just how contemptuously two or three pairs of coldly smiling eyes were fixed on him. He quite understood the half sneer, cleverly uttered under breath by the men who spent his money, and the women who accepted his hospitality, and laughed at him. He was sharp enough to know they did laugh, and that even the most honest of them had their jest at his expense. But not Cicely—not Cicely, who made no professions, and no graceful speeches, and who was cold and bitter when she chose, without pretence. No man had ever dared to sneer at him in Cicely's presence, after the first had tried it.

"Don't say such things as that to me," she had said, fixing her icy glance upon him. "It does not suit me to hear them. He is not a liar, and he is not a braggart coward. His life is bad and riotous, but you know there are men who would scarcely find it safe to compare records with him. As for me, shall I tell you that there have been moments when I have been tempted to respect him, by comparison? No one else has so tempted me."

Perhaps her pride and beauty acted as a slight restraint upon the less refined of the company, and held them in check. The outward demeanor of the guests would possibly have surprised respectable Floxhamites, who rather expected that the Norford festivities would be, after a manner, Bacchanalian orgies, especially after supper.

The gayety was at its height, and Cicely was looking on with a wearied air, when she felt something touch her elbow timidly, and, turning round, she saw that a strange element had introduced itself among them, the most incongruous of all elements in such an assemblage—the child, Bébé, who stood looking up into her face with earnest admiration and evident confidence. Of course, the rest saw her, too, the next moment; and at the discovery of the quaint, childish figure, a shout of loud laughter broke forth.

But Cicely did not laugh. There was in her face a suggestion of uncontrollable emotion, a kind of startled pain and surprise.

"How has she found her way into the room?" she said, hurriedly, to Norford. "She has no right here. Send her away. She ought to be in bed. What do her people mean?"

"No, don't send her away," cried one of the men. "Make her talk! Let her stay! This is a new sensation."

"Send her away!" commanded Cicely, in an impatient undertone.

But Bébé was too sure of her position in the household. Her familiarity with its master had accustomed her to its splendor, and she was not afraid of the glitter and many faces.

Her sweet treble piped out clear and distinctly above the amused clamor.

"I came to find Mademoiselle," she said. "The pretty Mademoiselle. I saw her."

Norford laughed in open delight at the boldness of his protegé.

"That's her, all over!" he said. "She never forgets nothin'. She's took a fancy to you, Cicely, that's plain."

"I wanted to see Mademoiselle," announced Bébé again. "She is beautiful, and the pretty beads on her neck shine so! I know who Mademoiselle is," she added, nodding her head confidently.

"Who?" asked Norford, tossing her a bunch of grapes. "Let's hear."

"I know!" with another nod. "She is the sister of Monsieur. His sister."

A slight laugh broke out round the table, and died out awkwardly. A scarlet flush started to Cicely's cheek, and then paled.

"She is Monsieur's sister," repeated the child. "She came to see Monsieur's house, and she kissed me. And Monsieur said her name was Cicelie. I know. Mademoiselle, why do you not kiss me again?"

Cicely bent and touched her cheek lightly with her lips. Bébé put both hands upon her silken lap, and looked up at her, reassured.

"May I stay?" she asked. "If I may, I will sing for you. I sing for Monsieur often."

A sort of hush fell upon the company. The novelty of the situation impressed them, and something in the look of the two faces at the head of the table.

"Don't let her!" said Jem, in sudden protest. "She sings them things they sing in churches an'—" with a glance round which defied even the suggestion of a sneer—"this isn't a church."

Cicely answered him with a slow, bitter smile.

"Nay, don't stop her!" she said. "It won't hurt us, nor her, thank Heaven! Let her think well of us, if she will. Sing your hymn, Bébé—even to us."

Bébé was quite ready. It was her habit to sing to Jem, and she knew no fear. She had a staid fancy that she must pay her fee of admission to this enchanted land; and so, holding her

grapes in her blouse, and fixing her gaze on Cicely, she sang, with the voice of a bird, while Jem played nervously with the handle of his knife, and Cicely leaned her head upon her hand, and listened.

O, Dieu! ma bouche balboretie,
Ce nom, des anges redouté,
Un enfant même est écouté
Dans le chœur qui te glorifie.

On dit que c'est toi qui produis
Les fleurs dont le jardine se paré,
Et que sans toi, toujours avare
Le verger n'aurait point de puits.

Donne aux malades le santé
Au mendicant le pain que'll pleure
A l'orphelin une de meure
Au prisonnier la liberté.

Her hymn finished, Bébé turned her attention to her grapes, feeling that she had done all that could be required of her. She was a practical little body, upon the whole, with a simple appreciation of the good things of life. She turned naturally to Jem, and leaned against his knee, enjoying her prize at her leisure, and answering his forced smiles with complacence.

The men and women who had listened to her song, sat in uneasy silence for a few moments. There may have been those among them who felt some long, untouched cord thrill anew and strongly, but they were not prone to emotional display; and, after a brief and rather trying pause, laughter and jest struggled to the surface, and reigned predominant. It is easier to laugh than to weep—always.

When reaction had fully set in, Bébé was half-forgotten, save by Norford, who had, in truth, understood nothing of her innocent piping, save its subtle thrill and purity.

"I don't know what it means," he had said, in a low voice, to Cicely. "I never do, unless she tells me in her way; but I know it goes through a chap somehow."

Almost before the echo died out in the room, Cicely's chair was empty. She rose silently, and was gone before any one but Norford was aware of her intention.

Jem stood staunchly by his protogé, and let her amuse herself as she would, until she was tired. It did not take long to tire her. In course of half an hour there was a significant silence for a few minutes, and then the white cap nodded forward until it rested on Jem's knee, and Bébé was asleep. Jem stooped gravely, and picked her up. He carried her out of the room, and into the servant's hall, to the great alarm and confusion of the bewildered Julie.

"Sainted mother!" exclaimed the latter. "I left the child asleep hours ago, on the hearth-rug, in the housekeeper's room. Mon Dieu! how could such a calamity have come about? The wicked one must have awakened and strayed away. Pardon, Monsieur, a thousand pardons."

"She's done no harm," remarked Norford. "Put her to bed in one of the rooms. Don't carry her out into the night air;" and he delivered her over, with tender care and deliberateness.

Then he went in search of Cicely. But she was not in the house, and it was not until he went out into the grounds that he found her—a white figure, crouching in the darkness and dew, upon a rustic seat, beneath a tree.

She raised herself at his approach, shivering and impatient.

"There was no need to come," she said. "I came here to be alone."

"It's too cold for you, Cicely," he ventured.

"Yes, it's cold," she answered. "I wish it was Death's cold," she added, through her closed teeth.

Feeling himself unable to cope with her mood, Norford remained silent. He was something unstrung himself, also. The noise and laughter inside jarred upon him. He wished it was all over, and his guests had left him. Money and power had not brought him all he had fancied they would bring. Grandeur, in prospective, had been much pleasanter than its reality. After all, what did these "chaps" inside care for him, when his wine was drunk, and his suppers were things of the past. Somehow, "and a queer crank it was," as he put it mentally, the child that lay asleep in one of his luxurious rooms, had moved him to a vague feeling of disgust with his life and belongings.

"Cicely," he said, at last, slowly, and as if questioning himself even as he spoke, "seems to me as we're both out of sorts with things in the same way."

She looked up at him, sad and weariedly. She understood him as few women would have done. They were very far apart, and yet they were akin, in a certain sense, after all.

"No," she answered, "not quite in the same way! Mine's a bitterer way than your's, Jem; it's a woman's way."

"Well," admitted Jem, "happen it is harder lines for a woman; but I don't know," and he plucked uneasily at the twigs upon the tree's trunk, and crushed the leaves in his hand.

"You see," he added, slowly still, "Life's life an'—seems like when it's over—it's done with—such lives as ours. It's queer a chap doesn't feel that way about—such as her," nodding his head toward the house.

There was a pause of a few seconds, and then,

with a sudden movement, the woman flung herself into her former position, and burst into fierce weeping.

"Such as she!" she cried. "A child—a child who prays, and sings hymns. And once—once it was so with me. And I might strive, and pray, and grovel in the dust, and I could not bring it back, for it is lost forever, forever! Oh, my God! If there is a God to hear me, crush my life out now, and let that be the end."

It was a terrible thing to see—this agony of despair, which, even in its mildest depths, rebelled against itself. Mere life must have been such a bliss to this creature once; and now, only to know that death would come swiftly, and be the very end!

Even Jem Norford felt a tremor seize him.

"Don't, Cicely," he said. "Don't say it, my girl—don't."

"See," clenching her hand, and shaking from head to foot, "that child's song dragged me to the gates of Hell. And the name she called me—the old name. I thought I should never hear it again. The only man I ever loved used to call me Cecilié—Cecilié; and he was a villain. And to hear it from such lips as hers! Cecilié—Cecilié, after all these years!"

"The man you loved?" said Norford.

"He was a Frenchman, and I am a French woman. I had almost forgotten it. France seems so far away—as far away as the rest."

For a few minutes she seemed to forget herself, and Norford stood by in helpless silence. Rough and untutored he might be, but not awkward enough to trouble her with further questioning. He had a fancy that she "needed to be let alone," and so he waited. At last she rose.

"I won't go back to the house," she said. "Let them think what they choose. I want purer air, for a while, to-night. I could not breathe in there. Order the carriage, and bring me a wrap, and I will get in at the door."

When he had obeyed her commands, and she was seated in the carriage, she bent forward, and spoke to him abruptly.

"Give me your hand," she commanded. "Both of them."

He gave them, with clumsy readiness; and she held them for a moment, in a grasp stronger than he could have imagined her capable of.

"If we were both better, or both worse," she said, "life would look easier to us; but we are just what we are, and there it stands."

She let his hands drop, and turned her face away, as if she did not wish him to see it.

"Tell them to drive on. And, good-night," she added.

CHAPTER III.

As time went on, Floxham found still more cause for wonder, at the quiet which reigned over the new establishment, whose evil influence they had so feared. There were no Bacchanalian feastings within its walls, and few disreputable strangers visited it. It appered, upon the whole, that, notwithstanding the boldness of his announcement, that he intended to enjoy himself in his own way, Jem Norford was leading as regular and dull a life as respectability could wish. He staid much at home, and was actually sober for weeks together. The foundry stood aghast at the startling temperateness of his habits, and shook its head in private, feeling that such defection from general rules boded no good. "Summats up," was the verdict. "He's noan himsel'. Happen th' chap's goin' to take appleplexy. He's just the build for it, fur aw the world. He's always lived a reg'lar loife up to this start; takin' his spree ivery bit or so, and theer's nowt so dangerous as changin' a chap's settle't ways."

"Happen he's bin convarted," suggested one individual, slyly.

A shout of laughter greeted this happy thought.

"Now tha's gettin' it. He's just the build fur that, sure enow—Jem Norford. That 'ud go harder wi' him than appleplexy. He's not o' th' reet breed to tak' it koindly."

They were neither altogether right, nor altogether wrong. It was not conversion that was working in Jem Norford's breast; but the fact was, he had arrived at a mental halting-place. Reaction had set in, and for the present his past pleasure palled upon him. He had outlived the day for plunging headlong into the vortex of pleasure, and manhood brought with it certain penalties of satiety and occasional distate. Sometimes he was glad to stand aloof, and let things drop. In such hours as these, the quiet of the great, lonely, luxurious house suited him, and he felt a longing for some innocent companionship. So he took to Bébé, and grew fonder of her than even he himself knew. The servants had strange tales to tell of the whimsical familiarity which had established itself between them. Bébé spent many an hour in the wonderful rooms; she even dined often at the stately table.

"Blessed if she isn't more at home than me," he would say, laughing loudly. "She might have been used to it all her life. She keeps a chap in countenance, an she's company too."

She was "company" for him. Some leaven working in the small brain made her comprehent sion of things quick in a fashion of its own—quicker than her hosts. She was not afraid of

the pictures. She asked questions about them, and finding Jem's knowledge of art limited, she applied to Julie. She was particularly interested in a copy of the Sistine Madonna.

"She was good, so good, you say," was her remark. "I want to be good too."

Still she did not belong to the order of ethereal children, this young devoteé. Her views of life were chiefly practical ones; she was devout, as she had been trained to be; she was a child, and therefore severely pure in a child's simplicity and ignorance of wrong. It was because she was a child that she had touched Jem's heart, and made herself a place within it.

"There's some as takes to dogs, an' some as takes to horses," reflected he, philosophically. "An' I've noticed as it's chiefly chaps as has nothin' in particular to set their minds on. I've taken to a child. A fellow must have his whim, an' a child's mine."

But he was not allowed to indulge in it long. The child's constitution was a frail one, as her ill-developed frame and small face would have told the most ordinary observer. She was prone to strange, unchildish ailments; and all juvenile trials went hardly with her. The "bad, bad head," of which she had spoken to Jem at their first interview, was one of her chief troubles. It came upon her often, and upon such occasions she would sit, pale and silent, answering all questions with painful gravity. "It's the bad head, Monsieur," she would say to Norford, "I must be quiet."

One morning, as he passed the lodge, the white cap was not within sight, and Julie came to the door, looking troubled and fatigued.

"It's the 'bad head' again, Monsieur," she said: "but this time it is worse than ever before. I laid not down, last night, her pain was so great. It is a strange malady for so young a child. My husband has gone for the doctor. I begin to feel alarmed."

On his return from the foundry, Norford stopped in the village and purchased a wonderful doll, attired in gauze and tinsel. It was the best Floxham afforded, and was considered a work of art, though, its price being above the capabilities of its admirers' pockets, it had simpered from its window full many a weary day.

"She'll like this," he said, with some pardonable pride. "It was only last week as she was complaining of her old one's nose. This 'll quite set her up when she sees it."

There was a light burning in the house when he entered it, and a man was bending over the narrow, white bed, while Julie stood near, tearful and subdued. The parcel felt suddenly heavier than he had found it before. Norford stopped short.

"Halloo!" he exclaimed, under his breath.

The man, who bent over the bed, raised himself, and gave Norford a curt bow.

"It's a bad case," he said, brusquely, and as if he had few words to spare. "Brain, you know; and brain's always a bad business." Then to Julie, "If you will step into the next room with me, madam, I will elaborate my instructions."

They went into the adjoining room, leaving Jem alone with the child. She was lying quite motionless, uttering little moans, and their sound, low as it was, filled the hearer with awe.

"There—there's something wrong up with her," he said. "What is it? She was never like this before."

He unwrapped the doll, and stooped down over her pillow.

"Young un!" he said. "I say, Bébé!"

Almost immediately he drew back, startled and awed by the utter unresponsiveness of the childish face. She nether heard nor saw him. The little moans went on; the half-closed lids did not even tremble.

"She doesn't hear me," said Jem, standing upright again. "She doesn't hear me."

He could scarcely realize the truth, even though it was so plain a one. Who of us has not felt the slow, creeping awe of a familiar face, which is not what it was but yesterday; which has drifted out of our reach, and neither sees nor hears.

He still stood by the bedside when Julie reentered.

"She doesn't hear me," he said, with a half-bewildered look.

"No," was the answer. "She does not hear you, Monsieur."

As she approached the bed, and touched the child's hands, Julie burst into sudden tears.

"I have not thought that she would die," she said. "She was always frail; but I have not thought that she would die. And she has been to me as my own, from the first hour."

"Die!" said Norford. "She isn't——"

He was startled beyond measure. Yesterday morning she had nodded to him, from her usual stand on the steps; and here was her doll, in all her tinsel finery! He glanced from the painted cheeks, and round, wide-awake eyes, to the child-face on the pillow.

"I bought this thing for her, on my way home," he said. "Nay, I can't believe that."

He could not believe it wholly, even when she told him that the medical man had given her no hope whatever.

"I'll send for another," returned Norford, hastily. "I'll send to London for one—a regular nob. She shan't want for nothin' money can bring. I'm set on her, missis. I tell you I never took to anything in my life as I've took to her. She shan't die if Jem Norford's money can buy life for her." And he passed his hands, in a hurried, emotional caress, over the childish head. "I'd give a good deal to see her open her eyes, and laugh at Miss, there," with a jerk at the doll, who sat staring at the foot of the bed.

"Monsieur is very generous," said Julie, shedding more tears. "Monsieur has the kind heart."

He had. All the great house contained was placed at the disposal of the invalid—wines, kitchen-furniture, servants.

So everybody knew, next day, that Norford had sent to London for a great physician, and had given orders to his household to consider themselves at the service of the gate-keeper's wife; all for the sake of the waif that lay, between life and death, in the little house.

"As if she wur his own flesh an' blood," it was said. "He's a cranky chap to mak' out, Jem Norford; an' he's not haaf bad i' the long run, fur a' his marlocks."

The great physician came in state, evidently bewildered at such a turn of affairs. He was received at the great house, and entertained there, and escorted by Norford to the lodge.

"It's a little lass I've set my mind on saving," said Norford, unwontedly excited, and almost pale with feeling. "Save her!" laying a heavy hand on the shoulder of the great man. "Save her, and set her up again, and send in your bill, and Jem Norford's good fur it, whether it's three figures or four."

But, important a personage as he was, the great man could do no more than the little one had done. He looked at the changed face, and asked questions, and looked again; and at last shook his head.

"My dear sir," he said to Norford, "I am deeply grieved, but I may as well tell you the truth. There is nothing for me to do here. There is nothing to be done." And he laid the child's hand down on the coverlet again.

"Nothing?" echoed Norford. "Nothing, man?"

"Nothing. With children like this one life is never long. The end is at work from the first. It is only a question of time."

When Norford came back to the lodge, having seen the great man on his way to more important duties, in a more important field, he found Julie in tears. The doll still sat propped against the bed's foot, staring at Bébé, who lay upon her back, her cap pushed of her curly head, her eyes wide open, and wandering.

"Do not go, Monsieur," said Julie, seeing him draw back. "Do not go. I have—— There is something I would say to you."

"The pretty Mademoiselle!" murmured Bébé, from her pillow. "The sister of Monsieur! Where is she? The beads upon her neck shine. I must have them, Monsieur,——."

The woman rose, pale and trembling, as if moved by some powerful emotion.

"Do not mind her," she said. "It is not often so. She does not see us."

She was very much shaken by the fist which had gone forth, Jem thought; even more shaken than he had imagined she would be. He did not know that another long-hidden grief was at work within her, until she spoke.

"Monsieur," she said, weeping, "if I had been a mother, even a mother whose child was her shame, even a mother lost and stained, I think, it seems to my heart to-night, that the death-bed of my child would touch me."

"The pretty beads!" said Bébé, softly. "The pretty beads of Mademoiselle Cicelie!"

"There is a woman who has been to your house," continued Julie; "a woman I have seen, but who has not seen me, because I avoided her. It is the woman you call Cicely, and, Monsieur, she is my sister—and the mother of the child."

"The mother!" cried Norford, starting backward. "The mother of the child there? Good God! Cicely!"

"She is my sister," said Julie. "She was our father's pride and idol, and she broke his heart, and brought shame and ruin upon an honest name. It does not matter for the story; but I had pity upon her child. I could not easily forgive her, but I had sorrow for the child who shared her disgrace. I let her think that it did not live, and she went her way. Our little world was too narrow for her pride and beauty. A life of humiliation and penitence did not suit her. So, she went her ways; and you call her Cicely, and there is her child."

"And she never knew!" said Jem Norford. "Poor lass! Poor lass!"

"I wish," said the woman, "that she should know. She cannot do harm now, and I wish, Monsieur, that you should tell her. If she would receive the last sigh of her child, if she is not too hard of heart to care, let her come."

Jem Norford regarded the speaker amazedly. He had seen her before, a bright little woman, of cheerful mien and ready tongue; but now he saw her stern, bitter against sin, hard of judgment, firm in her own virtue, and with small

mercy for those more frail. Perhaps, in the bygone days of her girlhood, she had felt some natural secret envy and displeasure against the beautiful creature, who had almost seemed of finer clay than the rest of them, and who had reigned supreme in her father's house, so well beloved, and so much admired. And it was but the way of poor humanity, that she should be rather just than merciful, when this idol brought shame upon them all.

"If she is not too far lost to bear a heart within her breast," she said again, "let her come."

Norford went back to the house, wrote a telegram, and sent it at once.

"The child is dying. Its mother is Cecilia Mercier. The woman is Julie Mercier. Come as soon as you get this."

The next night Bébé died.

But, before death, half-consciousness, and a certain restless strength came back to her. She opened her eyes, and saw the doll, and stretched out her arms for it, and when Norford gave it to her, she smiled. The new treasure seemed to please her greatly; but, after holding it for a while, she became feverish and restless. She wanted to go to the great house. She wished to lie on the sofa, in the pretty room where the picture of the Sistine Madonna was. Monsieur would carry her there.

"I am tired of being here," she said. "I have been here a long time. I cannot sleep here. Take me in your arms, Monsieur, to the pretty room." And she would not be denied.

Ten minutes later the doctor was called from his after-dinner port, by a visitor who had rung loudly at the door-bell, and would not come in. It was Jem Norford, who stood upon the steps, looking very unlike himself, and almost pale.

"It's the child again," he said. "She has a fancy for being carried to my house. I came to ask if it can be done. She looks as if it was too late to harm her, and she wants to go."

"Let her go," said the doctor, his preconcieved ideas of consistency much upset by Jem Norford for the fiftieth time. "She will die there as easily as any other place; more easily, perhaps; and it's only a few steps. Do you want me to return with you?"

"Can you do her any good?"

"I am afraid not."

"Then I'll go alone. Good-night." He touched his hat slightly, and turned away, leaving the doctor looking after him.

"Odd doings about a child," he remarked. "It's a whim, I suppose; and he can afford it."

From the time that she had spoken, the day before, Julie had not mentioned Cicely. She kept grave silence on the subject, only now and then glancing toward the road; but when they had moved the child, and she lay on her pillows on the sofa, she spoke grimly.

"She has not come, Monsieur."

"Something's keeping her," said Jem. "She'll come, never fear."

He thought he was sure of her. But as the hours went by, his heart misgave him. It was not like Cicely; but she had not come.

And at last it was midnight, and the child lay clasping the doll in her arms, breathing heavily and slowly. As the last stroke of twelve died away, Julie pointed to the couch, with a significant bitterness.

"She should come soon," she said—"soon."

Soon, indeed, for at that moment there was a little gasp, and Bébé started from her cushion, the doll still held to her little, panting side.

"Monsieur!" she cried. "Julie!"

Jem bent over her, trembling, awed.

"Little un," he said. "Poor, little lass!"

Bébé turned to him with a languid smile.

"The doll is heavy," she said, giving it to him. "Take it, Monsieur."

And her head dropped slowly forward, until it rested against his shoulder.

Julie flung herself upon her knees, at the foot of the couch, in a tempest of weeping.

"Let her come," she cried. "Let her come. She comes too late."

Even at that moment they heard her carriage-wheels, and then her quick feet in the hall. The door was flung open, and she crossed the threshold, panting for breath.

She saw all, at one glance; and when she thrust the kneeling woman aside, with her fierce hand, and took the dead child from Jem's arms to her heaving breast, her face was terrible to see.

"You told me once that you could not forgive me," she cried to Julie. "Ask yourself if I can forgive you? You robbed me of the child, who would have saved my soul alive. You lied to me, and sent me to perdition. And I hold a dead soul to my breast, and a dead child in my arms. I am too late! I am too late!"

She knelt beside the couch, hiding her face upon the little one's breast, and uttering low, sharp moans, in quick succession.

"Take her away," she said, to Jem, with a gesture toward Julie. "Take her away, and let me be alone. I am too late! I am too late!"

CHAPTER IV.

FLOXHAM stood awed into respectful silence, when the little body was carried through Jem

a listener, and a fear that she might be listening on account of designs she cherished in regard to him, simply as the future owner of that abode of all delights, Clayton Park. Meredith was not near her, but seated at the other end of the table, among the Beardsley faction.

The evening proved glorious. The most nervous hypochondriac could not have dreamed of stopping indoors. People took their coffee sitting out on the lawn; groups of young people wandered about among the shrubberies, or stole away in pairs, naturally not of the same sex.

Lydia would have liked to go away to her own room, but she was morbidly afraid of exciting comment just then; so she stayed in the garden, and pretended, successfully enough, to amuse herself. She held a little court of her own, comprised of the nicest men. She could never remember when Mr. Clayton joined her group, or how it came about that she found herself walking up and down one of the broad paths in his stately society. A good dinner and a strong cigar had rendered the future baronet sentimental, and the perilous moonlight completed his ruin.

They were leaning over the balustrade of a terrace, Lydia resting her head on her hand, and gazing silently out at the moonlight. She heard her companion's voice, uttering longer and more involved sentences than usual, but she positively did not hear one word he spoke. It was not until he quite forgot his stateliness, and begged earnestly for an answer, that she came to a realising sense of there being anything uncommon the matter, and even then she had not the slightest conception of its nature.

"I beg your pardon," she said, turning toward him, a little ashamed of her own abstraction. "I do beg your pardon, but positively I don't know what you were saying. I am fearfully stupid to-night."

Mr. Clayton was not a man of quick perceptions, but he saw that she was speaking the exact truth. He came down to earth with a bang, and for an instant stood glaring at her, too much confused for anger. But that latter sensation speedily gained the ascendency over all others. He, Robert Clayton, a future baronet, had absolutely honored this republican by an offer of marriage, and she had not heard! He wondered that the world did not fall in twain, or at least some dire convulsion of the elements shake it to its centre.

She saw, by his angry confusion, that she must have been guilty of some mortal sin, but even yet she did not know what it was.

"Please, don't be vexed," she said, with difficulty repressing a wild desire to laugh aloud, he looked so very comical in his wrath.

"Vexed!" he repeated, in a strangled voice.

"If you will only be good-natured, and repeat it——"

"Repeat it!" he echoed, and his tone was quite awful now.

"Indeed, I am so sorry. I did not mean to be rude. If you will tell me what it was, I promise to listen without breathing."

He thought her manner and words flippant, and grew more angry than ever. His senses came back; he shuddered at his own precipitancy. It was not in keeping with his station; it was not like a Clayton. But, in spite of his wrath, such capabilities of loving as he possessed had gone out to this woman, and would not be recalled. It might be that, in time, he should forgive her. If she proved worthy, he might one day give her an opportunity to share his grandeur, but at present she must be punished, and that thoroughly.

"Won't you tell me again?" she asked, coaxingly, but still forced to struggle hard to keep from laughing.

"Madam," said he, "I never repeat." He was so intensely dignified, she could restrain herself no longer, and laughed like a maniac. She had been all the evening nearer hysterics than she had ever gone in her life; and now that she had begun, she could not stop for awhile.

When she could look up again, Mr. Clayton was gone, about the angriest man that ever lived, and Lydia did not know that the chance of being "milady" had come within her reach. Once more she laughed, then as suddenly burst into tears, and had, what she seldom indulged in, a good cry. After that, she was able to get her composure back, and abuse herself roundly for her own folly.

She heard voices, and hurried away through the shadowy paths, till she reached the little river some distance below the house, and sat down on a rustic chair, listening dreamily to the water's talk, and gazing absently up at the mountain-tops, glorious with the light of the full moon.

A step near roused her from her dismal revery. She turned quickly. George Meredith was standing beside her. His face showed pale and troubled in the moonbeams, but under the doubt and suffering there was an expression a man might wear who had determined on a certain line of conduct, and meant to pursue it at any cost to himself.

"Mrs. Ashleigh," he said quickly, "I wish to ask you a question."

"Dear me!" returned she, in her most careless tone. "From the sound of your voice, one might think you were going to demand my purse! You look very like a bandit, standing there; at least, the young-ladyish idea of that interesting person."

"I want to know," he continued, his voice becoming hoarse and low, "if it is true that you are engaged to marry Mr. Clayton?"

She leaned back in her seat, and gazed full in his face, with a cruel, insolent smile.

"It was a rude question——," he began.

"Very rude," she interrupted.

"And yet I must repeat it," he said, gravely, in no wise moved either by her anger or scorn.

She looked at him, now, with a changed face; a face in which a strange wonder mingled with her wrath.

"By what right, Mr. Meredith?" she asked.

"By the right that any man has, who shows a woman he loves her; who has told her so, and never received any answer."

She grew very pale, but sat watching him narrowly, through her half-closed eyelids. Had she heard aright? Was she mad? Was it only that he meant again to essay the pretty game of coquetry-toy, now that he believed her betrothed to another, to wail out a story of blighted hopes and a broken heart, just to amuse himself for a space.

"You do not speak," he said. "You recognize, though, the justice of my question, rude as it sounds."

"I do not know what you mean," she replied, steadily. "I recognize no right, on your part, to question me in any way."

He gave her a stern, cold glance, but she returned it unflinchingly. She was smiling still.

"The last part of your assertion may be true," he said. "The first is a prevarication unworthy of you."

"We were acquaintances; good friends, even for a time—nothing more," she cried, furiously angry, yet with a wild thrill at her heart, which she could not subdue.

"Nothing more?" he asked.

"We are not even that now!" she exclaimed, angrier with herself, even, than she was with him, from very shame of her own weakness.

"Will you deny that you know I loved you?" he demanded, regardless of her words.

She laughed bitterly.

"Excuse me," she said. "My vanity may be immense, but it has its limits, though I am a woman! I really have not the habit of supposing that every man who says a civil thing to me must necessarily be one of my victims."

"Perhaps if you were a vainer woman, you would be less cruel," returned he, somewhat tremulously.

She started to her feet. She was completely past her patience. She would not be contemptible enough to be angry, much less suffer, for a man so mean.

"I am not in the mood for theatricals, Mr. Meredith," she said. "Will you have the goodness to go away?"

"Not yet," he answered, setting his mouth hard under the curving-lines of his mustache. "I have not finished."

"I told you I was not in the mood for theatricals!" cried she. "If you are determined to display your powers in that line, you will find plenty of young girls yonder who may be impressed. I am too old to care for such amusements."

She turned to leave him.

"Don't go!" he said. "No matter what your feelings toward me may be, I think all your life you will be sorry if you go."

"I sorry for anything where you are concerned?" she exclaimed.

"I have no intention of reproaching you," he hurried on. "But I insist on my right to have my question answered."

"Your right?" she echoed.

"Yes! When a man, for months, has shown, by every action that he loves you; when necessity, almost as strong as death, calls him away without warning, without his being able to see you, though you had promised; when he writes, and tells you the whole story; when——"

Involuntarily she put up her hand; without volition on her own part, she interrupted him.

"Wrote to me?" she cried. "I never had a letter from you in my life."

Her head was reeling so that she could stand no longer. She sank back into her chair.

"I was sure my letter never reached you!" he exclaimed, in an altered voice. "I told myself that, over and over. I should have gone mad, else! I said you were too good, too noble, to have kept me in suspense, however much I might have deceived myself. I said, at least, you would have written and told me my fate, kindly, gently, however hard it might be."

The evening was warm and soft, but Lydia trembled from head to foot, as if a blast of midwinter had smitten her to her very heart. Still she would not let herself be duped by any silly hope. She had borne enough, suffered enough, was fallen low enough in her own eyes. If she did anything now to rouse a new and deeper pang of self-contempt, existence would become

utterly insupportable; a load to be got rid of at any cost to the soul which had so tormented her during the past months.

"I must beg you to explain," she said, in a slow, icy tone. "I do not understand one word you have said, if, indeed, it has any meaning."

She could not deny herself this last thrust. She was so near losing every trace of firmness, that she found a sort of strengh in treating him to insolent words. He paid no attention to her harsh speech. He was looking keenly at her. Blind as suffering made him, he could see her tremble. Under that affectation of indifference wherewith she chilled her voice, he caught signs of the trouble which shook the very core of her being.

"You never received my letter!" The sentence was an assertion, not an inquiry.

"Never," she replied.

He drew a deep breath, moved forward a step, checked himself as suddenly, and stood still.

"Will you tell me why you would not admit me that day—the day I left New York, I mean? You had promised, when we parted, the night before."

"Your memory is failing you," she answered. "You did not come."

"I did! I did! At the very hour you had set! You had gone out, gone to a breakfast at Mrs. Warner's. Oh, I remember everything about that horrible day! I had that morning received news that my only brother was dying in Brazil; that I was likely to lose every penny I owned in the world. I was obliged to catch the noon-steamer. I wrote to you. I—Oh, my God! to think what I have suffered during these months! And now—now——"

He broke off abruptly, and turned away his head. She put out her hand, and touched his arm. She was shaking like a leaf. Great tears filled her eyes, but no drops fell.

"I never received your letter," she said, almost in a whisper. "I never knew that you came to the house! I was at home. Mrs. Mortyn went to the breakfast. I, too, remember everything which happened that day."

"Lydia!"

The tone was half a question—half a cry.

She hid her face in her hands, saying, brokenly,

"And he will not tell me why he came back!"

He was kneeling at her feet, and pouring out the story of his love and anguish. He had been in time to see his brother; the money-troubles appeared possible to clear up. He had hurried back to New York the instant he could, and been searching for her ever since his arrival.

After a time they were both calm enough to go over the whole matter connectedly, and before Lydia remembered that it was late, and that she ought to return to the house, there were no further explanations necessary.

When they reached the veranda, he stopped her for an instant to whisper,

"Have you forgiven my rude question?"

"I will, when you forgive my having doubted you," she answered.

Then they went slowly in together.

MY TREASURES.

BY MRS. M. L. BLUM.

Only a lock of bright brown hair,
And a cluster of withered, scentless flowers;
Some of the garments she used to wear,
Jewels that shone on the fingers fair,
Pictures that mock with their beauty rare,
The aching void in these hearts of ours,
That miss her everywhere!

Only an empty, quiet room,
A smooth, white bed and a vacant chair;
Drooping lilies, whose faint perfume,
Whispers a thought of the lovelier bloom
Gathered like them for an early tomb,
And laid, an offering rich and rare,
On an altar of tears and gloom.

Only a grave with grass o'ergrown:
A grave in the green-wood narrow and deep;
Where we laid her down 'neath a cold white stone,
And left her in darkness and alone,
Deaf to our sad hearts' sorrowing moan;
Her pale lips sealed in a dreamless sleep,
And the light from her blue eyes gone.

These are the treasures to which I cling,
With a tender grief that I cannot tell;
Dear to my heart is the slightest thing
Her hands have touched; hot tears will spring
At the sound of the songs she used to sing;
Ah me! no joy can ever dispel
This shadow from death's dark wing.

Oh, Alice, darling, you cannot know,
From your beautiful home where the angels are,
How day by day I wearily go
To that precious spot where the violets grow
Over pulseless bosom and brow of snow,
Or perhaps you could soothe my wild despair,
And my tears would forget to flow.

THE WIDOW DOODLE.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

JOSIAH'S brother's wife has come to live with us. My opinion is, she is most a natural fool. Howsumever, bein' one of the relations on his side, I hain't told her what I thought of her; but bear with her, as I would wish the relations on my side to be bore with by Josiah. How long she will live with us, that I don't know. And it is a considerable sized cross for me to tackle, and I won't deny it. Fools was always dretful wearin', wearin' to me, or I don't ort to call her a fool, and wouldn't say it where it would get out for the world. But she don't know no more than the law will allow. That I will contend for boldly, with my last breath.

But if her principles was as hefty as iren, and her intellect as hefty as iren, and her intellect as bright as it is t'other way, if it was bright as day, she would be a sort of a drawback to happiness. Anybody would, whether it was a he or a she. Home is a Eden, jest large enough to hold Adam and Eve, and their family, and the necessary animals. And when a stranger enters its gates, to camp down therein for life with you, a sort of a cold chill comes in with 'em. You may like 'em, and wish 'em well, and do the best you can with 'em, but you feel kind o' choked and bowed down. There is a sort of tightness to it. You can't, for your life, feel so loose and serious as you did when you was alone with Josiah and the children.

But I am determined to put up with her, and do the best I can. She hadn't no home, and was a comin' on the train; so Josiah thought that, for the sake of Tim, that was his brother, it was our duty to take her in, and do for her.

And truly duty's apron-strings are the only ones we can cling to with perfect safety. Inclination sometimes wears a far more shinin' apron, and her glitterin' strings flutter down before you invitingly, and you feel as if you must leggo of duty, and lay holt of 'em. But, my friends, safety is not there. Her strings are thin and slaggy, and liable to fall to pieces any minute. But hang on to duty's apron-strings, boldly and blindly. Get a good holt, and have no fear. Let her lead you over rough pathways, through dark valleys, up the mountings, and through the deep waters. Don't be afraid, but hang on. The string won't break with you, and the country she will lead you into is one that can't be bettered.

Her first husband was Josiah's only brother. He died a few years after they was married, and then she married another man, David Doodle by name, and a shiftless creetur by nater, so I hearn, but good-lookin'. Howsumever, I don't know nothin' about it, only by hearsay; for I never laid eyes on none of the lot. Still she came on to us for a hum. They lived out to the Ohio. But she fairly worships that Doodle to this day, talks about him day and night. I hain't heard her say a dozen words about Josiah's brother Timothy, though they say he was a likely man, and a good provider, and did well by her; left her a good farm, all paid for, and Doodle run through it; and five cows, and two horses, and Doodle run through them, and a colt.

But she don't seem to remember that she ever had no such husband as Timothy Allen, which I know makes it more wearin' on Josiah, though he don't complain. But he thought a sight of Tim; they used to sleep together when they was children. And heads, that lay on the same bosom, can't get so fur apart, but what memory will unite 'em. They got separated when they grew up. Josiah stayed with his folks, and Tim went to the Ohio, as I say, but still, when Josiah's thoughts get to travelin', and I never see such critters to be on the go all the time as thoughts be, they take him back to the old trundle-bed and Tim.

She don't mention, as I was saying, brother Timothy only when Josiah asks her about him. But Doodle! I can truly say, without lyin', that if ever a human bein' got sick of anything on earth, I got sick of Doodle. Bein' shut up in the house with her, I sense it more than Josiah does. It is Doodle in the mornin', and Doodle at noon, and Doodle at night, and Doodle between meals, and if she talks in her sleep, which she is quite a case to, it is about Doodle.

I don't complain to Josiah much, because it would make his road the harder. But I told Thomas Jefferson, one day, she had just finished a story about her and Doodle, that had took her the biggest part of the forenoon to tell, and I told Thomas Jefferson, when she happened to go out of the room a minute, says I,

"Thomas Jefferson, it does seem to me as if Doodle will be the death of me."

"Wall," says he, "if he should, I will write a handsome piece of poetry on it." Says he, "Alf Tennyson and Shakespere have writ some pretty fair pieces, but mine shall

"Beat the whole caboodle,
And the burden of the him shall be,
That mother died of Doodle."

Says I, in real severe tones, "You needn't laugh, Thomas Jefferson. I'd love to have you try it for one day," says I. "You and your father bein' out doors all day, when you are in a few minutes to your meals, her talk is as good as a circus, somethin' like a side-show to you, but you be shut up with her all day, and then see how you would feel toward the name of Doodle."

But I try to do the best I can with her, as I said. I don't know how long she will live with us; but I think, to tell the plain truth, that the widder would marry again if she got a chance. I can see symptoms of it. But she says she wouldn't; says it hain't no ways likely that she shall ever marry agin. Talks a sight about Doodle's face, calls it "his linament," says "it is printed on her heart, and it hain't no ways likely she will ever see another linament that will look so good to her as Doodle's linament."

I declare, for't sometimes, to hear her go on, I have to call on the martyrs, in my own mind, almost wildly, to keep my principles firm, and keep me from sayin' sumthin' I should be sorry for.

Sumtimes, when she is a goin' on for hours, a talkin' about Doodle and "his linament," and so fourth, I set opposite to her, with my knittin' work in my hand, with no trace on the outside of the almost fearful tempest a goin' on inside of me.

Then I'll be a bendin' off my heel, or seamin' two and one, or tocin' it off, as the case may be, calm as a summer mornin', on the outside, but on the inside I am a sayin' over to myself, in silent but almost piercin' tones of agony, "John Rogers!—Smithfield!—nine children!—one at the breast!—Gridirons!—thumb-screws!—and so forth, and so forth."

It has a dretful good effect on me. I think over what these men endured for principle, and I will say to myself,

"Josiah Allen's wife, has not your heart almost burned within you, when you have thought of these martyrs? Have you not, in rappid moments, had longins' of the soul to be a martyr also? Did you s'pose you could be one without sufferin'? Did you expect to be burnt up without smartin'?"

And I would say to myself, (in real reasonable axcents,) "lofty principles, and sublime ideas, may buy up the soul triumphant, but there can't anybody be burnt up without its hurtin', and fire was jest as hot in them days as it is now, and no hotter. If David Doodle is the stake on which you are to be offered up, be calm, Samanthe—be calm."

So I would be a talkin' to myself, and so she would be a goin' on.

And though I suffered pangs, that can't be expressed about, my principles grew more hefty from day to day; I begun to look more lofty in mene; and sometimes I have been that buyed up by hard principle, and jest to see to what hites a human mind could get up on, while their body was yet on the ground, I would begin myself about Doodle.

And so speakin', in a martyr way, the Widder Doodle was not made in vain.

She is a small woman, dretful softly looking, and truly her name don't belie her; for she seems to me that soft, that if she should bump her head, I don't see what is to hinder it from flattin' right out like a putty head.

I guess she was pretty good-lookin' in her day. On no other grounds can I account for it that two men ever took after her. Her eyes are round as blue beads, and looks considerable on the bead plan. She is light-complected, and her mouth is dretful puckered up and drawed down. Josiah can't bear her looks. He has told me so in confidence a number of times. But I told him I had seen wimmen that looked worse, and I have.

"Wall," says he, "I have seen them that looked better, far better."

Says I, "Where, Josiah?"

Says he, "Father Smith's daughter, my companion, Samanthe."

Josiah thinks a sight of me; it seems to grow on him. And with me it is ditto and the same.

When two souls set out in married life, a sailen' on the sea of True Love, they must expect to steer their way through rocks, and get tangled in the sea-weed, the rocks of opposing wills, and the sea-weeds of selfishness, and before they get the hang of the boat, it will go contrary. Squalls will rise, and must upset it. They'll hist up the wrong sails, and tighten the wrong ropes, and act like fools generally, and will sometimes look back with regret to the peaceful but lonesome shore they have left, and wish they hadn't never set out. But if they'll be patient, and steer their boat wise and straight, a calmer sea is ahead, deeper waters of trust and calm affection, on which the boat can sail onwards first rate. They'll get past the biggest heft of the rocks,

and get the nack of sailin' round the ones that are left, so's not to hit 'em nigh so hard, and the sea-weeds, unknown to them, will kinder drizzle out, and disappear mostly.

I don't have to correct Josiah near so much as I used to. Though occasionally, when I know I am in the right, I set up my authority, and he hisen. I never see that couple yet, whether they're correct or not, but what would have their little spats; but good land, if they love each other, they get right over it, and it is all fair weather again. The little storms only clear the air, and the sun will shine out agin, fust rate, and bright as a dollar.

Sister Doodle, (Josiah told me he guessed we had better call her so, some of the times, as it would seem more friendly.) She says, the widder does, that she never see a couple live together more agreeabler and happier than me and Josiah lives together. She says it reminds her dretfully of her married life with Doodle.

Truly Doodle is her theme, but I hold firm.

She was a sayin' to me, the other mornin', after Josiah went out, to his work, she was a helpin' me wash up my dishes, though I told her she needn't, I don't lay out to put any work on her. But I had a right to do, that mornin', and she offered to wash up the dishes. But I told her she shouldn't do that, but if she insisted, I would wash and she might wipe; so she did. And as quick as the dish-water was poured out, she begun. Josiah had cooed a very little at me, that mornin', not much; for he knows I don't encurrage him in it. But it had made her think of Doodle.

"And," says she, "nobody knows how much that man thought of me. He would say, sometimes, in the winter, when we would wake up in the mornin', 'My dear Dolly, I have been a dreamin' about you.' 'Have you, Mr. Doodle,' says I. 'Yes,' says he. 'I have been a dreamin' how much I love you, and how pretty you are, just as pretty as a pink-posy;' them was Mr. Doodle'ses very words, a 'pink-posy.' 'Oh, shaw, Mr. Doodle, I guess you are a foolin' me.' Says he, 'I ain't, I dremp it.' And then he would smile so sweet, and he would say, 'Dolly, I love to dream about you.' 'Do you, Mr Doodle,' says I. 'Yes,' says he, 'and it seems jest as if I want to go to sleep, and have another nap, jest a purpose to dream about you.'"

"And so I would get up, and get the kindlin' wood, and build the fire, and feed the cows, and go round the house a gettin' breakfast, jest as still as a mouse, so's not to disturb him, and he'd lay and sleep till I got the coffee all turned out, and then he'd get up and tell me his dream. It would be all about how pretty I was, and how much he loved me. And he'd tell me how he would die for my sake, any time, to keep the wind from blowin' on to me. And he would eat jest as hearty, and enjoy himself dretfully. Oh, we took a sight of comfort together, me and Mr. Doodle did. And I can't never forget him. I can't never marry agin, his linement is so stamped onto my memory. No other man's linement can ever be to me what his linement was."

She stopped a minute to ask me where she should set the dishes, and, truly, I was glad of the respite, though I knew it would be only momentary. And, indeed, I was right, for, on settin' up the dishes, she happened to see a little milk-pitcher, that belonged to my first set of dishes. There was a woman painted on to it, and that set her to goin' agin. Truly, there was nothin' on the face of the earth, or the sky above, but what reminded her, in some way, of Doodle. I have known the risin' sun to set her to goin', and the fire-poker, and the dust-pan. She held the pitcher pensively in her hand a minute or 2, and then, says she,

"That pictur looks as I did when I married Mr. Doodle. I was dretful pretty, he used to tell me. Too pretty to have any hardship put on to me. There was considerable talk about wimmin's votin' about that time, and he used to say that there wasn't enough money in the world to tempt him to let his Dolly vote. Anything so wearin' as that, he shuld pertect her from as long as he had got a breath left in his body. He used to get dretful excited about it; he thoght so much of me, he said votin' would wear a woman right out, 'and how should I feel,' he would say, "to see my Dolly wore out?'"

"He couldn't use to bear to have me go a visatin' either. He said talkin' with neighberin' wimmen was wearin', too, and to have to get supper after dark, he said he couldn't bear to see me do it. He never was no hand to pick up a supper, and I always had to come home and get supper by candle-light, meat vittels. He always had to have jest what he wanted to eat, or it made him sick. He was one of that kind, gove him the palsy; he never had the palsy, but he always said that was all that kep him from it, having jest what he wanted to eat, jest at the time he wanted it. And so he would lay down on the lounge, while I got supper ready, I'd have to begin at the beginning, for he was one of the men that wouldn't hang over a tea-kettle, or get up potatoes, or anything of that sort, and I'd most always have to build the fire up, for he thought it wasn't a man's place to do such things. He was a dretful hand to want everybody to keep

their place, that was why he felt so strong about winmin's votin'. He had a deep, sound mind, my Doodle did. But, as I said, he would lay on the lounge, and worry so about it's bein' too much for me, that rather than make him feel so bad, I gin up visitin' most entirely.

"But he never worried about that so much as he did about votin'. The thought of that almost killed him. He said that, with my health, (I didn't enjoy over good health then) I wouldn't stand it a year. He said I would wilt right down under it. Oh, how much that man did think of me!

"When I would be a workin' in the garden, I took all the care of the garden, or a pickin' up chips—we was kinder bothered for wood that year—he'd set out on the back piazza with his paper; it was the Evening Grippher, awful strong aginst wimmin's rights. And as I would be a pickin' up my chips, and bringin' 'em in, (I used a old bushel basket,) he'd say to me, 'Oh, them pretty little hands, how cunning they look! And oh, them pretty little eyes! What should I do if it wasn't for my Dolly? And how should I feel,' says he, 'if them pretty little eyes was a lookin' at the pole,' says he. 'It would kill me, Dolly; it would use me right up.'

"And, then, when I was a churnin', we had a good deal of cream, and the butter came awful hard, sometimes it would take me most all day; and he would be so good to me, to help me pass away the time. He would set in the rocking-chair; I cushioned it a purpose for him, and he'd set and rock, and read the Evening Grippher to me. Sometimes he would read it clear through before the butter would come. Beautiful arguments there would be in it. I knew the editor was jest exactly such a man as my Doodle. I used to wonder how enny livin' woman could stand out against them arguments, they proved right out so strong, that votin' would be too much for the weaker sect.

"We wasn't very well off in them days, for Mr. Doodle was obleeged to morgige the farm I brought him when we was married, and it was all we could do to keep up the money on the morgige, and father wouldn't help us much. He said we must work for a livin', jest as he did. And the farm kinder run down, for Mr. Doodle said he couldn't go out to work, and leave me for a hull day, he worshipped me so; so we let out the place on shares, and I took in work a good deal.

"And while I was a workin' for flour, or pork, or groceries, Mr. Doodle would sit and look at me for hours and hours, with a sweet smile on his linament, and tell me how pretty I was, and how much he thought of me, and how he'd rather die, and be skinned, have his hide took completely off of him, before he'd let me vote, or have any other hardship put on to me.

"Oh, what a sight of comfort me and Mr. Doodle did take! I never can forget him, his linament is so stamped on my memory. I can't never forget him, never!"

And so she'd go on, from hour to hour, about Mr. Doodle and wimmen's rights. And inwardly callin' on the name of John Rogers, I would let her go on, and not call Mr. Doodle all to naught, nor argue with her on wimmin's havin' a right.

My mene was calm, I was nerved almost completely up by duty and principle. And then it is dretful wrenchin' to the arm to hit hard blows aginst nothin'.

"AND NOBODY READS THE TUNE."

BY LAURA H. FISHER.

I THINK thou art tired, Grey!
So long are the days of June;
The burdened hours make pale the flowers,
The song of the birds runs in passionate words,
That link on the dark to the day;
And nobody reads the tune,
In the madness and sadness of June.

I think I am tired, Grey,
Betwixt the morn and the noon;
Speak soft and slow, even as though
I were child, and thou some mild,
Wise guardian, chose my way,
Because I needed thee in June,
A child must weary soon.

I think we are tired, Grey,
Both of us tired so soon!
But after to-day we'll walk each our way,
Whatever the words of the glad June birds,
Or the flowers that lean our way;
For nobody reads the tune,
In the sadness and madness of June.

I think we were wrong, dear Grey,
Mistaking some bars in the tune
That ran in our ears those vanished years,
And I cannot tell, if we hear it well,
How, but we shall one day,
Before another June—
God help us, help us, soon!

THE DAYS OF SEVENTY-SIX.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 429.

CHAPTER XVII.

A TERRIBLE hush fell upon the crowd. The faces on which the glare of the flames fell grew whiter and whiter. All eyes were uplifted to a little tongue of fire, that had darted up on the bell-rope, and was winding itself around it, soft as a baby's kiss, but biting its hempen heart to the core. Strand after strand gave way, each kindling like a tiny torch, then all flamed out together, and down the rope rattled into the midst of the appalled crowd, a lithe, serpent-like thing, with a head of fire, and a body all blackness. The lad came with it, plunging downward into what seemed to him a tumult of horrible darkness, down, down, until a dozen uplifted hands broke his fall, and one pair of arms clasped him, living or dead, no one dared to ask which it was.

"Water! Water! Brandy! Anything!" cried the young officer, almost overthrown by the shock of that fall, and staggering under the deathly burden he held. "His breath is gone! He seems——"

"Water it is," answered the old seaman, clasping his hand over the mouth-piece of his trumpet, and filling the instrument at a water-cask. In an instant the pallid face of the boy was deluged.

"He gasps! He struggles!" cried the officer, gathering the slight form more closely in his arms. "God be thanked, he is still alive!"

"Alive! Alive! The boy is alive!" ran through the crowd.

"Make room! Make room! Take him to some safe place. Some one help the gentleman."

"No, no!" said Andre, folding the lad close to his breast. "The weight is nothing. I can carry him."

The arm, that had fallen prone and lifeless across his shoulder, stirred feebly, and the pale, wet head pressed closer to him. Once he thought a murmur stirred the lips, but it was less than a sob. The poor boy's heart was scarcely beating yet.

Out of the crowd Andre carried his burden, giving brief answers to all questions as he went, and thanking God, in the fullness of his gratitude, which as yet could only express itself in fragmentary bursts of emotion.

At last he found himself in the outskirts of the crowd, where wind, fresh from the water, was blowing over him, and sweeping the furnace-heat of many fires away to the northward. Here the boy began to stir, and the arm that had failed to move a little before, wound itself fully upward around his neck.

"Charley, my poor boy! Tell me, are you hurt?"

"Not much."

It was only a breath, but that made the heart leap in the young man's bosom.

"I was waiting. I caught you, Charley. It was in my arms you fell."

"I know it! I knew it then."

Tears came into the young man's eyes. The half-fainting boy felt his chest heave.

"If it had been otherwise, how could I ever have seen her again? Oh, Charley, will she ever forgive me for leading you into such danger?"

The boy gave no answer, but his arm tightened around the officer's neck, and the white face drew closer to his. Thus the two passed on down the street in a vague, preoccupied way; for Andre had forgotten that his own quarters were burned, and that, in fact, he had no shelter for the helpless young creature in his arms.

When he came in sight of the heap of smouldering ashes, that had been his home only that morning, the shock brought him to a halt. Where should he go? Under what roof could he seek care and shelter for the injured boy.

All at once his brow cleared. Mr. Kingsford! Surely, Charles had earned a right to claim shelter under his roof. With a quick, strong step, the young man pursued his course toward the Bowling Green, turned into the enclosure in which Mr. Kingsford's dwelling stood, and lifting the ponderous knocker, sat down upon one of the long seats in the heavy porch, waiting for the door to be opened.

This sound brought a faint shock to the boy, who made a sudden effort to support himself.

"Where are we going? This house! We were here this morning—yesterday. When was it?"

The lad was restless and bewildered. He looked about vaguely, passing a hand over his forehead, and his wet hair, while he strove to sit upright and sustain himself.

"It—it is the house where we saw the ladies," he said. "But why—— Take me home. I prefer that. Take me home."

"I cannot, Charley. At any rate, not just yet. Our quarters are burned to the ground."

"Ah! I remember. And we have nowhere to go!"

"Yes. This house will be open to us. Do not doubt that."

The boy drew a troubled breath, and his head fell upon the Major's shoulder. The little effort he had made was too much for him.

Just then Nelse opened the door, and looked out, rather cautiously; but, seeing Major Andre, brightened into hospitality at once.

"Am it you, young marse, come back from de fires, wet through, an' singed all ober. De ladies am jes settled down in a good cry, seein' dat ar steeple topple down, keel up, an' heave itself ober inter nothin'; an' that skeered 'em out on a week's growth, 'cause Miss Rhoda would stick to it dat some 'live critter was mousin' 'bout up dar, an' a swingin' ter de bell-rope. In course, dat sot Miss Gracie a gwoin', an' der ole missis jined in. 'Stericky, ebery one ob 'em. 'Stericky, but dey b'leves it. Sure as gospel truf, dey b'leves it."

Here Nelse shook his head, nodded, and shook it again, uttering mysterious chuckles, that would have have hardened into laughter, had the subject of his comments been less dignified than the ladies of the house.

Major Andre had received too great a shock for any appreciation of the old man's self-sufficiency. The boy Charles was trembling by his side. The horrors of that belfry scene came upon him so vividly, that his own limbs shook with the recollection.

"Hush!" he said. "The ladies saw clearly. There was a human being up in the burning steeple."

"Yer don't say so!" exclaimed Nelse, sobered into attention at once. "A human critter burnt up! Gorry, dat am awrful!"

"He was not burned. Only shocked, and almost killed, in getting down. He wants rest, care, a place to sleep in. So, I have brought him here."

Nelse shook his head doubtfully.

"Am he a gemman? Am he?"

"Let us go. I would rather stay anywhere than here," said Charles, faintly. "Why should we trouble these ladies?"

But even these few words were beyond the lad's strength. As he uttered them, the blood left his lips, his eyes closed, and he fainted on the officer's shoulder.

Andre took him in his arms, and stood up.

"Open the door! The poor boy is too ill for all this nonsense. Call your master, if he is in. If not, say to one of the young ladies that Major Andre is in the parlor, and wishes to see them."

Nelse had swung the upper leaf of the strong oaken door open, in answer to the knock, still making the lower half a barricade against all intruders. Under the effect of this peremptory command, he swung this leaf inward, and made way for the young officer, who bore his companion into the parlor, and laid him down on the great cushioned settee, while Nelse went up stairs to deliver his message.

Directly, Rhoda Clyde came down; she had met Nelse in the upper passage, and, telling him there was no need of disturbing the other ladies, answered the summons herself.

"Ah, sir, I am glad to see you in safety, again," she said, scarcely noticing the fainting boy. "The fire has been terrible. Fascinated by its horror, we watched the burning church till it became too awful."

"It was awful."

"It seemed to us that living souls went down with the building, and that gave a terrible solemnity to the scene. Tell me, was this true?"

"So far as this," answered the young man, glancing at the prostrate form on the settee. "He saved himself by a miracle of courage."

"What, this fair boy? Great Heavens! Was he in such peril? Is he hurt? How pale he is! Oh, sir, you did well to bring him here."

"He is insensible."

"Yes, yes, I see."

Rhoda was on her knees, by the insensible boy, rubbing his hands, pushing the hair back from his temples, and watching the blue-veined lids that lay in such pallid beauty over his eyes. Nothing could have been more gentle than her kindness, more graceful than her movements. The young man looked on, half fascinated. Admiration and gratitude, joined with the artistic taste inherent in him, rendered the womanly picture she made wonderfully effective.

"Raise his head a little, while I make another effort," she said, drawing a flask of crystal and gold from her pocket, which she held to the boy's nostrils. "Ah, now he stirs; open the window, if you please. The dregs of smoke have not entirely left the house Nelse, Nelse, bring wine. There, now, he is better."

Rhoda arose from her graceful position, and softly smoothed the lad's hair with her hand, smiling down benignly upon his pale, handsome face. The lad was evidently conscious, but he did not open his eyes, or attempt to speak.

"I would have sent for Miss Kingsford," said Rhoda, "but she is such a timid creature, all nerves, and of little use, where self-possession is necessary. I sometimes envy the exquisite delicacy of her organism."

There was something in her voice that approached a sneer, as if she would have said weakness, instead of delicacy; but Andre was too deeply interested in the recovery of the boy, to heed this, while Charles betrayed a consciousness of it by a faint quivering of the eyelids.

"We were driven here, Miss Clyde, as our only refuge," said Andre, at last. "Our quarters are burned to the ground."

"And you will be Mr. Kingsford's guest," answered Rhoda, with animation. "I did not think anything so pleasant could spring out of this conflagration. We must prepare a room for the young gentleman at once."

"But Mr. Kingsford——"

"Mr. Kingsford will only be too happy. He is out for the moment, drawn abroad by the fire; but he will accept this opportunity of returning some little of your kind attention as a great privilege. Besides, the presence of a British officer is always protection to a house. Permit me——"

Here Rhoda went out, gave some directions to Nelse, and returned, followed by that dark-browed dignitary.

"Now," said Nelse, rubbing his knotty hands, "if der young gemman am ready, so am de room as he am ter sleep in. All de smoke driv out, 'sketer-curtains up, an' ebberyting put to rights, 'cording ter Miss Grace specifical orders. Den dar is tudder room for the Major as means ter do us de honor ob de hospertaler as one gemman does hisself, proud for anodder. Dem am de senterments ob Miss Grace, an' I 'dorses 'em, clear through, I dus."

As Nelse uttered this encouraging speech, Charles opened his eyes, and a faint gleam of fun came into them. To this high-born English lad old Nelse was a curiosity that awoke attention, when anything more serious might have failed to arouse him.

"Now," said Nelse, "if der young gemman am ready, dis passon will deduct him to his department."

"Are you strong enough? Shall I help you, my lad?" questioned Andre, stooping over the boy, who made an effort to lift himself from the settee, and sat up, trembling.

"Yes, I am ready. I can walk!"

The boy rose, and, clinging to the officer's arm, left the room through a door, which Nelse held wide open for him.

Rhoda Clyde watched the little procession as it passed out, with keen, eager eyes.

"I will never quarrel with Fate again," she thought. "Never say that she is treacherous, or needs guiding. Who would ever have thought that the first person I met in New York would be this man, or that in twenty-four hours he would be an inmate of the same house with me? Chance? Why, this is a miracle."

It was the custom of this girl, when much excited, to pace up and down the room so rapidly, that the high, red heels of her shoes rattled, now and then, on the oaken floor when she came beyond the boundaries of the carpet, which left a border of polished wood a yard deep all around the room.

At such times, the noise would seem to startle her, and she would look around, as if fearful that some one might read the thoughts that swept through her brain as swarming bees rush from a hive.

"He is here. His quarters are burned down. Mr. Kingsford likes him already, and it shall be my part to see that this liking grows into something stronger and deeper. The old man is hospitality itself. Where could an officer find so pleasant a home? It shall be his so long as I desire it. Then, and then——. Ah, I wonder which is sweetest, love or revenge? But have I loved? Could this sickening revolt of my whole nature against that man Arnold exist, if I had ever really loved him?"

Here Rhoda began to walk slower, and fell into deeper thought, as if analyzing her own soul. This reverie ended in a single outburst, that brought an exultant glow to her face, and a fire of evil passion to her eyes.

"But he loves me. He has married her, but he loves me. With the strength, and pride, and sinfulness of his nature he loves me. We were mated heart and soul, till he strove to fling me from him; but that he never can. This aristocratic doll; this pretty, white darling, may amuse him for a time, but I hold his soul, black as it is. I saw that in the chamber of Abigail Boardman's house. How my taunts stung him there. How white he turned when I thrust him from me, showing all the loathing, and hiding the love that would have overcome a weaker woman? How he followed me, after waylaying my walks, like a school-boy, playing his old game

over, as if I did not understand it. Then it was I began to despise him. Then it was that I allowed myself to question if the ardor, the reckless abandon of passion that overwhelmed me for a time, was the love other women are so earnest to hide away in their hearts. Well, no matter what it was. What it is now I know."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Did she know? Did that girl, with her fiery nature, her all-absorbing ambition, know what was that moment springing up in her heart of hearts, as seeds germinate and grow in the unnatural warmth of a hot-bed? Could she understand that the moment she was lauding fate, and audaciously taking the threads of destiny into her own hands, a power of feeling was growing up in her own nature that would work itself out with all the force of justice? Did she understand that even love itself can be dwarfed and poisoned in the atmosphere of a bad heart?

One thing became a question of doubt with Rhoda, even before she left the room from which her guests had departed. This boy, this beautiful, passionate young creature, who seemed rather the friend than the servant or companion of Major Andre, would he prove an aid or obstacle in her path? He had seemed to shrink from her even while insensible. She remembered that the touch of her hand seemed to wound him, and that the white lids had closed over his eyes when she looked into them.

As this memory came to her mind, the girl looked at her face in the great mirror gleaming through a massive frame-work of gilding, and smiled. Were those red lips given her for nothing? Had her eyes lost their power of entrancement, that she should doubt of their influence over a lad like that? Need she, who had enslaved the soul of a man, so proud, so ambitious, so bravely bold as Arnold, doubt herself, when a creature scarcely out of childhood was concerned? In the bosom of every young male creature was not the heart of man waiting for its destiny?

Rhoda was rather pleased than otherwise, that their new guest had a companion whose youth might render him pliable in her hands.

She might not have felt so certain had she been in that smaller guest-chamber into which Charles had been brought, and seen how restlessly he turned on that broad, high-posted bed, where his slight figure seemed lost under a cloud of overhanging drapery, so dusky and rich in color that the shadow threw a warm glow over him, as if he were resting in the billows of a dying sunset.

He was lying in his clothes, all scorched, and partly wet, as he had escaped the fire. Andre had attempted to take them from him, but seeing his weak state, had laid him upon the bed as he was, careless of the rich counterpane, or snow-white pillows.

The lad's face was troubled, and as Andre sat down by him, he rose on one elbow, in restless discontent.

"Are we to stay here, Major? Is there no other place? Will that young lady be forever about me? I cannot bear it. I cannot bear it."

Andre took the hand which was beating passionately on the counterpane, and smoothed it with great tenderness. Light as the touch was, it made the boy wince with pain, for the friction of that bell-rope had cruelly frayed the skin from his palms, and all the fingers were sprained.

"Ah, I forgot, poor boy, how you are hurt!" said the officer, tenderly. "I did not think to see you suffer like this, when that dear girl put you under my care."

"But I do not suffer—it is nothing. A strain upon the hands is soon mended. It is not there that I feel most."

"Surely no bones are broken. There can be no dislocation!" exclaimed the young man, in alarm. "You could not have been moved without a groan, if there had been."

"No, no, not that. You must not think me so childish that I cannot bear a bruise or two."

"I will have the surgeon here at once."

Andre started up, and was looking for his hat in great fear that the boy was struggling against some injury that required immediate help; but Charles started up in alarm equal to his own.

"I want no surgeon, Major. Why should I? Have I not told you that my limbs are all sound? Would you make me the laugh of the whole regiment? I tell you, sir, I will have no surgeons, or women either, about my bed. If you leave me for that, I will lock you out, or run away while you are gone."

Tears flashed into the boy's eyes; his cheeks were hot with impatience.

Andre laid down his hat, reluctantly.

"Why, Charles, how unreasonable you are!" he said, with gentle persuasiveness. "But that I have promised that dear sister to indulge you in everything, we might quarrel about this."

"But you did promise?"

"Yes, and Heaven knows I have tried my best to fulfill her wishes."

"So you have! So you have!" answered the lad, burying his face in the pillow, and speaking

with tears in his voice. "I—I should be a dastard to complain; though sometimes I do think you treat me more like a child than a soldier; that you always stand between me and a fair fight, as if I were a child or—or—a coward."

"No one will ever charge you with being that," said Andre, smiling, as he remembered how often the boy had bravely placed himself in danger when it menaced him. "There is no one on the staff that will not swear to your pluck."

The boy sobbed and laughed both at once. Then turning his face till the eyes shone out through a flash of tears, he said, between laughter and tears,

"Still my sister hinted to you once that I might show the white feather."

"Your sister never spoke of you but with the most loving praise."

"But she said that. Oh, yes, she did. It was from her own lips I got it. She had pluck enough to tell the truth, anyway."

"If she said so much, it was that I might always be on the alert, to keep you out of danger."

"There, now, you slander my own, own sister. She knew well enough that I was capable of taking care of myself, and expected me to keep you out of danger; because—because she loved you better than me. Oh, so much better!"

"No, no, Charles! I never knew a young creature so attached to another as Elsie was to you. It is no wonder you loved each other devotedly."

"Still, the foolish girl loved you best. I'm sure of that. If one of us were to die, she would rather it would be me."

"No, no! God bless her! There would be a heartbreak for her if either of us were to fall."

"Yes," whispered the boy. "Yes; but there might be a thing worse than that."

"Worse than death, Charles?"

"Yes. Many things may come across one worse than death. What if Elsie, waiting there all alone, in England, were to hear that you had found some other lady whom you loved better, and couldn't marry because of your engagement with her, would not that be a thousand times worse than death for her?"

"But that is impossible, Charley. British officers do not so betray their honor."

"Ah, there it is!" answered the lad, impatiently. "I was not thinking of honor, but feeling; such feeling as makes all restraint a torture when honor comes in. I don't think Elsie would hold any man an hour on his honor. She is too brave a girl for that, and might hold on to life awhile rather than have it known that her heart was broken; but she would die all the same."

"What makes you talk in this way, Charles? What has happened that seems to express doubt that my love for your sister will end only with my life. These are morbid thoughts. Elsie would scold you for them, I know. At another time I might be angry."

"No, you would not. When one has one only sister, young and—and——"

"Beautiful, you were about to say. Yes, Charles, she is very beautiful; one of the loveliest creatures the sun ever shone upon."

"You say that of her? You think that?" exclaimed the boy, reaching out his hand. "Don't be afraid. You won't hurt it now," he added, as Andre hesitated to touch the bruised fingers. "You see, John. It is so nice to call you John, here, all alone by ourselves. Isn't it, now? I say, John, I have no one in the world but my—my sister and you; so you won't think it strange if I do get a little—just a little anxious, that you should never like anybody better than her."

"Oh, Charley!"

Andre uttered this exclamation with a cheerful laugh, that brought a glow of blood into the lad's pale face.

"As if any fellow that has loved a girl like Elsie, could ever be in danger. Why, boy, it is because you are her brother, that I love you so dearly."

"Dear, old John!"

"Without you, Charley, this whole war would be a heavy burden upon me. I could hardly do my duty to the king but for the solace of your company. With one dear object in common, how can we help each other? You and I?"

"How, indeed!" answered the lad, sighing pleasantly. "I shall write Elsie to-morrow, and tell her how good you are; but not a word about the steeple. That would frighten any one."

"Thank God for the mercy of a great deliverance!" exclaimed Andre. "How could I have answered to your sister, had it been otherwise?"

"She would not have blamed you. Elsie never does that."

"We will not talk of it now, Charles; but when this shook is over, you will tell me how it happened that you got into that terrible place."

"I can tell you. Some one said you had gone to the church, and might be on the roof, watching the fire spread. The church windows were all ablaze when I looked. They could not be seen from the roof; so I ran in, and up, and up, to warn you. I ran along the steep roof, calling, calling, till the fire began to rage so, that I couldn't get down. Then I expected to die, but

climbed and climbed, mad with fear. This was the way it came about. John, it is true, I am a bit of a coward. You don't know how awful it was when I looked down. But for your voice. Oh, John, it came to me like a heavenly trumpet. But for that, I should have given up, and gone down with the belfry. When I swung over—when I swung over—oh, it was terrible!"

The lad was shaking all over. The agony of that scene, even in memory, was too much for his weakness. He clung to the officer's hand desperately, as if he felt himself falling.

"It was you that saved me! It was you that saved me, John. When the rope caught fire, I looked down on a thousand faces, but saw only yours."

The boy was overcome once more. His features quivered, his lips grew white, but still he murmured,

"You saved me! You saved me!"

After a little, Charles grew more composed.

"Go, now," he said. "I shall sleep by-and-bye. You are tired. I forgot that. Do not let any one come in, for I shall sleep awhile."

Andre was indeed worn out. Excitement had been too much even for his strong youth. He arose, arranged the pillows, passed his hand caressingly over the boy's head, and went out, promising himself to come back after he had seen Mr. Kingsford.

For some moments after he was gone, Charles lay in a state of quiet exhaustion; then he arose, staggered toward the door, and looked out. Old Nelse was in the passage, where Andre had requested him to wait.

"Come in here, old man; just a minute. Come in."

Nelse obeyed, bowing low. The old fellow was always profuse with his bows, when assured that they were lavished on persons worthy of his homage.

The lad held out a swollen and trembling hand toward the old man.

"Take hold, please. That will do. Now give it a pull. Don't be afraid. Once more! Harder, please!"

Nelse gave a sharp pull at the hand, which brought a groan from the pale lips of the boy.

"What am dis yer merniperlatin' all 'bout, young gemman? When I duz a ting 'cordin' to orders, I wants to know all 'bout de meaning ob it."

"My wrist was a little out of order, that is all," said Charles, forcing the words through his white and quivering lips, and even trying to smile.

"Out ob jint, ha? Tought I hear suthin' snap. Golly, but it must sting!"

"Never mind. It is all over now," answered the lad, faintly. "Put your hand into my pocket; you will find half a guinea there. Take it, and say nothing about the little dislocation."

Nelse thrust his hand softly into the pocket indicated, and drew forth a piece of gold, which he folded gingerly into the palm of his hand.

"As ter de disserpation of young gemman, I'se also conisant an' close-mouthed. There ain't no gold key wanted to padlock sich secrets wid ole Nelse, an' nebber was. But if——"

Here Nelse obeyed a sudden signal, and went out, closing the door, while Charles, sick with pain, and faint almost unto death, fell across the bed, insensible for the third time, that day.

Thus the poor boy remained a full half hour, some of the time like a dead creature, then conscious, but too weak for motion, and only sensible of acute pain and utter exhaustion.

After this season of anguish, the poor fellow sat upon the bed, took off his clothes with a painful effort of one hand, gathered desperate strength enough to pull down the counterpane, and crept into the cool snow of the sheets with a sigh of relief, followed quickly by a swift gush of tears.

"It is over, it is done, and no doctor called. Oh, how sharp the pain was! It out my breath in two! Well, no one can say I am a coward now, for I never cried out once, not once, though that old negro wrenched at my poor wrist like a vice. Ah, it is easier, now. I can breathe without groaning. I can sleep, perhaps. Ah, me, if some one over the seas knew of this, what trouble it would bring!"

The dislocated joint had been unconsciously set by old Nelse, and the pain of it gradually softened. Then, as the boy was just falling asleep, the door softly opened, and Major Andre came in. Drawing softly toward the bed, he saw the pale face turned toward the moonlight, which streamed through a neighboring window, and, thinking the boy asleep, stooped down, and softly kissed his forehead, then stole away.

CHAPTER XIX.

Weeks went by. Washington was still fighting bravely where he could, and retreating with masterly prudence where he must, while the enemy, entrenched in the heart of the city, enlarged its borders and increased its material power with all the force of a powerful nation to back it.

With these two armies war meant a very different thing. To the British generals, and most of their troops, the struggle in America was an episode in their military career, a relief

from the monotony of barrack life, and such inaction as brings honors and promotion slowly. The great western wilderness was to them a field of adventure, where honors and such glory as strife can bring was to be won by brave deeds. Toward this country they had little either of hatred or love. A colony disturbed was only a political child, to be suppressed or chastised. This particular colony being broad, rich, and full of wonderful promise, had taken upon itself the dignity of rebellion, and in that respect had aroused peculiar interest in the old country and its armies. Still, something of haughty scorn was mingled with the strife of trained troops with men who fought only with such rude strategy as came naturally out of the occasion, and such strength as could be wielded without science, and with the free good-will of men, awkwardly carrying out a stern purpose which meant either liberty or death.

The grandeur of this inborn purpose was scarcely felt by the men who were ready to die for it. With them it was a natural feeling which would have lost half its force, if emblazoned with all the pomp and gorgeous tumult of kingly armies.

In their habits, these men were as far apart as their style of warfare. The British army, officered by men of high rank and education, had learned to mingle many pleasant amusements, not to say vices, with the profession of arms. In the intervals of rest, which sometimes followed a great struggle, it was their aim to forget the battlefield and all its horrors, in theatres, balls, the bar-rooms, and gambling-table; while a brief prayer-meeting, in some log hut, or tent, a hymn, swelled by many solemn voices, or some story of the Indian wars, around a camp-fire, was all the distraction our undrilled troops dreamed of. With them war was suffering, patience, hard work, and harder fighting. When that was done, the homestead, on some beloved farm, and liberty.

This was what war meant to the Continental soldier. Much more than this was its meaning to the battalions that swarmed in New York that season. A victory had been gained, a rebel army driven forth. This was the time for relaxation, rejoicing, revelry, anything that could drown the horrors of contest, and scatter roses over the dreary war-path they had trod. Prompt in all social devices, as they had been in attack, the officers soon arranged a campaign of pleasure, brilliant as their military achievements had been.

It was early autumn now. The trees that embowered New York were touched with the crimson, russet and gold of an early frost. All this gave a last finish of gorgeousness to the military movements at all times going on in the streets and public squares of the city.

The Bowling Green, in those days, was a place of quiet resort; for the persons who lived in the neighborhood. Soft, green turf covered it richly, and great forest-trees, heavy with leaves, gave it the shelter of many massive branches.

To this resort Grace Kingsford sometimes strolled when the weariness of long waiting was upon her. She had been brought from Philadelphia almost without warning, and carried into the heart of the British camp, as the only place where she could be kept apart from the man who loved her, and whom she loved. Not one word had she heard from Barringford since that day when she met him by chance on the road. His name was never mentioned in her father's house. Even Rhoda, who had expressed so much sympathy for her, held it as a dread thing, of which no one would do well to speak.

One evening, just after the sun had sunk behind the Jersey hills, Grace wandered out, in her loneliness, and, opening the gate that led to this enclosure, seated herself upon the ruined pedestal from which the statue of King George had been dragged and moulded into bullets for his own discomfiture only a few months before. She was sad and heavy-hearted. The very success of her father's party brought a feeling of depression; for, deep down in her heart of hearts, this fair girl shared a love of liberty with the deeper love that one of its sons had enkindled; and this feeling was wounded every day of her life by the triumphs and boastful hopes of those by whom she was surrounded.

The Bowling Green was in all its autumnal beauty. The trees were heavy with richly-tinted leaves, on which the frost sparkled and the moon shone brightly. A crisp frost lay on the grass all around her, and whitened the broken stones of the pedestal till they gleamed like marble.

"Ah, I am so weary!" she said, looking out upon the waters of the upper bay with longing eyes; "so weary and so hopeless! Why is it that two nations cannot go to war without crushing human hearts under their cannon wheels? If I had the wings of a sea-gull, how easy it would be—a dive in the foam—a flight upwards, and away. Oh! why is it, that of all living objects a woman is the most helpless?"

"Grace!—Grace Kingsford!" The girl sprang to her feet, and looked breathlessly around. Was she dreaming? No; a figure came out from behind one of the great crimson maple-trees, and drew swiftly toward her—a strange figure, clum-

sily dressed, and looking strangely tall as his shadow fell on the moonlit grass.

"You scarcely know me, Grace?"

"Know you, know you? Oh, yes."

The girl reached out both hands, and that instant they were in the firm clasp of her lover, trembling like imprisoned birds, quivering with an ecstasy of joy that shook her whole frame.

"Here, here? Oh, what happiness! But is it safe? These clothes are a disguise. Tell me, tell me that there is no peril in coming here.

"None that I would not have twice run, my beloved, for this one moment. You would not have known me?"

"But for your voice, no. That made my heart leap. That, I do think, would awake me in my grave."

"Had I not wished you to know, even that would have been changed, and then——"

"I might have been close to so much happiness and never have found out my loss," said gentle Grace, smiling up into her lover's face, while the moonlight glorified her own. "But how did it happen? I tremble for you. Come this way. Just here this great tree throws a shadow broad and black enough to hide us. Now, speak low, and tell me all."

Barringford did speak low, and bent his face so close to hers that their lips fell together naturally as red rose leaves fold themselves in the dew.

"Do not fear; I have deceived every one till now, and shall to the end."

"Ah! I am afraid."

"But I am not. If the danger were seven fold, I should have braved it. So they thought to separate us, and intimidate me by bringing my best beloved into the heart of the enemy; as if life, without her, was worth the having."

"But how did you get leave to come?"

"Easy enough. I have resigned my seat in the Congress."

"What! you, while your power was so great?"

"The power of words is great only when words can avail."

"When they are eloquent as yours, that is always," said Grace.

"But the country wants soldiers rather than actors; men, fighting men, with bullets rather than words. I have left Congress for the camp, Grace, and come to see you on my way. Let older men sit in council, and flutter from one safe place to another when danger comes close. I am weary of legislating excuses to the one brave man who understands our needs, who pleads for aid, fighting as he pleads, but gets so little real help. He wants money, men, everything, and Congress gives promises, sometimes mixed with blame. At any rate, I have the strength of these hands to give him, and, in life or death, they are his."

The young man spake earnestly, forgetting all prudence in his enthusiasm; forgetting even that two white hands were pressed upon his arm in trembling caution.

"Hush! hush! people are passing!"

"And I am wasting precious time in words which, to be worth anything, should go hand in hand with action," said Barringford, subduing his voice. "We may never meet again, darling; but if I fall it shall be as no holiday patriot."

"You take the field then. You will be in danger every hour of your life."

"If duty is dangerous—yes, my beloved."

"Even here, with my hand on your arm, you are in awful peril."

"But you see that I am calm; that I have passed through all the danger so far."

"That is what terrifies me. You are too brave for prudence."

"You would not think so, had you seen how adroitly I played my part as a farmer bringing his produce to market."

"And all this you submitted to, that one little hour of happiness could be secured to me?" said Grace, in a low, grateful whisper. "Ah! Barringford, the joy of it is worth the danger, if the danger were only mine; being yours, and so great, I shudder to think of it."

"A soldier's peril is light compared with his duty. But we must not think of that. The most galling chain any man wears is enforced inactivity. That I could not bear. Hereafter my country shall find me where the hardest work is,—by Washington's side."

"But you have never been in battle."

"How many of the brave fellows that fought at Bunker Hill had ever been in a fight before? Yet who will pretend that they did not do glorious work there?"

Grace shuddered. Being a woman deeply in love, how could she think of anything but the awful danger into which her companion was going?

Barringford read all this in her fair, young face, then drew it for one moment down upon his bosom.

"Have no fear," he said; "I will take excellent care of myself."

"For my sake—for our love's sake," answered the girl, sobbing on his bosom. "Oh! remember, that my life is bound up in yours; that this love, forbidden and broken, is everything to me. While you are alive, I shall never despair."

"Alive or dead, I shall love you still, my Grace, my darling. For me there are two grand objects of life,—my country and my beloved."

Grace noticed, with the quickness of instinct, that Barringford put his country first; but this did not wound her. In someway she had an idea that her lover, in working out freedom to his country, was also clearing a pathway to their own domestic future. Even these thoughts he seemed to read, and answered them as if they had been spoken words.

"There is nothing so powerful as success, my Grace; and that is sure to come to us, sooner or later, let who will perish on the way."

"But this last supreme step. Oh, Barringford, my father never will forgive that!"

"You mistake in that, Grace. Your father is a man to despise half measures, even in an enemy. As it is, I temporized too long, and half lost his respect. But, never fear, we shall win it back again. I have spoken out fearlessly, when words could be used as weapons; and now that sharp steel is wanted, he will not find mine in its scabbard. I love you, Grace, above all things on earth, and, God willing, I mean to win you fairly. You and my country's liberty together: till then, never think of me with doubt or with fear—only as one who will fight his way to you, or die."

Grace shuddered.

"Die! Ah! Barringford, even war cannot be so cruel as that."

"No, no; we have a brighter fate before us. Never doubt it; only be patient, and trust me."

"I do trust you; but, oh! Barringford, this is a strange life we are leading; and I am compelled to join in all its gayety. You have never seen anything like it."

"How? What are you speaking of, Grace?"

"Of the social life here,—the entertainments, the adulation, the homage which these high-born officers lavish upon the weakest and plainest ladies among us. It terrifies and fascinates one at the same time."

Barringford lifted the girl's face from his bosom, and gazed at it keenly in the moonlight.

"But it has not fascinated you?"

"It has pained me—frightened me; for my father seems to have founded some plan on the power of this admiration. He is already on confidential terms with Lord Howe, and the noblemen that surround him with all the pomp of a royal court. At all their entertainments he wills it that I should appear. If I excuse myself, he persuades; if I refuse, he commands. The time may come when——"

"When you can refuse him nothing on which his ambitious heart may be set. Is that what you mean, Miss Kingsford?"

Grace drew herself free from Barringford's half-repulsing arm, and looked at the young man wonderingly.

"This is hard—it is cruel," she said, with a sort of plaintive pride. "I do not deserve it—I never shall."

"But I deserve a keener reprimand," said the young man, smitten with generous shame. "Can you forgive me, Grace?"

"Hardly," said the girl, allowing her two hands to creep back to his. "I should not doubt you so."

"Because you are good, generous; the most trustful and forgiving little angel on earth. How dare I be jealous even for a moment?"

"Indeed, how dare you?"

"But these British fellows, with their scarlet coats and powdered hair. I wonder they can fight so, the dandies. What right have they—— See now what a fool I am making of myself. No wonder you laugh, Grace."

"I do not laugh; only all this seems so strange. I never thought of it before."

"But these men admire you?"

Grace was not altogether destitute of the coquetries of her sex; perhaps she felt a little triumph in this newly-discovered weakness in her lover.

"Yes, a little," she answered demurely.

"Flatter you?"

"Sometimes."

"Throw themselves and their red coats at your feet?"

"No; there you go too far. Most of them prize the scarlet too highly for that."

"Grace, Grace, what has come over you."

"Barringford, Barringford, what has come over you?"

"A spasm of distrust—something that I am ashamed of. Forgive me again."

"There, now. But I have something more to tell you."

"Well."

"One of these young officers is in our house."

"A young officer in your house! Surely they would not submit your father to the indignity of quartering men upon him?"

"No; he invited this one and his companion. Indeed, in some sort, they saved our lives when the great fire broke out. But for them we should have had no home to offer any one."

"And this man, what is his name?"

"Major Andre—John Andre. I think he belongs to Clinton's staff."

"A young man?"

"Quite young, and, and——

"Handsome, you would say?"

"Yes; people think him very handsome."

"Oh!"

"At any rate, he is very kind—more than kind to poor mamma, who has never quite recovered from the hurt she got that day in the carriage."

"And this young gentleman's companion? I think you spoke of some one else."

"Oh, he is but a lad—most interesting though. Brave as a young lion, but gentle and kind beyond anything. We are great friends, Charley and I."

"Grace!"

"Well, Barringford?"

"You have no interest—you do not love this Major Andre?"

"Major Andre! Oh, no. I think it is Rhoda Clyde you should question about him."

"Rhoda Clyde! I had almost forgotten that my fair enemy was with you still."

"Yes, she is with us, and more powerful than ever with my father. Indeed she is the pet and life of society here—the rose itself, of which I am scarcely more than a shadow; though she will not move without me."

"And this girl is still my foe?"

"I cannot tell, for she says little; but I sometimes think that it was Rhoda who persuaded my father to leave our home in Philadelphia in such haste. Certainly he consulted no one else, and set out before my mother was at all well enough to travel."

Barringford listened very seriously to this; his half-felt, half-affected jealousy was lost in serious care. He held the girl's hand close, and spoke to her gravely.

"Grace, be careful about Rhoda Clyde; she is a dark, dangerous girl. I—I—what is that?"

"Oh, Heaven! we are discovered! Some one—some one! The gate—the gate!" whispered Grace; and her wild eyes were turned on a dark figure that was walking deliberately toward them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A LOVE-STORY.

BY ANNIE F. BURNHAM.

The bees hummed through the sweet clover,
A soft breeze rustled the wheat;
And somebody left his mowing
To lie in the grass at my feet
In the welcome pause from labor,
Through the terrible noontide heat.

Low murmuring through the silence,
The little brook glided by,
Wooing the white cloud-fleeces,
Sailing the farthest sky,
To float on its fair, false bosom,
As erst they had floated on high.

A well bubbled up through the mosses,
Where primroses bent to drink;
The rushes leaned lovingly over,
And tall ferns guarded its brink;
And up from the moist meadow-grasses
Soared the eloquent bobolink.

Good speed unto Nature's glad wooing;
Good speed upon land and sea!
Was it strange that somebody whispered
The "old, old story" to me?
Ah, well! stranger things have happened;
All the world was love-making—so we!

I listened no more for the murmur
Of the south wind among the wheat;
For sweeter than oriole's trilling
The tale that I heard him repeat;
The wheat ears themselves bent to listen—
No marvel!—'twas passing sweet.

LINES.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

The way is rough and rugged,
The mountain hard to climb;
There are pitfalls in the vallies,
Sharp stones beneath the slime.

The sky is dark above me;
The tempest rages on:
Would God this night were ended,
Would God my work were done.

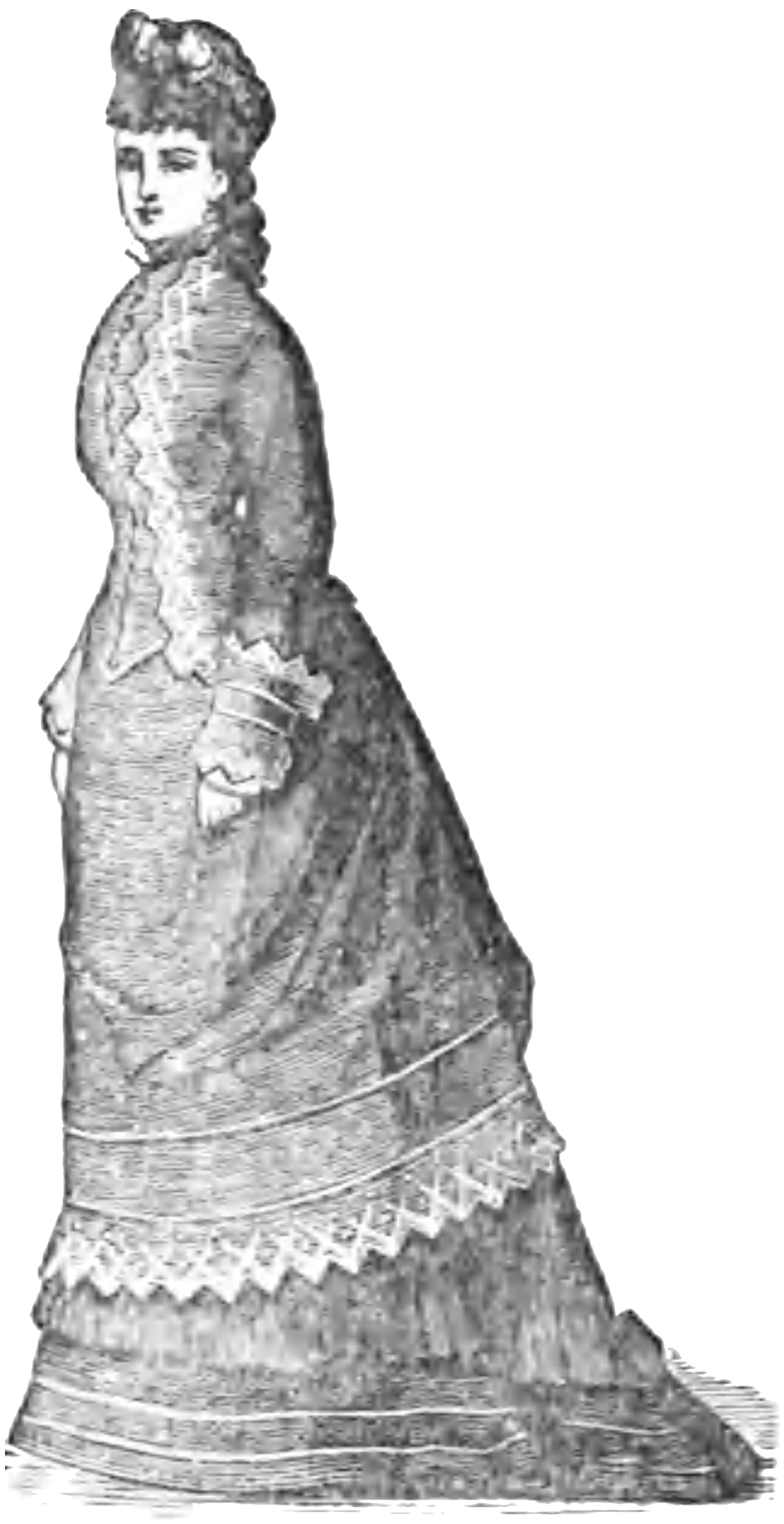
Oh for a star to brighten,
The pathway dark and drear;
Some loving hand to lighten
The cross so hard to bear.

I may not thrust it from me;
I dare not cast it down;
But struggling on, remember,
Without the cross, no crown.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, a design for making one of those pretty calicoes, with a printed border on the edge of the goods, for trimming. This has the under-skirt trimmed with a ruffle, either



plaited or gathered, four inches wide, cut straightwise of the goods. This ruffle is set up three inches upon the skirt, and finished at the top with a bias band stitched on both edges. The distance upon the under-skirt, between the ruffle and the lower edge, has a bias band to correspond with the heading of the ruffle; or, if preferred, a second ruffle may be put in its place. The over-skirt is cut exactly like the under-skirt, only a trifle shorter, and not more than three yards wide. It is trimmed with one row of the bordering, stitched on. The basque is very easily cut, by making first a round, simple basque bodice, pointing it in front for the vest, then cut another front, a little longer at the sides, and trim all round with the border, or, what is more easily done, just stitch on the border, as seen in the design, to simulate a pocket. Trim coat-sleeves to correspond. Pearl buttons for the waist, and loop the over-skirt prettily at the back, with tapes underneath, so that it can be untied for washing. Twelve to fifteen yards for the dress.

Next is a pretty and dressy summer toilet, composed of just a black silk skirt, which is a good and serviceable foundation for an economical



toilet for every young lady. The over-dress consists of a tunic of plain and striped French muslin; the front piece is cut very narrow, as may be seen, and of the plain muslin; the side-widths are of the striped, the sash ends again, of the plain; the whole edged with an embroidered

Swiss flouncing. The puffings are all of the plain Swiss. The over-jacket is made of the plain material, the small cape and sleeves of the striped. Trim to match the skirt. The bows down the front, and ornamenting the sleeves and back of the jacket, may be of black velvet. This design may be varied by being worn over any self-colored silk skirt; of course, those making the bows, etc., to match in color.

Next is a very stylish summer country costume for a miss of sixteen. It is made of plaid percale, in dark-blue or brown; trimmings and jacket of self-colored percale, to match. The under-skirt has three narrow-plaited ruffles. The over-dress is cut in a simple Polanaise, buttoned down the front; this is trimmed with a bias



band, two inches wide on the edge, and two narrow plaitings beneath it, across the front, one on the back widths. The jacket is sleeveless, and made of the plain material, open in front. The rolling collar and the edge of the jacket are finished with a still narrower side-plaiting. Two rows of braid are added, according to taste and discretion. Coat-sleeves, with double cuffs of side-plaiting. For the sea-side this costume, made in some of the pretty, light woolen fabrics, now so plenty, would be both stylish and useful.

For a girl of six to eight years, a kilted suit, made of light-gray poplinette. The skirt is laid in very full kilt plaits, and the front is ornamented by a plastron reaching from the neck to the bottom of the skirt. It is fastened to the dress by two rows of buttons, as may be seen. The dress proper fastens in front, under this plastron. A wide Roman sash is passed under this, and ties loosly with large bow and ends at the back. We need scarcely say, the beauty of this costume will consist in the beauty and colors of the sash, and the taste with which it is put on.



If a Roman sash cannot be procured, the next best for style will be a gray Scotch plaid.

In the front of the number, is a dressing-jacket of pique, cut double-breasted in front, fastening with a double row of buttons. The collar, which is hollowed out at the sides, is trimmed with a band of Hamburg embroidery; likewise, the pockets, cuffs of the sleeves, and edge of the jacket. Two yards and a half of pique, and four yards of Hamburg edging, will be required.

Next is a pongee, or brown holland blouse, for a little girl of three years. It is trimmed with white braid, which is laid on to simulate a tabiler, or the skirt and bretelles on the waist. A frill, edged with braid, finishes the neck and armholes. For those who prefer it, this can be made high in the neck, and long sleeved.

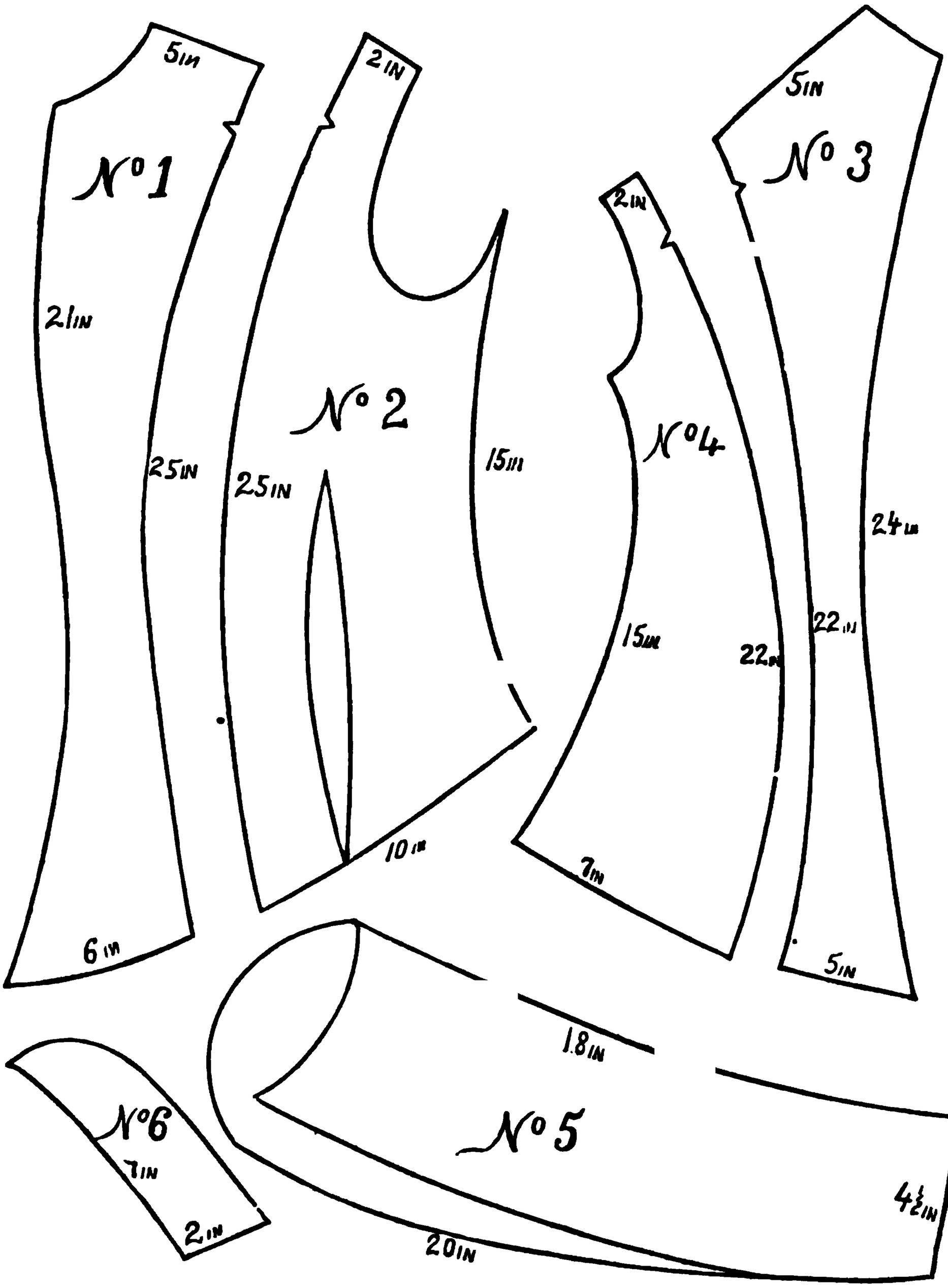
CORSAGE A BASQUE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We give, this month, a pattern for a new and fashionable corsage, called a *Corsage a Basque*; and we add, on the next page, a diagram, by aid of which to cut it out.

In former numbers we have given directions how to enlarge these patterns. It is best to cut them out, full size, in paper, and fit them on, before proceeding to cut into the stuff. A little attention, in this way, will enable every lady to be her own dress-maker.



No. 1. HALF OF FRONT.
No. 2. HALF OF SIDE OF FRONT.
No. 3. HALF OF BACK.
No. 4. HALF OF SIDE OF BACK.
No. 5. SLEEVE
No. 6. COLLAR.

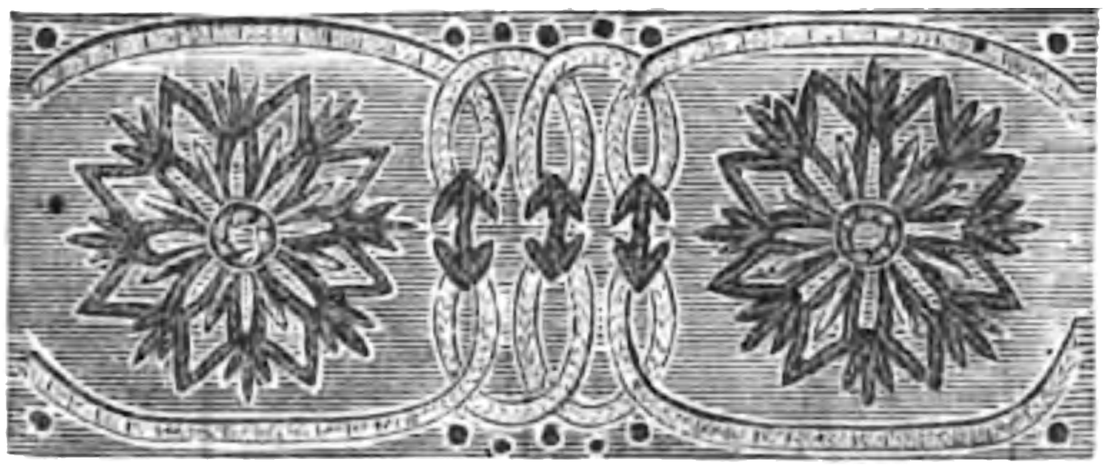
THE CENTENNIAL TIDY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, printed in color, we give a design for a tidy, appropriate for this Centennial month and year, which we call the Centennial Tidy.

BORDERS IN RUSSIAN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Dresses trimmed with embroidery are so fashionable, that we give here two borders suitable or pique or washing dresses, in designs that are quickly worked. The first is worked in one shade of color only, the stitches used are a long stitch, a short back stitch, and a feather-stitch; the second requires a braid in addition. These borders are very pretty.



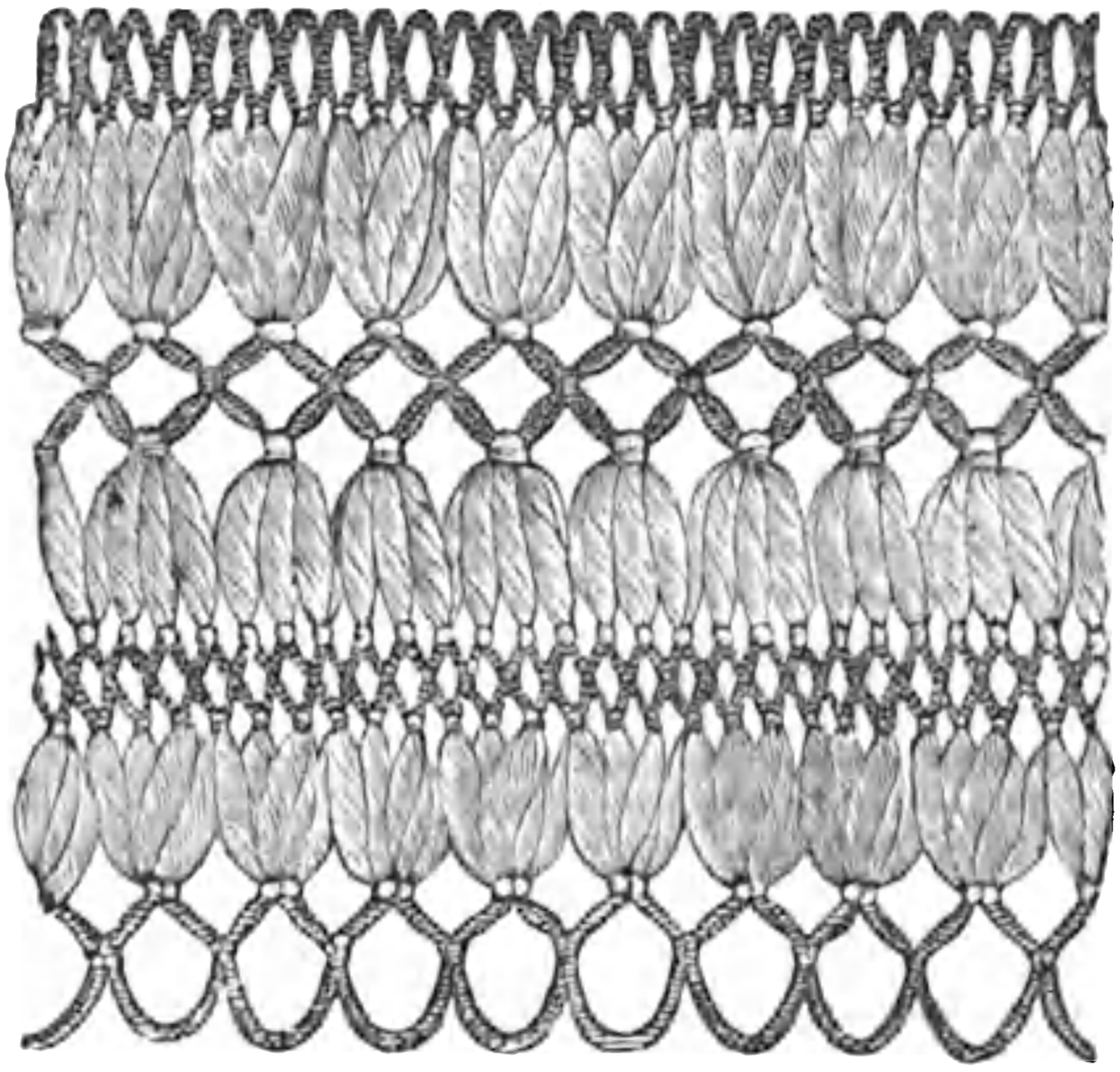
FRINGE FOR TABLE-COVERS, AFFGHANS, TIDIES, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design for a fringe of this kind. The upper part consists of a tassel-shaped pattern of three crocheted scallops, which are separately worked as follows: For the smallest scallop close 5 chain into a circle, 3 chain to form 1 treble, 12 treble in the circle, 3 chain, 1 slip stitch where the circle was closed, 15 chain. For the second scallop close 7 of the chain into a circle, 4 chain, 14 long treble in the circle, leaving the first 7 of the 15 chain unnoticed, but joining after 7 long treble to the smallest scallop where the circle was closed, 4 chain, join as before, 18 chain, the last 9 closed into a circle, 4 chain, 15 long treble in the circle, joining to the nearest scallop after the 8th long treble, 4 chain, join as before. Fasten and cut off the thread. Crochet as many of these tassels as are required, and join them together as follows:—1st row: * 1 double in the long treble, always taking both parts of the stitch, 5 chain, 1 double in the slip stitch which joined the circle, 5 chain, 1 double in the next pattern, 7 chain, repeat. 2nd row: Alternately 3 double, 7 chain. 3rd row: * 1 double in the centre of the 7 chain, 7 chain, 1 double in the last double, 2 chain, repeat from *. 4th row: 1 double in the 7th chain, 2 chain. 5th row: Double Crochet. This completes the crochet border. The fringe is then cut in different lengths and knotted in the manner shown in illustration. The alternate fringes, 1, 3 and 5, however, should be made the same length as 2 and 4. There was not room enough to give them their real length in the illustration.

CLOUD NETTING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

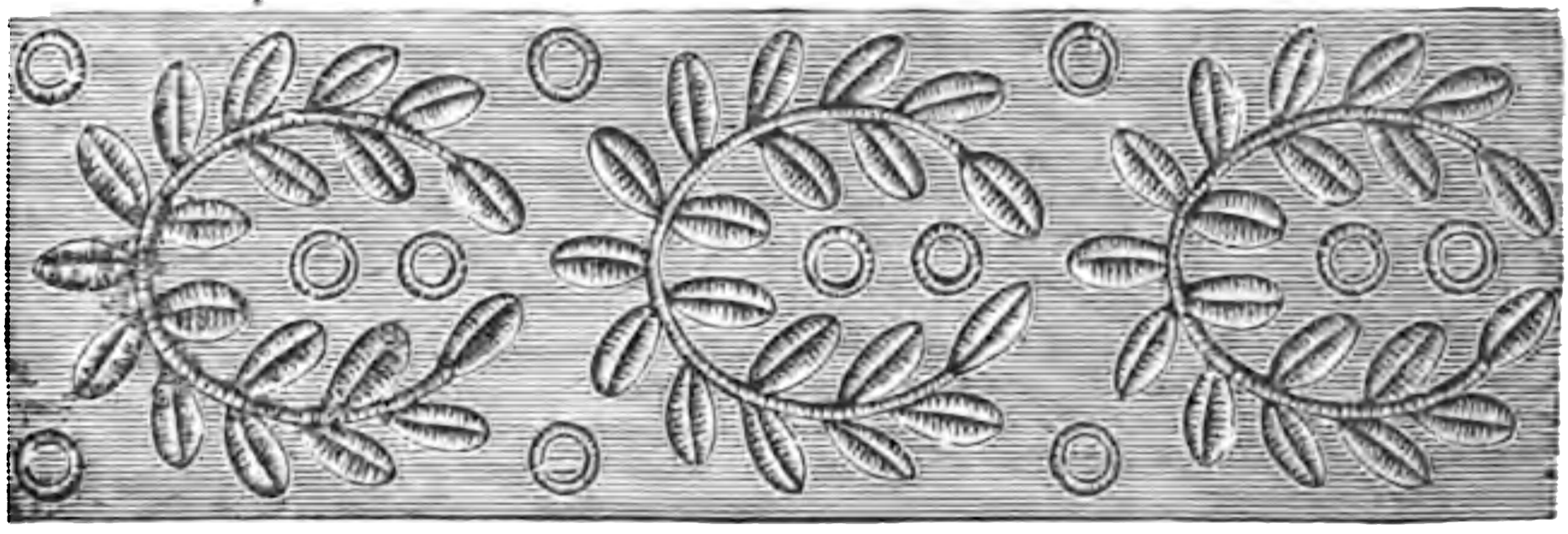


This design gives the netting in detail. The cloud is netted in two colors, forming a good contrast; or it may be done in all white, or delicate pink or blue. Three meshes are required, one half an inch, one a quarter of an inch, the other an inch wide. Make a foundation of 400 stitches on it, net 2 rows over the 2nd sized mesh plain, with the darkest color. 3rd row. Over the wide mesh net 3 loops in each loop of last row, using the other shade of wool. 4th row. Over the narrow mesh net with first wool one stitch in each loop of last row. 5th row. Over the narrow mesh work a plain row. 6th row. Over the widest mesh work a plain row, using the other shade of wool. 7th row. Over the 2nd mesh take up 3 loops, and work one loop on them; repeat throughout the row. 8th row. A plain row over the 2nd mesh. 9th row. Over the wide mesh work 3 loops in each stitch of the last row, using the other shade of wool. 10th row. Over the narrowest mesh a plain row with first wool. 11th row. A plain row over the small mesh. 12th row. Over the widest mesh work a loop in each stitch of last row, using the other shade of wool. Repeat from the 7th row until wide enough, and finish with the 8th row.

MAT IN RUSSIAN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give a design for a mat in Russian embroidery, now so popular. Either cashmere, cloth, or kid, will serve as the foundation, and silks of various colors and shades are used for working out the design. If cashmere is used, it should be lined with cambric muslin. The pattern will also serve for pincushions, etc. We give, here, the border for the mat.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

FOLIAGE FOR DECORATING FRUIT.—That the beauty of a dish of fruit is enhanced by a dressing of foliage or flowers, no matter how fine the fruit itself may be, few will deny. But much of the effect depends on the foliage or flowers harmonizing in color with the fruit, and so just as much forethought should be given in the arranging and decorating of a dish of fruit as in the selecting of flowers to arrange in a vase.

As a rule to be observed as far as possible, the foliage and the fruit should contrast in color; therefore, for dark-colored fruits light tinted foliage should be used, and for light-colored fruits dark foliage. For the decoration of black grapes, plums, or fruits of a like tint, nothing is more effective than leaves and small sprigs of the white variegated maple; the lightest-colored leaves should be selected, and some are obtainable perfectly white. These leaves also look well with strawberries and other scarlet fruits; the light-shaded leaves of the different varieties of ivies, too, are most useful also, and where the maple is not obtainable will be found an excellent substitute: some of the leaves of the ivy can be obtained quite white, others straw-colored, according to the silver or golden variety to which they belong. The young brown shoots of the oak are very pretty for light-colored fruits, as are also those of the copper beech. The leaves of the whortleberry, too, when they begin to change their tints, but they are not in perfection till much later in the season. The young reddish or bronzy shoots of the rose can also be well worked in.

By far the best plan for any one about to decorate some dishes of fruit, is for them just to take a turn round the garden, and they will see, we have no doubt, many scraps and leaves to suit their purpose. In such a search discoveries are sure to be made, and many treasures forgotten will be brought to mind, for few are truly acquainted with their own possessions. For placing under the fruit—that is to say, between the fruit and the dish—the leaves belonging to each respective fruit are best—as vine-leaves for grapes, strawberry-leaves for strawberries, and so on. But where fruit is purchased in the market or shops this cannot always be managed, and as a substitute for the natural foliage, nothing will be found to answer better than fronds of the common fern, obtainable in almost all hedgerows and woods. These can be so arranged as to form a little mat of green, on which to rest the fruit.

TRANSLUCID ENAMEL, ETC., ETC.—Among fashionable ornaments, the translucid enamel, powdered with diamonds, is much esteemed. Ear-rings are made of it, in the form of palms and half-moons, with the agrafe for the hair to match. The translucid enamel, which is copied from Florentine enamels of the sixteenth century, is decidedly the prettiest. The new diamond flowers are no longer stars, marguerites, and eglantines, but pansies. A large pansy is worn in the hair, two pansies as ear-rings, and one at the throat, if wished; but the parure is usually composed of three only. The heart of the flower is in amethysts, or else in dark rubies.

THE PICTORIAL ANNUAL.—We will send for a premium, (if preferred to the "Christmas Morning,") either our "Pictorial Annual," or our "Gems of Art." Each of these has twenty-five engravings, similar to, and of the size of the steel engraving in this number.

HOW TO FURNISH.—There is, just now, quite an epidemic raging—and it may be called the epidemic of æsthetic furniture. Exactly what is meant by this is hard to tell. Some of our cotemporaries have had long articles on the subject, illustrated with engravings; but all we can make out from them is that "æsthetic furniture" is often ugly, and always costly. A very sensible editorial, in the New York Tribune, warns ladies not to be led away by this new fashion. "The most practical advice," says the writer, "we can give, to buy clothes, furnitnre, or ornament, is not to be bewildered by the outcry about æsthetic taste in any of these things. A little study will give a lady the rules of shape and combination of color. After that, let her one rule be to buy precisely what best serves her own peculiar purpose, and to put 'effect' totally out of sight. She buys a street dress; she wants it warm, comfortable, unobtrusive, short enough to clear the ground. She buys a home-dress, for the evenings when Tom or the neighbors gather about the fire-place—she wants it soft, clinging, a certain sweep in the drapery, a dark color that will bear a bright knot of ribbon, or a rose in the hair or breast. Or is it furniture that she goes out to buy, for this same living room to which they all gather in the evening? The 'effect' of a dozen stylish chairs all alike she thinks is tempting, but she considers actual need, and sends home a cozy little sewing-chair for herself, a lounge for Tom, a big, easy, padded snuggery for grandfather, and one or two odd ones to make out the number. She buys a big round-table, for work and books, instead of a nest of Chinese teapoys. And she hangs a curtain here, or sets a screen there, to keep off draughts, and so on, consulting actual need and service; and when she is done, her friends cry out that the room is artistic, and has Harmony, etc, etc. For, after all, the secret of beauty is exact adaptation to use, regardless of conventional forms; and the woman who has a definite aim or meaning in a dress or room, and keeps that strictly in view, will waken up when the work is done to find that the work is that of an artist, although she never handled brush or pencil, nor ever knew a cornice from a dado, or faience from Wedgewood ware."

"THE CHEAPEST AND BEST."—The Franklin (Pa.) News says:—"Peterson's Magazine is without a peer. Its superb colored fashion plates and embroidery patterns are unrivaled. Its stories are original, and all by American writers. It is the perfection of art and beauty; the ladies' portfolio of fashion, and high-toned in literature. Let every lady who wishes a desirable magazine, subscribe for this perfect gem of art. It is the cheapest and best fashion publication."

FOR FIFTY CENTS EXTRA, remember, any subscriber for "Peterson" (but no other person) can obtain either "Christmas Morning," our premium plate for this year, or any one of our other premium plates. In other words, to oblige subscribers, we furnish copies of these splendid engravings at the mere cost of the paper and printing, which is a nominal price, for at retail stores similar engravings sell for five dollars.

FANTASTIC JEWELRY is again in vogue in Paris. Of ornaments of this kind, are keys of dead gold, of pearls, and of small precious stones as brooches. Whips, jockeys' caps, and portraits of little black dogs, painted on crystal still remain favorite patterns.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE to this magazine, either singly, o r in clubs. A new volume begins with the present number, affording an opportunity to those who do not wish back numbers. But back numbers can be supplied to all who desire to commence with the January number. Additions to clubs, beginning with that number, can still be made, and at the price paid by the rest of the club. Whenever, in this way, enough additional subscribers have been sent, to make up a second club, the person sending them will become entitled to a second premium, or premiums. These additions may be made at any time during the year.

WE PRE-PAY POSTAGE, on all mail subscribers, remember! Up to last year, subscribers had to pay it themselves, at their own post offices, at an additional expense of from twelve cents to twenty cents each, *over and above the subscription price.* Bear this in mind! The postage we paid in 1875 was over ten thousand dollars. All this the subscribers now save.

"IT IS THE BEST."—The Cannelton (Ind.) Engineer says: "Every person who has given 'Peterson' a trial, joins in the universal verdict, 'that it is THE BEST.' Its Centennial Sketches, which are a very prominent feature this year, are alone worth double the price asked for the magazine."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

In a Winter City. A Story of The Day. By "Ouida." 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—If this author would always write, as she has written in the book before us, there would be less difficulty in assigning her proper rank to her. "In a Winter City," has few of the affectations of style for which her earlier novels were noticeable, few of the improbabilities which made them almost a by-word, few of the other faults for which her fictions were justly censurable. It approaches nearer to "A Leaf In A Storm," and "A Dog of Flanders," two of her shorter stories, but two also of her very best. The scene is laid in Florence. Lady Hilda, the heroine, is a very noble character, as is also the Duca della Rocca, the hero. Amid a crowd of less worthy personages, of hollow women of the world, worn-out men of fashion, unscrupulous flirts, they move, high and serene, in an atmosphere of their own. They come together at last, the reader will be glad to know, though there is a struggle first, before Lady Hilda can reconcile herself to surrender her fortune, and accept in its place poverty and love.

Achsah. A New England Life-Study. By Rev. Peter Pennot. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.*—This is not a pleasant novel. Very few of its characters are lovable; many are absolutely repulsive; and though it must be admitted they may be true to life, they are hardly allowable, nevertheless. For the consideration arises whether it is true art to give such characters the prominence they hold in "Achsah." The author would reply, we suppose, that he writes for a moral. But writing for a moral is not art, whatever else it may be. Besides, didactic fiction is illogical, because the author can make events to fit his argument, a result more convenient than convincing. The style of the work is terse and neat, however; and the incidents themselves naturally developed. And yet, for the sake of human nature, we hope there are very few Aunt Vaxleys, or Deacon Sternes, in the world.

Sam's Chance; and How He Improved It. By Horatio Alger, Jr. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. Boston: Loring.*—This is one of the second series of "Tattered Tom's Books," and will not fail to sustain the very great popularity of its predecessors. The author's former works are well known as among the best that have been written for the young. "Sam's Chance" is a sequel to "The Young Outlaw." The volume is handsomely illustrated.

Self Raised: or, From the Depths. By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—We noticed, in our last number, a very powerful novel, by this author, "Ishmael, or In The Depths." We considered it, at the time, to be the best she had written. But the present story, which is the sequel to the other, is even more absorbing. Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, the literary editor of the Philadelphia Press, and one of the best critics we have, says that it is, beyond all doubt, the best work Mrs. Southworth has ever written. Ishmael North, the hero, is steeped, at first, in poverty, misery and humiliation; but he redeems himself from all this degradation; and the successive steps, by which he rises, are traced with a most masterly hand. The writing of this novel seems to have been a labor of love with the author. She has poured out her whole heart into it. The main incidents are drawn from real life; but over all this is poured the halo of romance. No one excels Mrs. Southworth in the rapidity and interest of her stories, or the passionate intensity with which they are written: and these qualities are the secrets of her success, and explain why, with many faults of taste, she is so exceptionally popular. The volume contains over seven hundred pages, and is handsomely bound.

The Sylvan Year. Leaves From The Note-Book of Raoul Dubois. By Philip Hamerton. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—Whatever this author does is exceptionally well done. His "Etching and Etchers," especially the first English edition, with its matchless illustrations, is invaluable. "Round My House" is charming beyond words. His "Intellectual Life" is priceless, at least to artists. Nor is the present volume inferior, in its way, to either of these. It is chiefly devoted to descriptions of Nature in her various moods, during the different months of the year, but an element of human interest is added, by the introduction of one or two fictitious personages, and something of a story. The book is one to take up again and again, and always enjoyably. We only regret that we have not room to speak of it more in detail.

Poems. By Christina G. Rossetti. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—This dainty volume is a fitting casket for its even more dainty poems. The poems themselves are various in merit, and varied in theme; but they all rise above mediocrity; and some of them are rarely beautiful. Those called "Devotional Pieces," are full of spirituality. The pathos of others is indescribable. In woods, and streams, and hills, and flowers, and sky, the author takes the keenest delight. "Goblin Market," the first in the volume, is also the longest of the poems, and is illustrated with rare feeling.

A New Godiva. By Stanley Hope. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—The author before us is favorably known for his "Geoffrey's Wife," a fiction of considerably more than ordinary merit. "A New Godiva," however, is an improvement on its predecessor, and a very great one, for parts of the novel are written with great power. The closing paragraph is a key to the story. "Future ages shall dwell upon it as the picture of a woman greater than Godiva of old. She only saved a people from a tax, but this one's sacrifice saved a human soul."

A Star and A Heart. By Florence Marryatt. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Boston: Loring.*—This is very much better than the novels of this lady are usually. The plot is rather improbable, indeed; but it is developed with spirit; and though the characters are not of the noblest, they are true to life, which some will think better; and the denouement is a happy one. It is a cheap edition.

A Paragraph History of the American Revolution. By Edward Abbott. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—A little volume of one hundred pages, in which the story of the War of Independence is judiciously condensed, the text being capitally illustrated.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST.—In the Prospectus of this magazine, it is asserted that "Peterson" is the cheapest and best, and therefore *the magazine for the times*. We have hundreds of notices from the press confirming this. The People's (Pa.) Advocate says:—"It is a marvel of elegance, excellence and cheapness." The Lake Country (Mich.) Star says:—"The first and freshest of all the periodicals." The Forsterville (Pa.) Enterprise says:—"Decidedly the woman's magazine, and not only contains all that is new in fashions, but also ideas, suggestions, and useful information. 'The Centennial in Pen and Pencil,' a series of illustrated articles on the great Exhibition at Philadelphia, are alone worth the subscription price." The Lexington (S. C) Dispatch says: "Always far ahead of all others; its price, too, places it within the reach of all." Says the Rock County (Wis.) Record:—"The June number is worth five times its price." "The best magazine of its class," says the Rockland (Me.) Gazette. *Now is the time to subscribe*, singly, or in clubs. A new volume begins with this number; but back numbers to January, inclusive, can be had, if desired, containing all the Centennial articles. Specimens sent, gratis, to those wishing to get up clubs.

SELF-RAISED; OR, FROM THE DEPTHS," by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, *is the Sequel to, and Conclusion of* "ISHMAEL; OR, IN THE DEPTHS," by the same author, and is just published in book form, *for the first time*, in a large duodecimo volume of near seven hundred pages, by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, in uniform style with "ISHMAEL." Dr, Mackenzie, the literary Editor of the Philadelphia Press, says that "'Self-Raised' is, beyond all doubt, the best work Mrs. Southworth has ever written. Ishmael Worth, the hero, rises from the depths of poverty, misery, and humiliation, and to trace his progress, step by step, has been the author's labor of love. There is a curious blending of realism and romance in this work—the result, it may be, of the leading incidents having occurred in actual life. The. leading female characters, Claudia and Beatrice, are drawn with a woman's delicate and accurate touches; but Ishmael, the self-made man of mind (as distinguished from the lower class, who are 'made of money,') stands above every other person in the tale. This, we repeat, is Mrs. Southworth's best work. There is plenty of it, for, without any advance in price, it contains near seven hundred pages. It is graced, too, with a view of Prospect Cottage, the home of the author, on the Potomac, with its surroundings, finely engraved on steel, from a photograph taken on the spot. People like to see 'the counterfeit resemblance' of a writer who pleases them, and as Mrs. Southworth's portrait was given in 'Ishmael,' a view of her Cottage, with its surroundings, on the Potomac, in each copy of 'Self-Raised,' is an excellent idea." It is published in a large duodecimo volume, and bound in morocco cloth, gilt back, price $1.75, and is for sale by all Booksellers, or copies of it will be sent to any one, at once, on their remitting the price of it, $1.75, in a letter, to the Publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson'" has had, for twenty years, an average circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village, and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., for terms, etc., etc.

HEARTS ARE CAPTURED by a lovely face. A pure and brilliant complexion is the result of using LAIRD'S "BLOOM OF YOUTH." Sold at all druggists.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. VII.—Porsons.

Mothers and nurses, not unfrequently, give those under their charge, poisonous doses of acids, laudanum, etc., or administer them in haste, in mistake; or children, ever restless, prying into cupboards, and finding some bottles or vials, have, out of curiosity, hastily swallowed laudanum, the mineral acids, and the likes, whilst younger children have been known, again and again, to get hold of saucers placed on floors and windows, containing a solution of cobalt, "fly-stone," or fly-paper. The alarm and distress suffered by parents, under these circumstances, having no chemical or therapeutical knowledge to guide or help them, can scarcely be imagined,

Feeling that the subject is an important one, and that it must be a source of great relief to mothers to know what to do *at once* in accidents of this kind, as prompt action is often a matter of life or death, we will place in this Department, for future reference, a few rules and directions suited to such emergencies.

As "Peterson" is generally carefully preserved, and read by hundreds of thousands of *borrowers*, this information will be pretty generally diffused; and the more universally the better. It is presumed by the writer, however, that the family physician will always be consulted as soon as possible, and the means here advised only resorted to previous to his arrival. Opium is the most common poisonous agent taken or administered in the form of laudanum, Bateman's Drops, Elixir Paregoric, Godfrey's Cordial, and, I fear, some soothing syrups, as well as most diarrhea and cholera mixtures. Any of these articles, administered to young children with unsparing hand, are liable to produce the dull, heavy stupor of opium poisoning. When the quantity taken is supposed to be sufficiently large to produce death, the first and great object is to remove the poison from the stomach by giving the patient an active emetic dose; and the most convenient and safest for a mother to give, is finely-ground mustard, suspended in warm water. This, or ipecac., may be given freely, till copious vomiting is excited.

The patient must be kept constantly roused and in motion, by walking; cold water being occasionally dashed over his head and face. After vomiting has been effected, strong coffee and aqua ammonia may be administered with good results.

When sulphuric acid, or oil of vitriol, nitric acid, or aqua fortis, and oxalic acid, have been swallowed, or poisonous *acids* of any kind. the mother should administer as speedily as possible, an *alkali*, to neutralize it, such as chalk, baking soda, lime-water, magnesia, saleeratus, or strong soapsuds. For prussic acid, give dilute ammonia, and resort to the cold douche and electricity. If there should be any delay in getting any of these antidotes ready, mustard and warm water with a little soda may be given with dilutents, till vomiting occurs.

If *arsenic*, or any of its preparations has been unwarily taken, magnesia or charcoal may be admistered freely, stirred in milk, which will hold or arrest poisonous action at least till the physician arrives with hydrated protoxide of iron, stomach-pump, etc. Though there is ample evidence in medical records to prove that patients have been saved by the free use of charcoal, suspended in milk, so also has an infusion of tobacco, given freely, been successful in those unused to the noxious weed. One of these agents are almost always at hand in every household, and hence no serious alarm need be manifested in slight accidents of this kind.

As mothers are apt to have in the house solutions of corrosive sublimate, or "bug-poison." children may tamper

with the bottle; and, in such cases, prompt action is salvation to the child. She must not wait to summon a physician, but give immediately the whites of eggs, beaten up in water, without measure. The gluten of wheat flour is also useful, which can readily be employed, by throwing a handful of flour into two or three pints of water, and administer it as fast as possible.

Poisoning in families by other agents are so rare that it is unnecessary to mention them. To recapitulate: In all cases where poisonous substances have been taken into the stomach, the first step is to cause their ejection by vomiting, by simple means, if possible, or by neutralizing them by the proper antidote.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

DESSERTS.

Green Currant Pie.—The fruit should have attained its full size before it is picked. Stem the currants and wash them; then pour enough boiling water over them to cover them, and let them stand while you prepare the paste. Line the bottom of your pie-plates with paste; drain your fruit through the colander, and fill your plates, adding half a pound of sugar to a pint of currants, or in that proportion Dredge a little flour over the fruit, and put on the top crust Leave an opening in the centre, to permit the steam to escape. The pie requires no water, as a sufficient quantity will adhere to the fruit.

Vienna Cream.—The whites of two eggs, two ounces of red currant-jelly, two ounces of raspberry-jelly, one ounce of sifted loaf-sugar. Put all into a bowl, and beat until it rises into a stiff froth. Serve in a glass dish, or in custard-cups. Though of quite dark shade of red when beginning to whip it, it becomes paler and paler as the froth rises, and when finished, is a very pale shade of pink. Apricot jelly can be used, also, but requires some drops of cochineal to give it a proper tint of color.

Junket.—A pint and a half of quite fresh milk, sweetened to taste, and made warm, but not hot. Pour it into the basin in which it is to be served; add a wineglassful of brandy and, last of all, a large tablespoonful of essence of rennet. Leave it, until cold, in a cool place, and just before serving, pour cream on the top. It should be made about four hours before it is wanted.

Another.—To every quart of milk, made blood-warm, add six dessertspoonfuls of brandy; sugar to taste; one large tablespoonful of essence of rennet, (be sure it is good.) Stir gently till all is well mixed, and put it to stand till quite cool, in a cool place; then grate a little nutmeg, and cover the top with some whipped cream.

Ripe Currant Pie.—Stem your currants, and wash them. Line your pie-plates with paste; fill them with the fruit, and add sugar in the proportion of half a pound to one pint of currants. Dredge some flour over the top, put on the lid of the pie, leave an opening in the centre, and bake it.

PRESERVES, SYRUPS, ETC.

Cherry Brandy.—This cordial is much improved by adding the cherry kernels, which give the liquor that peculiar *bouquet* so much admired. Take six pounds of black and morella cherries; stone half the quantity, and prick the remainder. Throw the whole into a deep jar, adding the kernels of the half, slightly brussed, and two pounds of white sugar-candy. Pour over two quarts of brandy, cover the jar closely with a bladder, and let it stand for a month, shaking it frequently; then filter the liquor, and bottle it for use.

Cherry Jam.—To every pound of fruit, weighed before stoning, allow half a pound of sugar; to every six pounds of fruit allow one pint of red currant-juice; and to every pint of juice one pound of sugar. Stone the cherries, and boil them in a preserving-pan until nearly all the juice is dried up; then add the sugar, crushed to powder, and the currant-juice. Boil all together until it jellies, which will be in from twenty minutes to half an hour. Skim the jam well, keep it well stirred, and, a few minutes before it is done, crack some of the stones, and add the kernels. These impart a pleasant flavor to the jam.

Another.—To every pound of fruit, weighed before stoning allow three-quarters of a pound of powdered sugar and hal, a pint of water. Stone the cherries, and place in a preserving-pan, with the sugar and half a pint of water. Boil for three-quarters of an hour, stirring gently. Have about half the kernels ready, and throw them in at the last moment. Give one stir, and pour into pots to cool.

Clear Syrup for Fruits.—Take two pounds of sugar, three-quarters of a pint of water, and one egg. Put the sugar and water together over night, and when all the sugar is dissolved, add the well-beaten white of an egg. Place this mixture on the fire, and when it boils, throw in half a pint of cold water, and do not stir the sugar after this is added. Bring it to the boiling point again, and then place the pan by the side of the fire for the preparation to settle. Remove all the scum, and the sugar will be ready for use. The scum should be placed on a sieve, so that what syrup runs from it may be boiled up again. This, also, must be well skimmed.

Barberry Preserve.—Pick the barberries, and place in a jar with nearly their weight of powdered loaf-sugar. Place the jar in a sauce-pan of boiling water, and stir it often till done.

Or,—To every pound of fruit, one pound of loaf-sugar. Boil till the barberries become soft, skimming it well. If to eat with meat, add half a wineglassful of vinegar to every pint of fruit.

Or,—Pick your barberries dry; put into a jar; cover, and stew for a couple of hours; then put pound to pound of sugar in a preserving-pan, and boil as any other jam.

Raspberry Syrup.—One pint of juice, two pounds of sugar. Choose the fruit, either red or white; mash it in a pan, and put it in a warm place for two or three days, or until the fermentation has commenced. All mucilaginous fruits require this, or the syrup would jelly after it is bottled. Filter the juice through a flannel-bag, add the sugar in powder, place in the bainmarie, and stir it until dissolved. Take it off, let it get cold; take off the scum, and bottle the juice. The addition of a few teaspoonfuls of good fruit-syrup to a glass of iced water, or soda-water, produces a refreshing summer beverage.

To Preserve Pears.—Peel your pears, leaving on the stems. Stew them in a preserving-pan, with claret, (the cheapest will do;) a third of water may be added, but the less the better; add half the weight of pears in loaf-sugar, some cloves, and pieces of candied lemon-peel, cut in thin strips. Stew gently until the pears are perfectly soft, without being mashed. Add a few drops of cochineal to the syrup. Pears done in this way keep for months. They should be put in large stone jars, or wide-mouthed bottles, and be closely covered.

Medlar Jelly.—Peel the medlars, which should be very ripe; put them into a stew-pan, with just enough water to cover them. Stew gently, and stir frequently; then strain the pulp through a coarse sieve. Weigh the pulp, and put a pound and a quarter or a pound and a half of loaf-sugar broken up, to each pint of juice and pulp, and pass the whole, after boiling it well, through a jelly-bag, exactly as with currant-jelly. The refuse remaining in the bag is capital as jam.



MORNING HEAD-DRESS—BACK AND FRONT.



HEAD-DRESS OF INTERLACED LOOPS—BACK AND FRONT.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FIG. I.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF GRAY FOULARD, trimmed across the front with pipings of cardinal red silk and large buttons. The demi-train is laid in box plaits, scalloped down the back, and trimmed with buttons. The round apron-front corresponds with the other trimming, and is finished with a fringe. Sash of cardinal red ribbon. Circular mantilla and hood. Large straw hat, trimmed with poppies and wheat.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF SILK, OF TWO SHADES OF GREEN.—The apron-front and jacket are of the lighter shade; the back of the dress, the sleeves and vest being of the darker shade, and trimmed with an ecru lace. Straw bonnet, trimmed with red roses and green ribbon.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS OF PEARL-COLORED MOHAIR, trimmed with alternate plain and knife-plaited flounces. Deep apron-front. Black silk sacque, cut square in front. Large Leghorn flat, trimmed with a Grenadine scarf and a pink rose.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS OF ECRU STRIPED GRENADINE.—Both uppper and lower skirt are trimmed with knife-plaited flounces, headed by bias bands of grenadine, finished with ronleaux of red silk. The jacket corresponds with the skirts, and has a rolling collar. Straw hat, covered with a plain ecru grenadine, with a bunch of carnations on the top.

FIG. V.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF LIGHT-GRAY SILK.—The under-skirt has the deep-plaited flounces, edged with narrow, blue fringe. Over-dress opening in front, made plain, and finished with large pearl buttons and a piping of blue silk. The short jacket has large pockets, a deep rolling collar, and is trimmed with blue ribbon. White chip bonnet, trimmed with blue ribbon and a large pink rose.

FIG. VI.—THE ISABEAU-DRESS OF ECRU MOHAIR.—The skirt is half-long, and has two ruffles at the back, headed by three rows of wide, brown braid. The front of the skirt is plain. The apron-front is long, trimmed with two ruffles, which are headed by three rows of brown braid, and the back breadth, which is untrimmed, is fastened by a bow of brown ribbon. The deep cuirass basque is pointed back and front, open low down, square on the neck, and trimmed with brown braid. Straw bonnet, trimmed with brown ribbon and plume, and a large tea-rose.

FIG. VII.—THE BEATRICE-DRESS.—The skirt is of gray silk, trimmed with a plaited ruffle in front, and a wide flounce at the back, all headed by a puffing and a very narrow ruffle. Long, open over-dress, of a darker shade of gray silk, trimmed with a heavy fringe. The silk forms a loop at the back, below which is an end finished with a bow of the silk. Summer-mantle of gray camel's-hair, striped with a darker shade of gray, and finished with a rich worsted-ball fringe. A deep, narrow hood is at the back. Bonnet of gray straw, trimmed with pink feathers and roes.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We also give a white-straw bonnet with a black-straw edge, trimmed with carnations and fruit, and a soft scarf of white silk. Also, a hat of black straw, trimmed with black silk and black ostrich-plume, and blue wing. Another bonnet of white chip, trimmed with wheat, poppies, and blue feather; and a hat of brown straw, trimmed with a soft, white-silk scarf, and a bunch of yellow butter-cups and white daisies.

BATISTES AND ORGANDIES are more popular this year than they have been for some time. They are so cool and inexpensive at first, that they are deservedly favorites; but if very elaborately trimmed with knife plaiting, imitation Valenciennes lace, and ribbons, they can be made both very dressy and very expensive. The pink, blue, violet, or green batistes are usually made up of the plain material, combined with the striped material of the same color; whilst the gray, or ecru batistes, are usually made of the plain material only, and are worn over black or brown silk skirts. These dresses are made both in the Polonaise form, or with separate skirts and basques.

BASQUES are again made with postilion plaits at the back; in fact, Worth has never abandoned them.

NARROW FRINGE is again used on bias folds of dresses, and buttons are put on silk and other dresses of rich material.

It is now quite impossible to describe dresses with exactitude; the skirts are draped so mysteriously, the arrangement of trimmings is usually one-sided, and the fastenings are so cunningly contrived, that, after studying any particular toilet for even a quarter of an hour, the task of writing down how it is all made remains hopeless. The style of dress known as the Princess is universally adopted, and skirts are cut so to fit the figure about the hips, that much of the tying back erewhile adopted is now found to be useless.

There is a great variety in mantles and jackets, but the casaque and scarf are the two favorites. The scarf is very like the mantelet worn last year, but there is this difference: the mantelet is straight, and fastens in front with wide ends; while the scarf, on the contrary, has ends that terminate with a point, which are sometimes tied in front, and sometimes are crossed on the chest and fall at the sides. The casaque is always made short at the back, more or less long in front, fitting closely or only half-fitting, according to taste, and with or without sleeves.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS OF BUFF PIQUE.—There is a Princess front reaching from the neck to the bottom, in one piece, and the back has an elongated waist, with a kilt-plated skirt beneath. The bordering to the skirt, sash, collar and cuffs is of scarlet cambric.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS OF WHITE JACONET.—The skirt is plain; apron-front, edged all around with a jaconet ruffle. The trimming of the basque, sleeves, apron-front and pocket is of blue cambric. Straw hat, trimmed with blue ribbon.

FIG. III.—BOY'S DRESS OF BLUE SERGE.—The front, capes, sleeves and pocket are trimmed with broad, black, military braid.

FIG. IV.—COSTUME FOR BOY OF FOUR.—Gray tweed, trimmed with worsted braid. The skirt is plaited at the back, and plain in front. The loose paletot opens over a waistcoat fastened with pearl buttons.

FIG. V.—SCOTCH SUIT FOR BOY.—Plaid woolen skirt and waistcoat, with velvet jacket bound with plaid. The skirt is plaited and has a sash at the side. The jacket, which fastenes with a single button on the chest, turns back with revers.

FIG. VI.—COSTUME FOR GIRL OF FOUR.—Buff piqne, trimmed with claret silk. The costume is Princess in front; it has an elongated waist at the back, where the skirt is plaited.

FIG. VII.—PINAFORE FOR GIRL OF THREE.—Muslin, trimmed with cream Valenciennes lace. The pinafore is square at the top, and fastens at the back. It is edged with lace, headed with three tucks. The armholes and square top are ornamented in the same style.

FIG. VIII.—OVERALL PINAFORE FOR CHILD OF THREE.—Holland, trimmed with white embroidery. The lower part is plaited, and the upper part is full, being confined round the waist with a colored silk sash.

FIG. IX.—SAILOR COSTUME FOR BOY OF SIX.—Navy-blue serge. The blouse shirt is high to the throat, with large, square collar at the back. The trousers reach to the knee. A scarlet woolen sash round the waist, and nektye to match.

FIG. X.—NORFOLK BLOUSE FOR BOY.—Gray tweed, trimmed with Breton braid. The blouse is double-breasted, and has a chest pocket on the left side. The back is plaited. There is a pocket on each side. Band round the waist, ornamented with braid.

FIG. XI.—NURSERY PINAFORE FOR BOY OF THREE.—Brown holland, trimmed with scarlet braid. Pinafore fastens at back.



"PICK-A-PACK"

Engraved expressly for Peters's Magazine





THE FISHERS. [See the Poem.]





CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.



MORNING COSTUME. HAT FOR A YOUNG GIRL.



WALKING-DRESS. HAT FOR A YOUNG GIRL.



MORNING HEAD-DRESS—BACK AND FRONT.

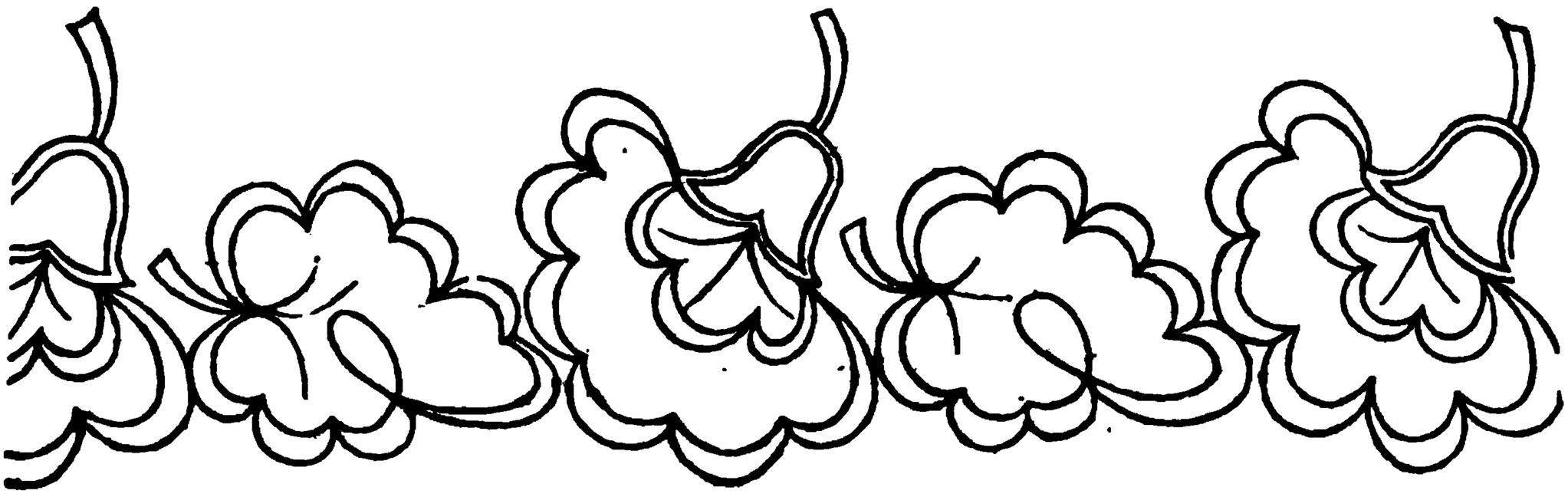


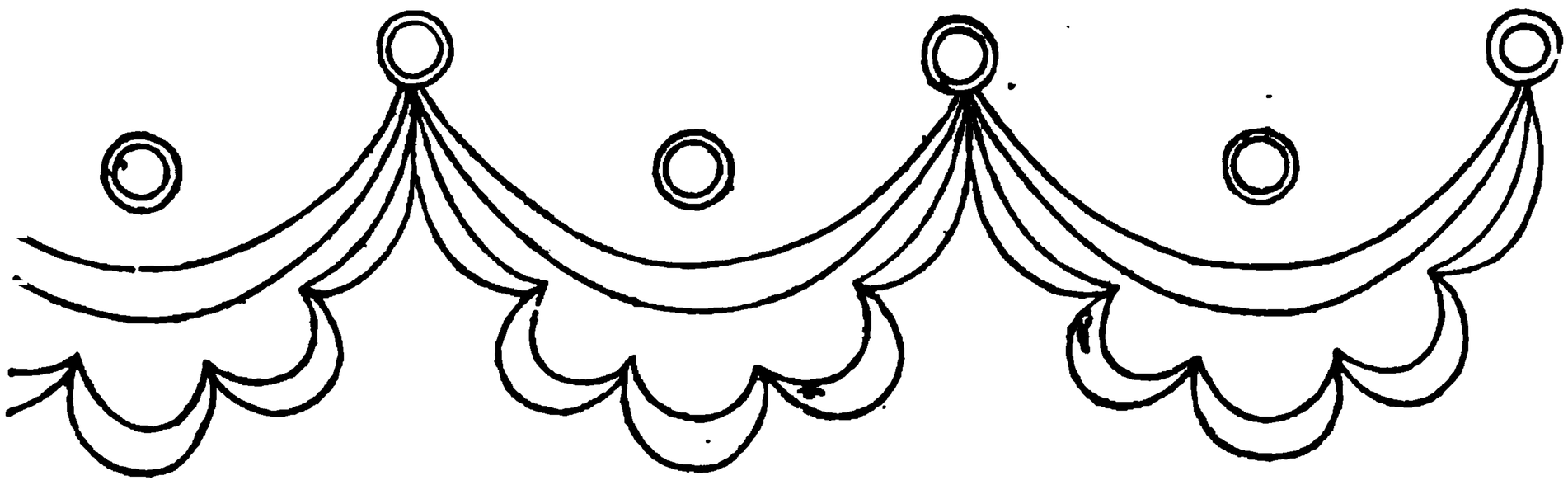
HEAD-DRESS OF INTERLACED LOOPS—BACK AND FRONT.

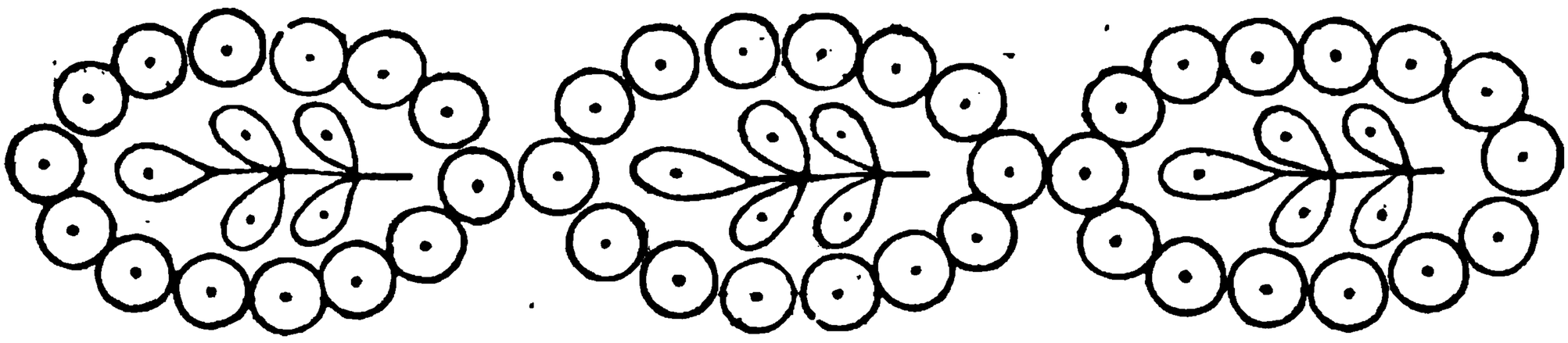


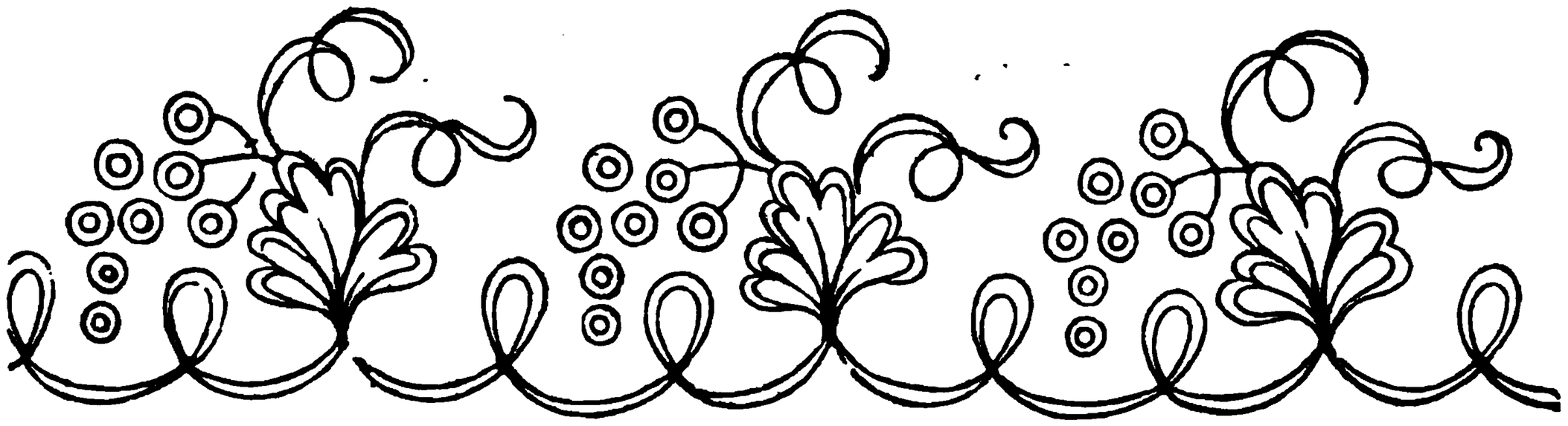


BATHING-DRESSES. CHILD'S BIB









ONLY

BY VIRGINIA GABRIEL.

As published by SEP. WINNER'S SON, 1003 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia.

PIANO.

Fine.

dol.

1 On - ly a face at the win-dow, On - ly a face, nothing
2 On - ly a smile of wel-come, On - ly a smile as I
3 On - ly her love I ask for, On - ly her love, and

cres.

more; Yet the look in the eyes, as they meet mine, Still
pass'd; But that smile will still be re - member'd, As
yet, The sweet boon I can - not hope for, And

dim. *f*

comes to me o'er and o'er. On - ly a word of greet - ing,
long as my life shall last. On - ly a wo-man you tell me!
so I must strive to for - get. On - ly a word low - ly spo - ken,

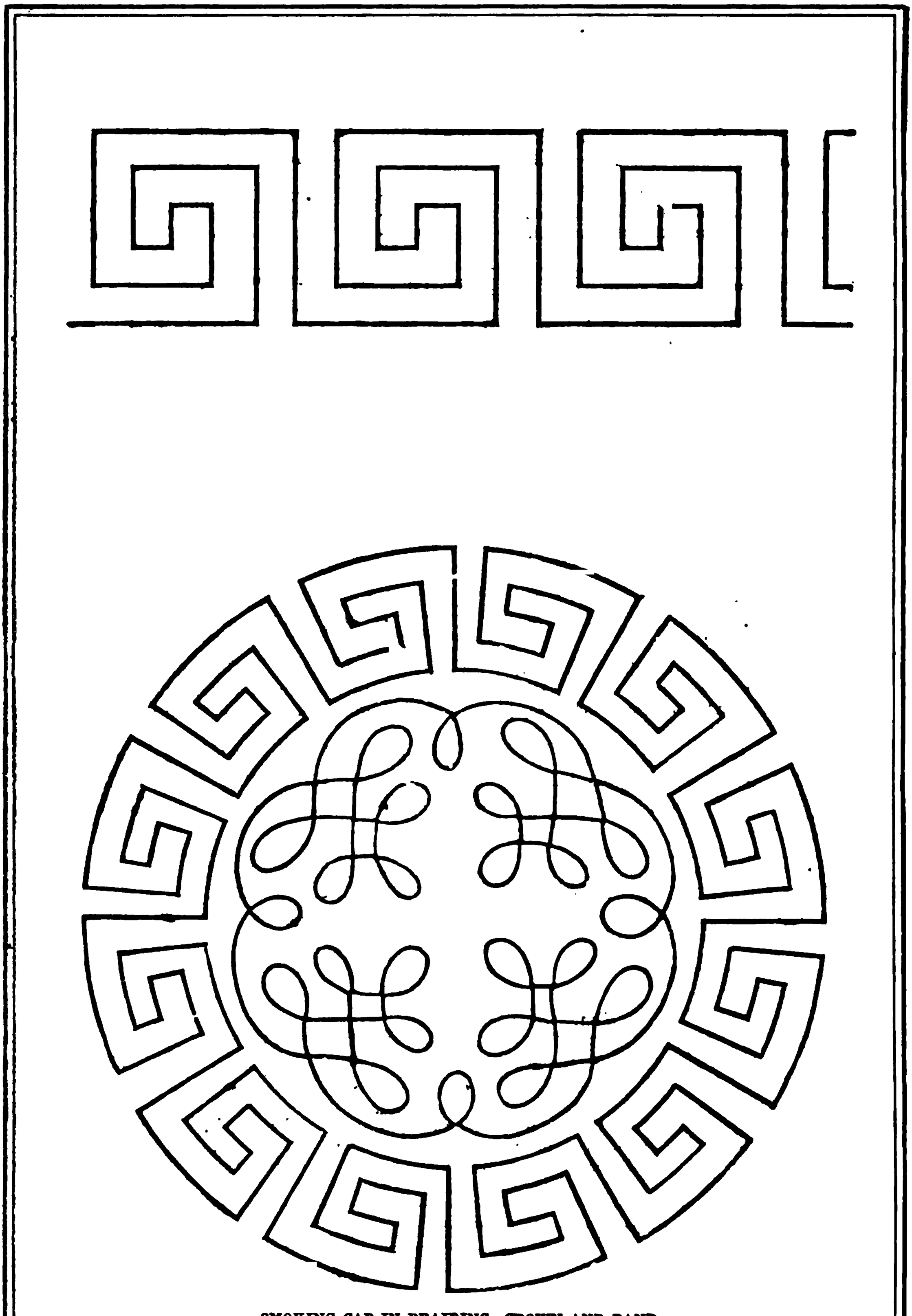
p

On - ly a word, that was all; Yet all day, in my heart it
On - ly a woman! to thee; But there's naught that this mere earth con-
On - ly a "yes" would she say; It would give the sweet face at the

dim.

echoed, Like the sound of an an - gel's call.
taineth, Half so dear as this wo-man to me.
window To be mine for - ev - er and aye.

colla voce.



SMOKING-CAP IN BRAIDING—CROWN AND BAND.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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WHAT CAME OF A HOUSE-CLEANING.

BY MISS JULIA DITTON.

DAVID LANSING, having reached his office half an hour earlier than usual one morning, wote a letter to Emily Seymour. In it, he told her he loved her; secondly, he asked her to be his wife; and, thirdly, he requested her, if her answer was favorable, to dance the first waltz with him at Mrs. Thompson's that evening. He dated the letter carefully, "April 30th, 1874," and addressed it to "Miss Emily Seymour, No. 40 Tracy street, City."

Now it so happened that the Seymours had just been undergoing the annual ordeal of spring house-cleaning. Carpets had come up, and curtains had come down.

In the midst of it, Emily and her mother, on different errands, had been compelled to go out, leaving the house with their only servant.

They were hardly out of sight when Katy turned her back upon the house, and went to spend half an hour in pleasant converse with a friend. That afternoon, the postman rang and rapped loud and long, and despairing at last of a response, thrust two letters under the door, and walked away. Shortly after this incident, Katy returned, just in time to admit Milly.

"I declare, we forgot to tack down the front edge of this oil-cloth," said that lady, as she stepped into the hall. "You're so busy with your sewing, Katy, that I'll do it myself, and have it out of the way by the time mother gets home." Accordingly, she straightened the oil-cloth to her satisfaction, and kneeling down, relentlessly drove cruel tacks through David's letter, which remained just where the postman had left it, with not a corner visible.

Mrs. Thompson, meantime, had invited a few friends to an informal hop. When David entered the long rooms, Milly was seated at the piano, facing the door. As she saw him, her cheeks flushed, and her brown eyes sparkled. He made his way to her as soon as possible, and bent over her, regardless of the fact that Dick Thompson stood upon the other side.

"Emily, will you give me the first waltz?" he asked, in tones she thought strangely eager.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" she said, with an expression of genuine regret in her clear, bright eyes. "I cannot, Mr. Lansing; but if you want the second, you may have it."

"I thank you, I don't want it," said David, more truly than politely, turning away with a sharp pain in his heart. In a moment he was at her side again, saying, "Why can't you?"

"I am engaged," she answered. "I have promised it to Mr. Thompson."

"How long ago?" he asked, half-hoping that she might have promised before receiving his letter.

"Five minutes ago. You are too late, you see."

"Well, I'm very sorry—very glad, I mean, of course. I hope you will be happy, Emily."

"Why, what is the matter, Mr. Lansing? You have called me Emily twice; and really I can't see how this waltz will affect my happiness one way or the other very seriously," said Milly, laughing.

David looked at her with eyes that demanded fiercely. "Are you not ashamed of such trifling?" and stalked away, bitterly disappointed, and angry at her indifference to his sufferings.

And poor Milly, innocent as a baby of any hidden meaning in his words, wondered all the evening what could ail him, and was heartily glad when it was all over, and she was alone in her little, white-curtained room, where she had it out with herself. "Oh, I thought it would all be so pleasant," she sobbed. "It is the last dance till next winter, perhaps, and here he snubbed me, and wouldn't dance with me, and was just as mean and hateful as he could be. He doesn't care for me one bit; nor I for him, either, for that matter." Having arrived at which conclusion, she dried her eyes.

Two weeks slipped by, during which time David did not call, nor did Milly meet him on the street, or at any friend's. She puzzled over his

tion in the upper hall, just opposite the apartment occupied by "the son of a lord," and in the bustle and confusion of so many voices, I did not notice that the gentleman's door was wide open. I suddenly glanced that way, to encounter the gaze of the English captain, who bowed low on meeting my eyes. In a flutter of angry embarrassment, I fairly turned my back upon him.

One of the guests was an exquisite piece of still perfection. This was Maude Harrington. She was large, round, and polished as alabaster, white as a snow-drift, and lazy as a West Indian. She greeted me by lifting one eye-lash in token of recognition, for I had met her before, but no change whatever passed over her features. She was half reclining in a sleepy-hollow chair, while one gentleman fanned her, and another held her bouquet. Miss Harrington was a great belle, and her masterly inactivity appeared to be even a stronger charm than her beauty.

"Dode" was out in great force that night. He persisted in attaching himself to me like a mammoth leech, and had to be violently disengaged by his watchful parent several times in the course of the evening. Once or twice I had to snub him. At last Dr. Cloate made his appearance.

"This moonlight is uncommonly charming," observed the doctor, in a tone of great enjoyment, "and a thousand times better than dancing. Take my arm, Miss Sadie; the path is a little rough just here."

Almost unconsciously, I took it; and my companion presently asked, demurely,

"Do you treat all your admirers in the concise manner in which you just disposed of poor Theodore?"

"How shameful in you to hear it!" I exclaimed, in hot wrath. "I can walk quite well by myself, thank you."

This referred to my unceremonious dropping of his arm; but the path was rough, and taking a hasty step forward, I stumbled over the gnarled root of a tree, felt a sharp, fiery pain in my ankle, and then sank down, down into unknown depths of darkness, as one does in a dream.

I had fainted, and Dr. Cloate was carrying me to the house in his arms.

"You are a perfect little spitfire," said my medical attendant, with charming frankness, after a week of bondage, both on my part and his. "You brought all this suffering upon yourself by your own wilfulness; and I am afraid that, in promising to be my wife, you have brought a great deal upon me."

"I never promised anything of the kind!" I exclaimed, with the complexion of a boiled lobster. "You never asked me. And if you had——"

"You would have said 'Yes,' as you do now."

But I thought of Cousin Statia, and grew indignant.

"What of Miss Hartlewright's peace of mind?" I asked, severely.

"Miss Hartlewright's peace of mind?" he repeated, in evident bewilderment. "She does not object to me, I hope, does she?"

Looks were of no avail, and I was obliged to tell him, in plain terms, that I thought he had paid very particular attention to Cousin Statia.

"I have," he replied, in great amusement—"for your sake. Miss Hartlewright stands to you now in the place of a mother, (poor Cousin Statia!) and is therefore entitled to the utmost consideration from me. For, Sadie, when I disentangled a certain brown curl from the tidy on my arm-chair, I vowed to myself that the owner of the curl should one day be my wife."

"And you have seemed so cool and indifferent all the time!" I exclaimed, in sheer amazement.

"Had I acted like the others, I should, doubtless, have been treated like them," was the astute reply; "and I have no ambition to be called an idiot, and ordered to go away."

Poor Theodore! I supposed that the doctor would never forget having heard him make a goose of himself."

Cousin Statia was rather bewildered by the frequent and lengthy visits that Dr. Cloate found it necessary to pay me, and the inordinate amount of poetry and hot-house flowers that went to the healing of a sprained ankle; and an hour or so after the episode recorded above, she felt it to be her duty to remonstrate with me upon the subject.

"I really think, Sadie," she began, "that you give the doctor a great deal of unnecessary trouble."

"He does not think it a trouble," I reply, in a voice somewhat faint with suppressed laughter.

"He says that, of course, out of politeness And besides that, he may have a particular reason——"

My relative finishes her sentence with a somewhat mysterious look, and I exclaim, very innocently,

"Oh, Cousin Statia! then you have got my secret already? He has only just told but it seems that he cared for me all al And you like him, too, don't you?"

Cousin Statia looked overwhelmed.

CICELY.

BY JEANIE T. GOULD.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 35.

CHAPTER IV.

"That, then, is your ultimatum?"

"Mademoiselle has spoken."

Agatha Lichfield stirred uneasily in her chair.

"You use your power mercilessly, as usual," she said, in a voice of passionate scorn.

She was sitting in one of the most secluded of the many cozy recesses in the Congressional Library; and opposite her, with a smile of covert insolence on his dark face, lounged the Count D'Agostini.

In face and manner he might have sat for the portrait of the evil genius who pervades modern novels; and some thought of the kind crossed Agatha's mind as she watched him. She hated herself for what she was doing; yet this man held that in his hands which could bow her beautiful, haughty head to the earth; and already the busy-bodies of her little world were coupling their names in a manner that drove the girl half mad. She knew that this meeting was imprudent; but circumstances bound her with an iron hand, and she literally dared not disobey the Count's desire for an interview.

'*Merci!* Must I again remind Mademoiselle—"

"How dare you insult me so?" she burst in, hotly.

"*Mais, qu'elle est drôle, cette enfant.* What *shall* I call you, then? Signora——"

"Take care, sir! Remember that there is one to whom I can appeal as a protector from your insolence. There is no necessity that you should 'remind' me of anything."

He muttered an oath; but a glance at her face warned him to goad her no further.

"I have but to say, that what I assert in regard to Monsieur Thayne——"

"Hush! we may be overheard," she whispered, with a terrified glance around her.

"You are in a strange humor. You do not care to hear names to day?" She almost sprang from her chair; but he went on, tranquilly. "I offered you proof; it is here."

Agatha took the half-sheet of paper from his hand. Her face turned ghastly white.

"You are unbeliever no more?" Agostini said, softly, as the paper fluttered from her nerveless fingers.

"Oh, heaven!" she moaned; then, after a moment: "Your price?"

"*Yourself.*"

Low as was the serpent-like whisper, Agatha caught it. She tried to summon strength to answer with all the rage and scorn she felt; but an awful blackness crept over her; the lovely, parched lips refused to move; the fair head fell back, and she fainted in her chair.

At almost the same moment, a gentleman, who had been examining some rare old books in the next recess, emerged from it, and, hearing the Count's dismayed exclamation, he paused, looked toward Agatha, and said, hastily,

"Is the lady ill? Can I be of service?"

"If I may beg of monsieur's goodness to remain here while I seek for a glass of water," said Agostini, replacing his pocket-book in his breast, and hurrying off in search of the librarian.

As he turned away, a gust of air came up the corridor from an open door beyond, and the bit of paper, which had caused Agatha such suffering, was wafted from the spot where it had fallen, directly to the stranger's feet. Half-mechanically, the gentleman stooped to pick it up, and was about to lay it on the table, when a line of its contents caught his eye. A red flush mounted to his forehead; then, hearing footsteps, he thrust the scrap hurriedly into his vest-pocket, and turned to look at Agatha.

As Agostini and the librarian entered, she opened her lovely eyes; but the agitated murmur which rose to her lips was checked, as she saw that she was not alone.

"The effect of too much dancing," she said, trying to smile, as young Foster, the librarian, approached her. "I shall be quite well in a moment. Count, be good enough to see if my carriage is waiting. Mr. Foster will take me down." For she was determined to give foundation for no more scandal, knowing well what a story Mrs. Grundy would manufacture out of this fainting-fit, and how, before night, it would fly over Washington that she had been *tete-a-tete* in the library at the Capitol with Agostini.

Not daring to make further remonstrance, Agostini went down to find the carriage; and,

after a moment, Agatha rose and took Mr. Foster's arm. As she moved, the stranger spoke.

"Pardon me," he said, politely; "I think you dropped this." He slipped a card into her hand, with a warning glance. "Read it when alone," he contrived to add in an undertone, as Mr. Foster put on his hat.

Agatha took it. She felt so utterly stunned and miserable, that astonishment had no place in her mind.

Once alone, and safely in her carriage, she pressed both hands on her temples, and tried to calm her distress. It was far too deep for tears; and as her thoughts went over and over her position, she suddenly remembered the card which the stranger had given her. She took it out, and read the few lines in pencil:

"I am a friend, and can do you service. Look for the Black Knight at Mrs. Randolph's masque to-morrow. *Remember the 18th of January, and trust me.*"

"Another!" gasped Agatha, with ashy lips. "And I have thought the secret of my life was carefully hidden." Then she laughed, scornfully: "My story will soon be equal to a sensational novel of the first water."

It was reception-night at Mrs. Lichfield's, and the beautiful rooms were crowded, and the crowd continued until a late hour.

To Cicely, it was the pleasantest reception of the season, for Thayne was with her most of the evening. Even to an innocent little soul like hers, his manner and words had been unmistakably lover-like. Happy smiles dimpled Cicely's cheeks, and the prettiest of blushes lit her face, whenever she dared to raise her shy eyes to his eloquent ones. They were living a bit of ancient Arcadia, amid the incongruous surroundings of a Washington drawing-room, and it took all Cicely's good-nature to accept, "with pleasure," Cecil Myldrake's invitation to dance.

"I am going to make my peace with Miss Agatha," Thayne said, as he resigned her to Myldrake. "But I will find you again before I leave."

The rooms had thinned somewhat when Cicely and her partner came back from the dancing-room. Presently Cecil Wyldrake's grizzly-looking papa appeared, and growled out a reminder of the late hour, which embarrassed the poor boy terribly, but which he was, nevertheless, obliged to obey, by accompanying the Major to say good-evening to his hostess.

Cicely, left to herself, and feeling somewhat tired, went into the crimson boudoir. No one was there; the gas was low, the easy-chair tempting. She rolled it into the oriel window, seated herself, and in five minutes was fast asleep.

She never knew how long she slept; for the murmur of suppressed voices mingled with her dreams, until, at last, Thayne's distressed exclamation awoke her fully.

"Agatha, for God's sake, control yourself! Are you quite mad?"

Cicely opened her frightened, brown eyes. Just beyond her, evidently unaware of her presence, stood Thayne, and, leaning upon his shoulder, sobbing violently, was Agatha.

"My poor girl, I will do what man can for you. You believe me, Agatha?" and he lifted the fair, golden head from its resting-place, and kissed her softly on her beautiful lips.

A faint, very faint, gasping cry burst from Cicely. They started apart, and saw her. Thayne turned scarlet, as he met the agonized entreaty of the child-like eyes. But Agatha faced her, saying, with a hard little laugh, "Rehearsing for amateur theatricals, Cicely. Did we not play quite as if we were in earnest?"

"Agatha!" One low, stern word; so stern that Cicely shrank, trembling, into her chair. Agatha took two steps toward the door. Then her eyes turned backward upon her little cousin. Something in the pitiful face touched the better part of her nature.

"I was wrong," she said. "Tell her what you choose, Reginald. All the world will know soon enough; and *she* loves me."

Cicely heard the rustle of Agatha's dress, as she left the room; she dared not raise her eyes. Then Thayne bent over her chair.

"Miss Cicely," he said, gently, "have you *any* trust in me?"

"I had." The white lips quivered. She could not trust her voice for more. The simple reproach wrung Thayne's heart.

"Do not regard your trust as a thing of the past," he said, with sudden passion. "Dear, dear, you *must* have faith in me, for a little time. I am not ready to explain what must seem like an insult to yourself. I will not even allow myself to say the words I have been longing for weeks, to whisper in your ear, words which, if you refuse to hear, will never be uttered to woman on earth. Cicely, I am setting you no easy task. I ask you to believe me an honorable man, until I am at liberty to explain myself. Can you trust me like this?"

She looked up. There was no deceit in the frank eyes that searched her own, but the pleading in them was more than she could bear. All her anger, all her indignation melted away, and, with a look pure as a little child's, she answered him:

"Fully and entirely, as I would wish you to

trust me; and not for a month or a year, but always, while life lasts."

Down, down, at her very feet, sank Thayne.

"My darling! my darling!" His voice was broken by a sob. "I did not think there was such faith in woman. Cicely, look up, and smile at me. From this instant there are no more secrets between you and me. *Agatha is my brother's wife.*"

CHAPTER V.

"BRING another diamond pin, Benson, and fasten that bit of lace," said Madam Randolph to her maid, as she sat at her toilet, the night of her masked ball.

A knock at the door interrupted her. Benson brought a card and message to her mistress.

"Mr. Thayne begs for a few moments' conversation, ma'am," she said; "and Isaac thought you would, perhaps, see him."

"Certainly," Madam answered. "Take my white cashmere into the family parlor, and ask Mr. Thayne to await me there. I must first see my other guest."

Madam Randolph walked down the long hall, which connected her apartment with the older part of the house, and going into the last wing, knocked gently at the first door.

"If you are dressed, Theodora," she said, with a comical twinkle of her dark eyes, "I want to show you the Prince of the Fairy Tale."

Cicely would hardly have recognized the radiant, handsome face that Miss Cameron turned toward her hostess. What *was* Madam Randolph about now? Or how had she tempted the recluse from her quiet home at Westerly?

"I am ready to see any one," said Miss Cameron. "This is certainly enchanted ground, and you are the good fairy, who brings everything out right at the last. And pray, where is your Prince?"

"In the small parlor. But I don't propose to present him to you, my dear Theodora. I shall leave that for Cicely. But I want you to see him *incog.*"

"And how?"

"Very simply. Come down into the library, presently, and 'take a peep' from behind the curtains. They are left hanging down, this evening, as I receive my guests in the library. I can trust you to do it carefully;" and Madam sailed away.

Thayne heard the slow, sweeping step, as it came down the hall. He rose, and met the old lady on the threshold. As he bent gallantly forward, and kissed the kind hand extended to him, Madam thought that she had seldom seen such a picture of manly beauty.

"You have chosen your costume well, my Lord Darnley," she said. "If others dare to rival you, my ball will be such as Washington never saw."

Thayne made some light reply. But with the quick tact which was her distinguishing trait, Madam saw that he looked graver than usual.

"What disturbs you?" she asked. "I have half an hour, before people come, and it is quite at your disposal."

"Thank you," he said gratefully. "I *am* disturbed, and about a very serious matter. I have a long story to tell you, in as few words as may be. It concerns Raymond.——"

"Raymond!" Madam actually was guilty of an interruption. "I thought *he* was safe in Europe."

"I wish I could imagine him 'safe,' anywhere," Thayne said, mournfully. "You are, doubtless, aware of the mad career he ran in Paris and Vienna; but you cannot know that, on the 13th of last January, Raymond was privately married, in Rome, to Agatha Lichfield."

Madam started in her chair. "What madness!" she ejaculated.

"It was little short of insanity, on Agatha's part at least," Thayne went on. "But she loves him, poor girl, with a recklessness that pauses at nothing. I knew nothing of the marriage until months later. If I had, I should have taken care to know all the circumstances. Raymond had been concerned in a desperate gaming scandal, that winter, and had, as I supposed, left Rome. Now it appears that he joined Agatha the night of Prince Cenci's ball, as she was returning home, and they were married, in a church, Agatha declares, but what church, in the agitation and excitement of the time, she is unable to tell. The only witness to the ceremony was Count D'Agostini; and he, with a malicious purpose which deserves a horse-whipping at my hands, swears that he never witnessed any marriage at all. But there is a blacker side still to the story. Agostini has shown Agatha a note for ten thousand francs, that he declares to be a forged one which he received from Raymond, and that Raymond is the forger. Reckless, wild as he is, I *know* that charge against him is false. Oh, thank God our mother never lived to see this day'!"

The agony in his voice brought tears to Madam's eyes, as she eagerly bade him go on.

"Imagine my consternation, upon receiving a note, yesterday, from Raymond himself, saying that he would be here, in Washington, to-night. I met him, on his arrival, and found him determined to see Agatha, and avow his marriage, at any cost. He only arrived, in the Russia, two

days ago. I want to confront him with Agostini. I have promised to let him see Agatha; and I have come to ask your permission to bring him here, *en costume*, to-night."

"It was hardly necessary to 'ask my permission,'" she said, kindly. "Do what you please, and call upon me for anything. One question: whose name is Raymond accused of forging?"

"One I hardly know, except by reputation. Sir Malcolm Flemming, an Englishman, I believe."

"*Sir Malcolm!*"

Madam stared at him, as if he had taken leave of his wits.

"Why, you know——," she began. "But no matter; we can discuss this later. Only, to avoid setting people's tongues wagging, had you not better take the key of my boudoir? It is the best place for a *tete-a-tete*. And Reginald," the bright eyes twinkled, as she laid her hand on his arm, "this is a bitter business; but, please God, it will all blow over, and *you*, I think, have one treasure to be thankful for, unless my little wild-flower's blushes have belied her heart.'

"A treasure indeed!"

The emotion in Thayne's voice, and the hearty grasp of his hand, told Madam Randolph how surely Cicely had won "the Prince of the Fairy Tale."

The rooms were quite thronged, late, when a murmur ran up the stair-case, and people stood on tip-toe, as the crowd parted a little, before a small figure, dressed as a page, who called aloud:

"Room for the Queen! Room for the Queen!"

Up the room, at the words, her train carried by the "four Maries," walked a living, breathing picture of the beautiful and ill-fated Marie Stuart.

Even the anomaly of golden hair, which fell in great, perfumed curls below her waist, could not spoil the perfect rendering of costume, face, and bearing. But this magnificent hair betrayed its owner. No head but Agatha Lichfield's could boast such tresses. Beside her walked Darnley; and in the slender, elegant figure of one of the Maries, Madam Randolph recognised Cicely.

The superb old lady made three steps forward, and greeted Agatha, with as stately courtesy as if she were bestowing it upon royalty itself.

Half an hour later, when the revelry had reached its height, Madam discovered a figure in the crowd, whom she divined to be Raymond Thayne, from the fact that his costume was in every respect the counterpart of Lord Darnley's, with the addition of a scarlet knot on the left shoulder. Following this figure, glided two others. In the first, a tall man in the dress of a Cardinal, Madam, from his peculiar gait, recognised as Count D'Agostini. The other, a veritable Sancho Panza, paused long enough to say something in his hostess' ear.

"If you desire to hear the end of the little drama," was what was said, "to be played in your crimson boudoir, contrive to get me, with yourself, in a hiding-place inside it."

"If you are to play the part of a *Deus ex machina*, you had better find Theodora at once," returned Madam, in his ear. "There is an entrance from my room. I will meet you there in ten minutes."

For Agatha, the ball was one continued triumph; but it was a triumph which only made her heart ache more heavily. A deadly fear of Agostini haunted her. Indeed, so great was her dread of the evil, which he might inflict upon Raymond, that Thayne had not dared to tell her of his brother's arrival in Washington.

The time was drawing near, when the unmasking would begin; and Reginald Thayne contrived to get near his brother.

"Go for Agatha," he whispered, "and take her to the boudoir. I will follow you, with Agostini. But be careful how you break it to Agatha."

Cicely, standing behind Agatha, saw the tall figure of Darnley approach them, and recognizing the scarlet shoulder-knot, turned pale, under her mask.

With a sigh of relief Agatha put her hand in Darnley's, and motioned to Cicely to carry her train.

"My other maids of honor have deserted me," she said, with a light laugh; and so they swept from the apartment.

Many an eye followed them, as they passed out of the drawing-room. They turned into the shorter hall, which led to the boudoir, before either spoke. Then, joy at the thought that his beautiful wife was once more by his side, overcame Raymond, and, forgetful of his brother's warning, he bent down and whispered,

"Agatha, darling, don't you know me?"

She gave one gasping scream, and tottered forward. Raymond caught her in his arms.

"This way! Oh! be careful," cried Cicely, darting forward.

The key turned in the lock, and they were inside, but not quickly enough to prevent the entrance of a mask, dressed as a Cardinal.

Cicely had barely time to lock the door, when a tap was heard, and the voice she loved best bade her open it. Breathlessly she obeyed, and, as Thayne entered, sprang to Agatha, who lay half-senseless in her husband's arms.

"My dearest, look at me," cried Raymond,

dashing off his mask, and pressing passionate kisses on the fair face; "the worst is over now, and——"

"Not so fast, my Lord Cardinal," broke in Reginald, as Agostini endeavored to reach the door. "The key is in my pocket; nor do you leave the room until you have answered to us for the accusation you have brought against the honor of our family. Look at him, Raymond;" and before Agostini could prevent it, he had torn off his mask. "There stands the man who was the sole witness of your marriage, and who now declares that there was no marriage at all."

Raymond gave a convulsive bound, but before Agatha's agonised entreaty could be spoken, a quiet voice said,

"My friends, I never permit dramas in my own house, unless I take part in them. Allow me to say that the witness to your secret marriage is here, and to assure Count D'Agostini that we can dispense with his most valuable services!"

There stood Madam Randolph, leaning on the arm of Sancho Panza, and behind them Miss Cameron. Cicely gave a look of amazement, doubt, and joy, and threw her self into her Aunt's open arms. Sancho Panza quietly lifted his mask.

An oath burst from Agostini. But Raymond grasped the new-comer's hand.

"Sir Malcolm Fleming!" he cried, "How came you here? Were you witness to my marriage?"

Sir Malcolm told, in a few short words, how he had been accustomed to go to a certain scarcely-known church in Rome, at all hours of the day and night, (in expiation, he said, sadly, for his cruelty in darkening an innocent life,) and that on the night of the 13th of January, while kneeling in the church, at prayer, he had, to his great surprise, seen Agatha and Raymond Thayne enter, accompanied by Count D'Agostini, and so, from his darkened corner, had been witness to the nuptial ceremony. Agatha was then entirely unknown to him, and he had never seen her again until a few days before, at the Congressional Library.

"In conclusion," and Sir Malcolm's sonorous voice rang scornfully through the room, "I have one word to say to Count D'Agostini, whom I know, by reputation. He will permit me to return to him a piece of paper, which fell from his pocket-book that day, in the Library, the signature of which alone is genuine. It is my note for *one* thousand francs, (skillfully altered to *ten* thousand,) which sum was paid him more than fifteen years ago, in Paris. Permit me to compliment you, Count," he added, "upon your address in changing dates to suit your purpose; but let me also advise you not to present that note for payment!"

Agostini glared fiercely at the speaker, but Sir Malcolm went on, calmly,

"Open the door, Thayne. I hardly think the Count will mention this little scene. Raymond," as the young man rushed forward, "I forbid you to touch him. Let him go."

"Count D'Agostini," said Madam Randolph, at this juncture, and executed her most marvelous courtesy, "I have the honor to wish you good morning—*sans adieu!*"

The door closed behind the baffled would-be evil genius of the party, and Raymond and Reginald Thayne grasped Sir Malcolm's hands simultaneously.

"You have conferred a life-long obligation upon us," said Reginald. "I do not know how to thank you."

"Wait, Reginald. It is my turn," said Madam Randolph, her keen, bright eyes twinkling like the diamonds she wore. "Thank him by telling him of your love for this sweet child." She drew Cicely toward her, as she spoke, adding, emphatically, "and then go ask him for his daughter's hand."

Bewildered, Cicely looked up. Miss Cameron's face was radiant. Beyond her stood Sir Malcolm, with his deep, dark eyes turned tenderly upon the little, trembling figure. Another moment, and Cicely's soft lips were pressed against the bronzed face, and her low voice cried, "My father! My very own! Oh, Aunt Theodora, can it be true?"

The intense feeling of the moment was too deep for other eyes than theirs. Madam Randolph's charming tact came to the rescue. She carried Raymond and Agatha away, to her own room, and then told them the story, which Cicely had never known, and Agatha not surmised.

Twenty years before, Sir Malcolm Flemming, who had then two lives between him and the baronetcy, had come to America as the *attaché* of the English Legation. Washington was somewhat dull, that winter, and the young *attaché* spent a great deal of time in New York, where Theodora Cameron was the belle of the season. The Englishman fell desperately in love with her, proposed, and was accepted. But Miss Cameron was thrown suddenly into mourning by the death of both parents, and the engagement was kept a secret, Sir Malcolm going back to Washington. Theodora herself gave him letters of introduction to her most intimate friend, Cicely Lichfield, and Sir Malcolm returned to Washington, to find

a spring of unexpected gayety, owing to the continued session of Congress.

Cicely Lichfield, lovely, clinging Cicely, took the Englishman's fickle heart by storm, and, in one short month, Theodora received a joyous, happy letter from her unsuspecting friend, telling her of Cicely's speedy marriage to Sir Malcolm. With a self-abnegation remarkable in one so young, Theodora wrote, by the same mail, a letter of loving congratulation to Cicely, and one of cool contempt to the man who had wrecked her life. The marriage took place. But the bonnie ful Miss Cameron was seen no more in society. She went to Westerly, and there remained, in almost utter exclusion for two years, when she was summoned to Washington, to Cicely's death-bed.

Sir Malcom had taken his wife abroad, after their marriage, and proceeded to break her heart by the quickest means. He plunged into wild dissipations, and at last the crowning touch was put to Cicely's misery, by his informing her, in a fit of passion, that he had never loved any one but Theodora Cameron, and had only married her (Cicely) for her money. The poor little wife gave one frantic shriek, which never died out of the husband's memory, and fell on the floor, at his feet, like one dead. That partially sobered him, but not sufficiently to prevent his going off, next day, to the Derby races; and when he returned, he found both wife and child had fled. With her little baby, the half-crazed girl crossed the Atlantic, and reached her home, only to die from a literally broken heart.

Repentance came at last to Sir Malcom. He inherited his title, only to wander, remorsefully, through Europe, not daring to come in search of his daughter, knowing that she was in Miss Cameron's charge. But he had kept up a correspondence with Madam Randolph; and when Cicely went to visit the Lichfields, the old lady wrote to her father to come to Washington. Once there, his love went out to the sweet, innocent creature, so like the girl whose trusting heart he had broken; and Madam Randolph's kind words had given him hope of Theodora's forgiveness. So he had gone to Westerly; and Theodora's life-waiting had not been in vain, when the repentant man unfolded to her his remorse, and his hope of pardon from her and his child.

Madam Randolph finished her story, by reading a wholesome lecture to Raymond and Agatha. But she was partially disarmed by their strong affection for each other, the redeeming feature in both reckless, undisciplined natures.

"If you will take my advice," said she, "you will proceed to be married over again, as fast as possible, and not set dear Mrs. Grundy's tongue in motion, by the story of that insane act in Rome. You have come out of it far better than you both deserve.——"

Here her words were cut short, by Agatha throwing both arms around the old lady's neck, and sobbing out her thanks and repentance.

So Madam promised to intercede with Mr. and Mrs. Lichfield, and conducted the culprits back to her drawing-room, where every one unmasked, and where dancing was continued until daylight.

The gray dawn was stealing slowly over the sky, as Cicely drove home, her hand in Thayne's, her heart almost too full for words.

"What does that little sigh cover, sweet-heart?" her lover said, at last.

"Oh, Reginald, it is only my happiness. How have I ever deserved it all? When I think of Agatha saved, of my dear father, of Aunt Theodora restored again to the one love of her life, and lastly, of *you*, my darling, I can only say that I am not worthy—that God is very good."

LOOKING THROUGH.

BY ALEXIS BOND.

No tear she shed, no word she said,
  She made no plaint or moan;
But only leaned her aching head
  Upon the church-yard stone.

For aye the bitterness is past,
  Or e'er the mourner weeps.
Oh, hush! before a grief so vast
  How can ye speak? He sleeps.

Ay, well he sleeps! no throb of pain
  That silent heart shall stir;
But who will walk from church again
  Along the lanes with her?

And who will come at evening-time
  To make her garden trim?
How shall she look on others' prime
  As she has looked on him?

She leans against the church-yard rails—
  A sacred guard and true
That stern lock keeps! her thin cheek pales,
  But she is looking through.

'Tis Summer after lonely years—
  Her Father loves her best!
And she has found a time of tears,
  A quiet hour of rest.

She thinks of morning hours that wait,
  Of welcomes yet to be;
For Death may lock the outer gate,
  Her Father keeps the key.

Ah! tears have now no bitter spring,
  The heaven is clear and blue;
The doves rise there on sunny wing,
  And she is looking through!

MY CANADA CAMPAIGN.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

My earliest recollections of "Cousin Hartlewright" are connected with her lying on a lounge, and knitting, or crocheting some soft, fleecy article that seemed to be a chronic task, like Penelope's, always doing, and never done. Her *physique* consisted, principally, of a pair of bright, intelligent eyes, some crisp little curls, and a wrap; and, for her age—well, she had always seemed to me "as old as the hills."

Nevertheless, I liked to spend the day with her, for she was always pleasant and cheerful, and apparently deeply interested in my endless accounts of my own sayings and doings, my new dresses and admirers, and the last piece of insolence of which I had been guilty toward these long-suffering creatures, men. Cousin Statia was soft-hearted, and beaux had not been as plentiful as blackberries in her reign; a gentle groan, or expostulation, would form a sort of running commentary on my narrative; but I was callousness itself, and laughed scornfully at the idea of sparing the silly moths who *would* burn their wings in my candle.

Cousin Hartlewright's health was a subject of interest to her relatives. She was a woman of property, and a person of consideration in her own rule; and many were the consultations and propositions of which she was the object. The slight deformity, which the chronic wrap almost concealed, was caused by curvature of the spine; and want of exercise, and perhaps of proper treatment, had induced dyspepsia, and such a complication of ills, that a remedy prescribed for one trouble was sure to be indignantly resented by the fifty others.

Poor old Dr. Fogy, who was said to have been in his prime when his patient was in her childhood, ("and Statia is no chicken, you know," they would add, in a confidential whisper,) was declared to be doing her more harm than good, though the irreverent added that "Statia looked up to him as her high priest."

It seems to me that if people only set in persistently, and talk and worry long enough, they can bring anything to pass that depends upon the will of another; and Cousin Hartlewright was finally persuaded to break loose from her comfortable moorings near the civilized city of Gotham, and expatriate herself, for a time, into Canada, at a place not very far from Suspension Bridge. There were medicinal waters, there was a wonderful physician, and there was healing for Cousin Hartlewright, if such a thing could be found on this side of eternity.

This was mamma's doings, I believe. Mamma had sojourned at Galloway years ago, and I had accompanied her as a child. Perhaps it was on the strength of my superior knowledge of ways and doings over the border that Cousin Statia made it an express condition of the treaty entered into with the contending powers, that I should go with her. Every one was startled at the boldness of the proposition; for did not all the family dash, and sparkle, and revolve around me, a worthless chit, before whose one-score of ignorance and vanity, honorable age, and dignity, and learning bowed and trembled? They expected a flat refusal from me; but, as a general rule, whatever they expected me to do, that thing I sedulously avoided. So I went.

Of course, Cousin Hartlewright had her maid, a pleasant little body, quite lost in admiration of my proceedings; and, of course, I was to go ostensibly under her care, and not she under mine. Poor lady! I pitied her, though she seemed to regard me in the light of a prize, and was quite youthfully exuberant over the preparations for our departure.

I studied myself in the glass, as I had occasionally done before, and said, gleefully, "Sadie Milcreath, you are the very ugliest *beauty* I ever beheld; dark, and not always lighted by color; with a decidedly celestial nose, and wicked-looking, but not very large eyes; fluffy brown hair, that flies and straggles, and will not be arranged fashionably, cropping out in all sorts of unexpected little curls; mouth fair, but furnished with teeth that must have been intended for an ogre, they are so fearfully white, and strong-looking. A squarish face, with a hole in each cheek, and one in my chin. Why, if I were a man, I wouldn't admire myself at all."

I am a downright squaw, and have a passion for fair people; but I have seen the sweetest-looking girls, with almost Grecian profiles, comparatively neglected, while these idiotic men stood three-deep to get a glimpse of my pug-nose and tawny cheek.

"I don't know how she does it," murmured poor Miss Wilt, the pretty blonde, "for I think

she's positively ugly, but all the men in the room are daft after her."

"These line-and-color beauties look like wax-dolls beside you," said an old friend and admirer to me, in answer to what he called my unjust criticisms on myself. "There is a wild, tropical grace——"

"Or gracelessness," I added. "But I am tired of dingy little Sadie Milcreath; we will talk of something else."

We went to Galloway, Cousin Statia and I, and Becky, the maid: passed the custom-house officer safely, who took off his hat to me, and waved us on with an air of mingled royalty and fatherliness; and climbing into the omnibus, were driven to the large rambling old house that I remembered so well.

"What a hideous village!" said Cousin Statia, as we drove through it. "It isn't English-looking at all. And do any really nice people live in these dingy houses?"

"It isn't a village," I replied, in all the dignity of a superior knowledge. "It is a town, and the inhabitants pride themselves on being more English-looking than England itself; and people who think themselves extra nice, live in some of these houses. But there are finer ones on the outskirts of the place."

"I should hope so!" exclaimed the invalid. "I am sure I shall not like Galloway."

This proved anything but prophetic.

"Why, how you've grown!" exclaimed Mrs. Battersby, the mistress of the hotel, who remembered, or pretended to remember me, kissing me effusively.

As I had had ten years to do it in, I thought it very probable that I had grown.

Our rooms were very pleasant, and nicely furnished, in a style somewhat different from what is usually found in the States; the bedsteads prettily canopied at the head with pink or blue, and the dressing-table and bureau combined, of graceful shape, and inlaid with a lighter wood. The furniture, Mrs. B. proudly informed us, had been brought over from England.

The house was really delightful, so quaint, and out of the common way; a sort of genteel hospital for invalids, who flocked there from all directions, and paid lavishly for the health they hoped to regain, and the comforts they enjoyed. A trifle dull, perhaps, for a damsel of a lively turn of mind, as the inmates were given to retiring at primitive hours; and I have actually prowled around the premises at half-past eight o'clock, in search of society, only to discover that the respectable portion of it were virtually ensconced in bed. Some dissipated cats were all the company I could find at that hour.

There was a sort of old-time atmosphere about the mansion. A sick English captain, who kept his room, and had a Scotch terrier, like an animated door-mat, on guard at his threshold, and an orderly in the narrow passage near, who sat there reading, as grave and rigid as a man of wood, but who always saw me when I approached, and rose and pulled his forelock. The captain was said to be very handsome, very rich, and very haughty. What more was needed for a regular hero of romance?

But all this time I have sadly neglected poor Cousin Statia. She had been very much pleased with her reception by Mrs. Battersby; pleased with her room, and the accommodations near by for Becky, and began to think that "The Laurels," as Mrs. B. named the place, was a sort of Arcadia.

But in the night the poor lady was taken quite ill, and the next morning I volunteered a visit to Dr. Cloete, the famous Esculapius.

I was amused at the instructions I received from Cousin Statia before starting on my mission. I was to be sure not to tell Dr. C. that she had been a patient of Dr. Fogy's, as that might injure Dr. F. in the Provincial doctor's estimation, or it might offend Dr. C. to think that she had only come to him as a last resort; and I was on no account to mention spine disease, for he might think that hopeless, and refuse to come. In short, I had better say nothing, but that a lady wished to see him, who had come all the way from New York for that purpose.

Exactly what I meant to do from the beginning; and finally, I escaped from the invalid into the street, although she called after me as I went.

I hated doctors, and quite dreaded thrusting myself into the lion's den, inhabited by this Galloway autocrat—a gruff, grizzly-looking, English bear, I supposed, somewhere on the wrong side of fifty, and possibly with an Abernethy-like suavity of manner. But I would be ready for the contest, if there was to be one; and drawing myself up in battle array, I rang the bell at the very pretty, modest-looking cottage that bore the professional sign. The portrait of a ferocious bull-dog, with the warning under it, "*Cave Canem*," that adorned the diminutive veranda, was not reassuring, and my blood began to congeal in anticipation of a ferocious growl, and the rending and tearing of flesh that might ensue.

But a steady, middle-aged woman opened the door before any such catastrophe happened, and, somewhat unwillingly, it struck me, admitted me

into the parlor. A big easy-chair, a pair of embroidered slippers, and a meerschaum pipe. No Mrs. C., I soliloquized, or these articles would not be here. So, "old bachelor" was added to his other disagreeables; and when I heard his footsteps approaching, I felt like running away.

When I saw him, I felt still more like it, and I sat there with my face in a blaze, like the veriest school-girl.

"I do not think you can be very ill," said a pleasant voice beside me; and I looked up to discover that my ogre was remarkably handsome, and not over thirty-five.

"I am not sick at all," I replied, feeling that I was in a very unpleasant scrape; "but the lady who is with me has been quite ill, and would like to see you. Good morning."

"May I ask," said Dr. Cloate, with deferential suavity "what is the lady's name, and where she lives?"

I could have cried with vexation, for he looked as though he was trying his best not to laugh; but I gave him Miss Hartlewright's address with what composure I could, and turned again to depart.

"Allow me," said the M. D., looking up from his tablets, when he had written the direction.

One of my curls had become entangled in a dreadfully stiff, anti-macassar affair, that disfigured the chair against which I had been leaning; and as I tried to wrench it away by main force, the gentleman stepped quickly forward to my assistance.

I managed to gasp out, "Thank you," and with the pleasant consciousness that I had made a fool of myself, I retraced my steps to "The Laurels."

I was lounging comfortably in the big cushioned chair in Cousin Statia's room, with one foot under me, school-girl fashion, when "Dr. Cloate" was suddenly announced.

I had forgotten his existence; and putting into immediate execution the impulse of springing to my feet in hasty flight, I sprang, and found myself caught gracefully by my hoops over one of the projecting arms! Tugging was of no use. Crimson and tearful, I had the mortification of being disentangled by Dr. Cloate for the second time that day, and then fled like the hunted deer. I almost thought that I hated the man.

But Cousin Statia's impressions were most favorable. Dr. Cloate, she said, was a perfect gentleman, and so very bright and entertaining. Such a strong contrast to poor old Dr. Fogy.

I could not help wondering a little what had made him "bright and entertaining" on the present occasion.

Our first Sunday at Galloway seemed to me like something out of a story, or poem. It was June, and the golden laburnum blossoms hung in rich, grape-like clusters; the scent of hawthorn was borne upon the wind; the trees had gossamer robes of pale green; and such a buzzing and humming, and richness, and fullness of life, was abroad upon the air, that the bare fact of existence was subject for a *Te Deum*.

I went to the English Church, old as the days of Queen Anne, of blessed memory, who, we know, had a promiscuous way of scattering communion plate, and other churchly gifts, broadcast over the land across the water, that owned her sway; and here was this venerable old St. Peter's, in obscure Galloway, boasting itself of the handsome bequests of the royal lady as though it had been the only church favored in this way.

The square, high-backed pews, with their faded cushions and kneeling-stools, looked very familiar; as did the reading-desk, with the pulpit over it, surmounted by a sounding-board; and at the other end of the aisle, the chancel, with the organ and singer's gallery over it.

They were a remarkably well-dressed set in Galloway, and had a general air of being equal to the occasion, whatever it was. There were an unusual number of young men in the congregation, who all wore a particularly fresh, closely-cropped look, and a funny shortness about their coat-skirts, that gave them the appearance of overgrown boys. And how they stared, these boys! They probably remembered me, though I could not identify any of them; and my face was in a continual flame. The sweet peas, of which my hat was principally composed, must have looked pale in comparison.

When we came out, a hearty voice said,

"I'm sure I recognize the little Yankee girl whom I used to tease a few years ago."

In Galloway, every one from "the States" is "Yankee," whether from the middle, western or southern portion.

Mr. Hatrick's smiling face was close to mine, and he seized me warmly; while on his other side, a large, but admirably-gloved hand, attached to a youthful six-footer, was offered for my acceptance.

"Are you 'Dode?'" I asked, in confusion, blushing fearfully when I had got it out.

"That veritable personage, at your service," was the grave reply.

"Otherwise, Theodore," said his father, laughing heartily. "I think you were engaged to him, Miss Sadie, when you were here before."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, without reflecting. "I have been——"

I stopped short in confusion.

"'Engaged to a score or two since,' I suppose you were going to say," replied Hatrick, *père*, in great amusement. "Don't deny it, Miss Sadie. I see it in your eyes. If it were matrimony, now, that you had committed all these times, you might be punished; but, as it is, I see no redress for the unfortunates."

"How is Mrs. Hatrick?" I asked, to change the subject.

"Mrs. Hatrick and the baby are, I am happy to say, in a flourishing condition."

"The baby!" I repeated, in amazement. There must have been a gap of at least twenty years between the last boy and this olive branch.

"Just so," said Mr. Hatrick, solemnly. "Whatever Mrs. H. takes it into her head to do, she generally accomplishes; and she never felt that her maternal duties were completed, with a family of five boys and no girl. So, four weeks ago, the girl appeared—somewhat like the codicil to a will. She is a very favorable specimen of her class, not squalling beyond the regulation amount; and we have named her 'May,' because she was born in April. But here we are, Miss Sadie, all too soon, at the gate of your present domicil; and I hope that you will present our respects to Miss Hartlewright, and say that we shall soon do ourselves the honor of paying them in person."

At this moment a gig drove rapidly by; a head was uncovered and covered again. I felt a pair of eyes taking cognizance of me and my companions; and "Dode" Hatrick, switching off a laburnum with his cane, said, rather morosely,

"Do you know that fellow?"

"I suppose you refer to Dr. Cloate?" I replied, with dignity. "I besieged his castle, yesterday, to summon him to my cousin; but I didn't know that he would remember me."

"Did any man ever see you, and not remember you?" whispered "Dode," as he unwillingly departed.

"Don't forget," called out Mr. Hatrick, "that we shall expect to keep you three-quarters of the time at 'Bannockburn.'"

Every house in that region has some particular name, unless it stands in a row; and Galloway actually boasts one dilapidated place called "The Thistles."

Becky was getting up a decided flirtation with the man of wood who haunted the passage-way; her curls were more voluminous, her ribbons bluer, and her mind in a state of chaotic confusion. Cousin Statia read her quite a homily, with a double text, on the fickleness of soldiers, and the wickedness of eye-service, from which the girl emerged, with scarlet cheeks and tearful eyes, to spend half an hour in converse with her friend of the forelock.

The orderly did not look as though he ever said anything, and Becky must have had the conversation very much to herself; but, all the same, they appeared to understand each other; and this understanding roused the virtuous ire not only of Cousin Statia, but likewise of the English captain. I had heard that worthy's voice summoning his man, when Becky had lured him from his duty, and the tones did not sound in the least like those of an invalid.

I liked Becky, and did not wish her to come to grief from her sojourn in a foreign land; and, animated by this feeling, and by a dreadful propensity for getting into scrapes, I one day attacked the orderly, as he sat reading at the table in the passage-way, and tried to represent to him the harm that would ensue if he continued to amuse himself *pour passer le temp*. We were both standing; he listening, with a respectful, sheepish expression; and catching sight of his Crimean medal, I warmed with the subject; and, laying my hand on his arm, I told him that the hero of so many battles must not be conquered in his turn.

Just at this point, a handsome face, with a very sneering smile upon it, appeared at my elbow, and in a tone of unmistakable anger, came the words,

"Young woman, perhaps, when you have finished with my servant, you will allow him to bestow a little attention upon his master."

He was really elegant-looking, though clad in that masculine abomination, a dressing-groom; and he must have been shod with velvet, for no one had heard his approach.

I glanced at him very composedly, thinking of my blowsy hair and tumbled attire, for I was fresh from a walk in the wind, and merely saying, "I think you are laboring under a mistake," I left him and the orderly to fight it out.

I told Cousin Statia my adventure, amid peals of laughter, and added the information, lately received from Mr. Battersby, that the captain was the son of a lord.

Cousin Statia looked very grave, and I exclaimed, with a fresh outburst, "Isn't it dreadful? Of course, he can never have the face to propose to me after that."

Upon the last word followed Dr. Choate, and his eyes looked wicked. I wondered how much he had heard.

He was certainly doing Cousin Statia a vast amount of good. I never saw any one so im-

proved in a short space of time. She had bloomed out into something almost like youth, and noticing the doctor's tender reverence of manner, and almost lover-like solicitude, I added a fresh leaf to his enormities, and called him "fortune-hunter."

The Hatricks were as good as their word, and demanded my presence at "Bannockburn" morning, noon, and night. Mrs. Hatrick was a wonderful woman; she fulfilled her duties to her family, to society, and to that remarkable baby, which she crooned over as though it had been the first possession of the kind she had ever owned.

"I am going to give you a party," said she, one day, "but you must wait a bit yet. Of course, you know that we all expect you to marry 'Dode;' but I believe in giving girls their fling; and you may flirt as much as you like, while you have the chance."

This was a standing joke, about my marrying "Dode;" but one of the persons most interested in such a proceeding, never alluded to it at all. Cousin Statia, who had taken a great fancy to the Hatricks, evidently thought it would be a good thing for me to marry "Dode;" but it seemed to me that she would consider it a good thing for me to marry any one. I verily believe that she looked for a written proposal from the noble captain on the very heels of his uncomplimentary mistake. But, so far, none had come.

I do not exactly know how it came about; but I had not been well for two or three days, and Dr. Cloate strongly advised a moderate dose of fresh air; such a dose, in fact, as could be taken in a buggy. Cousin Statia also favored the prescription; and rather wondering why I did it, I allowed myself to be handed into the vehicle, and we drove off.

"We are going to Brock's Monument," said my charioteer.

"Are we?" I asked, in some surprise. "Isn't that a long distance?"

"About ten miles," was the reply. "The drive along the river to Queenston is a very fine one."

"Ah! here we are," he exclaimed, at last. "It is worth looking at, is it not?"

It was imposing, certainly, as a hundred and fifty feet or so of perpendicular granite is always apt to be: but with a clean, bare look about it that gave it a very desolate appearance. I did not envy the life of the keeper, a pleasant, communicative old man, who appeared to be on very sociable terms with the doctor, and drew him aside to whisper something to him.

"Our friend," said the doctor, as we drove off, "has manifested more curiosity, to-day, than I would have given him credit for. We are great cronies, you must know, and he asked me, just now, if the young lady from the States was to be my wife."

I did not dare to look at Dr. Cloate, and the silence was becoming absurd, when I very foolishly said, "I suppose you soon convinced him of the utter absurdity of such an idea?"

"No," he replied, with provoking composure, "I merely told him the simple truth, that I didn't know."

"Dr. Cloate!" I exclaimed, indignantly.

"I meant it in all respect," he continued; "but do not be frightened, Miss Sadie. I am not going to make a proposal this afternoon, for I feel quite sure that, if I did, my presumption would meet its just punishment. But to assert positively that any two people, who are not already provided with helpmates, or some insuperable barrier, will never marry, is a very rash and unwarrantable proceeding. For instance, by some unforeseen combination of circumstances, I might rescue you from a burning house, which would certainly make you feel in duty bound to marry me. Or, in the same unexpected way, you might chance to nurse me through a dangerous illness, which would probably soften your heart toward me to such a degree, that you might even fancy you loved me. How can either of us tell that none of these things will happen, while we are both together on this terrestrial ball?"

"Dr. Cloate," said I, emphatically, with a strong inclination to clamber out of the buggy, "you are the strangest person I ever saw."

"Perhaps I am," he replied, with a smile; and then he began to talk as unconcernedly as though this little excitement had never occurred, while I sat wondering whether that dreadful old man would not proclaim far and near that the doctor was engaged to "the young lady from the States."

Mrs. Hatrick's party transpired soon after, and left me in an unenviable frame of both mind and body.

I believe I made quite a presentable appearance, thanks to diaphanous muslin, with unlimited knots of rose-colored ribbon, arranged by Becky's tasteful fingers, and ornaments of pink coral. I was profusely complimented by the household, and Mr. Battersby fairly outdid himself; comparing my cheeks to pomegranates, my eyes to stars, and so on through the whole inventory of my charms.

I was standing, for a few moments, on exhibi-

tion in the upper hall, just opposite the apartment occupied by "the son of a lord," and in the bustle and confusion of so many voices, I did not notice that the gentleman's door was wide open. I suddenly glanced that way, to encounter the gaze of the English captain, who bowed low on meeting my eyes. In a flutter of angry embarrassment, I fairly turned my back upon him.

One of the guests was an exquisite piece of still perfection. This was Maude Harrington. She was large, round, and polished as alabaster, white as a snow-drift, and lazy as a West Indian. She greeted me by lifting one eye-lash in token of recognition, for I had met her before, but no change whatever passed over her features. She was half reclining in a sleepy-hollow chair, while one gentleman fanned her, and another held her bouquet. Miss Harrington was a great belle, and her masterly inactivity appeared to be even a stronger charm than her beauty.

"Dode" was out in great force that night. He persisted in attaching himself to me like a mammoth leech, and had to be violently disengaged by his watchful parent several times in the course of the evening. Once or twice I had to snub him. At last Dr. Cloate made his appearance.

"This moonlight is uncommonly charming," observed the doctor, in a tone of great enjoyment, "and a thousand times better than dancing. Take my arm, Miss Sadie; the path is a little rough just here."

Almost unconsciously, I took it, and my companion presently asked, demurely,

"Do you treat all your admirers in the concise manner in which you just disposed of poor Theodore?"

"How shameful in you to hear it!" I exclaimed, in hot wrath. "I can walk quite well by myself, thank you."

This referred to my unceremonious dropping of his arm; but the path was rough, and taking a hasty step forward, I stumbled over the gnarled root of a tree, felt a sharp, fiery pain in my ankle, and then sank down, down into unknown depths of darkness, as one does in a dream.

I had fainted, and Dr. Cloate was carrying me to the house in his arms.

"You are a perfect little spitfire," said my medical attendant, with charming frankness, after a week of bondage, both on my part and his. "You brought all this suffering upon yourself by your own wilfulness; and I am afraid that, in promising to be my wife, you have brought a great deal upon me."

"I never promised anything of the kind!" I exclaimed, with the complexion of a boiled lobster. "You never asked me. And if you had——"

"You would have said 'Yes,' as you do now."

But I thought of Cousin Statia, and grew indignant.

"What of Miss Hartlewright's peace of mind?" I asked, severely.

"Miss Hartlewright's peace of mind?" he repeated, in evident bewilderment. "She does not object to me, I hope, does she?"

Looks were of no avail, and I was obliged to tell him, in plain terms, that I thought he had paid very particular attention to Cousin Statia.

"I have," he replied, in great amusement—"for your sake. Miss Hartlewright stands to you now in the place of a mother, (poor Cousin Statia!) and is therefore entitled to the utmost consideration from me. For, Sadie, when I disentangled a certain brown curl from the tidy on my arm-chair, I vowed to myself that the owner of the curl should one day be my wife."

"And you have seemed so cool and indifferent all the time!" I exclaimed, in sheer amazement.

"Had I acted like the others, I should, doubtless, have been treated like them," was the astute reply; "and I have no ambition to be called an idiot, and ordered to go away."

Poor Theodore! I supposed that the doctor would never forget having heard him make a goose of himself."

Cousin Statia was rather bewildered by the frequent and lengthy visits that Dr. Cloate found it necessary to pay me, and the inordinate amount of poetry and hot-house flowers that went to the healing of a sprained ankle; and an hour or so after the episode recorded above, she felt it to be her duty to remonstrate with me upon the subject.

"I really think, Sadie," she began, "that you give the doctor a great deal of unnecessary trouble."

"He does not think it a trouble," I reply, in in a voice somewhat faint with suppressed laughter.

"He says that, of course, out of politeness. And besides that, he may have a particular reason——"

My relative finishes her sentence with a somewhat mysterious look, and I exclaim, very innocently,

"Oh, Cousin Statia! then you have guessed my secret already? He has only just told me; but it seems that he cared for me all along. And you like him, too, don't you?"

Cousin Statia looked overwhelmed.

"This is very sudden," she remarked, rather wildly. "Are you quite sure that you did not misunderstand him?"

I laughed out gleefully, and buried my face in the sofa-pillow.

"Strange things seem to be happening," continued Miss Hartlewright. "I have just received a letter from Captain Edgecombe.

"For me?" I asked, starting up with sudden interest.

"Not unless you bear my name," was the reply. "But I would like to have you read it."

I seized the elegant-looking document, with its handsome monogram and coronet, directed to "Miss Hartlewright," sure enough, and to my utter amazement, read the following:

"If Miss Hartlewright can be prevailed upon to forgive a rough soldier's stupid mistake, and favor the writer with a personal interview, she will confer an inestimable kindness, that will be repaid with the devotion of a lifetime. Captain Edgecombe can satisfy Miss Hartlewright as to his respectability and honorable intentions, and humbly requests the favor of a speedy answer."

It all flashed upon me in a moment. The captain supposed that my name was Hartlewright, and this letter was intended for me. But I could afford to be generous; and I would not undeceive Cousin Statia, if I could help it.

"It sounds very much like an offer," said that lady, reflectively; "and I scarcely know what to say."

What if she should say "Yes," and the thought nearly convulsed me.

"The captain speaks of a mistake," I said, turning to the letter again. "What does he mean?"

Cousin Statia admitted, a little unwillingly, that the noble gentleman had taken her for his laundress, as she paced the veranda, wrapped in a blanket-shawl and hood; and had even gone the length of addressing her as "My good woman." He was a regular Irishman for mistakes, and I laughed over this recital until I was tired.

Miss Hartlewright looked dignified.

"I think he must have seen my "Dewdrops," said she, "and made inquiries about the author."

Cousin Statia frequently gushed into very mild poetry; and some misguided publisher had once issued a small volume of her productions with the above euphonious title; but I did not believe that the gallant captain had ever heard of the "Dewdrops."

"Well, Sadie," with a sigh, "what had I better say to the gentleman? He will, of course, expect an answer."

"If I were writing it," I replied, (and I felt that I ought to be,) "I should say, 'Miss Hartlewright finds herself obliged to decline the honor of the interview proposed by Captain Edgecombe.' He will then naturally conclude that you wish to have nothing to do with him."

But Cousin Statia looked somewhat undecided on this point; and fearing that her mind might give way under the dazzling influence of that monogram and coronet, I remorselessly put pen to paper, and indited the epistle for her. I had some trouble to keep her from supplementing the note with a volume of "Dewdrops," but I finally conquered.

"It was awfully mean of you not to take my boy," said Miss Hatrick, as she tearfully kissed me good-bye; "but the doctor really is a prize. And to think of his turning out to be a Yankee, and actually going to live in New York, after all!"

Cousin Statia often hints mysteriously to her bewildered friends and relatives, of a possible coronet that might have adorned her brow, had she chosen to expatriate herself. And although I could a tale unfold on that subject, I prefer to leave the good lady in peaceful possession of this harmless illusion.

THE CHILDLESS WIDOW.

BY CAROLINE NORTH.

How lonely seemed her life, now she had lost
The love that gave to life its grace and worth!
How cold the clouded skies, how low and dull
What erst she deemed most beautiful on earth!

And friends were kind, but careless passed her by;
Wrapt in themselves, and happy as things go,
They talked not, helped her not, nor thought to sooth
The leaden sorrow that they did not know.

None staid with her to pass the weary days,
Nor sought she any, lived in dull content;
Yet thankful if a passing sunbeam strayed,
For any joy that God in pity sent.

Then came the Lord to that deserted door,
That all men passed with hurrying, heedless feet;
And she rose up, and opening, found at last
All she had lost within His presence sweet

"MY DEAR FRIEND BARBARA SHARPLESS."

BY FANNIE HODGSON BURNETT.

It was at Mrs. Lowther's boarding-school, in Edinburgh, that I first met her. I was a parlor boarder there, for I was rich, and all my relations were rich. But I did not take kindly to books. I suppose I am rather dull—that is what my enemies, at least, said of me. I was sitting in the school-room, after tea, crying miserably behind my German dictionary, and wishing I was a beggar, when the door was opened, and somebody came in, and there was such a stir among the girls who clustered round the fire-place, that I looked over the top of my book in spite of myself.

Well, in the first place, she was the loveliest human being I had ever seen. Indeed, either her black-lashed, agate-gray eyes, or her big plaits of reddish brown hair, or her small, supple figure, would have been enough singly for any one to possess, and be grateful for; but when you saw them all together, with the addition of the prettiest features, and the smoothest cream-white skin, and the tiniest childish hands and feet, it was almost too much to bear. I could only sit still and stare at her.

She went up to the group at the fire, her long, dark-red dress sweeping the floor, with a soft sound. She was dressed in dark red, and had a little dark-red bow in her hair; and when the girls made way for her, she stopped short, and stood smiling at them, an innocent, deprecating smile.

"I would not wait for Fraulien Schaumer," she said. "I wanted to come and make friends myself. I hope we shall be friends, all of us. I am the new English teacher Mrs. Lowther was expecting. I am Barbara Sharpless."

She looked so young, and her manner was so perfect, that they were all taken by storm at once, and were ready to adore her, even before she had finished speaking. She spoke as if she was one of themselves, and rather appealed to them for a kind of protection. They crowded round her, and began to talk, and ask questions, and tell her about the rules and the teachers, until the room was in a tempest of chatter, and she was the centre of it all.

Several times, during the hubbub, I fancied I saw her glance at me, as I sat in my corner, behind my pile of books; but I was so shy that I could not help avoiding her eye and pretending I did not notice; but at last I found she was asking the girls some question about me, for the talking took a subdued tone, and one after another looked at me askant, and I heard the words, "Burmen—awfully rich—enough for a dozen heiresses—parlor boarder." And I grew hot all over, and so uncomfortable, that I could have sunk through the floor.

To escape it, I took up my German exercise again, and was wading hopelessly through page after page of head-achy translation, when the soft rustle of a dress close to me made me start, and a hand was laid on my arm

"Let me try to help you," said somebody, and when I raised my eyes, they met Barbara Sharpless's.

"Do let me help you," she said, and sat down beside me. "You looked so wretched," she added, "that I could not help coming."

There was a charm in her manner that went at once to my heart.

"Couldn't you?" I answered. "It was very good of you."

Rich as I was, I had no real friend. I longed for sympathy, for love; and my eyes showed it, as I answered her.

She gave me the most beautiful caressing look imaginable, and drew closer to me.

"You poor child!" she said, softly. I blushed. "Will you let me be your friend? I had heard of you, before I came here."

"Had you indeed?" I stammered.

"I heard a great deal, that touched my heart." With the least breath of a little musical sigh. "I know what loneliness means, Constantia," hesitating, as she used my name, and giving her head a slight pathetic shake. "And I think I am not easily deceived."

This might have sounded like mere sentimental clap-trap to an older or cleverer person than I was, but it did not sound like it to me. I believed in every word of it, and worshiped her on the spot. I felt as if I was in a delightful dream.

"I will help you with the translation," she said, "and then I will talk to you, if you will let me."

And she did help me, in such a way that all

my difficulties disappeared, and everything seemed to make itself clear.

"I should have some hope of myself, if you might teach me always," I cried, when we had finished.

And she smiled bewilderingly, as she piled the books together, and said she would "speak to Mrs. Lowther."

She soon made me forget all my awkward reserve. In a very few days I found myself telling her everything about myself, and pouring out all my griefs to her. I told her about home, and my troubles with my friends; about Mr. Angus Lawe, who was my guardian; about Aunt Marian, and the desolate feeling I had when I was in the grand, gloomy house; about how I wished I was poor, and had a mother, and brothers, and sisters; and at last I even went so far as to mention Alan Dalhousie. Of course, when I found myself doing that, I stopped, and blushed fiery red, and stammered, and tried so hard to recover myself, that I know I must have looked pitiable, which was scarce to be wondered at, after all, for I am sure anybody would admit that my position with regard to Alan was the queerest one in the world.

But she actually did not seem to notice, but went on, stroking my hand; and said as innocently as possible:

"Your cousin, did you say, my dear?"

"N—no," I stammered. "N—not exactly."

"Not exactly. Why, my dear child——"

I could no more have resisted the pretty inquiry in her eyes than I could have flown. She was so dear, so true a friend, by this time, that it would have been treason not to tell her. So I told her that though Alan and I were no relation to each other, our families had cherished a kind of clannish friendship from generation to generation, and that poor Alan was even richer than I was, and hated his money too; and that he was shy and awkward like me; and that we had a sort of sympathy for each other, because we were both lonely, and had so much in common.

"Do you know," she said, when I had finished, "I cannot yet exactly understand why you should dislike Mr. Dalhousie?"

"Don't you?" I faltered. "Dont you? oh, dear! Can't you guess? I do so hate to talk about it."

I was going to cover my foolish crimson with my hands, but she pulled them away and looked at me, smiling.

"My poor, shy Constantia!" she said. "You don't mean to say your friends want you to marry him?"

In spite of my blushes, I was obliged to own that this was what was meant; and then, without appearing to ask me any particular questions, she led me into telling about the Dalhouse income and estate, and how Alan held them, and the rest of it.

"And this is your last year at school," she said.

"Yes," I answered "And oh, it is dreadful to think of what I shall have to go through, when I go home!—the being brought out, you know, and the solemn dinner parties and the frightening balls; being introduced and introduced until your head is in a whirl, and obliged to try to say things to your partner, when you can't think of anything in the world but 'it's very warm.'"

"My poor little Constantia!" she said, smiling again. "How shy you are—and how innocent!"

Every day saw us firmer and firmer friends. And one afternoon she came in, and told me that, in future, she was to occupy the other bed in my room, instead of Frauline Schaumer, who always used to keep me awake by snoring awfully, and having the nightmare in German. How happy I was!

Yet, strange to say, before long, first one, and then the other of the girls began to make unpleasant remarks about her. It was Bessie Harrowly who commenced it, by calling her "*la chatte Blanche*," and openly shrugging her shoulders when she was mentioned; and there were soon plenty of others to follow her example. This injustice made me angry, angrier than I can tell. I grew fonder of Barbara every day, in consequence. On her part, she helped me with my lessons, and was always near to save me from trouble or confusion.

"What shall I do without you, when I go home?" I once said to her.

She shook her head, in the prettiest mournful way, and said, "Oh, Constantia! Constantia! as if you could miss me as I shall miss you. You will have so many friends. You are not like me."

She looked as if the tears were coming into her eyes, as she went on.

"A lonely little teacher is a very different creature from a great heiress, Constantia," she said. "My lot and yours lie wide apart. When you are involved in the gay vortex of fashionable society, I shall be spending my lonely holidays in Mrs. Lowther's back parlor, thinking of the friend I have lost."

"Oh, Barbara!" I could not help imploring, "please—please *don't* talk about 'gay vortexes.'

'Gay vortex' sounds so horrible. I can't bear it. Ah! I wish I was poor, too, and could spend the holidays in the back parlor with you. We should neither of us be lonely then."

When the end of the year really came, and I was obliged to begin to make my preparations for departure, she seemed to suffer so keenly, and I was so sore at heart myself, that sometimes we were both quite hysterical when we were alone. One morning I went into our bedroom, and found her looking so overwhelmed with grief, and so disheveled, that she absolutely gave me a shock. Her hair was all hanging loosely about her little figure, and she lay upon her bed, her face white, and her eyes red; and when I went to her, bursting into tears, of course, she made an effort at a piteous smile, and stretched out her hand to me quite weakly.

"Dear Constantia," she said, "Don't mind me. It seems hard, indeed, now, but one must try to bear one's trials."

"But I can't give you up," I sobbed.

"If—if I was older," she faltered.

"What, Barbara?"

I prompted her because she stopped.

"Perhaps—perhaps Mr. Lawe would consent to my being a sort of companion to you."

"A companion!" I stammered, for the fact was, I had thought of the same thing.

There was a peculiar silence of a few seconds, and then she rose slowly, and sat up, facing me, with an almost tragically heroic expression.

"Constantia," she said, "I—I cannot bear this. Take me with you. Take me, even if it is as a menial."

"A menial!" I repeated after her, bewildered by her martyr-like air.

"Yes," she said. "You will want a maid; and who can serve you better than the friend, whose heart is bound up in your welfare? I was born a lady, Constantia; but my love is stronger than my pride. Take me with you as a servant; as anything, only take me with you."

I cried more than ever at this, and we both cried more than ever; and the end of the matter was that I wrote to Mr. Angus Lawe, that very afternoon, to ask his permission to bring her home with me as my companion, telling him how clever she was, and how she always helped me, and how Mrs. Lowther herself had said she had improved my manners.

"Never mind saying much about our affection for each other, Constantia," said Barbara, smiling gently when I was going to write more, "Gentlemen of Mr. Lawe's age are apt to have lost sympathy with love, and call it sentiment."

I stood in so much awe of my guardian, that I was full of all sorts of forebodings, but, to my great delight, he replied to my letter promptly, and rather astonished me by considering the proposal with favor, though, of course, with a business-like and dignified favor.

"From what you tell me of Mrs. Lowther's opinion, my dear Constantia," he wrote, "it appears possible to me that the young woman may be of service to you; and if I find, on writing to Mrs. Lowther herself, that she can recommend her favorably, I shall place no obstacle in your way."

So at last, after a stately epistle or so, it was agreed that Barbara was to follow me to Glasgow, as soon as she could make some trifling preparations; and in three weeks I went home, very much relieved concerning my future.

When the carriage drew up before the door, I thought the house looked taller, and darker, and more gloomy than I had ever seen it, and I am sure the great entrance hall was enough to make cold chills run up and down a person's back; but I thought of my dear Barbara, and summoned up courage to pretend not to be much frightened, when I was led into the long drawing-room, and found my guardian and his sister there awaiting me.

"Welcome home, Constantia," said my uncle, in his most imposing way; and Aunt Marian got up and embraced me with frigid graciousness, which so overpowered me, that I tumbled over her foot-stool, and nearly fell into the arms of a gentleman, whom I had been prevented from noticing, through the gloominess and my confusion.

I had not seen Alan Dalhousie for three years. He had been traveling for that length of time; but the instant I saw the big, loose-jointed frame, and kind, almost boyish face before me, I knew it again; and felt a little relieved, as I had always fancied I did when he was near. It was good of him, too, I thought, to be in such a hurry to shake hands with me; for if he had not actually pounced upon me, Aunt Marian would have been sure to say something trying about my stumble.

"Constantia," he said, quite wringing my hand in his eagerness, "how pleasant it is to meet you again. I hope you are well, Constantia. I am sure you look well. How delightful that we should both have come home at once!"

I liked Barbara because she was beautiful and brilliant; but I think I liked Alan because he was neither the one nor the other. I always felt rather grateful to him for not being particularly ready and self-possessed. He might not

be grand, but at least he was good-natured, and never made me feel hot and uncomfortable, and conscious of myself.

I felt that it was through him that my first evening at home was not so terrible an affair as I had fancied it would be. Somehow, I almost enjoyed it when Aunt Marian and Uncle Angus left us to ourselves to talk as we chose. Indeed, I did not know that I was talking so much until I heard Aunt Marian say to Uncle Angus,

"The girl really has improved somewhat. I hope we shall find this Miss Sharpless's influence does not grow weaker.

I tried to tell Alan about Barbara, but he did not seem to care to hear me enlarge on her perfections; he wanted me to talk of myself, he said; and I really did talk of my own stupid fancies, until I was quite ashamed to think it over afterward. It was fairly wonderful that we should have made the progress we did, in the ensuing four days. We were so much together that we became the best of friends; and I quite forgot to be shy and miserable. We made discoveries about each other's secret thoughts, and often found out that we agreed in the most singular manner. Alan told me stories of his travels, and I told him stories of my school life. I even played my poor little tunes for him over and over again; and he listened as if he really liked them, and even chose favorites from among them.

I had been playing for him the night Barbara arrived, and we were standing by the fire, talking. I do not know how it had happened, but Alan had taken my hand, and was holding it, his homely, boyish face a little flushed from some reason, when the door was thrown open.

"Constantia," he was saying, "you don't know how—how happy I have been during these last few days. I don't feel like the same fellow, Constantia."

"Miss Sharpless," announced the servant.

And there stood Barbara, upon the threshold.

Even though I had been expecting her all the day, I hesitated a moment, and felt confused. It was actually as if I was not quite so glad to see her as I ought to have been. On her part, she stood still a second or so, glancing from my face to Alan's, and from Alan's to mine, and then she made a sudden, pretty movement forward, holding out both her hands.

"Constantia!" she exclaimed. "My dear child!" And she put her arms round me, kissing me on both cheeks.

I seemed to recover myself at once, and began to be glad. I could not have helped being proud of her, if I had tried, she was so beautiful, and so fond of me. I took her by her supple waist, and drew her round, so that Alan could see her to the best advantage.

"Alan," I said, "this is my dear friend, Barbara Sharpless."

I suppose I might have known what would happen after this. I am sure I ought to have known. At first, it seemed quite natural that I should be somewhat held apart from Alan, through Barbara's presence in the house. I was obliged to divide myself between them, as it were, and now I look back, I can see that Barbara had more than her share of my attention, though she professed to be very chary of claiming it.

"Don't mind me, Constantia," she would say, gently. "You must not let me interfere with your pleasure. I must learn to amuse myself. You know I cannot expect to be all in all to you now, as I was when you were more lonely. I can sit in the library and read, while you are taking your ride."

But such speeches as these, accompanied, as they always were, with a soft, half sigh, invariably upset my equilibrium, and made me feel as if I had something to reproach myself with, and the end of the matter was that I contracted a habit of becoming restless and uncomfortable, when she was out of my sight, and at last even followed her about the house as if I had been a little dog. I could not bear to think that she was lonely, or might fancy I was not so fond of her as I had been, when I had no other friend.

As for Alan, I think she rather embarrassed him, at first. The look I had seen on his face, when I presented her to him, had been one of bewildered confusion, as if her beauty had acted upon him like a shock.

"Is she as lovely as I said she was?" I asked him, triumphantly, afterward.

"Yes," he answered, flushing awkwardly. "She is rather too lovely, Constantia."

I could not help observing, however, that notwithstanding her quiet way, she attracted his attention very often. I used to see him watching her as if he was not entirely conscious of himself; and when any of us spoke, he would start and color, just as I could recollect his doing when he was a boy. She grew upon him as she grew upon most people. I must admit that Aunt Marian was an exception to this rule of "most people." Very soon Aunt Marian began to treat her with an open frostiness, which never afterward melted.

"That young woman," she said to Uncle Angus, "knows too well what she is doing."

But Uncle Angus did not agree with her. Barbara had got into the habit of playing chess

with him of evenings. She read chapters to him. She listened modestly to his remarks upon modern and ancient literature.

"An exceedingly well-looking and retiring young person," he said, in reply to Aunt Marian. "A very safe companion for Constantia; a very safe and desirable companion."

But there is no need that I should make my poor little story spin out so. The long and short of the matter is, that Barbara's coming changed everything, and yet in such a quiet way, that it would have been hard to tell exactly how the change came about. Without knowing why it was, I began to be as reserved as ever, and even to find it hard to talk to Alan. When we were left alone together, which was not often, we had not as much to say to each other as usual, and it was so trying to sit and pretend to be comfortable, that I was often rather glad to see Barbara come in. She could always talk, at least, and, in spite of Aunt Marian, the time came, before very long, when she always seemed the centre of the circle; and even Uncle Angus, who was not fond of listening as a rule, was frequently a listener, when she propounded her modest little theories.

I do not think I should have cared so much, for finding myself in the background now, if it had not been for those four days which had been so different to all the days of my life. Alan had appeared to enjoy them so much, too!

"You don't look quite yourself, dear Constantia," Barbara remarked, one day. "You looked so well and happy, the night I came; and now you are quite changed." And she kissed me quite pityingly.

Somehow her petting made me so nervous that I drew myself out of her arms, and turned on her in a way which astonished myself even more than it did her.

"If you please, Barbara, don't," I said. "You are very good, but I wish you wouldn't."

She gave me a quick, keen glance, and shook her head, reproachfully.

"Ah, Constantia!" she sighed. "Ah, Constantia!" And turning from me, with a pathetic air of reluctance, she left the room

"I am very lonely," I heard her say to Alan, that evening, as they sat at the piano, and I pretended to read. "I am very lonely, Mr. Dalhousie, and sometimes I feel as if Fate was rather against me. So you must not lose patience with me, if I am a little cross now and then. Desolate people have a right to be cross, though it is not often acknowledged," with the most adorable, mournful smile.

It was quite a month before I would own to myself that an occasional little chill of distrust passed across my mind, and even then I was so ashamed of my baseness that I was wretched. But the truth was, that I actually found Barbara out in two or three small lies; and they were so great a shock to me that I was quite bewildered. I found out that when she had told me she had been busy writing letters, she had been in fact talking to Alan in the library, and that when she professed to have been out alone, she had, in more cases than one, met him in the street, and ended her walk with him. There was no deception on Alan's part, however. Indeed, it was always through him that I learned the truth. He was straightforward enough. He could not have helped being open, if he had tried. The dullest outsider might have seen what was going to happen. In three days he had forgotten his embarrassment in something more exciting. In a week he was beginning to be restless and eager. In a month he had fallen in love, madly and unreasoningly, and in spite of himself. He could not control his eyes, or his voice, or his words. He was wholly in Barbara's power. She could do what she liked with him, and lead him into what whirlpool she chose. And yet, to my surprise, she never appeared to acknowledge her power over him. She was just as timidly respectful, and guileless of manner as she had been at first. She was always doing something for somebody, even for Aunt Marian, who did not even condescend to thank her for her services.

"Really, Constantia," said Uncle Angus, "your friend grows handsomer every day."

There was a slight rupture between Aunt Marian and himself on Barbara's account. When Aunt Marian abused her, he always defended her testily; and once, when they entered into a discussion about her designs on Alan Dalhousie, he fairly flew into a passion.

It was only six weeks from the date of Barbara's arrival, that a crisis came. Going into the drawing-room, one evening, after having left it for about half an hour, I stopped upon the threshold, checked by seeing Barbara and Alan standing close together. Alan was holding Barbara's hand, and pouring out all sorts of passionate, disjointed phrases; Barbara drawing back a little, and looking her very best and loveliest.

"Poor Constantia!" I heard her say, sweetly. "Poor, dear Constantia!"

I turned round, and flew up stairs to my room, and shut myself in. I sat down on the edge of my bed, and began to think matters over. I could hardly believe my own feelings. I was not happy at all, and I was angry with

Barbara. And yet, of course, I had known Alan would ask her to marry him, notwithstanding all Aunt Marian and Uncle Angus's plans.

I knew she would come up stairs to me, and so I waited; and at last she came, knocking softly on the door, and asking me to let her in. I made my face as inexpressive as possible, and obeyed her summons at once.

She stood upon the threshold, in the prettiest of hesitating attitudes, holding her handkerchief loosely, as if she had been crying.

"May I come in, Constantia?" she asked.

"Certainly. Why not?" was my answer, and I threw the door open wider.

I was beginning to understand her well enough to be prepared for a new little scene; but I was not quite prepared for the one that followed. Regarded from an artistic point of view, it was quite beautiful.

As soon as I seated myself, she flung herself upon her knees before me, and hid her face in my lap; and that very moment all her lovely hair fell down, in a great coil, and trailed over her arm. This would have been a very much more effective point, if I had not seen her give a quick, light touch to the solitary hair-pin she had allowed to remain in it.

"Constantia!" she exclaimed, with a sob, "I have come to bid you farewell."

I dare say, she acted her part so well, that she might have forced me into some display of emotion, if it had not been for the hair-pin; but the hair-pin had hardened me, my eyes were opened at last, and I could not be sympathetic.

"Have you?" I said, coolly. "Isn't it rather sudden?"

"I have come to bid you farewell," she wept, clinging to me, and making as much of her hair as possible, "because I will not remain under your roof, and—and betray you, and prove myself unworthy of your trust and love. I will not, if my heart-strings are torn up by the roots."

"I hope nothing uncomfortable has happened," I said.

She was determined not to admit that my manner had altered. She went on as tragically as if I had been equally moved with herself.

"My heart may break, in its loneliness!" she cried, "but I will not betray you, Constantia. I will go away, and carry my pain with me. It can only be a fancy, after all—a fancy for my poor, unhappy beauty—and he will soon outlive it——"

Then I felt myself equal to bringing things to a climax, so I interrupted her.

"He!" I repeated. "Are you speaking about some gentleman, Barbara?"

"Ah, Constantia!——" She began.

But I stopped her again.

"If it is a gentleman," I said, "it must be either Uncle Angus, or Alan Dalhousie, and it can hardly be Uncle Angus. So, I suppose, it is Alan, and that he has been telling you he is in love with you. So that it——"

She wrung her little hands together, and sobbed afresh.

"It is only a fancy," she protested. "I have told him so, and he will soon forget, if he does not see me again. It is only his pity for my loneliness which has touched his heart. Ask him if the fault was mine, Constantia. Heaven knows I tried to—to conceal my unhappiness."

"Why?" I asked, without further ceremony.

Because I had been so fond of her once, and had believed in her so utterly, I was getting a little sick of this preamble, and wanted to stop it. She raised herself, and shaking her hair back from her face, fixed her eyes upon mine.

"Do you ask me why?" she said. "You, Constantia?"

"Yes," I answered. "And your hair is all down, Barbara. I asked you why, because I don't quite seem to understand. You know I always was dull at guessing things. How pretty your hair is! Why don't you always wear it that way?"

I would rather have died than have let her work upon my feelings, as I knew she had meant to. Clever as she was, I believe I surprised her. She was obliged to outpour again, and in a different way.

"Oh, Constantia!" she cried, falteringly, "have I——? Is it possible that I have not understood you? Can it be that——"

"Go on," I answered "Don't be timid, Barbara."

"Can it be that you are as—as indifferent to—to Alan as you were when you left school? Can it be that I have mistaken you altogether? You could not profess a coldness, Constantia—you, who are so wholly frank?"

I actually laughed, and I stooped down, and picked up the hair-pin, and handed it to her.

"Get up, Barbara," I said, "and dress your hair again, and make yourself happy. You have been making a mountain out of a molehill. I was left to Alan just four days before you came, and I am sure you are clever enough to know we have not sentimentalized much since your arrival. Four days isn't a long enough time for slow people, six weeks would not have been time enough for me, I'm afraid. Let me help you to put up your hair, and then I will go down

stairs with you, and—and tell Alan that I am not in love with him, and do not expect him to marry me, notwithstanding Aunt Marian and Uncle Angus."

Somehow, the six weeks seemed to have changed me altogether. I could not have made such a speech before to have saved my life. I felt as if I was ten years older.

She saw that further sentiment would be thrown away, and she rose slowly, looking at me in a keen, inquiring way.

"Constantia," she said, at last, "I begin to think I have been mistaken in you, in more ways than one."

"I think so too," I answered. Our eyes met in a new fashion for the first time. She actually blushed, and failed in her attempt at a little laugh.

"Shall I help you with your hair?" I asked, as she turned to the glass. "Or will you wear it as it is? It is very becoming, and if you are going to cry again, it will be very appropriate, and assist the situation."

She gave one glance at the glass, and smiled.

"I think I will leave it as it is," she said. "But don't be satirical often, Constantia, until you have practised more in private."

I was conscious of great curiosity on her part. I could see it in her manner. She did not know how I would face the affair to the end. I did not find it difficult, however. I simply took her hand, when we entered the drawing-room, and led her to Alan, who was sitting by the fire, looking terribly miserable.

"Alan," I said, "Barbara has been telling me what you have said to her, and I have come to congratulate you. I am sure you ought both to be very happy."

And I positively had the audacity, not only to shake hands with him, but to offer him my cheek to kiss, with far more coolness than I had ever offered it to Uncle Angus himself.

When Aunt Marian heard the news, she received it with austere calmness. Miss Sharpless was a clever young woman, she said, and it was just what she had expected. Uncle Angus's manner was altogether different. He called me into his private room, and fairly startled me. His wig was pushed on one side, and his starched cravat was tied awry. His face was flushed, and he was pacing the room like a small, elderly tiger.

"Constantia," he said, "this is infamous!"

"Why?" I asked.

He took out his handkerchief with a tremulous hand, and blew his nose furiously.

"It is infamous!" he repeated. "That poor girl is sacrificing herself, and Dalhousie ought to see that she is."

"But, uncle," I began, in timid amazement.

"It is impossible that such a brilliant and—and appreciative young creature should love such a clod. Dalhousie is merely an amiable clod."

My new spirit took possession of me again.

"Thank you, Uncle Angus," I said.

He took the hint, and had the grace to flush a little more deeply.

"Dear me, Constantia!" he said, testily. "Don't be foolish. Dalhousie is all very well, but——"

"But not well enough for Barbara," I ended for him. "Thank you again."

"Tut, tut, tut!" he stammered, putting his hands under his coat-tails, and fairly turning his back upon me. "You had better go up stairs again, Constantia."

Upon which I took my departure.

I had an interview with Barbara, too, the same night, and it was rather a queer one. It took place after she had retired to her room, where I followed her for the purpose of freeing my mind of a certain idea which had occurred to me.

"Have you come to tell me I must go away to-morrow, Constantia?" she asked me, smilingly, when I entered.

She was standing before the glass, admiring herself, and she looked so flushed, and wicked, and triumphant, that I almost hated her for the moment, and yet was little simpleton enough to want to burst out into passionate crying, all for the sake of the Barbara I had been so fond of, and who had never existed at all, except in my silly fancy.

"No, I answered, speaking as steadily as I could. "I came to tell you that, since I brought you away from Mrs. Lowther's, you must stay here until you are married, and—and as I have a great deal of money to spare, I will help you to buy the things you will need."

She started slightly, and stood staring at me, with her brush in her hand, her flush dying out.

"What do you mean?" she demanded.

"What I say," I replied. "You will need money, and you had better take it from me than from Alan; and I have more than I know what to do with."

She made a step toward me with the queerest look in her eyes, half-frightened, half-pleased, and wholly bewildered.

"Constantia!" she began.

But I could not stand it one moment longer. I broke down into a wild, sudden sob of pain and disgust. I think she meant to try to kiss me, but I pushed her away.

"It is not you I am giving it to," I cried out. "It is not you. It is to Barbara who was honest and true. And Barbara is dead!" And I turned round and went out of the room.

For a little while everything went on pretty smoothly. Ungracious as I had been, Barbara did not hesitate to accept my offer; and began to make her preparations at once. They were so elaborate, however, and made her so busy, that sometimes she was obliged to neglect Alan a trifle, but still he seemed very happy; so happy, that occasionally he was quite restless and peevish. Once, indeed, I accidentally saw him fling himself on his knees before her, and bury his poor, hot face in her hands, crying out,

"Barbara, Barbara, will it last? I dare not believe it is true! Don't let me awaken, Barbara, for my soul's sake!"

But he did awaken, poor fellow, and roughly, too, and that only a month before what should have been his wedding-day.

Of course, he had changed his quarters after the engagement had been declared; and after the change it was his habit to make a daily call.

On this last occasion, he came when Barbara was out; but as we were expecting her every moment, he remained in the drawing-room with me, and in this way the blow fell upon him.

I suppose we had both rather avoided each other during the last few weeks; so, it was not exactly pleasant to sit *tete-a-tete*, and discuss the weather; and I was rather relieved when a servant announced a visitor for Miss Sharpless, though I naturally wondered who he could be.

When I rose to receive him, I was really startled. He was a big, badly-dressed young man, with one of the handsomest and wickedest faces I had ever seen. He certainly did not belong to the upper class of society, and yet there was an indescribable air of style and coolness about him. He had great, soft, brown eyes, with long, womanish lashes, but his mustache was golden blonde, and so was his hair, and his features were simply perfect.

"Miss Sharpless is not at home?" he said to me.

"Not at present," I answered. "But——"

He interposed, with cavalierly abruptness,

"Then I will wait." And threw himself into a chair.

His complacence astonished me so that I glanced at Alan, and saw at once that he was peculiarly pale. He moved restlessly on his seat, and at last rose, without any pretence at ceremony, and went into the adjoining room, whose folding-doors were half-open.

"Constantia," he said, "come here!"

To say I was bewildered, would be to express nothing. It certainly was not like Alan, to be deliberately impolite. I could scarcely make my apologetic bow and speech to the stranger, and when I reached the other room, I gazed at Alan in sheer amazement. He was gnawing his lips and looking actually savage.

"What is the matter?" I faltered.

'I hate that fellow!" he burst out, in an angry under-tone. "What has he the impudence to come here for? He is not a gentleman. Sharper is written all over him."

"Have you ever seen him before?" I asked, my astonishment growing as he spoke.

"Yes," he answered, as if unwillingly. "I have seen him several times; and once I saw him speak to Barbara. She says he was one of her rascally uncle's friends, and that he presumes upon the acquaintance."

I reddened to the tips of my ears, and stood twisting my fingers together in my most absurd fashion. I was frightened. It flashed across my mind all at once that Barbara had been telling him a lie.

Just at that moment, too, the bell rang, and I heard her come into the house.

"Let us go into another room," I said, hurriedly. It may have been that he saw suspicion in my face, for he caught my arm, savagely.

"No," he said, "I intend to stay here."

"I won't stay, and listen," I protested.

But he pulled me down on to the sofa.

"There will be nothing to listen to," he answered. "Nothing against Barbara; but if that fellow annoys her, it will be the worse for him."

And yet I saw that his pallor had increased, and he was shaking from head to foot; and a moment later I saw him fix his eyes on a mirror across the room—a mirror, which reflected the part of the adjoining room in which we were most interested. I began to tremble, myself.

"Let me go, at least," I whispered.

"No!" he answered.

And then we both saw Barbara enter.

She came in gracefully enough, but before she had crossed the threshold fairly, she uttered a low, bitter, startled cry,

"What are you doing here?" she said. "How dare you?"

Her visitor arose, with careless jauntiness, to meet her; and seeing the expression on his face, the wicked, satiric, stealthy smile gleaming in his eyes, I almost shuddered, for I knew that he was conscious of our presence near them, and that he meant to use his knowledge of it for some purpose of his own.

"My dear little Barbara," he said, "how pretty you are!"

But instead of defying him, as I had more than half expected she would, she gave a little shudder, let her parcels fall, and dropped into a chair, hiding her face in her hands.

"I wish—I wish I was dead!" she cried. "I wish I was dead!"

He laughed, as if he quite enjoyed the idea.

"What!" he said, "with such a fortune before you, and such a lover, and the old one so cleverly thrown over, and quite willing to relinquish his claims? Dalhousie——"

She stamped her foot at him, frantic with rage and fright.

"I hate him, and I hate you! He is a fool, and you are worse! Why can't you leave me alone?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"A fool?" he repeated. "That's bad—but he can afford it."

"Do you suppose I should marry him, if he couldn't?" she cried, fiercely. "Did I spend my time cajoling that sentimental idiot of a girl, and work my way here, because I expected to make a love-match? Love is over, for me."

"When did it exist for you?" he asked. His voice was so full of bitterness, that I did not wonder it moved her to a change of mood. It might have moved any woman who had ever cared for him an atom.

She burst into tears—weak, insane tears.

"When?" she echoed. "When?"

"Was it when you were going to marry me instead of Dalhousie?" he asked. "Was it when you wore the sixpenny-muslin, and the blue corn-flowers in your hair, at Weisbaden, and I kissed you in the hotel garden, under the trees? I have not kissed you for some time, and, upon my soul, Barbara, I believe I came here to-day with the intention of kissing you, just once more, and for the last time."

He went nearer to her, and in an agony of dread I looked at Alan. He was staring stonedly straight before him at the mirror.

"Come away," I implored. "Oh, come away, please."

"No," he said, and shook me off.

He just waited until the soft, curling, golden head had bent over Barbara's, and her old lover's arms were round her shrinking figure, and then he walked slowly through the half-opened folding-door, into the centre of the room.

"I hate you," Barbara was saying, in petulant protest. "You are as cruel as Death," with an angry, little sob. "I hate myself. It was all folly, from first to last."

And then she saw Alan.

A faint shriek broke from her lips, and she tore herself from her lover's arms, and sprang up. She seemed to guess, by instinct, that he had betrayed her purposely.

"You knew this!" she cried, turning on him like a little fury. "You did! You know you did!"

And he laughed, and nodded.

"Why not?" he said

The words had scarcely passed his lips before Alan was upon him. He caught him by the throat as if he would have strangled him. But he was not cool enough to use his power to an advantage. The other was the stronger of the two, and shook him off.

"Don't let us get into a brawl," he said. "She is not worth it, and it would not sound well when it came to be talked about. I have saved you from a worse fate than you dreamed of, and I am going to leave you to settle your own affairs. Pooh!" with a light, scornful gesture toward Barbara. "She is not worth an honest man's sigh. She is a lying, intriguing little adventuress, and even this little farce won't hurt her, though it has amused me to revenge myself."

That was the last of him. He strode out of the room without a backward glance, and left us standing together—Barbara, Alan, and myself.

"Well," said Alan, at last. "Is there anything more to be said?"

He spoke slowly, his eyes fixed in a strange, lost fashion upon Barbara's beautiful, treacherous face.

"I heard all," he added; "and saw all."

I wonder the dreadful change from his old, tender, self-ignoring way, did not touch her heart. But it did not. She was too full of her own disappointment, and hatred, and humiliation. She had been so near gaining the end she had worked and plotted for, and then she had lost all. She looked at him for one minute, and then, with a little cry of baffled rage, tore the ring from her finger, flung it at his feet, and flew out of the room.

In an hour she was out of the house, and had had sufficient presence of mind not to forget any of her late purchases. Before night Alan had left us, too, and my task it was to explain matters to the rest.

"Good-by, Constantia!" he had said, at the last. "Don't despise me more than you can help. We may never see each other again. But we were very happy together those four days, weren't we?" And then he shook both my hands, and kissed me, in such an humble, hope-

less way, that I could not help crying a little, and kissing him back.

Aunt Marian merely closed her lips, and smiled, when I stumbled through my brief explanation, but Uncle Angus was terribly excited. It was incomprehensible, he said. It was not to be believed. Dalhousie was an imbecile, and, on his part, he should need substantial proof; and if he could find the poor girl——

This was three years ago, and I have not had any dear friend since. I heard nothing of Barbara till about six months ago, when I received a letter from Uncle Angus, who had been traveling upon the Continent.

"Last week, Constantia," he wrote, "I was married to your friend, Barbara Sharpless, having first heard her most satisfactory explanation of her misunderstanding with Dalhousie. She has been infamously treated, poor girl, and has been living most unhappily with a scapegrace of an uncle, of whom, of course, she will see nothing more. She has lost none of her loveliness and amiability, and our tastes are as congenial as ever. She has acknowledged to me that she always felt the uncongeniality between herself and Dalhousie. She sends her dear love to you, and begs you to believe that at last she is happy, and at peace."

Three months after this letter came to hand, we were startled—that is, Aunt Marian and I—by the sudden appearance, one day, of Alan Dalhousie. He had been absent, ever since Barbara's departure, traveling, first in Italy, then in Egypt, and finally in India. The last we had heard of him, he was going to Japan. Only now he burst in upon us, quite unexpectedly, looking improved in every way, and wonderfully self-possessed. It was not long before he himself referred to my uncle.

"So the Siren has bewitched the poor, dear old man, and he is parted from you forever," he said. "That is what brought me home. I knew you would be lonely, Aunt Marian." And he looked at me, too, but added nothing more.

A week after, however, he said, one afternoon, when we were alone, "Do you remember those four happy days, Constantia, before Barbara came? I have thought of them all these years. If you can forgive me, if you can believe that the charm of the sorceress is over—as indeed it is, and has been ever since that day she fled—perhaps you will go back to them with me. Shall it be so, dear Constantia?"

We are to be married to-morrow, and, in my happiness, I can forgive even my dear friend

BARBARA SHARPLESS

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

BY KATHARINE HIGGINS.

The soft dews of eve are descending,
And daylight with darkness is blending
O'er valley and hill;
And down in the grass-covered meadows,
I scarce can discern through the shadows,
The silvery rill.
And see, through the darkness appearing,
The evening star,
The heart of the wanderer cheering,
Is shining afar!

Alone in the twilight I'm sitting,
And fast through my memory are flitting
The dreams of my youth,
When the future lay smiling before me,
And I saw Hope's bright visions float o'er me,
Nor doubted their truth.
Ah! I knew not the cares and the troubles
That life had in store!
How my hopes would but prove to be bubbles
Too frail to endure.

Ah! 'Tis best that we know not the sorrow
That will come with the longed-for to-morrow—
The anguish, the care;
Had the veil from my future been lifted,
Perchance, at the sight I had drifted
Down into despair.
Had I known all the woes that awaited
My hurrying feet;
How more oft would my pleasures be freighted
With bitter than sweet.

And yet, though my life has been lonely,
Some flowers I have plucked, that could only
From trials have sprung;
Some joys I have known, that did borrow
Their brightness from contrast with sorrow
That over me hung,
As moonbeams are brighter, in seeming,
When clouds are gone by;
By which, for a moment, their gleaming
Was hid from the eye.

Oh, sad would be youth's dewy morning,
If all Hope's bright promises scorning,
O'erburdened with fears,
We saw but the woe and the sorrow
That would come to our hearts on the morrow
The sighs and the tears.
Yes, 'tis best that we may not discover
What Fate hath in store,
Nor lift up the veil that hangs over
What lieth before.

THE LITTLE PROPHETESS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

DROWNING! Away out in the depths of the Pacific Ocean! The ship, with every soul on board, gone down already, and he, till now, buoyed up by some plank or spar which had drifted within his reach, sinking, sinking—drowning, drowned!

There was no more any Edward Masters in this mortal sphere. His soul had passed away into that mysterious realm lying somewhere far beyond human ken.

When his spirit woke to consciousness, after its strange journey, concerning which it retained no knowledge, and realised that it had begun a new phase of existence, a mad longing seized it once more to behold those dear ones he had left on earth. Scarcely was the wish formed, when Edward, (it will be less confusing to employ the human appellation, as I perceive that I have already become entangled between "he and it,") found himself again in the house which had been home during his terrestrial pilgrimage.

It was a charming residence in the neighborhood of one of our great American cities; a spot so delightful that almost anybody's soul might have hesitated to exchange it for an unknown abiding-place in some nook of the world of shadows.

The ghost—his return had been so sudden that he did not at first comprehend he actually was one—passed through the great entrance-hall, and entered the library, which had been fitted up in accordance with his own taste when he dwelt in the flesh, and was as comfortable and luxurious an apartment as even a Sybarite could desire.

There he saw them all assembled—the little knot of friends and relatives whom he had so dearly loved. He saw that angelic woman, his step-mother; he saw his jolly, good-natured half-brother and pretty step-sisters; his most intimate companion of former times, who had played David to his Jonathan; and, besides these, his second mother's niece, his affianced wife, Marian Danvers.

The whole group were attired in the deepest mourning. There was literally nothing in the slightest degree to soften the blackness of their affliction, except David's shirt-collar, (Tom and the cousins wore colored ones,) and some stray pocket-handkerchiefs belonging to the ladies, of which you may be certain liberal use was made.

How they did sob, to be sure, standing or seated about with Mariah as a central figure; Marian arrayed in widow's weeds, save that she lacked the cap, and looking the loveliest image of inconsolable grief that a poet's (or a tombstone sculptor's) fancy could have conceived.

"My boy—my Edward; dearer than if he had indeed been my own son!" was the burden of Mrs. Master's lament.

"Our brother—our darling brother! our counsellor—our guide—our friend!" sobbed the half-sisters.

"The best fellow that ever lived!" groaned Tom. "All of us fellows put together would not have been a quarter the loss he is."

Then the cousins followed with their portion of the dismal chorus; but, of course, nobody equaled Marian and David in the utter helplessness of their lamentations. By-the-by, I must not call the latter David, because his name was Howard Fenton; but whatever I call him, I cannot pretend to describe his grief, or Marian's overpowering woe—her black, unrelived, unrelievable despair.

The first impulse of the unseen watcher of all this misery was to rush forward and clasp Marian to his heart; but, as he tried to do so, he comprehended that, near as he seemed, an impenetrable distance stretched between him and his beloved ones; and he realized, with a feeling of irritation and pain, that he was only that humanity-dreaded and doubted thing—a ghost.

Just then into the room walked Edward Masters's lawyer, also draped in disconsolate sables; for he had loved his client from the latter's boyhood. From certain words, let fall immediately on the solicitor's appearance, the ghost discovered that the party had assembled to listen to the will of their lamented relative and friend. I should have mentioned, before this, that from broken remarks, the phantom had already learned that, four or five days previous, the mourners had received information that the ship in which he sailed for Hong Kong had been lost, with her entire freight of passengers and crew.

After a good deal of hesitation on the part of the afflicted group; after a glass of water had been administered to the step-mother, and strong smelling salts held to Marian's Grecian nose, while big Tom blubbered, the cousins looked out of the

window, trying to display manly fortitude; the sisters squeaked dismally, and David stood with his gloomy eyes fixed on vacancy, groaning at intervals, the lawyer prepared to fulfill his task. He wiped his own eyes with a black-edged handkerchief, then reminded them that it was their duty, and his, to be resigned to the mysterious decree of Providence, which had snatched away their darling Edward, just when the golden promise of early youth was ripening into the glorious maturity of manhood. Indeed, if he had been a sensational preacher, instead of a lawyer, he could not have spoken in more moving terms; and Tom, always a feather-head, came near sobbing amen, under a momentary impression that he must be in church, but fortunately checked himself in time.

When the eulogy ended, they all blew their noses terrifically, struggled back to an approach to calmness, and seated themselves in attitudes expressive of suffering. The lawyer drew forth the testament, unfolded it with an air as apologetic as if he had known the ghost were present, and wished to excuse himself for the liberty he was taking, and began to read, in slow, subdued accents, the last bequests and commands of the departed.

It was a beautiful will. There was nobody forgotten. Edward Masters had been an awfully rich man. Before setting out on that disastrous voyage to China—they all remembered, now, how each had experienced terrible forebodings, wherewith it seemed idle, even wicked, to distress the others—he had set straight his affairs down to the smallest item.

From his step-mother to his most distant cousin, each had an appropriate place in that testament; but the bulk of the vast wealth was left, as everybody knew in advance it would be, to Marian Danvers, with a generous slice set apart for Howard Fenton.

But the more the will disclosed the generous nature of him they had all dearly loved, the more unrestrainable became their grief. At length the half-sister, who was in delicate health, had a nervous *crise*. Marian fainted twice, and Howard was scarcely less overcome.

"Don't read any more!" moaned Marian, as soon as she could speak. "It seems so horrible, so heartless, to think of our taking his money. Oh, if I could die! If I could only die!"

So said the others, one and all, and meant every word; for if ever a band of sincere mourners met, this was it. Only Tom Masters was conscious of thinking that now he could afford to give up that tiresome post in the Custom House, against which his soul had so long revolted; but, to do him justice, he was terribly shocked at his own wickedness when he discovered the thought intruding into his mind.

"No more! No more!" sighed Marian, anew.

But the lawyer glanced about the room, and said, hesitatingly,

"I thought I mentioned, yesterday, that it would be necessary to have Miss Maynard present on this melancholy occasion."

The mourners showed signs of surprise. Miss Maynard was the governess of two little Masters, girls, who were both duly named in the will, but of course not among the group in the library.

"Did I forget to speak of it?" asked the lawyer, looking at the step-mother. "The young lady must be sent for. She is interested in the will," he continued.

"Miss Maynard! The governess!" ejaculated each mourner, in turn, each successive voice rising to a higher key of astonishment.

"Miss Maynard," repeated the lawyer, when the last echo died.

Mrs. Masters sat erect in her chair for an instant, then sank back, buried her face in her handkerchief, and murmured, faintly,

"Ring the bell, Tom."

Tom obeyed, and Mrs. Masters desired the servant, who answered the summons, to request Miss Maynard to come down to the library.

There was silence in the room while the party awaited the lady's appearance. Mrs. Masters still kept her face hidden in her handkerchief. The two girls followed her example, while Fenton held smelling-salts to Marian's nose, and Tom and the cousins could not help looking in each other's eyes to see if this business about the governess was not sufficiently unexpected and extraordinary, to arouse everybody momentarily from the apathy of grief in which they had been plunged. The lawyer sat studying the will with a countenance which revealed nothing whatever, any more than if he had been the Egyptian Sphynx, minus "the calm, eternal smile."

Presently the door opened, and a young lady entered the room; a woman of perhaps three-and-twenty; not beautiful, like statuesque Marian; not pretty, like Annie, the eldest Miss Masters; nor *piquante*, like flighty Celia, who came next in age on the fly-leaf of the family record; yet a woman whose face was worth studying, so full was it of sweetness and intellect combined. The face looked somewhat pale and worn this morning; the soft, gray eyes were heavy, as if from lack of sleep; and the mouth—a mouth with which Nature had taken great pains—was slightly compressed, as if it feared to betray some inward trouble.

She paused, for a second, on the threshold. The lawyer rose; the other men followed his example. The lawyer drew forward a chair next his, saying,

"Please be seated, Miss Maynard. I sent for you to hear a portion of the late Edward Master's will."

A groan from the step-mother was responded to by a gasp from Marian, and the two girls chimed in with sobs that sounded like an echo.

Miss Maynard started slightly at the lawyer's words, turned a little paler, but only bowed in response, and took the chair he offered. By this time Mrs. Masters and her daughters had laid down their pocket-handkerchiefs, Tom kicked his feet under the table, the cousins fidgeted, Fenton, and even Marian herself, looked rather eager to know what was coming. Miss Maynard alone sat unmoved.

"It will not be necessary to go over the whole testament again," continued the lawyer. "The portion I wish Miss Maynard to hear is contained in a codicil, executed the day before our friend's departure."

He fluttered the paper for an instant, then read the codicil, in a low, monotonous tone. It contained a bequest of three hundred a year to the governess's widowed mother, and two hundred to herself. This sum was bestowed, the document stated, as a sign of the testator's respect for the young lady, and his gratitude for her conscientious care of his little sisters. There was a sentence or so, full of appreciation, in regard to her goodness during a dangerous illness, from which his pet sister, Hilda, had suffered, and the codicil ended with a request that his step-mother should, if possible, retain Miss Maynard while the children required a governess, paying always the salary which he had himself settled when she came to the house. Now that salary was a good one, and, on adding five hundred a year to it, the sum became considerable, large enough to cause the most grief-stricken family to open its eyes.

The lawyer was first to speak, pausing to fold up the will, during which operation the silence remained so complete that the crackling of the pages sounded like a discontented murmur. He said how glad he was, and how certain he felt that the family and friends shared his feelings. He looked at Mrs. Masters as he spoke, and, after a brief hesitation, that lady said they did, adding, "And I am equally sure that Miss Maynard must be very grateful for such generosity on the part of my dear son."

Then the sentence trailed off into a sob; she burst into a fresh paroxysm of tears, in which she was joined by the girls and Marian. But Miss Maynard sat dry-eyed; careless observers might have thought her unmoved, fairly hard in her demeanor; but to anybody skilled in reading faces, there was that in her countenance more touching than the most vehement show of emotion could have been. After a few seconds, she rose.

"May I go now?" she asked of Mrs. Masters, in a low voice.

Everybody looked at her, everybody was hurt. All thought it incumbent on her to display signs of deep feeling, but they were all too much depressed for anger to be possible. Mrs. Masters, by a sign, gave her leave to retire. She bowed, and left the room.

"Miss Maynard has great self-control," observed the lawyer, dryly, as the door closed behind her.

"Very great!" exclaimed Fenton, in a rather bitter tone.

"But she must be thankful, you know," sighed Marian.

"I hope so," added Mrs. Masters. "At all events, whatever Edward saw fit to do, must be right. Oh, my boy!"

Then they all fell to sobbing and moaning anew. The lawyer took his departure, and the others forgot the governess for the time in the absorption of their grief.

Edward stood looking on. He, too, had been somewhat hurt by Miss Maynard's manner; but he also forgot her in the excitement of watching his relatives and friends. Really, nobody's spirit, if permitted to come back to earth, could have found its loss more deeply regretted; and it is not much to be wondered at that Edward shared their sorrow over this separation, and wished heartily that he might be allowed to resume his mortal shackles, and live anew among that tender-hearted band who had so thoroughly loved and appreciated him. But he was forced to go. The whole scene faded suddenly. He was worlds away. He murmured a great deal, and was so discontented, that he became exceedingly unpopular in the new sphere of existence to which he had been promoted.

At length he again received permission to see some one whom he had loved on earth. Naturally his choice fell upon Marian. This might have been about six months, (counting by time, as we mortals do,) since Edward had assisted invisibly at the reading of his own will.

Straightway he was back on this foot-stool, in the old home. I cannot tell how it happened, since he had only been promised the sight of one friend, but he encountered Celia in the hall, and was

greatly surprised to observe that she wore a rather faint semblance of mourning, and still more so to hear her singing, not a funeral dirge, but an air from a frivolous opera. He hurried past her, but soothed his indignation by recollecting that he had always considered Celia a flighty creature, incapable of any real or lasting sentiment.

A moment more, and he was in the pretty room where Marian had a habit of spending her mornings. There she sat now, the dear angel! There was no trace of levity about her; no lack of crape, and other dismal emblems of consuming affliction; no heartless song escaped her lovely lips. On the contrary, she sighed as she gazed pensively at a large bouquet of Parma violets, (horribly costly at this season,) which filled a vase on the table by her side. Edward saw a card lying by the vase, and he read thereon, "From your ever devoted, Fenton." Ah, he was not forgotten by either of those dear ones! He had no power to read her thoughts, and, being unaware of his presence, she omitted to make any in an audible tone, but he perceived plainly that there was no more change in her than in himself.

Well, once again, Edward was obliged to return to the realm of spirits. So far from acquiring resignation by this fresh glimpse of earth, he bemoaned his exile with increased violence. What he could least endure was the thought of Marian's unhappiness; and he took dire offence at the suggestion of a noted sage, who had been long in the shadowy sphere, that if he would have a little patience, he might have the satisfaction of seeing her perfectly consoled.

In order not to be tiresome, I must cut short the story of his discontentment and complaints. It was finally decided that he should be sent back to earth, allowed to assume his corporeal frame, and the human existence he regretted so incessantly. Of course, as indignantly as he had rejected the idea of Marian's ever finding consolation, did he now refuse to listen to hints from the sage in regard to the way in which the waves of mortal life close over the gap left by any man's departure. He knew that his family and his friends wanted him back. His old place and the old loves were still open to him. Let him go! Only let him go!

Very well, they let him.

A room in a dwelling, up among the hills of India—that was where Edward Masters found himself. Weeks elapsed before recollection of the past returned. When once more fully restored, physically and mentally, this was what he learned.

On the ship with him, when he sailed for China, was a celebrated German savant—a doctor, a naturalist—Heaven knows what all. He and Edward were the only persons saved when the vessel went down. The savant had got into a boat with some sailors. The boat nearly upset, and everybody except him was washed into the sea. Presently Edward's apparently lifeless body floated toward the barque. The savant, perhaps thinking that a dead man was better than no society on the watery waste, managed to pull the senseless form into the boat, and discovered signs of life. They drifted about for several days, and were finally picked up by a European vessel. The savant never denied the fact that he should undoubtedly have eaten his companion, but for two reasons, both good ones: first, that he had no knife wherewith to carve the flesh; secondly, a blow on the head from some spar, or plank, had made Edward an idiot for the time, and the savant had a theory that a man was mentally influenced by whatever kind of food he ate, and felt afraid of becoming an idiot, too, if he indulged his appetite. Hence his remarkable self-denial.

This ship took the pair to China. The savant had quarreled with all his friends in Europe, and offered no sign of his safety. He knew very well everything about Edward; had been acquainted with him in America, and could easily have given information to his family; but he determined to keep silence in regard to the young man's preservation till he discovered whether science and attention could restore the wandering reason, or, to speak more correctly, waken the dormant soul; for, as I said, Edward was not mad, but an idiot.

The savant wished to go to India. He went, and took his idiot with him, tame and harmless as a well-trained dog, without the dog's instinct.

It chanced that the two men had considerable sums in gold about their persons at the time of the shipwreck. The savant united their capital, entered into some wonderful speculation, and realized no end of money. A year and three months had gone by, when Edward got his senses back. The savant had taken him up among the hills shortly before. He had grown so interested in the cure, having unexpectedly discovered that there was hope for his charge; a hope derived from the fact that Edward, one day, after months of impassivity, burst into tears at the sound of a melody Marian used to play, that he could think of nothing else.

Edward recovered completely, and the savant was so delighted with his own success—the savant was human, and, much as he talked about nature,

placed the triumph to his own account—that he used to embrace his late patient daily, and the late patient did not like it, for the savant ate garlic, and smoked cheap tobacco.

Once thoroughly himself, Edward was wild to return home. The savant consented to accompany him, but made it a *sine qua non* that no rumor of their safety should reach America before their arrival.

As suddenly as his reason had come back, there recurred to Masters's mind the incidents already related. He told the whole story to the savant, as a remarkable dream, to have happened while he was, to all appearance, an idiot. The savant said it might be a dream, and it might be reality. One thing was certain; for many months Edward's soul had been hidden somewhere, and there was no sign of its being secreted anywhere about his body.

The old German was not that oddest of contradictions, a savant who is a materialist. He possessed a religious faith which might not be quite orthodox, but was simple and earnest as a child's. He said that according to his view, for a soul to be allowed to go away from earth, and come back, (some mysterious magnetic agency always preserving the links unbroken between itself and its body,) was no more wonderful than for that soul to have come down to earth the first time.

But after awhile Edward shrank from the subject, and the savant, perceiving this, kept his strange fancies to himself. Once, only, he attempted to persuade his friend that it would be wise to let the old life go; to call this return to earth a resurrection, and frame a new destiny; but Edward so obviously considered him a lunatic, that he did not even pursue the topic sufficiently to reveal his reasons for such advice.

The two were on their way to America. The savant, still determined to take the world by surprise, never allowed their real names to be known.

They landed in New York. Edward had never been shaven since he sailed from that port. He wore a tremendous beard, which rendered him perfectly unrecognizable. The savant had for years indulged in a beard even longer. The first thing Edward did on landing, was to cut it off, as he was as much changed as his companion.

By the time they were ready to leave the hotel it was near dark, and they were both hungry. Edward proposed going to Delmonico's, but the German's soul yearned for a particular sort of horrible sausage, which looked like a miniature boa-constrictor, and smelt detestably. There was only one place in all New York, where this delicacy could be obtained, properly cooked, and to that, and no other, would the savant go.

They sought it out, entered one of the dirty little boxes, and were duly served, Edward petitioning for dishes in which neither sausage or cabbage should find a place. Midway, in their meal, they were roused by hearing Master's name pronounced by some persons in the box next their's. Edward started up, but the savant whispered to him to keep quiet.

Their neighbors were a couple of men who had lived a good deal in Germany, and who, like the Professor, had strayed in thither to indulge in some kind of deadly Teutonic dish. Presently they addressed each other by name. Edward whispered to his companion that he knew them both. Before this he had heard something of their conversation. He was so thunderstruck that he could not stir, could not remember that it was, perhaps, indelicate to listen. As for the savant, he cared not a rush about the indelicacy; he wanted to hear, and meant to do so.

The conversation was about like this.

"It is just as well Ned Masters can't look back," said one.

"It was a fool of a will, anyhow," replied the other. "But Masters was always rather soft, though a good enough fellow in the main."

The savant laid down his knife and fork, expressly to chuckle.

"Well, at this rate," said the first, "the lawyers will get more of the money than anybody else. In the beginning the cousins fought with the step-mother. Now Celia's husband is fighting about her share, and Tom and Fenton nearly came to blows last week."

"It's my opinion the governess is the only decent one in the lot," observed the second. "She sticks to the charge of the children, because Ned wished it; but she has a bad time. Her mother told me, three months ago, that Mrs. Masters had cut down her salary to nothing, telling her that if she did not think she had already robbed (sweet word, eh?) herself and the children sufficiently, she had better leave."

"Ah, ha!" muttered the savant. "That is the little girl who did not feel enough when the will was read—ja, ja!" and he chuckled like an old Mephistopheles.

"Marian and her aunt always get on well," was the next remark.

"Oh, yes; they are genuinely fond of one another. Poor Marian!"

"Nonsense!" came the retort. "If she will make a fool of herself, she must."

A few speeches, unaudible, then followed.

"As for Howard Fenton, he has no more heart

than a stone. At his weakest, Ned Masters was worth twenty of him."

The speakers left the box. The savant watched Edward in silence. The young man's face had cleared again.

"Did you hear?" he said, eagerly. "My poor Marian!"

"What did they mean by her making a fool of herself?" asked the savant, an odd expression brightening his eyes.

"They meant that she was a fool to waste her life mourning for me," said Edward. "And those are friends!"

"O—oh! *Ach, mien Gott!* That was what they meant!" exclaimed the savant, in a voice as odd as his look had been a moment before.

"Of course it was."

"Of course it was!" echoed the savant, and lighted his pipe.

Edward was eager to go out to his house, about an hour's drive from town. It had at first been decided that he should send some intimation of his return, but this conversation rendered him too restless to wait for that. Once in the carriage, he rushed into the highest spirits. He cared little what Tom and his cousins might have done, Marian still loved him; so did his mother. As for the stories in regard to the latter's ill-treatment of the governess, he did not believe one word of them, as they were easily disposed of.

"And, really," he said, "you could not expect a set of young fellows to go on, grieving forever. As for Celia, she was always a goose."

The Professor at length made him perceive that it would be positively dangerous to present himself too suddenly at the house; he might nearly kill his mother and Marian. They must go to work very cautiously. It was not an every-day occurrence for a man to be dead almost a year and a half, and then come to life, without so much as sending a telegram from the other world, to announce his return!

They left the carriage at an inn of a village near the mansion, and took a path through the fields, which led them into the shrubberies. It was late in May, and the evening was warm and pleasant. The soft gray of twilight spread about as Edward Masters once more stood in his garden.

Close to a pretty arbor they stopped to consult. The savant was to go first into the house, and break the wonderful news as best he might. The family all knew him. Suddenly the sound of voices reached them from the arbor—bitter sobs and weeping. Edward recognized little Hilda's tones, crying,

"What shall I do? How can I let you go, dear, dear Gracie?"

And the governess's tremulous voice answered,

"My darling, it must be. Your mother has decided, and we must submit. Try to be a good girl, and remember that I love you dearly."

"Oh, what would Edward say?" sobbed the child. "You were to stay with me—that was his command. Oh, Gracie, Gracie, they have all forgotten him, except you and me!"

"Hush, my dear! You must not say that."

"It is true, though."

"I am sure it is not."

"Yes, it is! Why, even mamma——"

"Hilda! Hilda!" broke in Miss Maynard, gently. "Your mamma loved him——"

"Then she oughtn't to be going to parties when he has only been dead a little over a year; and they all to take off black three months ago, and pretend that it was on account of Celia's marriage!"

The small maid, a creature of twelve, whom delicate health had rendered precocious and womanly, so far as the development of her mind was concerned, received a mild but severe lecture upon the wickedness of judging her elders.

"I can't help it!" she sobbed. "It is awful! And now for mamma to send you away! I wish I could die, and go to Edward! Oh, Gracie, it does not seem possible that he can be dead! I dreamed, only last night, that he had come back."

"So did I, dear," and it became evident that the governess was weeping, too.

"Once," pursued Hilda, "I dreamed that he was here again, and that it was you he was to marry."

"Silly little dreamer!" returned Miss Maynard, and tried to laugh, but her voice was very tremulous.

"Gracie," said the child, "I should like to tell you something. You are going away. Oh, what shall I do! To think that it may be years and years before we meet! California is so far——"

"What do you want to tell me dear?"

"You will not be angry? But—but—I know you copied that large photograph mamma has; and—and, one night, when I was ill, and you sat up with me, I heard you praying. You are not angry, Gracie?"

"No, dear, I am not angry," the governess replied, in a tone of unearthly sweetness and patience. "Edward is in heaven now, and knows what I did not myself know until the news of his death came to me. It will only be a closer bond between us two, my darling, your telling me this. I am glad you know."

Then there was a brief silence. Presently, Miss Maynard said,

"We must go in now; it is getting late. Besides, the wedding-cards have come, and your mamma left me a long list of names to fill in."

"How can Marian marry Howard Fenton?" exclaimed Hilda. "I do so detest that man."

"Don't say that dear. Edward loved him. Marian told me only yesterday that the first reason for her being attracted toward him was because he had shared her grief; had appreciated Edward as thoroughly and warmly as she did."

"Please, don't talk about that!" cried Hilda, impatiently. "I don't believe it."

"Marian is a good girl," Miss Maynard said. "She means always to do what is exactly right."

"A good girl, when next week she is to become Mrs. Howard Fenton! Pah! It makes me sick. Positively, though I miss him more every day, I am glad Edward died, rather than have had him live to learn that Marian was a beauty, and nothing else. Nature," pursued the young dissectionist, in a disdainful tone, "spent so much time over her face, that she had no leisure to give her a soul."

The two were gone.

"*Ach, mein Gott!*" exclaimed the savant. "For the first time in my life, I wish that I had a daughter, and that the small Hilda were she." Then he remembered Edward, and what he must be suffering. "My boy!" he fairly groaned with an emotion of which one would have hardly believed him capable. "My poor boy!"

"Never mind," interrupted Edward, cheerfully. "If ghosts will come back, they must take the consequences."

The savant stared at him, turned him round three times, as if executing some magic rite; stared again, and cried,

"You are not broken-hearted?"

"I wish Mrs. Fenton joy," he replied. "Look here, Professor. The old life seems like a dream! I believe I did die. I believe my soul did go away and come back."

"So do I," returned the savant; "and I always have, and always shall, though it sounds as if I was as mad as a whole Bedlam to say so. But, never mind. We are here on earth, at all events. The question is, what do you mean to do now?"

"Go back to town; send for my lawyer; find out how my returning to existence (what an indiscretion it is, by the way! I feel quite guilty) can be rendered least a misfortune, pecuniarily, to any dear, loving friends and relations."

"You must not judge them too harshly."

"I don't. No fear of that. They have only acted in accordance with the instincts of humanity. I should probably have done just the same had the cases been reversed."

The Doctor stood still for an instant, then clapped his hands, then danced a jig, and was only restored to his senses by dropping his meerschaum pipe out of his pocket, and suffering untold agonies in a moment, for fear the priceless treasure might be broken. When he had picked up his idol, and found it uninjured, he exclaimed,

"Ah, ha! The little girl who did not feel—*ja, ja!* Who could not cry and do threaticals? A hard-hearted young monster—*ja, ja!*" Then he added, in a voice of sudden ferocity, "Are you a perfect fool, you?"

"No, I am not," said Edward."

"Good!" ejaculated the savant, slapping him on the back. "Now let's get to town as fast as we can. I could eat another sausage!"

They returned to the city. Edward sent for his lawyer. The fact of his being alive once admitted and gotten over, they proceeded to business. Certain Nevada lands which Edward owned, had recently greatly risen in value; they held silver and gold, and there was an opportunity to sell to a mining company. The extra money, joined to the sum the savant had made for him in India, would enable him to bestow a comfortable fortune on his step-mother, give Marian a goodly marriage portion, and aid the others as much as it might be wise to do.

"Fool!" cried the savant.

"Unheard of!" pronounced the lawyer.

"A returned ghost must not make himself too unpleasant," said Edward, with a merry laugh.

The task of announcing his re-appearance on earth to his family and friends was confided to the lawyer, who set about it early the next morning with a serene satisfaction which delighted the savant.

At first, Mrs. Masters would not believe the story; the cousins were quite outrageous, declared the claimant an imposter, and threatened a law-suit, but they all finished by crediting the tale. Then Marian had hysterics—very excusably, I think, though, as a rule, I am not in favor of the malady—but she had to come out of them unaided, for the rest were too busy to notice her, she not being one-half the importance in their eyes that she had been on the previous day. Finally, everybody discovered that a good deal of money would still fall to everybody, and they all tried to be glad that Edward was alive.

The next evening he and the savant went up to the country-house. Hilda met them in the hall.

"I was not surprised," she said, as soon as she could talk coherently, "I never believed you were dead. I was sure, if you had been, that you would have come back to see Gracie and me."

Marian had a fresh attack of spasms, was brought to, and heard Edward congratulating her.

"Fenton is the best fellow in the world," said he. "Marian, I am awfully glad I was drowned! I never could have made you half so happy as he will. You are exactly suited to one another."

The savant unconsciously stood on one foot, and waved his left leg in the air, so delighted was he with the close of the speech.

"Let me be first to offer my wedding-gift," continued Edward, He pulled a jewel-case from his pocket, and displayed a *parure* of diamonds so magnificent that Marian nearly fainted, and the savant settled his left pedal extremity on the floor, and muttered, audibly,

"Fool!"

Then Edward turned to his step-mother, and said,

"Where is Miss Maynard? My little Hilda has already told me of all her goodness during the dear child's illness. I want to thank her."

But the governess had been sent away that morning before the lawyer arrived with his astonishing revelations. Mrs. Masters did the best thing that could be done under the circumstances—told the truth; showing thereby that she possessed some heart, and a good deal of common sense.

"I treated the girl like a brute," said she. "Edward, the money was a curse to all of us! Your being saved may be the means of saving our souls; we should certainly have lost them otherwise."

There was talk (originating with Marian, and filtering through her aunt,) of putting off the wedding for awhile.

"Not to be thought of!" pronounced Edward.

"It seems so indelicate!" sighed Mrs. Masters.

"My dear friend," returned Edward, he was goodness itself to her, but he never called her mother again, "my spirit would have been supposed by you all to be rejoicing over Marian's happiness. How can it be indelicate for me to do so in mortal shape?"

There was nothing more to be said.

The wedding took place the following week. Grace Maynard was present. Mrs. Masters went herself to town to beg the ex-governess to gratify them all by coming.

After the bride and groom had departed, Edward and Grace chanced to find themselves, for an instant, in the garden. He seized her hand, and said, abruptly,

"I have been dead, and have come back to life. I am all alone. I love you. Will you help me to get accustomed to earth once more?"

Half an hour later, Hilda danced out of the shrubberies, and rushed up to them.

"I haven't heard a syllable," cried she, "but I dreamed last night how it would be! Do let me kiss you both!"

Always, after that, for she insisted upon living in their house, they professed a great respect for Hilda's dreams, and, among themselves, always called her the "LITTLE PROPHETESS."

DAISY BELL.

BY U. D. THOMAS, M.D.

DAISY BELL, sweet Daisy Bell!
In yon cottage by the mill,
Pure and lovely did she dwell,
Dreaming not of ill;
Full of brightness, full of song,
Tripped her happy days along,
Over dale and hill.

Daisy Bell, sweet Daisy Bell!
Joyous as the summer hours,
Loving shine and shade, as well
As her garden flowers;
Training vines about the door,
Till they ran the cottage o'er,
Kissing off the showers.

Daisy Bell, sweet Daisy Bell!
Summer smiled, and passed away;
On her life a shadow fell,
Darkening every day;
All her idols changed to dust,
And her child-like faith and trust
Seemed as false as they.

Daisy Bell, sweet Daisy Bell!
Seldom now we hear her name;
Trusting much, and loving well,
Till the spoiler came;
Round her heart his toils he wove,
In the holy name of love,
Scorching like a flame.

Daisy Bell, sweet Daisy Bell!
In thy sadness and thy blight,
Holier love and faith may dwell,
Hidden from our sight;
Some time sorrow's cloudy pall,
Rifted from thy soul will fall,
Letting out the light.

"J."

BY T. H. ROBERTSON.

Dr. Thomas Geoffrey Mayner sat in his office, in one of our great western cities, with a letter before him. "My father's hand," he said, and opened the letter and read:

My Dear Boy:—In my last, written from Naples, I informed you that I should soon marry. I have married. You wish to know something of my wife. That is natural. She is an American; was a widow. Husband's name was Blake. Her maiden name was Folsome—Floy Folsome. You have heard of the Folsomes, of Virginia? An old family, and a good one. Floy is very young, and very fair. Has one child, a daughter. Floy has brought me a very solid fortune. Her child is also very comfortably provided for. I met Floy in Berlin; joined her party; traveled with her a month; married her in Florence. We immediately sailed for home; landed at New York on Friday, and to-day (Sunday) I write this from my wife's country-place. Now, my dear boy, take a holiday, and come and see us. Floy says you must. She is very anxious to see you.

"Affectionately, your father,

"J. S. Mayner."

Just as the sun was setting, a week later, he was set down at the gate of "my wife's country-place," in full view of the Blue Ridge, in one of the loveliest counties of Virginia.

"Hey!" muttered Mr. Geoff, as he alighted, "A finer place than I had expected, even!"

"Fine place!" repeated Geoff, as he rang the bell. "The old gentleman is in luck. Ah! Is my fa—ther——" And Mr. Geoff stood bowing and stammering to the beautiful vision, which had opened the door.

"I—er—beg pardon!" stammered Geoff again. "I have just come, and should like to see Mr. Mayner."

"Yes, sir; walk in. I will have him called," answered the richest and sweetest of voices. "In here, if you please. Jane, tell your master there is a gentleman waiting to see him."

"Yes, Miss Floy," said the colored girl, leaving them.

"Miss Floy! Father's wife! What a beautiful creature!" thought the dazed Geoff.

The "creature" was about to leave him alone.

"I—excuse me—I think you don't know me." And he advanced a step forward.

She paused, and turned on him, coldly.

"No, sir; I do not recognize you."

"I am Geoff!" he exclaimed.

To his surprise, she made no motion whatever to meet him, but only exclaimed, with a little frigider intonation, and a slight lifting of her eyebrows,

"Sir!"

"I am Geoff!" more desperately.

"Indeed?"

His face flamed vividly. He stammered,

"I—I mean, madam, I am my father's son. Oh, Lord!" to himself, as he saw a faint smile flickering round her lips, at this wise remark.

She drew herself up, and turned as if to go.

"Wait a minute!" he blundered out. "I—I am Geoffrey Mayner."

"Oh!" she cried, "that is it;" and smiling, she held out her hand. "I am very glad to see you."

Geoff grasped the hand.

"And have you no other welcome for me, mother?" he asked. "I have fallen in love with you already. Won't you kiss me? Won't you kiss your student-son?"

The hand was quickly withdrawn from his; the eyes swiftly swept his face; the blood suffused hers: and then she sank to a chair, and burst into uncontrollable laughter.

"Pray, pardon me," she said, at last, "if I seem rude, Mr. Mayner; but I could not help it. That you should take me for mamma, and call me mother!" And she laughed again.

"I—what?"

"I am—oh! I am Floy. There is mamma. Mamma, Dr. Mayner has been calling me mother, and——"

"Asking her for a kiss, which he didn't get," joined in Geoff, putting a brave face on it, as all shy men do when driven to desperation, and going up to meet his father and Mrs. Mayner, as they came in.

This time he got the kiss; and he consoled himself by philosophizing, that if the daughter had declined to kiss him, he had done the next thing, kissed her mother.

"And so you thought I had married little Floy here!" said his father, joining in the general laugh.

"Little Floy!" cried Geoff, glancing, with a

merry twinkle in his eyes, at the tall, stylish girl, and feeling wondrously at home, all at once, with her. "Why, you wrote me that she was a child; and, acting under that impression, I stowed in my trunk sundry packages of bonbons and toy-books for this little sister of mine, whom I expected to sit on my knee, pull my mustache, and discuss the pictures with me."

"Oh!" laughed Floy—Floy Blake. "I have not lost my taste for bonbons; and as for the toy-books——"

But Geoff interrupted her.

'Shall we carry out the programme, and discuss the pictures, in the way I have said, *a la* big brother and little sister?"

"And as to the toy-books, we shall find a use for them," she finished, taking no notice of Geoff's question.

And thus Geoff began his holiday in the country.

It is not our intention to follow him during those swift summer days. Oh, ye denizens of city stores and offices, does there never come to you a dream of a soft summer gone; a dream of rest, and freedom, and idleness; a dream that once was not all a dream, but the sweetest, and swiftest, and soothingest of realities? Perhaps there are some of you whose dream is like Geoff's was—a dream not wholly of sunny days and mellow skies, but of the sunny eyes and the mellow tones of a fair, fresh woman; of long, languid hours, and hours glad, and happy, and songful, that drift away, never to be forgotten, with such a companion. Perhaps you were poor as our Geoff was, and she, *she*, the fairest, and purest, and best of women, in your eyes, was an heiress, whom you dared to think of but in secret. Ah! can you not recall how, many and many a time, that thought, with its sable wings of shadows, floated over your little Eden in those summer days, and, for the time being, cast you in gloom and bitterness? And then, when your leave of absence had expired, and the day had come, and the hour, when you must leave all these things, don't you remember what a leaden hue the world took on, and what a leaden heart was under your vest, as you turned your face, with a sigh, back to the dreary town?

Such were Geoff Mayner's feelings at the end of that fortnight in summer, as he pressed Floy Blake's hand farewell, with that hopeless look, and simple, dreamy "Good-by." That was all; not a word more. He felt that he would have died rather than say, what he would have liked so much to say, "May I write to you?" And all the more, because she was his father's step-daughter. For what would the world say? It would call him a fortune-hunter, and no explanation would suffice.

Back, again, to his little dusty office; back to the old life, which had lost its brightness and ease, went Geoff. So the days glided on, the autumn passed, and Christmas came. And with Christmas came an urgent letter from his father and mother, insisting that he should spend the holidays with them. But he looked in vain for a message from Floy. "Had she asked me," he said, "I could not have resisted. Well, it is best as it is. I have now no temptation to risk being called a fortune-hunter. Evidently she never thinks of me." But Geoff, so contradictory is human nature, was none the happier for coming to this conclusion.

Mr. Geoff then proceeded to "decline, with many thanks," the invitation. "He was too busy to leave," he said.

The months were on toward the summer again. Mr. Mayner, Sr., was not a very regular correspondent. Mrs. Mayner wrote more frequently. But between them both, Geoff never heard much of Floy Blake. "Floy is well;" "Floy is quite a belle," and such bits as these were about all the information he had relative to that young lady. "Confound Floy!" he would sometimes exclaim. Then he would go off into dream-land: and end by kissing the letter, somewhere near the word Floy. Then he would say, "what a fool I am," and throw the letter in the fire.

At last, one day in July, came a letter from his father. "Geoff," it said, "I write once more to ask you to come down, if only for a week or two, I have news for you. I suspect we are about to lose Floy." (There was a noise like the crumpling of letter-paper in somebody's hand.) "John Creery, whom you met last summer, has been hanging round Floy for some months. She has never said anything on the subject to me or your mother, but I am pretty sure she will have him; and I know John is crazy about her."

Geoff jumped up from his desk. "I will go!" he exclaimed, with unwonted emphasis. "I will! There's no harm now! I will see her, and hear her voice! She will never know! No one will ever know! I'll stay just a little while, and then—I'll leave her with Creery, and—and, come back! Yes, I'll go!"

And go he did. It was in the afternoon, another summer afternoon, that he came in sight of the gables among the trees. But Geoff was not looking at the gables, nor the trees. Was not that a skirt among the shrubbery? A skirt and a woman, with the shining hair and matchless form he knew so well? Ah, Geoff, why do you strain your eyes so eagerly? Why does your breath quicken? Is it possible that you haven't

conquered that old weakness? Shall a woman's dress, or figure thus affect you? But stop, look again! There is something else there. Yes! a gentleman is fastening a flower in his button-hole, and bowing very low over the shining hair and well-known form. The wearer comes toward the gate and through it.

"Why, how are you, Mayner, old fellow? Glad to have you with us, again," cries John Creery, seizing Geoff's hand, and squeezing it with great vigor.

"How'dy'?" drawls Geoff, a little absently, a little gruffly; and thereupon leaves Mr. Creery, and goes toward the figure among the shrubbery.

"The scamp's left a fine color on her cheeks," muttered Geoff, as he neared the rosy, half-smiling woman. "Jupiter! ain't she glorious!"

She came forward to meet him, extending her hand, which he merely touched, though he felt as if he could crush it in his own; and again he heard the voice he had dreamed of for a year.

"Oh, Geoff, how glad mother and father will be to see you!" They were brother and sister, you know, and had always called each other Geoff and Floy.

"Well, Floy, I don't suppose anybody here cared much to see me. And, perhaps, I did not desire much to come myself."

"You should have staid at home, then," said Floy, with a little pout, but looking somewhat puzzled, yet, ah, so bewitching and tempting.

"Brothers are sometimes in the way," retorted Geoff, half gruffly.

"That depends——" answered Floy, her color growing a little deeper.

"I say, Floy, I met him!" said Geoff, desperately.

"Whom?"

"Him."

"Oh! Mr. Creery? I thought you treated him rather coldly," she said, sententiously.

"Did you? Perhaps I ought to have been more demonstrative, if not for his sake, for some one else's. Ah?"

"You are very mysterious. But, come up to the house. Your father is expecting you," and Floy led the way.

Geoff had gone down with the intention of remaining two weeks. But the morning of the second day after his arrival, he suddenly declared, over his muffins,

"I shall have to return to the city to-morrow."

"What? Dear me!" cried Mr. and Mrs. Mayner, respectively.

"I shall have to return to the city to-morrow," he repeated, stoically.

"The boy is crazy. What has happened?" cried his father and mother, in chorus. But Floy said nothing. He looked up at her, and met her eyes, surveying him complacently, over the cup from which she was sipping.

"Ichabod is joined to his city idols," remarked that young person, nodding her head sagely; and soon after she went out among her flowers.

This cool indifference almost drove him insane. He was firm, in consequence, to every entreaty of his parents. He would return to-morrow, he said, resolutely. The truth was, he could no longer endure her indifference to himself.

That afternoon he was wandering about, restlessly, among the trees, in the park. Floy was visiting a neighbor. At last he threw himself upon a rustic settee which stood under one of the trees. Presently the gate, near by, opened. He looked round quickly. It was Creery.

John Creery was the last person he wanted to see just then. He leapt to his feet, and swang himself up among the boughs of the tree above the settee—a huge oak. There he concealed himself, and watched. Creery passed on to the house. Geoff knew whom he wanted to see. After a little, Creery came back, looking disappointed. When he was opposite the settee, he stopped a second, then whirled round, and came straight toward it. He sat down, drew out a note-book, wrote on one of the pages, tore it out, folded it, wrote on it again, placed it on the settee, arose, and left.

Geoff looked down at the note. There it lay. He could read the direction, written in a bold, plain hand—"Miss Floy Blake." "Just as I thought," muttered Geoff. "Wonder if this is their rendezvous and depositary of billet-doux. Nice arrangement!"

Just then the gate clicked again. Creery had left a little to soon; for it was Floy, walking listlessly toward the house, her hat swinging in her hand, her eyes bent toward the ground. She, too, turned to the settee. Reaching it, she flung herself absently upon it, while the faintest of little weary sighs floated up to Geoff.

There she sat, looking very tired, one elbow resting on the arm of the settee, her cheek lying in her palm, gazing out toward the golden west. Another sigh, and something that seemed to Geoff like a dew-drop, fell from her cheek to the grass below. She arose as if to go. Then, evidently for the first time, she saw the note.

With a little start, she stooped and took it. Her hand trembled perceptibly as she hastily opened and read it. Geoff saw the glowing color rise rapidly to her face. He heard a faint, happy exclamation; then she buried her face in her hands. Presently she looked up again, and read

the note over; read and read, ever so long; then she pressed it to her lips, and after that rested her cheek upon it, looking again, with a glad glow in her eyes, toward the golden west.

Geoff's face was very white—almost stern. "How she loves him!" he muttered between his teeth. "A saint, a god, is not worthy of such love as that."

In the bitterness of his mood, he clenched his hand, and straightened himself up rigidly, thereby striking his hat against an overhanging limb. The next instant the hat had fallen at Floy's feet, arousing her abruptly from her reveries.

She sprang from the settee, and looked up into the tree, with a frightened expression in the hitherto dreamy eyes. But when she discovered Geoff, her face grew rosy again, and she cried, a little spasmodically, but with a wreath of smiles,

'Oh, Geoff! Is it you? How you frightened me!"

Geoff looked conscience-smitten, but stammered out, with a forced laugh,

"I—er—I was waiting for you to leave. That is—er—— Well, I may come down now?"

She nodded her head, and smiled. Geoff slid from the oak, and picked up his hat.

Then there was an embarrassing silence.

"Let's sit down," at last broke out Geoff, desperately.

They sat down.

There was another terribly embarrassing silence.

Floy was still very rosy, and, seemingly, very well contented, though she did look as if she expected Geoff to say something. But Geoff only pulled his mustache, and looked out of sorts. After awhile, he observed,

"You look very happy about something."

"Do I?" she said, archly, glancing at the note in her hand.

"Ah!" continued Geoff, following her glance. "I see you've found the missive."

"Yes," she replied, simply, with the most mysterious and sweetest of smiles.

"Don't you intend to answer it?"

"If you will lend me your pencil," looking up at him a little shyly, but with such an unfathomable, tender light in her eyes.

He handed her the pencil moodily. He watched her, moodily, while she bent over the paper and wrote. When she had finished, she tore off her reply from the body of the note, and handed the answer, with something inexplicable in her look and manner, to Geoff.

"What?" exclaimed that astounded young man. "You want *me* to read it?"

"Of course," answered she, a little startled and surprised, herself.

He took it, gritting his teeth. It was only two lines. "You have made me very happy, and I answer you, Yes, with all my soul."

Geoff swore silently, and handed it back to her.

"Creery is a lucky fellow," he said. "Thanks for your confidence."

"Sir!" cried Floy, rising, and trembling, and turning a little pale.

"Why, what in the world is the matter?" cried Geoff, and he also rose, wholly at a loss to account for her altered manner.

"Oh! oh!" And bursting into tears, Floy covered her face with both hands, and walked rapidly toward the house.

"Floy! Floy, darling, wait!" cried Geoff, following, as the truth dawned suddenly on him. "Can it be? Oh, Floy, give me the note."

She flung it to him, passionately.

"I must leave to-morrow, Floy," it said. "I have made an effort to see you this afternoon, but was disappointed. I may not see you again before I leave. And, Floy, I cannot go away without telling you how I love you. Floy, darling, may I come back for you? Leave your answer here, and I will find it early in the morning, as I pass by. Forever yours, J.

"Oh, Floy, Floy, is it possible you meant me?" springing toward her, and catching her in his arms.

When they came to explanations, Geoff asked,

"But, Floy, why did you think I wrote the note? There is not a 'J' in my name."

"Oh, I was such an ignoramus! I thought you were named Jeff—Thomas Jefferson Mayner."

BLUE-BIRD.

BY MRS. L. V. ROBINSON.

Blue-bird, herald of Spring,
Flash through the woodlands gray;
Twitter, and whistle, and sing,
Making the depths to ring,
And re-echo thy wildest lay,
Blue-bird.

Poised on thy beautiful wing,
Speeding afar on thy way;
Pleasant the tidings ye bring,
Of sunshine, and flowers, and Spring,
To hearts in the shadows to-day,
Blue bird.

THE DAYS OF SEVENTY-SIX.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70.

CHAPTER XX.

THE boy, Charles, had never been subjected to severe military rule, for, though a swift rider and full of courage, when on duty, there was something in his youth that awoke a spirit of protection in the brave hearts that surrounded him with almost tender care. Perhaps this feeling was intensified somewhat by the fact that this youth was an especial favorite with Sir Henry Clinton, with whom he was in some degree related; and even Lord Howe sometimes relaxed his stolid dignity, and petted the handsome youth, as the proudest men will sometimes take weaker and brighter beings into their loves because of the sunshine they bring.

Next to a girl-child, there is, perhaps, nothing in humanity that appeals more closely to a brave heart than the dawn of manhood in a bright, ambitious, innocent boy, who, brave as a lion, but shy from inexperience, carries some of the attributes of girlhood into the rougher life in which sentiment and fancy are so often hardened into power or discontent.

Charles, or Charley, as this lad was called among those who loved him best, though bright as a young eagle, and almost reckless in his inexperience, had a shy sweetness of disposition, combined with quick energy, that won for him a hold on the sympathies of his fellow-men, which the bravest officer in the army could never have won with his sword. Everywhere the boy was beloved and received with unconscious tenderness, though he was wayward at times, and petulant as a girl with those who loved him best, and whom he loved most devotedly.

After that fearful adventure, in the burning steeple, the lad become an object of general sympathy. The crowd that had seen him surge out from those flaming timbers, and leap, as it were, into a chaos of seething elements, threaded through and through by the coils of a single rope, became wild in their admiration of the heroic act. They knew nothing of the mortal dread, the awful delirium of terror that forced him to the act, but made a hero of him at once, and among all the brilliant officers that lighted up the streets of New York with gold and scarlet, this one lad was the most popular and the most sought after.

But Charles cared nothing for this. In fact, the popularity which had been won only by a desperate effort to save his own life, sometimes made him laugh, and sometimes brought tears to his eyes—tears of self-pity for the crouching, helpless thing he had been till the voice through that trumpet aroused him to a mad effort for life. For weeks after this, no military duty whatever was demanded of the boy. The shock he had received was too great for a sudden reaction, and, strange to say, the lad seemed to have changed in his very nature since then; a sadness, vague and unaccountable, even to himself, settled upon him, and, instead of seeking excitement in the gay scenes that followed the presence of a victorious army, he kept within doors, or wandered alone out into the open fields that spread, in all their rich greenness, over the island, above the square in which the City Hall now stands.

Beset by the depressed feelings that he could not himself account for, the lad wandered away from the city, and, finding himself on the wooded banks of the East River, sat down where the entangled roots of a great oak tree formed a seat on the edge of a rock that sloped over the water, and, in a sad, dreamy way, watched the stream as it flowed with a monotonous, rushing sound, toward the harbor.

The lad was young, far away from his own country, and a terrible feeling of home-sickness lay upon him.

In the heart of a city, made brilliant by conquest, he felt quite alone. The amusements open to officers of tried valor and higher rank, were either distasteful, or beyond the reach of his waning ambition. Since he had entered the house of Mr. Kingsford, this feeling of unrest had been strong upon him. That day, as he sat with his great, brown eyes fixed on the flow of the water, they grew sad to mournfulness, and slowly filled with tears.

So young, so full of life, what had come over the boy? He was alone, and did not seem ashamed of his tears. Had the shock of that awful fire quite unmanned him? Or, more likely,

still, did the tenderness and passion in those eyes spring from the struggles of a young heart in its first impetuous love for some female, older than himself, who had artfully or unconsciously startled the boy out of his tranquil youth, by kindness, perhaps caresses, that in perfect manhood he might have prayed for in vain? Had Rhoda Clyde ensnared that young heart with the bewilderments of her attentions? Or, had he turned, with aspiring love, to sweet Grace Kingsford, whose gentle nature had unconsciously aroused the first passion of his love?

Andre had asked himself these questions many a time, within the last five days, and was, as we are, incapable of answering himself.

Sometimes, the young man, whose experiences in society had been brilliant, would smile to himself at the idea; but observation had taught him, as it has most of us, that youth, in its first aspirations of love, looks upward and forward, passing the half-blown buds of life to seize upon the red-leaved roses. Surely the boy was laboring under the depression of some immature passion like this. But the object, was it Rhoda Clyde, or Grace Kingsford?

Andre had watched the boy closely, but could not discover this secret for himself. Once or twice he had sought to win some token of jealousy by an appearance of warm interest in these young ladies, by which he might detect the object of preference; but even there he was at fault. When he devoted himself to Rhoda, in that graceful, worldly way that challenges reciprocity, the boy would watch him with some anxiety at first, then turn away with a curl of the lip that had more of contempt than jealousy in it.

Again, when the lad came suddenly into the drawing-room, one day, and found the Major leaning over Grace Kingsford, as if some unusual conversation had drawn forth the finer sympathies of his nature, he paused suddenly at the door, and such a look of mournful surprise came over his face that his young guardian was almost assured that the sweeter and calmer loveliness of that gentle girl had enkindled a first passion in that young heart, a passion that his very youth made hopeless.

From this might have sprung the depression of sadness that had fallen on the boy since his entrance into that family. Andre did not wonder at this when he found time to search his own feelings regarding these two young ladies. Rhoda inspired him with warm admiration; for even to him her art was so blended with an appearance of frank audacity, that he failed to detect it as a fault; but, with all her grace of acting, and pretence at feeling, she failed to awake in him any sentiment deeper than such careless gallantry as a piquant and successful woman is sure to elicit from a man of his ardent temperament. But with Miss Kingsford the case was far different. She brought forth all that was refined and gracious in his character. For her he had a tender reverence, a sweet, trustful companionship, as far removed from the passion of love as his admiration of Rhoda was from perfect respect. With these feelings it seemed impossible to him that any one so young and heart-free as Charles Raymond surely was only a few weeks before, should turn one thought toward Mr. Kingsford's protege, when his daughter was near. Still, he was a man of the world, and knew with what bewildering fascinations a creature like that might entrance an inexperienced boy.

One thing was certain, Charles was unhappy, and a spirit of gloom settled upon him more heavily every day.

This spirit was upon him now, as he sat alone on that high bank, watching the waters flow, and the sails flutter up and down the broad stream like dusky or white-winged birds sporting in the waves.

Among this light craft he saw a sloop; one of those small coasters that plied irregularly on the Sound, coming down from Hell-Gate with what seemed to him reckless speed. Hugging the shore close, she slackened sail, when a few furlongs above the oak-tree where he sat, and directly threw out his anchor.

Then three men came over her side, and entered a small boat. One of these men reeled a little on his feet as he stepped into the boat, and, looking more closely, Charles saw that his hands were knotted behind his back by a red silk handkerchief, twisted like a rope.

The boat put off, rowed by two men in the uniform of British soldiers, and came swiftly down stream, in the shadow of the bank.

Charles started up and looked keenly after the boat, for there was something in the face of the bound man that took away his breath. Pale as marble, but full of heroic life, it was turned upon him neither in reproach or appeal, but as if the luminous blue eyes were looking far off at something no other person could ever see. The boatmen, catching sight of a scarlet uniform against the green of the oaks, saluted as they came up, and allowed their oars to drag a little as the youth let himself down the bank, and threw up his hand as a signal for them to stop.

"Bound for the city?" he questioned.

"Bound for head-quarters," was the answer.

"Draw up. I have had a long walk, and you shall give me a lift."

The men hesitated, and looked at the young man sitting in the bow of the boat.

"It may be dangerous, your honor. We have this rebel in hand. He might hop ashore."

That moment the eyes of the prisoner and the youth met, and Charles called out,

"I pledge my word for him. Draw up, I say!"

The men obeyed. Charles leaped into the boat, and sat down in the stern, breathing hard.

"A rebel!" he said, as the boat was pushed into the stream again. "How do you know that?"

"I told them," said the young man, gravely. "A man who has fought with Washington does not deny the glory of it."

The prisoner was in a plain homespun dress, but his language was pure, his manners courteous.

"An officer?" questioned Charles, lifting his hat.

"A captain in——"

Before the prisoner could finish his reply, one of the soldiers broke in,

"Lord love your honor, he is a spy!"

"A spy!"

The lad turned pale as these words fell from his lips.

"A spy? No, no. That cannot be."

The prisoner bent his head, but a cloud came into his eyes.

"We found him at Huntington Bay. He mistook our boat for his own, and hailed us. But for that, Washington would have been wiser today than he was yesterday. The young fellow has a keen eye, and made good use of his time. Once in the hands of Lord Howe, and he will find his chance for that sort of work short enough."

Charles did not answer this rough speech, but his eyes were turned, with a look of struggling sympathy, on the prisoner, who was scarcely more than a boy himself, though a rough military experience had tanned his face, and given him an appearance of manhood.

"There must be some excuse. Tell me what it is. I may be able to help you," he said, in a trembling voice. "A spy? That is too dreadful! The penalty——"

"Is death," answered the prisoner, and, for the first time, a pale smile trembled across his lips. "A felon's death! There lies all the bitterness. But even that would be nothing, if the object for which I must suffer had been accomplished."

The young man spoke with deep feeling, and for the first time his firm lips quivered.

"You are mad, to say so much here," said Charles, now painfully interested. "Such words close all chances of escape. They paralyze your friends."

"You are kind. I thank you. Very kind. But caution would be of no avail. Besides, I have hesitated at nothing to save my country, but will not even equivocate to save myself. A soldier's life is always in peril; but I did not know till now how poor the man is who has but one to give."

"Brave man! Brave man!" said Charles; and, spite of himself, tears rushed into his eyes. "And for such devotion we kill each other."

"Men who seek liberty must be, at any time, ready to die," said the prisoner, gently.

Charles turned away his head; his chest heaved. He was ashamed of the tears that filled his eyes.

"I did not hope that any one would grieve for me until they hear of my death, at home," said the young man, in a broken voice.

"So young! So brave! Ready to die, yet thinking of his home, and those who will suffer there," thought Charles, bowing his head in painful thought. "Is there no way to save this man? Has war no relenting?"

The prisoner read these thoughts in the lad's face, clearly, as if they had been reflected in water, and they filled him with gratitude.

"There will be some one to feel for me," was his thought. "Perhaps this youth will tell them that I died fearlessly, and with the truth on my lips."

The boat struck against some timber-work with a jar. One of the men grappled it to the wharf.

"Here we are," he said, "close by head-quarters. Come along, my man."

The two men walked with the prisoner, each holding him by the arm. Young Raymond followed, more troubled and pale than the young man himself; followed, because his strong sympathies would have it so, into the very presence of Lord Howe, a heavy, broad, stolid man, who, finding himself close upon the dinner-hour, found even the brief examination, that involved a brave man's life, burdensome.

"Your name, sir?" he demanded, with an air of hurried impatience, as the prisoner stood before him, pale, erect, manly. "Your name and position?"

"Nathan Hale. A captain in Washington's army," was the calm reply.

"What were you doing when these soldiers took you prisoner?"

"Seeking for the boat which was to take me back to Gen. Washington's camp, with such information as I had gathered after a sojourn among your troops on Long Island."

"That is, you confess to being a spy?"

"I confess to an attempt to learn, by the best means in my power, your purposes of defence and attack."

Lord Howe turned to the two soldiers.

"Have you searched him. Are any papers found?"

One of the men laid two or three loose papers upon the table. Lord Howe leaned back in his great leathern easy-chair, and read them as if performing a task. As he was reading, the clock in a neghboring steeple struck the hour. Then he folded up the papers, tossed them on the table, and turned to a group of officers that stood behind his chair.

"Have patience one minute, gentlemen. We need not keep our dinners waiting. To-morrow, any time before ten o'clock, you will hang this young man at some place that is most convenient. He has confessed. There is no need of a further trial. Now, gentlemen, you are at liberty."

Lord Howe, in whose heavy and stolid body the blood of kings was said to circulate, arose from his chair, took his hat from the table, and went out to the carriage that was waiting for him.

"My lord, my lord!" cried young Raymond, following the nobleman in rash haste, his cheeks all aglow, his splendid eyes on fire, "this is not a trial! You cannot mean it to end in death! Oh, think, think! He has a mother—sisters, no doubt; some one else that may love him dearly."

Lord Howe wheeled about and looked at the lad in dull amazement. But when he saw the boy, so earnest, so recklessly passionate, wringing his hands in an agony of petition, the look softened into a gleam of amusement.

"What! You, Charley?" he said. "I might have guessed it. There is no accounting for the audacity of youth. Only you must not carry it too far."

"My lord, my lord, I know how daring, how inexcusable it is; but you will have mercy on this young man. He loves his country so."

Lord Howe groaned heavily.

"Have a care, my lad, and remember that mercy to traitors is treason to the king."

Raymond turned pale, but not from lack of courage. When it was to save a human being, this stripling possessed the bravery of a hero with the eloquence of a passion-tossed woman.

"This man is no common traitor, my lord."

"No. He is worse than that—a spy."

"Still, still; you, who ever forgive so much to my youth, who refrain from punishing me because of it, when I dare to throw myself in your path, will have mercy on him. Look, look! He is scarcely more than a boy; rash, like me. Forgive him, forgive him!"

"There is but one thing a commander gives to spies—death!"

"No, no, not death, my lord—imprisonment. The Jersey hulks. The old Sugar-house; some lingering, nay, terrible punishment, but not death. See, how full of life he is—how grandly he bears himself—how ready he is to die!"

"So much the better. We take no pleasure in executing cowards."

"But you will not——"

"Stand back, Raymond. There is not an officer in the army who would have dared to stop my progress as you have done, nor one who will question the justice of this young man's sentence. It is final. Pass on, gentlemen!"

Lord Howe had become animated and stern, now. With a decisive wave of his hand, he passed on, astonished at his own forbearance, and, leaving the audacious petitioner standing alone, with sobs struggling in his throat, and tears in his eyes.

"I can do nothing! I can do nothing," he said, going up to Hale, who stood between his two captors, while a man at the table made out some form of committal.

Tears stood in the young captain's eyes, when he turned to answer this wild plaint. Such tears as gratitude wrings from the bravest heart while wrong and danger turn it to marble; for true heroism always has an underlying of tenderness in it, as the brightest springs steal from beneath hard rocks. The young man was ready to die, but not the less was his soul touched by the generous heroism of this impulsive boy.

"You have done much," he said, with a sad smile; "for even here it is something to know that I have one friend."

"But so helpless, so very helpless!" cried Raymond, when a voice from the table cut through his speech with stern monotony.

"Here, sergeant, are your orders. Find some safe place for the prisoner to-night, and see that his dungeon is well guarded after that."

The man touched his cap, took the paper, and hurried his charge away.

Raymond watched the mournful group as it went up Broadway, and was lost to sight among the ruins of the fire. Then he went drearily to Mr. Kingsford's house, and shut himself up, sick at heart.

Before it was light, in the morning, he arose from a sleepless pillow, for it had seemed all the time as if each moment might point out some way of helping the young American; but time

passed only to confirm his utter helplessness, and deepen his compassion. He was ready dressed, having only thrown himself on the bed to ponder, almost despairingly, over the means by which the compassion that filled his heart until it became a misery, might find relief in action. With heavy eyes, and a heavier heart, the boy hastily bathed his face, and brushed out the soft, brown hair that curled around the black ribbon that tied it down his back, but forgot the usual powder in his generous haste.

"I may not save him, but in his prison a friendly face may be welcome. Besides, who can tell, if I could only get access to Sir Henry. He never refuses me anything; and when he pleads, even Lord Howe must listen. Ten o'clock. Ah, a great deal may be done before ten o'clock."

A faint shudder came over the boy as he said this. Even with older hearts it is terrible to know the hour and the minute on which a fellow-creature must die, without the mercy of conjecture with him to whom death was strange, except in the swift strife of a battle-field, the sensation was awful.

The morning was raw and cold when Charles went into the street. White frost lay on the grass, and the trees had taken richer red and brighter gold during the night, filling the air with that subtle sense of decay which makes an American autumn so beautiful, yet so sad. Charles did not know where to find the unfortunate man he sought, but, after questioning the sentinels still on guard, found his way up to the public square in which the City Hall now stands.

Back of the square, between Chambers street and the tangles of a deep swamp, over which the Tombs, that gloomiest of prisons, has frowned for many an unwholesome year, stood a large, wooden dwelling-house, in which troops were quartered, and back of that a low, stone greenhouse, roofed in with dingy glass, and well stored with plants.

In this place Nathan Hale had been kept all night under strict guard, knowing well that the dawn of another day must be the last he would ever see on earth.

It was a sad, lonely place, more sad, even, than a prison could have been. The only sound that reached him was the dim, far-off gurgle of a brook which drained the black waters of the swamp, now and then broken by the hoarse croak of a frog, or the pathetic cry of a whip-po-wil, that seemed to lament a fate mournful as his own.

Above him, through the thick, dim glass, a host of stars threw weird, black shadows around his feet, from the dark-leaved plants that rose, in motionless thickets, against the rude walls. No arrangements for rest or sleep had been made for the prisoner. He had tasted no food that day, and the faintness of hunger was upon him without its desire. Up and down, through the narrow stone path, left between those silent plants he walked, thinking, oh, how tenderly, of the old farm-house in Connecticut, where all that he loved best on earth was sleeping; thinking, also, of one who had worshiped him from childhood, the fair girl whose soul would be widowed the next day.

No seat, no bed! Nothing but those weird shadows to wander through. No light but the gold of the stars broken on the glass overhead. The stillness was awful; the cry of that lone night-bird was maddening. To him it seemed perched on the cross-beams of a gallows, calling him mournfully.

Gleams of light sometimes fell upon the young hero's face, revealing it very pale; but his eyes were luminous, and his head uplifted itself bravely among the shadows. Sometimes his bosom heaved, and a moan broke from his lips. Once he spoke, with a passionate outbreak, that made the sentinels on guard pause in their eternal tread around the building.

"Oh, that I had stood one minute in the presence of my commander! A few words would have told him all that I have gathered, and for each word I would gladly have given a life. But now, now, the good I might have done perishes with me. Ah, the bitterness of death lies in that!"

Thus, sometimes speaking to himself, sometimes pausing, in solemn thought, Nathan Hale passed that awful night. When the day broke, he knocked gently on the door of the greenhouse.

This summons was answered, gruffly, from the other side.

"Well, what's wanting?"

"It is daylight, now. Could I see a clergyman?"

Hale's voice was calm—even gentle. He was not afraid to die, but the braver a man is, the more humbly does he approach his God. There was no audacity in this young man's courage. In him it was a grand principle, by no means an excitement.

"Could you see a clergyman? Why, there is not a chaplain out of his bed at this hour. Besides, who is to call one? Neither I, nor my comrades. That would be a famous chance for cutting your stick. No, no; ask for something reasonable, my man."

Hale drew back from the door, seated himself

on the box from which an orange-tree was growing and covered his face with both hands. He was thinking of his home, and the prayers that night and morning had consecrated it ever since his remembrance; of his mother, his——

Here his heart seemed to break. Great tears forced themselves through his fingers, and his whole frame trembled with anguish, not for himself, not that he must suffer an ignominious death, but from compassion for the grief that must fall upon those he loved best on earth.

As for the manner of his death, the young man gave little thought. He was about to die for his country, how, or where scarcely troubled him; but his heart was full of the old home, and welled over with intense pity for its inmates.

Nathan Hale thought next of his soul, of that after life upon whose verge he was treading bravely, but with such solemn reverence as gives boldness to courage.

Again he knocked at the green-house door.

"Well, my man, what is it? Getting restless, hey?" said the sentinel.

"A Bible. Will no one give me a Bible?. I could read it now."

"A Bible? As if his majesty's soldiers went on duty with Testaments in their pockets! No, no, young man, we haven't got such a thing among us."

"What is this! What are you refusing to this poor gentleman?" questioned a voice at the sentinel's elbow.

"Why, pen, ink, and paper; that was the first thing he wanted after we got him here. As if we carried such things in our knapsacks."

"Open the door. I would speak with him."

The sentinel hesitated, but opened the door at last, with evident reluctance, and Raymond went into Hale's prison, lighting up the sombre green with the scarlet of his dress, but with a countenance sadly pale and troubled.

"I have done my best; but, God help us, they will not listen."

"You have been more than kind," answered Hale, with a faint, sweet smile. "Still, I am sorry that you have solicited mercy for me."

"Sorry? I would have knelt to them, but it was of no use. I can do you no good," answered the youth, with a gesture of passionate grief.

"You have done me good—so much, so much. Your sympathy, your kindness, God bless you for it!"

Raymond dashed a hand across his eyes.

"Tears are not for a soldier," he said; "but I could cry like a girl."

Hale could not speak, but reached forth his and.

"You were asking for something? That wretch outside was refusing it. Can I help you?" faltered the youth.

"I have so little time. A line to my parents, to another who is very dear to me, would hurt no one," answered Hale, with pathetic gentleness.

"Raymond went to the door, and dashed his hand against it.

"Bring pen, ink, and paper, this instant! Orders! Who cares for your orders? I say he shall have them. Go!"

The sentinel went away, muttering harshly. He had not far to go, and soon came back, bearing a great black ink-stand, a well-used quill, pen, and some sheets of soiled paper.

Raymond took them from his hand, looking keenly around for something to write on.

"Neither bench or stool."

"And no time for waiting," said the soldier, looking at the glass roof, on which the morning sun was darting gleams of gold.

Raymond seized the orange-tree by its strong stem, and made an effort to tear it up, but paused, breathless, with his foot on the large green box on which it was rooted.

"I—I tremble! I have no power!" he said, piteously. "Here, you jailor. Too much feeling will never take away your burly strength. Pull up the tree; turn the box over. Now, my friend, my poor, dear friend, write to those dear ones. God help them! God forgive us!"

Hale took the pen eagerly, and knelt down by the box, steadying his hand a little before he began to write.

"There was something else that you refused," questioned Raymond, in a low voice, of the sentinel. "Oh, I remember—a Bible."

"And the chaplain."

One glance at the kneeling prisoner, another at the sun, and Raymond left the green-house.

Passing swiftly along the outskirts of the City Park, he paused abruptly, for directly in his path stood a rude frame-work of timber; nothing more than a stout post and cross-beam, to which a man was attaching something, that brought a cry of dismay from the pallid lips of the boy. Then he turned and passed on. He had half a mile to walk, and every moment seemed an eternity to him then.

Back to Mr. Kingsford's house the lad ran, reached his own room, seized his pocket-Bible, that lay on his table, and rushed into the street again.

A man was loitering in front of a mansion,

somewhat above the Bowling Green, enjoying the crisp morning air. He saw the lad coming eagerly toward him, and moved leisurely toward the gate, wondering at the wild appeal in that young face.

"Come with me! There is one up yonder who is in need of help, such only as a man of God can give. Quickly, quickly, or it will be too late!"

The chaplain asked no questions. The wild eyes and pallid face, turned so beseechingly to his, were enough.

"Which way?" he said.

"Up yonder. This side of the swamp-land there is a gallows built, and a brave man waiting. Come!"

On they went in breathless silence, the boy grasping his Bible in one hand, the chaplain pale, awe-struck, but calmer than his young companion.

As they approached the Park, a crowd was collecting there, closing around one spot, like bees driven out from a hive. Under the rich gorgeousness of the maples, this black mass looked ominous, it grew and swelled so fearfully.

"This way," said Raymond, piercing the outskirts of the crowd. "His prison is——"

The lad broke off, gasping for breath; for the crowd broke, leaving way for a cart on two heavy wheels, which was drawn slowly toward the gallows, revealed in all its gloomy details by this sudden movement of the people.

Behind this cart, walking erect, with his face uplifted, and his step firm, Nathan Hale walked between his guards.

Raymond held up the Bible, and would have cried out, but his tongue refused all utterance; his white lips refused to stir. He saw the cart rumble up beneath the gallows, wheel clumsily around, until the horse faced the crowd. He saw Hale step into the cart, plant himself firmly there, and turn his grand face on the crowd. A smile was on his lips, the fire of a noble exaltation enkindled his features with more than a martyr's enthusiasm. His voice rang out upon the bright morning air, clear as a clarion tone.

"Only this do I regret, that I have but one life to give for my country."

Raymond felt these words in every pulse of his heart, but he saw nothing more. Both hands were pressed to his face; the crowd around him turned into a chaos of darkness.

That day, while Charles Raymond sat in the darkness of his room, haunted by that solemn reality, that had all the vague horrors of a dream to him, the English chaplain found his way to the green-house in which Nathan Hale spent the last hours of his life. There he found the uprooted orange-tree shedding its white blossoms on the earth, some scraps of torn paper, and the box on which a pen was lying, but no human creature. The sentinels had abandoned their posts, for there was nothing left to guard.

By-and-by, as the chaplain waited, a man came that way, saw the prostrate tree, and taking it up, replaced it in the box, packing the earth tenderly around its roots, then trampling the pen and fragments of paper down with his feet, he was preparing to go out, when the chaplain spoke.

"The man who died left some letters to be sent to his friends. Where can I find them?"

"There!" answered the gardener, pointing to the trampled papers. "The soldier tore them up. What else could a Yankee spy expect?"

CHAPTER XXI.

"Did I ever love Arnold so?"

As Cleopatra questioned her attendant centuries ago, regarding her hero lovers, Rhoda Clyde uttered this passionate interrogation.

"Did I ever love Arnold so?"

Her burning cheeks, the smouldering fire in her eyes, the long-drawn sigh that followed her speech, were answer enough. Yes, just so had she loved Arnold, and to the end of her life would love any man, with selfish passion and intense egotism; with increased thirst for the intoxication of vanity which often answers for the ambition of such women, but not with her.

"Ah, if I did—if I did, it is pleasant for to hate him now. To love one man, and hate another, gives to me a double draught of passion, as bitter drinks lend us a keener appetite for dainties. Besides, I never loved him as—as—— Ah, it is his knock!"

Rhoda Clyde was in the drawing-room, waiting, with all her native impatience, for the signal that made the heart leap in her bosom now. Glancing into a mirror that hung over the mantel-piece, in a carved and gilded frame, which took in her lithe figure to the waist, she hastily pushed back a stray curl, re-arranged a knot of scarlet ribbon in her hair, and feeling that the very impatience of love had given a wonderful glow of beauty to her face, went softly to the door, and looked through, fearful that Major Andre might pass by and not see her.

It was not Major Andre, but a countryman, who carried a basket of fruit on his arm. When Rhoda looked out, this man was speaking to Nelse, and something in his voice struck her as more refined than his coarse garments and apparent occupation warranted.

"What is it, Nelse?" she questioned, stepping into the hall, and looking earnestly at the man.

Nelse did not reply at first, but leaning over the under-leaf of the door, seemed disposed to go into an examination of the case himself.

"Yes," he said. "Dis am marse Kingsford's house; but wegitable men, and sich, alers go round ter de kitchen-door."

Nelse placed some emphasis on this peculiar way of pronouncing vegetables, as it was an accomplishment he had picked up in New York, and belonged, as he proudly reflected, to "dem ole fust family Knickenbockers, dat was a tryin' ter ekerlize demselves wid de grandee gemmen of Philerdelpher."

Rhoda examined the strange man's face keenly while Nelse was speaking, and thought that she discovered the faint flicker of a smile pass over it.

"If there is a back-way, I did not know of it," he said. "Besides, I was told to give this basket into the young lady's own hands, and couldn't expect to find her in the kitchen."

"In dat respect, you am sensible. But which ob de young ladies ob dis family does yer want ter give up dem pears ter—bein' two—which?"

"It was Miss Kingsford I was to ask for."

"Jes so. Ob course, yer don't 'spect her ter come down and lug dat ar basket up stairs wid her own hands!"

"It—it is very small, and half-full of flowers. No weight worth speaking of," said the man, rather anxiously. "Besides, I was told by the gentleman to give it to no one else."

"The gemman? What gemman?"

"An officer, I took him to be, who came down to the boat, and picked out the best fruit we had."

Nelse broke into a mellow laugh.

"An officer! I kin guess who it am. Dat Major Andre! Bet a cookey it am him. Great feller for de fair sect. But am yer sartin it wasn't for Miss Rhoder?"

"No, no! I am sure it was for Miss Kingsford."

"Well, hist it ober de door, and I'll take it up to her wid my own hands."

"Certainly."

"No mistake, now."

"But I would rather see the lady. Perhaps she wouldn't mind coming to the door a minute. The gentleman was so particular."

"Knickenbocker ladies kin demean demselves ef dey want ter; but dat ain't Philadelpher style. Jes hand ober dem pears, an' I'll deliber 'em safe an' sure."

The man, with evident reluctance, handed the basket over the closed leaf of the door, and turned away. He had seen the flutter of a lady's garments within the drawing-room, and, pausing on the door-step, strove to gain a view of her face; but Rhoda shrank back, and he went away, looking wistfully at the house as he passed down the street.

When Nelse passed up the hall, carrying the basket of fruit in his hand, Rhoda interrupted him.

"How beautiful!" she said. "How ripe and rich they smell!"

"Dey am ripe, an' awful scarce crooked-neck bell-pears, ebery one of 'em. Won't de young miss jump at 'em?"

Rhoda had reached forth her hand, as if to take the basket, but Nelse held it aloof.

"Mustn't touch 'em!" he said.

"Just for a moment, Nelse," said the girl, laughing. "Miss Grace will never miss a good, full breath of the perfume. I'll promise not to eat one."

"Jis take a sniff, if dat is all you want," said Nelse.

"That is all Nelse. It is so long since I have seen a basket of fresh fruit like that. It seems a pity to break it up. There, now, let me take it a minute, while you bring me a glass of water."

Nelse gave up the basket. Quick as lightning, Rhoda darted into the drawing-room, and sat down with the pretty, painted thing in her lap, into which she tumbled half the pears, searching among the flowers in which they were packed with eager haste. She found a scrap of paper twisted into the smallest possible compass. Her fingers trembled as she untwisted it, and her eyes blazed as she read.

Nelse was coming back. In the twinkling of an eye she had folded the paper, replaced it among the flowers, heaped the fruit upon it, and stepped forward to meet the old servant.

"Here, take them at once! They tempt one so. I absolutely feel wicked enough to steal one," she said, taking the glass of water Nelse held toward her, and giving up the basket with a pretty gesture of regret. "They are delicious!"

Grace Kingsford was in her mother's room when this basket was brought to her. There, also, the lad, Raymond, had come, in the afternoon; for the awful scene he had witnessed that morning made continuous solitude unbearable His sympathies had been so completely aroused, his nerves so shaken, that he sought the society of these gentle ladies as an absolute refuge. Nothing could have tempted him to speak of the thoughts that still haunted him, but their im-

press was on his pale face, and his heavy eyes were full of anguish.

When Mrs. Kingsford saw the pears, she reached out her hand with a cry of delight; for, in the neighborhood of armies, no tree was permitted to ripen its fruit; and beyond the absolute track of war few ventured to bring it to market.

"Pears," she said, with the quick longing of a convalescent. "Oh, where can they have come from?"

Grace took the basket, and her face brightened when she saw such eager longing in her mother's eyes.

"For me?" questioned the lady, looking at Nelse as Grace knelt before her, and held up the basket.

"No matter who they are for. Choose the ripest and the best, to begin with," said Grace, testing the golden sides of the fruit with her fingers. "Take this, it is perfect. The very perfume is a temptation."

Mrs. Kingsford took the pear eagerly, and buried her teeth in its golden side.

Grace watched her with sparkling eyes, then carried her basket to Raymond, who took one of the pears languidly, but did not eat it.

"Ah, you did not search for the best," said Grace, observing this. "Let me choose a finer one."

Sitting down, the girl poured the fruit into her lap, and began mellowing it with her fingers, as she had tested the others.

"There is a delicious one, just ripe enough," she said. "Eat this, and keep the other till to-morrow."

Raymond accepted that also, but indifferently. He had no heart for self-indulgence of any kind, just then.

As Grace put the pears back, her eyes fell upon the twisted paper that lay among the flowers which had bedded them. Quick alarm drove the smile from her lips, and she held the paper a moment as if fearful of reading it. Then, thinking herself unobserved, or, perhaps, too much agitated for caution, she unfolded the paper, and glanced over it.

Raymond was looking at her with his sad, heavy eyes, still laden with trouble. He saw the smile die from her face, and all the delicate color on her lips and cheek go with it. He also saw that her hand shook as it closed over the scrap of paper, and that she cast a hurried glance at her mother, as if some grave doubt checked her speech.

Raymond saw all this, and wondered at it. What secret could that scrap of paper contain? Why did that sweet face turn so deadly white? Perhaps he was in the way; the girl might wish to speak with her mother alone.

Raymond arose, and went out. He had no heart for solitude, and descended to the drawing-room, where Rhoda Clyde was walking to and fro with her usual movement of unrest, when some project was forming in her mind. She turned upon him suddenly.

"Why, what ails you? I never saw a face so woe-begone," she said, smiling upon him. "What has come over you, since morning?"

Raymond had no dread of arousing pitiful sympathy in the heart of that strange girl, and spoke out the painful thoughts that possessed him.

"This morning I saw a brave man put to death," he said, with a shudder.

"A brave man? Surely you do not mean the Yankee spy, whom our soldiers hung this morning," she said, with a curl of scorn on her red lips.

"Yes, I mean that man," answered the lad. "It was a cruel death. They gave him no mercy. Still he was an educated gentleman."

"An educated gentleman, and caught as a spy! Such things may exist in the rebel army. They do, I am aware of that. Indeed, I should not advise your people to take down the gallows. There may be another gentleman ready for it within the next twenty-four hours."

A cruel smile curled the girl's lips as she said this, which made the blood run cold in Charley Raymond's veins. Spite of himself, he connected these words with the paper he had seen in Miss Kingsford's hands.

"You would hardly exult over the thought, had you witnessed the scene this morning," he said. "Even you would have turned from it, faint with sympathy."

"Sympathy with a spy? Never!"

"Well, as this poor gentleman is beyond our reach, and no other is in danger, we will not talk about it."

"No other in danger? But no matter—of course not. Disguises are so perfect in these days. Only this; when Major Andre comes in, tell him that I have something to say that will interest him."

"Major Andre," repeated the lad, and his pale face kindled up. "Ah, yes; I will tell him."

"You seem displeased!"

"No, no. I will give your message."

Rhoda looked after the lad, as he left the room, and shook her head.

"I do not understand the fellow. Do what I

will, he keeps me at arm's-length. Surely, I must have lost some power when a boy like that persists in disliking me. But this other thing; I must have no confidants. Mr. Kingsford must only know that I have swept this man from his path when I need his influence most. No, no. It must be my act, and mine must be the reward."

Half an hour after this interview in the parlor, Raymond met Nelse in the hall, with a letter in his hand.

"Marse Raymond," he said, eyeing the direction with his head on one side, as if he understood every word of it. "Philerdelpher writin' Ise used ter, but dese York crow-tracks beats me. Jest see if you can make de 'scription out."

Raymond took the letter, and recognized Miss Clyde's hand-writing.

"Adjutant-General. Head-quarters," he read, with astonishment. "No name—only that."

"Where am dat Head-quarters street?" questioned Nelse. "Ise got to go thar right away."

"I am going in that direction, and will deliver it for you," said Raymond, suddenly, as if some new thought had struck him.

"But Miss Rhoda interdicted me ter give dis 'dentical paper with my own hands."

"Exactly. I will do it for you."

Raymond took the letter without further parley, and left the house.

Nelse stood a moment combing out the silver-gray wool on his temples with one hand, puzzled by this sudden movement.

"Well, it don't make no sort ob difference which ob us duz it, so long as it's done. So dis darkey 'll just keep a close lip, and say nuffin' 'bout der way dat letter 's been kidnappered. Dar goes der bell!"

Raymond was quick-witted, and, just now, beset with vague apprehensions. The unguarded words of Rhoda Clyde, the scrap of paper that had so suddenly quenched the blood in Grace Kingsford's face, the strange man who had brought the fruit, and, above all, that letter in his hand, directed to an Adjutant-general, by his title alone, the writer being, no doubt, ignorant of his name, all warned him of some mysterious complication that seemed to threaten Grace Kingsford, or some person that must be dear to her. He remembered the pallor that swept her beautiful face, with keen sympathy.

"I will find it all out. I will help her if I can," he said. "First, this letter!"

The Adjutant-general was at his desk when Raymond took the letter in. The youth was known to the officer, who smiled a pleasant greeting when he took the missive from his hand.

"This is strange!" he said, perusing the paper. "It would seem to put us on the track of another spy. Do you know the writer?"

"I received the note from a colored man who seemed puzzled about the person he was to deliver it to; so I brought it in myself."

"It is brief enough, and clear enough," said the Adjutant-general, handing Raymond the note. "A woman's handwriting, you see."

Raymond read the note.

"Between seven and eight o'clock, this night, a member of the Rebel Congress, who is on his way to Washington's camp, will meet another person at the Bowling Green. He comes to gather information; is, in short, a spy, disguised like a market-man."

Raymond understood everything now. Another military execution was in progress. The awful scene of that very morning was to be re-enacted, at the instigation of Rhoda Clyde.

"You will act upon it, I suppose," he said, returning the note.

"Of course. I will give orders at once."

The lad saluted, and went his way.

That night, while Grace Kingsford was talking with her lover, under the crimson-leaved trees of the Bowling Green, the shadowy person who came with such still swiftness across the frosted grass was Charles Raymond.

"Go! Go at once! A squad of men have left head-quarters in search of you," he said, in a suppressed voice. "Go!"

Grace uttered a cry of dismay, and clung to her lover, who pressed her, with one desperate embrace, to his heart. Then he reached out his hand to Raymond, and wrung his with passionate gratitude.

"Take care of her."

"I will, I will! To the left—through yonder clump of trees. They will come the other way."

Barringford gently forced the clinging arms of Grace from his neck, pressed both her trembling hands to his lips, before he dropped them, and fled. The persons he had left watched him keenly till his figure was engulfed in the blacker shadow of the trees; then each of them drew a long, deep breath.

"Courage, courage," said Raymond, in an eager, trembling voice. "Everything depends on us now. Remember, we are friends, lovers, even. Put your arm through mine. It is a pleasant evening, and we are out a little late. There: lean on me. I tremble a little, also, but not much. Never mind. Of course, a squad of soldiers coming upon a fellow, walking out quietly, in this way, is enough to startle any lady. There, now, I hear them coming. Half a

dozen are gliding through the shadows at once. Let us walk quietly into the moonlight."

Grace took courage, and, leaning on Raymond, moved into the open space. That instant a man came out from the shelter of a neighboring maple, and confronted them. Observing the scarlet of a British uniform, the man touched his cap, and drew back, while the young people walked on with apparent unconcern. Twice, during as many minutes, like shadows crossed their path. Each time the man saluted, and passed on. But as they reached the open street, Raymond saw that several of these soldiers followed cautiously. He took no apparent notice, but knocked leisurely at Mr. Kingsford's door, and the two went in.

Lights were aglow in the drawing-room. Crossing them, like a restless shadow, Rhoda Clyde moved to and fro, until the clang of the great knocker brought her to the door, wild, eager, burning with impatience. When she saw Grace and Raymond moving quietly toward the staircase, the color fled from her lips, and she retreated into the room.

"With that boy! What does it mean?" she muttered, closing her hand with a fierce grip. "Can he have failed to meet her?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MEMORY BELLS.

BY MRS. EMMA DIX.

A TENDER joy is creeping now,
Along my pensive, troubled brow,
The thrilling of my lover's vow,
In days by-gone;
An altar where the heart will bow,
When shades come on.

The spell can never lose its sway,
Nor youthful joys in life decay,
Nor mem'ry of that brightest day,
In sweet spring-time,
When roaming on from grave to gay,
In love's blest clime.

Then came a bright, new world to me,
With witching hours, and songs of glee,
A bridal morn, and sunshine free
Within the heart,
The charms of glad reality
New life imparts.

My woman's heart, with mystic gleam,
Now dreams again its youthful dreams,
Comparing with the onward stream
Bright childhood's hour;
And find amid time's fading beams,
A withered flower.

Pale flowers now bloom beside her grave;
There was no power or prayer to save
My Earlie from the darksome grave;
God cheer me now!
And safely o'er the raging waves
To guide my prow.

Oh! who can bear the message grim,
That bids us lip the sparkling brim,
To watch the bubble lightly skim,
Then melt in air;
To touch the gold and silver rim,
And find despair.

Oh, God! the memory bells that chime
By ruder touch of Father Time,
Are whisperings from thy golden clime,
To trust in Thee;
I'll hush this trobbing heart of mine,
For love so free.

Oh, memory bells and memory flowers!
That knell or tell the passing hours
In sunshine spent, or shadowed bowers,
A joy or sting;
My spirit either soars or cowers
With thoughts ye bring.

THE AFTER-RAIN.

BY MRS. MARY E. KAIL.

Oh! hasten, southwind, with your dreamy sweetness,
Across the purple hill-tops mildly blow;
Oh! lily-leaves, in Summer's full completeness,
Drift o'er the violet-beds your scented snow.

Oh! pure white lilies, press your tear-moist fingers
Within this weary, toil-worn hand of mine;
The memory of your fragrant kisses lingers,
And wakes my muse with ecstasy divine.

Oh, southwind! whisper low your loving story;
In fond embrace my drooping form enfold;
Till royal Summer, robed in regal glory,
Reflects the imagery of Heaven's gold.

E'en now, I breathe the scent of Summer flowers;
And press the emerald turf, like cider-down,
And dream, sweet dreams, amid the fairy bowers,
Whose queen, Titania, weaves her violet crown.

What matters it that dreary winds are sighing?
What matters it, my hours of toil and pain?
Though brightest hopes of early Spring are dying,
They'll bloom again when comes the after-rain.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, this month, a pretty design for making-up a calico. This is one of those pin



stripes in two shades of brown, gray, or blue. The under-skirt is trimmed with two bias bands of the calico, stitched down with a narrow strip, lengthwise, of the material, for a heading, top and bottom, of the bias band. These bands are three or four inches wide, as may be preferred. The over-skirt is cut precisely like the under one, and finished on the edge with a bias band, one and a half inches wide, stitched by the machine. Loop at the sides and back. This band is of a solid-colored calico, or (cambric it is called when in a solid color) to correspond with the rest of the dress. The close-fitting basque has one narrow bias band, one inch wide, directly down the back seam; one the same width finishes the edge; and a second one is placed on both sides of the centre one of the back, and is continued around the basque, and up the fronts, forming a trimming there to correspond with the back. Coat-sleeves, with three bias bands at the wrist, edged with a bias ruffle to fall over the hand. A narrow standing-collar is added at the neck. This design is particularly fitted for wash goods, as it is easily ironed. Two yards of the solid-colored calico will trim this dress, but it will look very nicely with all the trimming like that upon the under-skirt, if the plain calico cannot be had to match. Even a calico dress can be made to look stylish; and one made after this model cannot fail to be so.



Above is a house-dress for a young lady, made

of organdy lawn, with a printed border. The under-skirt has two ruffles, gathered, and not very full, the lower one six inches deep, the upper one five inches. Use a strip of the bordering for a heading to the upper flounce. The tunic has an apron front, finished with one row of the bordering. A bow and long sash-ends, edged with the border, ornaments the back. The basque is cut plain and round, except in the centre of the back, where a plaited postillion is added. Around the neck and down the front a ruffle is placed, coming from under the border which trims the basque in front. Close-fitting coat-sleeves, bordered around the hand, slit up the back seam six inches, and finished with button-holes and buttons, at pleasure. These lawns usually come in dress patterns of fifteen to sixteen yards, and the border is printed upon one or both selvage edges. Tear off the width required for the flounces, and use the centre plain part for the skirt, waist, etc. Cost from twenty-five cents up to fifty.

We give next a bathing-dress of brown serge,



trimmed with bands, cuffs, collar, and sash of white flannel, or muslin. The trousers come about half way below the knee.

In the front of the number we give a bathing-suit for a young lady, made of dark-blue flannel or serge. Rather long trousers, trimmed at the bottom with three rows of black or white braid. Blouse, with short or long sleeves, and deep, sailor collar, trimmed with three rows of braid. Belt to correspond.

We also give, in the front of the number, a child's bathing-dress of red serge. Short trousers to the knee, bound with white braid. Blouse, buttoning down the front, with white buttons. Sailor collar, and short sleeves, also bound with white braid. Cotton braid is the best.

We also give, in the front of the number, a bathing-dress for a young girl, of white flannel, trimmed with scalloped bands of red flannel or delaine. Buttons covered with the same material. The belt, neck-trimming, and sleeve-trimming also of the red. Trousers to correspond with the dress.

Next is a little girl's dress of four years. It



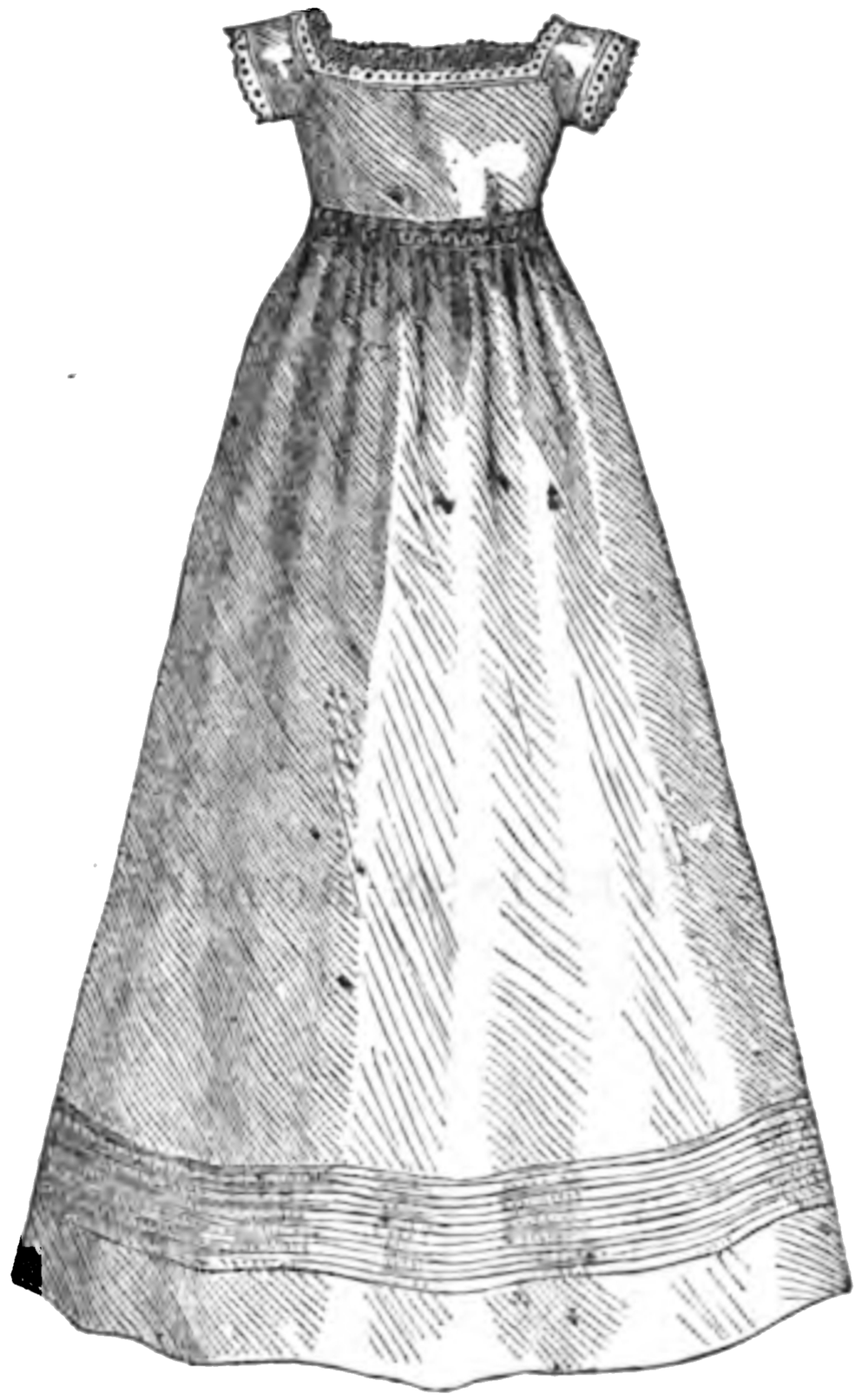
is made of plaid mohair, serge, or calico. One skirt, with three ruffles on the edge, cut out in scallops, forms the trimming; the upper ruffle is headed by a narrow band or braid. A sailor waist, with collar trimmed with two bands or braids to correspond. Coat-sleeves, with three ruffles like the skirt. Sash of the same, tied in a knot at the back, completes this little costume. For wash dresses, worsted braid may be used, or white or solid-colored cambric for trimmings.

Next is an infant's flannel skirt for first use. It needs but little description. Use fine Ballad-vale flannel, and make the waist of linen. Open

at the side in front, and tie together with fine linen tape. The shoulder-strap may be used, or not, as preferred; but it is considered an improvement.

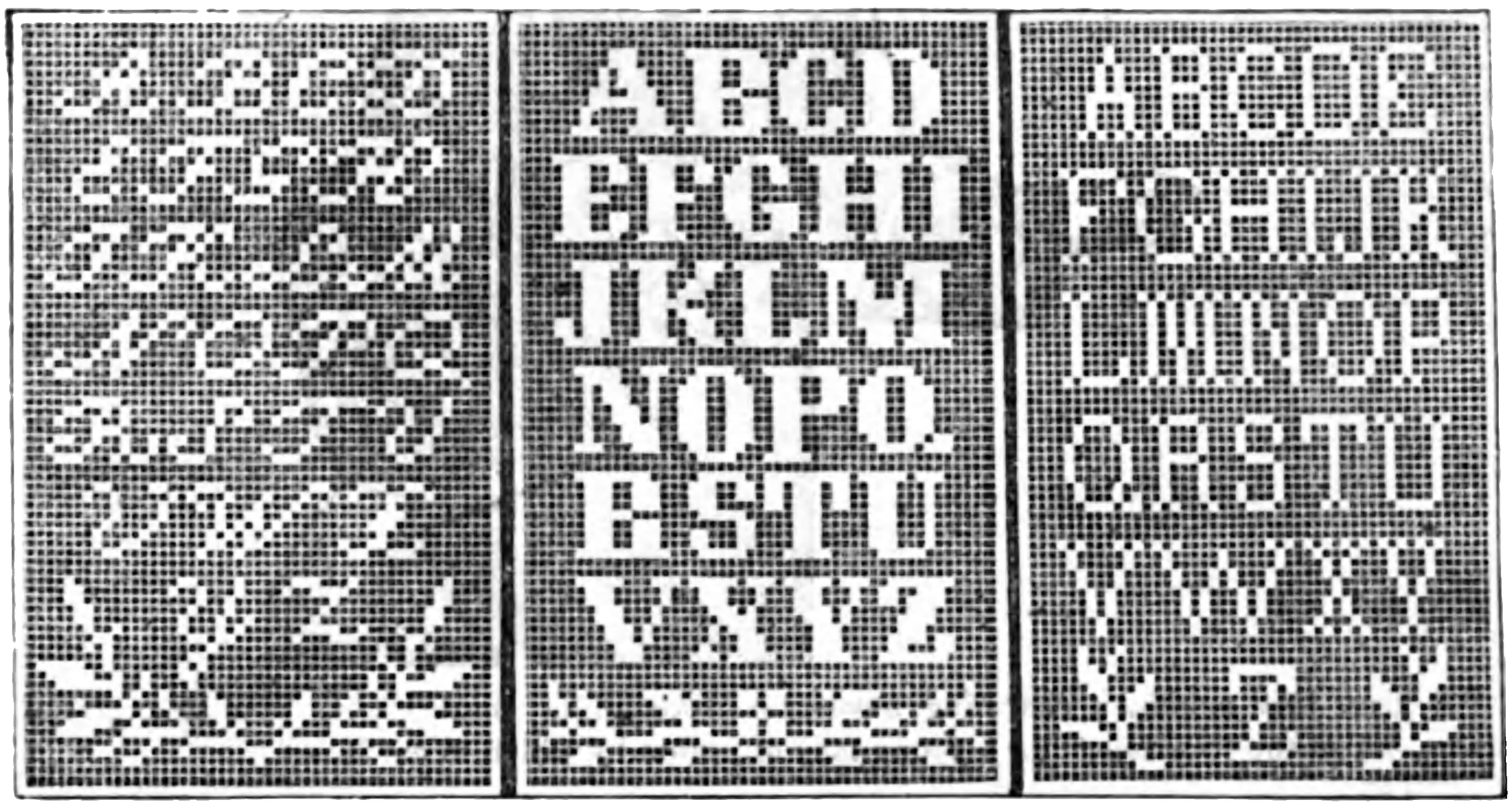


Next is the under-skirt of dimity or cambric. A hem and group of seven fine tucks is all the ornamentation. The waist is of fine linen, and has little sleeves. Neck and sleeves edged with narrow Valenciennes lace.



In the front of the number, we give a baby's bib of nainsook, with some fine wadding between, and then quilted in diamonds. A dot or star is embroidered in each diamond. A simple braiding-pattern and button-hole edge completes the bib.

ALPHABETS FOR MARKING.



MONOGRAM.

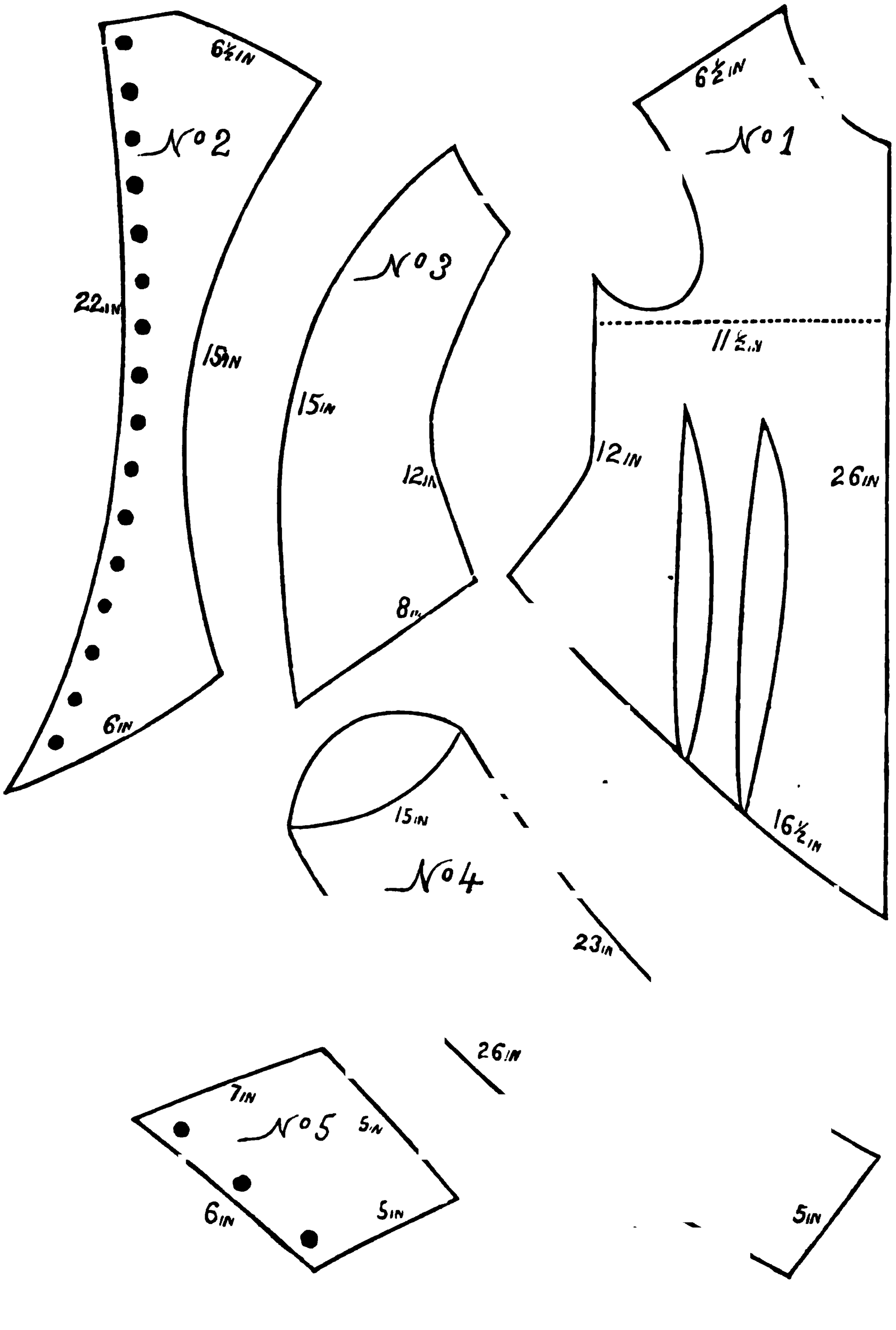


CERISSE BODICE FOR A MISS OF SIXTEEN.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



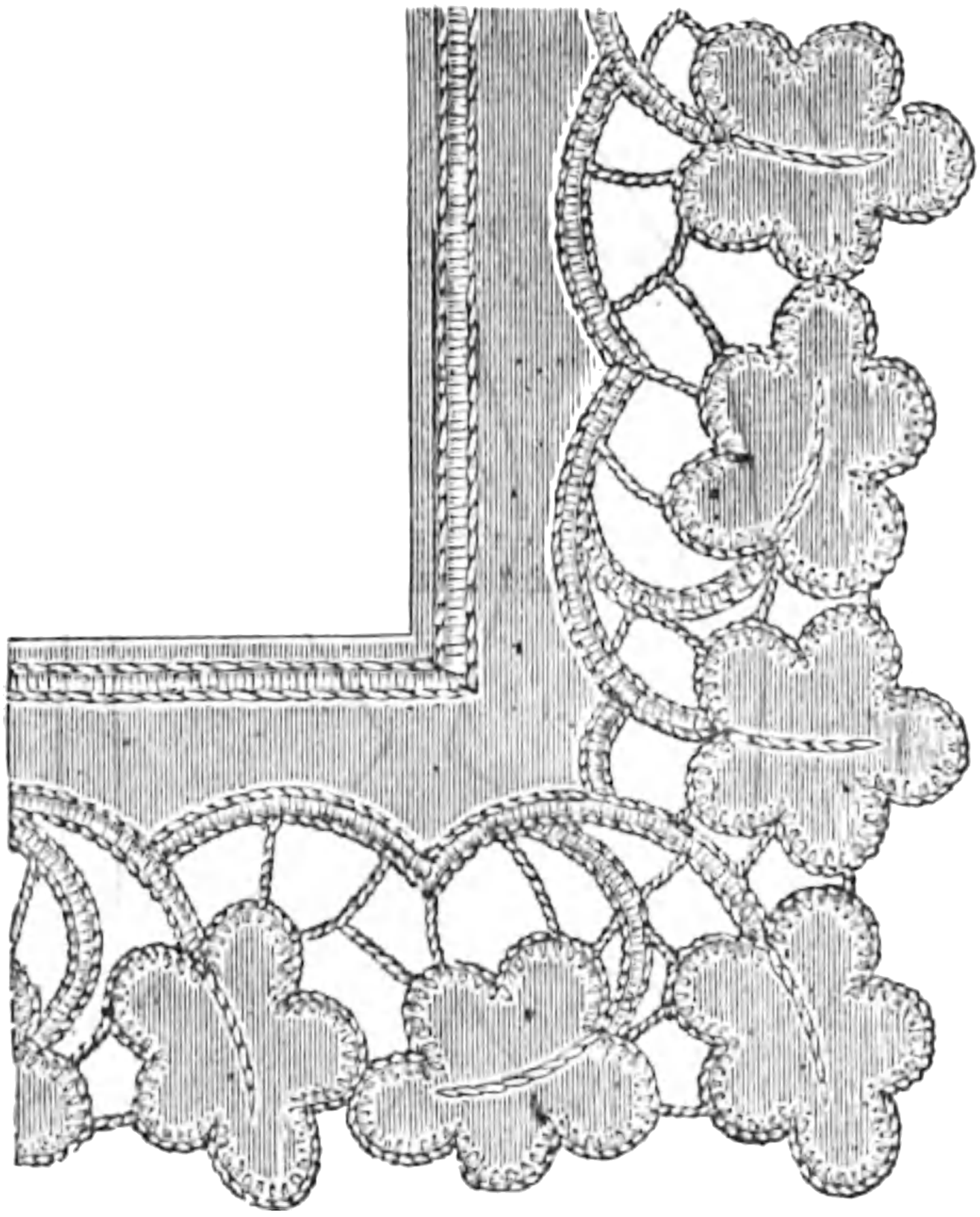
We give, this month, a charming new-style sixteen, or thereabouts. We also give a diabodice, called the "Cerisse," for a young lady of gram by which to cut it out.



No. 1. Half of Front.
No. 2. Half of Back.
No. 3. Half of Side Back.
No. 4. Sleeve.
No. 5. Cuff.

BORDER, ROMAN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This is worked in twisted bars and button-hole stitch, with cording-stitch for the veins. The part which is white between the leaves, indicates that the material is there cut away. This work is very pretty in holland, worked with écru silk.

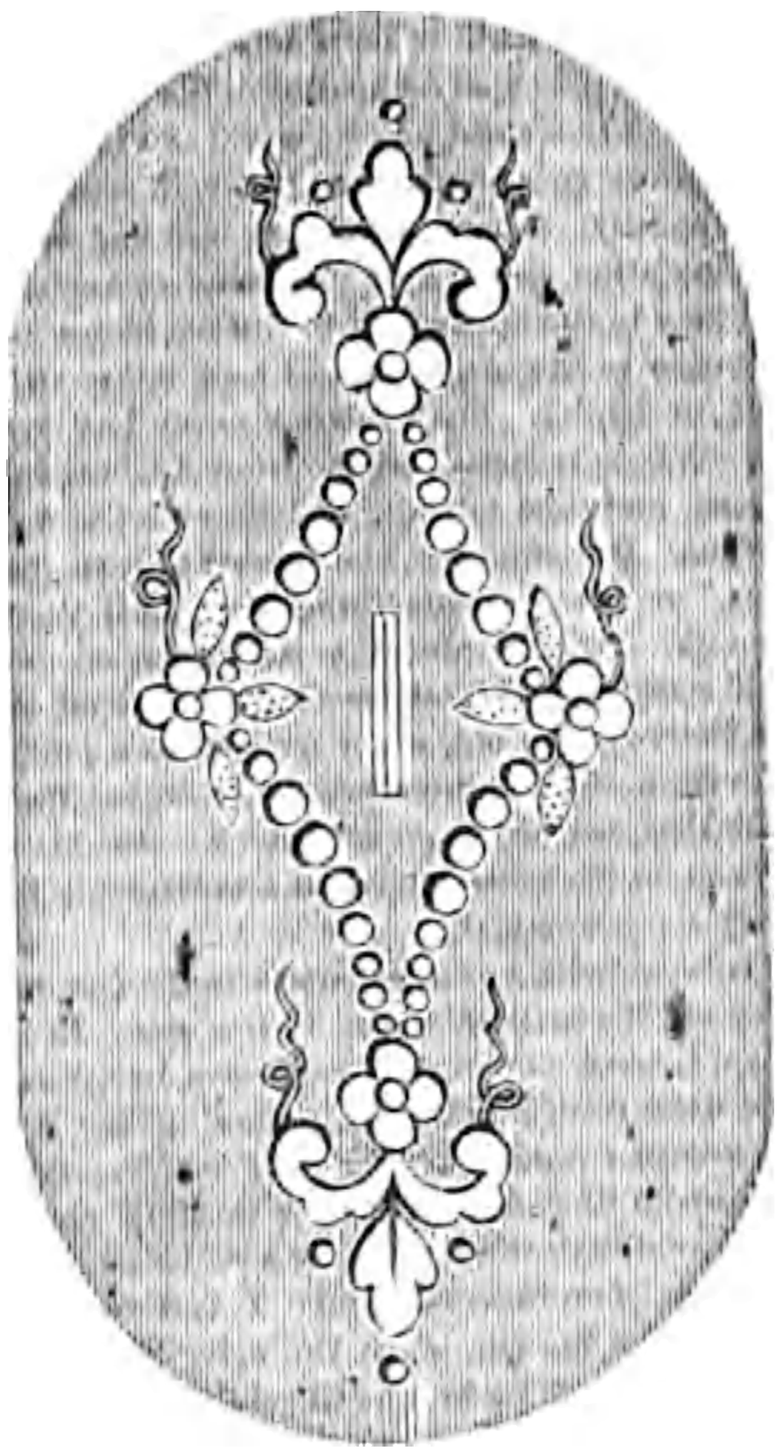
MONOGRAMS.

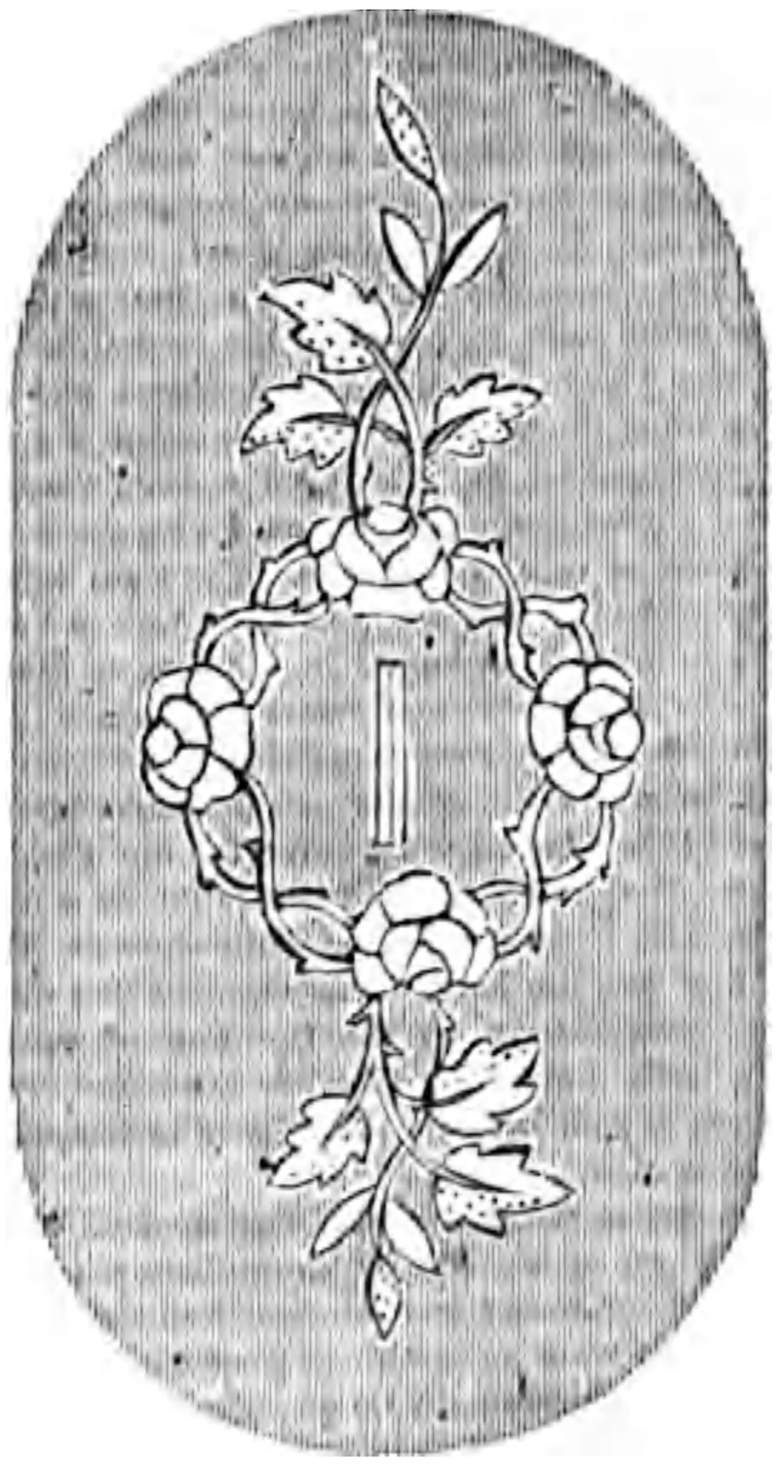




BUTTON-HOLE WITH EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.





These designs can be used on cuffs, night-dresses, habit-skirts, etc. They are embroidered in satin-stitch, overcast, and point de sable, with French embroidery cotton.

MONOGRAM FOR HANDKERCHIEF.



OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THESE ARE THE TIMES to insist on getting the worth of your money. No magazine fulfills this condition better than "Peterson;" and it is to this fact it owes its immense circulation. It combines more requisites for the family and for ladies than any other, and does this at a price that places it within the reach of all. To obtain anything nearly as good as "Peterson" elsewhere, three or even four dollars must be paid; and even then, the variety is less, the fashion-plates not so good, and the stories generally inferior.

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THE BEST CATALOGUE of good, yet cheap, novels is that of T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pa. Catalogues sent gratis, to select from.

SIX MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTIONS to this magazine, from July to December, 1876, inclusive, taken for one dollar.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. VIII.—DISEASES OF AUGUST.

THE season of the year has again arrived, when it behooves mothers to nurse their infants with much prudence, not too frequently, lest their little stomachs become overloaded, and their bowels surcharged with indigestible *curd*, which will eventuate into colic, spasm, diarrhea, etc. Long-continued irritation of this character too frequently leads to that obstinate and destructive disease known and feared by mothers, as cholera-infantum, or summer-complaint. The cool evenings and mornings incident to this month, with high heat at mid-day, tend to check perspiration, both sensible and insensible, which also throws more blood to the internal organs, producing more or less congestion. Hence the excessive heat at high noon should be avoided as much as possible, and the infant should be spared any exposure in the chilly mornings or evenings. Thin flannel should invariably be worn by the infant, to absorb the perspirable matter, and to protect its tender, sensitive surface from the excessive changes of temperature liable at this season.

Upon physiological principles, it is evident that the infant is unfitted to partake of any solid food before the period of dentition; and it is better to withhold such till that period is pretty well advanced, especially if it occurs during the summer months. It must be self-evident, to the most stupid intellects, that an immense amount of sickness is brought on through neglect and carelessness of mothers, who, amid the many busy chores and cares in their lives, are content to permit their children to "run their chances," and when they thus sicken and die, are inclined to censure the doctor for want of skill, and even, perhaps, reflect upon the goodness of Providence, for taking away, as they say, the fairest and loveliest of the flock. I apprehend that it is GOODNESS, indeed, to remove those from earth who are not properly cared for by their natural protectors.

We take it for granted, however, that when nature has provided the child with cutting and grinding organs, it is both prudent and proper to allow a modicum of such kinds of food as will bring those organs into action.

But the habit of many mothers, taking their nursing babes with them to the table, and partially masticating food for them, and placing it into their mouths, before a single tooth appears, is equally disgusting, injurious, and censurable.

Even nursing too frequently is productive, as before said, of acidity, colic, griping, and the stomach becomes surcharged during the day, the perspiration is checked at night-fall, which determines an increased influx to the bowels, and a disordered condition results.

The greatest possible care is therefore required, on the part of the nursing mother, during the month of August, of being prudent and temperate in all things herself; manifesting the same watchfulness over her acts or doings as she does over the infant at her breast, and then all will be well with her, and hers, less sickness, and consequent less anxiety and sorrow, will visit her household, and less will be the inclination to murmur, or attribute the occasional casualties of life to "dispensations of Providence." The older children should be more carefully guarded as to their eating, for perhaps greater temptations will be placed before them during this Centennial year. But it is not *watchfulness*, merely, that I would impress upon parents to have over their children, but they should impress them with the fact that sickness, pain, and suffering, and possibly death, ensue from the free indulgence of fruits, nuts, pies, cakes, confections, etc., etc., and that the greatest degree of happiness and pleasure in this world, that is lasting, is obtained by not disobeying plain physiological laws; in other words, that sickness generally results from our own imprudence.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

VEGETABLES.

Parsnips.—Scrape and wash your parsnips, and put them on with just enough water to boil them, and no more; when they are done they should be nearly dry. Then dish them and pour over melted butter and a little salt, or some drawn butter.

Or, Boil them as directed above, and when done, cut them in half, grease the bars of your gridiron: put them on it over some lively coals, and brown them.

Lima Beans.—Lima beans require from half an hour to three-quarters to boil. They should be boiled in as little water as possible, to preserve their flavor. As soon as they are soft, take them out, drain them in a colander, and season with butter, pepper, and salt; pour them in a pan to be seasoned, as the butter would run through the colander. Add salt to the water they are boiled in.

Egg-Plant.—Pare and cut them in slices about a quarter of an inch thick; season them with salt and pepper. Have ready some hot butter in a pan; put in the slices, and fry them very slowly till they are perfectly soft. There should be enough butter in the pan to prevent them from sticking to the bottom.

Mushrooms.—Wash your mushrooms; cut off the end of the stalks, and peel them. Put them in a stew-pan, without any water, and season with salt and pepper. Add two ounces of butter, rolled in two teaspoonfuls of flour to every pint of mushrooms. Cover them closely, and let them simmer slowly till they are soft.

Fried Cucumbers.—Slice your cumbers lengthwise; season them with pepper and salt; flour, and fry them in hot butter. They should be of a delicate brown color when done.

DESSERTS.

To Whip Cream.—First let the bowl and the whisk be not only scrupulously clean, but let them be cold. If a whisk has been hanging in the hot atmosphere of a kitchen, it is not fit to whip cream with. The whisk as well as the bowl should be rinsed in cold water before they are used. The old-fashioned osier whisk is preferable to a tinned one. Let the operation be carried on in the pantry, or in a room where there is no fire, and when the weather is hot, place the bowl on ice, or in a larger bowl containing cold water. As to the mode of whipping: the whisk should be held lightly in the hand, and we know no better expression to describe the way to work than that the whisk should be used in a playful manner. Some cooks will put into the cream a small quantity of gelatin, dissolved in milk, or the white of an egg, or a pinch of gum tragacanth, all of which will, no doubt, help the frothing.

Fudged Pudding.—Make a pint of milk with some flour into a hasty pudding, then work into it thoroughly but lightly a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, the same of pale, moist sugar, and the same of well-washed and properly dried currants, a little pounded cinnamon, some ratafia, or brandy, flavoring to taste, and some very thin slices of candied peel. Mix all thoroughly well together, and bake in samll cups or shapes, sifting powdered sugar over them when they are turned out on a dish. Be very particular to butter your cups well.

Lemon Pudding.—Take six eggs, beat them well; boil half a pint of milk; let it cool; but before it does, put into it two ounces of fresh butter; when it is perfectly cold, mix it with the eggs; then add two tablespoonfuls of sifted white sugar, and the juice of a lemon. Line the dish with puff paste, and pour in your pudding. Bake it in rather a quick oven for half an hour. Serve it up hot.

Fondue à la Savarin.—Beat up separately the yolks and whites of eight eggs; stir into the yolks four ounces of grated cheese, and two ounces of beaten butter, with half a teaspoonful of white pepper; put over the fire a few minutes in a sauce-pan, shaking it round; then add the whites of eggs, frothed; pour into paper cases; brown five minutes in a Dutch-oven till they rise; then serve immediately.

Small Fondues.—To a pint of cream put half a pound of grated cheese, and the beaten yolks of four eggs; beat them all together. Then whisk the whites of the eggs into a froth, and add. Half fill small buttered paper trays immediately with the mixture; bake for a quarter of an hour, and, when risen and quite hot, serve.

CAKES.

Seed Cake.—Mix thoroughly half a pound of flour, half a pound of ground rice, half a pound of currants, quarter of a pound of sugar, quarter of an ounce of mace and cloves, some mixed peel, a few bitter almonds, pounded, some sweet almonds, split, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda; melt half a pound of fresh butter in three-quarters of a pint of warm milk; add the yolks and whites of four eggs, beaten separately; pour this by degrees on the dry ingredients; add a glass of brandy; beat it well; put it into a buttered mould, and bake.

Oatmeal Cakes.—Put a pound of oatmeal into a bowl, take one pint of boiling water, with half an ounce of salt butter or lard melted in, to make the cakes crisp; pour this boiling over the meal, stirring it as quickly as possible into a dough; turn it out upon a baking-board, roll it until it is as thin as it can be to hold together; stamp it into small, round cakes; place them on a girdle, to make them crisp, and afterward before the fire. They must be toasted, first one side and then the other, to dry them.

Scotch Shortbread.—Beat half a pound of butter to a cream, and then rub in one pound of flour and a quarter of a pound of sifted sugar. You will find this will make a stiff paste, that you can roll out. Bake in a slack oven till the cakes are a pale brown. The moment you put milk in, it turns it into a sort of cake.

Lady Abbess Cakes.—Pound three ounces of almonds, quarter of a pound of butter, two ounces of loaf sugar, with a little rose-water, till it becomes a thick paste. Spread it on a buttered tin; divide it into eight cakes; bake in a slow oven. When cold, put a spoonful of preserve on each cake, and cover with whipped cream.

Nuns Biscuits.—One pound of fine sugar, half a pound of almonds, and a few bitter ones, pounded fine, quarter of a pound of flour, six eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, the grated rind of two lemons, some finely-sliced citron-peel. Mix well together, and bake in small tin shapes.

PRESERVES, SYRUPS, ETC.

Soda-Water, or "Silver-Top."—Take a quart of water, and put a pint of sugar into it. While that is dissolving, beat the white of one egg. When in a foam, put in half an ounce of tartaric acid. Mix all together, and flavor. Use two tablespoonfuls to a glass of water, with a little soda. Stir vigorously with a spoon until it foams.

Raspberry Vinegar.—To two quarts and a pint of ripe raspberries put one pint of the best vinegar. Bruise them well and let it stand three days. Strain the juice through a bag, and add its weight of sugar. Boil it, skim well, and bottle it closely.

Compote of Apricots.—Pare some apricots, and cut them in halves; remove the kernels, and blanch them. Simmer in syrup for a short time; drain the apricots, dish them, and, when cold, pour the syrup over, and ornament with the blanched kernels.

Blackberry Jam.—Crush your blackberries, and strain off the juice. To every four ounces of juice put seven ounces of white sugar. Let it boil, then strain through a piece of muslin or a silk sieve.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Milk Cheese.—Take three quarts of the last of the milking; put it into a pan with a tablespoonful and a half of rennet. When it comes to a curd, break it with the skimming dish by striking it down two or three times. Stand it by for two or three hours; spread a piece of cheese-cloth in a sieve, on which put the curd to drain; break the curd again a little, and put it into a deep dish or rush-vat, with a weight on it. After standing twelve hours, take it out and bind a piece of muslin round it; place it on a slab, and turn it every day on a fresh place. Cover with leaves, and put away between plates to ripen.

Cream Cheese.—Mix a pint of warm new milk with a quart of fresh cream, a lump or two of sugar, and a spoonful of rennet; place it near the fire until the curd comes; make a shape of straw or rushes, something like a flat brick; sew the rushes or straw together, make the top and bottom in the same way, but they must be loose; put the curd into the shape on the loose bottom, and cover with the top; take it out the next day, and turn it every day until ripe. A one-pound weight will be sufficient to place on this cheese.

[illegible] lace is also used as a cascade down the front of a [illegible] over-skirt with much taste. Some of the [illegible] have the back cut in the Polonaise style, [illegible] waist and train; and the front, on the [illegible] a bodice with a basque. The front of the skirt [illegible] separated from the bodice.

[illegible] are often made quite plain and round, [illegible] up at the back with wide bows and sash-ends of [illegible] with a harmonize with the color of the dress.

[illegible] half-fitting, and cuirass waist, are both [illegible] for muslin and chintz dresses. Worth, who has [illegible] introduced the postillion basque, is making more [illegible] now.

[illegible] are usually broad brimmed, turned up on one side [illegible] on the other, like the picturesque Gainsborough [illegible] of old pictures; but many prefer the plain, [illegible] Leghorn walking-hat, turned up on both sides with the back and front slightly drooping.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

[illegible]—Dress of White Mohair for a Young Girl.—The skirt has one deep puffing at the bottom, above which [illegible] which are put on lower in front than at the back. Plain [illegible] waist, cut square in front, and worn [illegible]. A Martha Washington fichu of [illegible] trimmed with fringe, tied in front. Cuffs of [illegible].

[illegible]—Dress of Chocolate-Colored Batiste for a [illegible] Girl.—The lower-skirt has two knife-plaited ruffles. [illegible] which opens in front, and has a double [illegible] to terminate two skirts, is trimmed with a bias [illegible] and white plaid batiste. The Louis XV. [illegible] trimmed with the same material. The sleeves, [illegible] are made of plain, dark-blue batiste. A [illegible] silk scarf passes from the left side to the [illegible] where it is fastened by a bow of dark-blue silk and [illegible] of the chocolate-colored silk. Chocolate-colored [illegible] trimmed with blue ribbon and wheat.

[illegible].—Boy's Linen Blouse of Gray Linen.—It is fastened in at the back by a band bound with gray braid. [illegible] is trimmed with a band of braid. Gray and white striped stockings.

NOTICES.

☞ [illegible] for "Peterson's Magazine," name, at [illegible] your post-office, county, and State. If [illegible] a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a [illegible] cannot be had, get a draft on New York, or [illegible] deducting the exchange: if a draft cannot be [illegible] greenbacks or notes of National banks, and register your letter. Be particular to address to CHARLES J. [illegible], No. 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

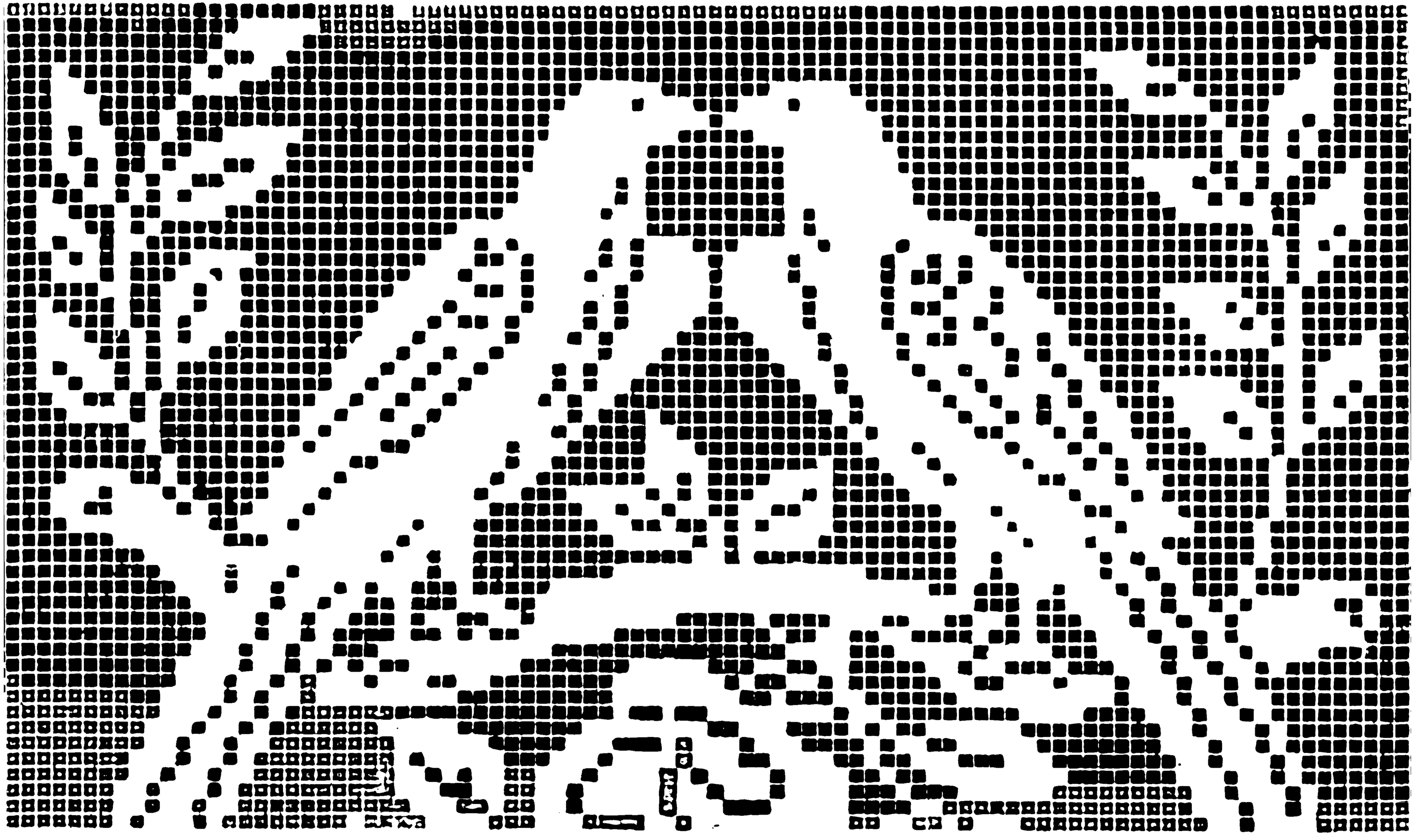
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☞ Contributors, who wish to preserve their articles, must keep copies of them. We do not undertake to return manuscripts that we cannot use.

☞ No subscription received, at club prices, for less than a year. Club subscribers must begin with either the January or the July number.

☞ Back numbers for 1873, 1874, and 1875, may be had of the principal agents, or of the publisher.





IN THE GARDEN-SEAT. [See the Story, "Worth Waiting For."]

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Among the Articles on exhibition at the Centennial, which will interest ladies, is a display of art needle-work, sent from London, to which the Queen of England and her daughters have contributed. The articles were on exhibition in the British metropolis, before they were sent to Philadelphia, and attracted a great deal of attention. Among these articles are some embroidered wall decorations, designed by Mr. William Morris and Mr. Walter Crane. The set consists of two large figures in oblong panels of white satin, representing the several Salutations, "Vale" and "Salve," with Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos busily spinning the thread of life above, and of a piece of tapestry designed by Mr. Morris, for a dado, consisting of a subdued golden grape pattern, on a deep-green ground, with peacocks at regular distances. The dado approaches in conception to the best works of Zoan Andrea Vavassori, the great designer of ornament in the time of Mantegna, and Mr. Morris's selection of colors is admirably adapted to the subject. A hardly less important, and certainly more practical feature in the display, are the embroidered curtains and quilts. Amongst the latter the one designed by Mr. Fairfax Wade takes the foremost rank. It is pale-blue arabesque work in satin stitch, on white squares. It seems a great pity that the harmonious effect of this quilt has been somewhat marred by the insertion of squares of coarse Reticella imitation. Not less attractive is a quilt embroidered in gold, after an old original in the possession of Lady Brownlow.

Embroidered curtains are well represented. One of a gorgeous design, by Mr. Morris, shows honeysuckle, wild hyacinth, and acanthus leaves on a pure blue satin ground. Another, copied from an old English model, in dark-blue on a white, is conspicuous by its gracefully swung foliage. The curtain borders, worked by the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, lily stems on a back-ground of deep-red, are of a good effect. Of embroidered panels, we mention the screen embroidered by the Princess Christian, which shows a fine artistic feeling for floral composition; and four panels by Miss Gammell, lilies, campanulas, poppies, and foxgloves, on purple velvet, admirably grouped and colored.

To enumerate all the minor articles, as embroidered chair-seats and backs, sofa-backs, etc., which deserve praise for arrangement of design and artistic choice of colors, would carry us too far. The case specially devoted to court-trains worn at the last Drawing Room held by Queen Victoria and to other portions of feminine attire, will not fail to attract the special attention of our American ladies, as showing how their English sisters dress when they go in state to one of Queen Victoria's receptions; but elaborately and well-designed as the details of the embroidered parts undoubtedly are, we have our doubts whether their proper place is amongst the exhibits of a school of art needle-work.

"Worth Five Times."—The Tell City (Ind.) Commercial says of this magazine:—"It is in the foremost ranks of periodicals now published. Every number is filled with the choicest and best productions that the publishers can obtain. Some of the brightest literary lights of America are contributors to this magazine, and it is fully worth five times the subscription price."

We Receive so Many Requests for Colored Patterns that it is impossible to comply with all. But we insert as many as our space will permit, giving the preference to those which seem to be most in demand.

What a Mother Does.—There is a certain school of writers, maintaining that woman holds a subordinate position, and that she ought to be "enfranchised." Have the followers of that school ever thought seriously of a mother's vocation? A child is born into the world, and for many years, the principal occupation of the mother is to see to the health of that child, and its moral and intellectual training. This work goes on, day and night, in winter and summer, incessantly. A man, no matter how engrossed in business or ambition, generally takes some recreation every year: he goes to the Springs, or to the Sea-Shore, or to the Mountains, or to Europe, or has at least a day or two of shooting, or fishing. But a mother never has any rest. She is at work, so to speak, all the time. She teaches the child to creep, and then to walk, and after that to lisp its first syllables. Day after day, she repeats to it the magical words, 'pa," or "ma," or something else, until the infant begins to talk. And this education continues, as a rule—the moral and social side of it, at least—till the child, if a boy, is ten or twelve years old, when he goes to a public school: till the child, if a daughter, is married, unless the daughter, before that, has had to go out into the world to earn her livelihood, or has been entered at a fashionable boarding seminary for young girls.

Now we wish to call attention to the fact, not only that a woman, if a mother, works, in this sense, harder than any man, because her work never ceases, but also that, after all, the work itself is really higher and nobler, if tried, at least, by any just standard. For what is money-making, or even success in literature or art, or military glory itself, when compared with the forming of a character, with the saving, perhaps, of an immortal soul? It is the mother, remember, that makes the son, much the more the daughter. Let a mother be indifferent, and the child grows up without principle, a rascal if a boy, even worse if a girl. What we are, what we hope to be, we owe to our mothers. To rise to be a Senator, or even President, is, no doubt, a very great thing; but is it as great as to make a good man, or noble woman, as every mother can do? We trow not. All this talk, therefore, about the subordinate position of females is worse than nonsense. The true woman, who comprehends her place in the scale of creation, belongs, if anything, to a loftier type than man. She was created last. She was the crowning result of the Almighty's foresight and loving-kindness, and she ought to carry her head proudly among the stars, instead of mistakenly calling herself inferior.

Very Great Has Been the Popularity of our articles on the Centennial Exhibition. We have given, not only illustrations of the principal edifices, as we originally intended, but also, as the subject grew upon us, engravings of the more picturesque of the smaller buildings. Those of our subscribers, who cannot come to this great World's Fair, will, nevertheless, be able, from these articles, to get a very fair idea of it. To illustrate it in greater detail, even to engrave the principal statues, pictures, etc., to say nothing of the gold and silver work, the rare fabrics, the machinery, etc., would simply be impossible. These things must be seen themselves to be properly appreciated. No reproductions can do them justice. And even if it were possible, by engravings, to give true ideas of them, it would not be practicable; for the number is so great, that volumes would be required.

Save a Dollar by subscribing to "Peterson's Magazine," the cheapest and best.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE to this magazine, either singly, or in clubs. A new volume began with the July number, affording an opportunity to those who do not wish back numbers. But back numbers can be supplied to all who desire to commence with the January number. Additions to clubs, beginning with that number, can still be made, and at the price paid by the rest of the club. Whenever, in this way, enough additional subscribers have been sent, to make up a second club, the person sending them will become entitled to a second premium, or premiums. These additions may be made at any time during the year.

"THE LADIES' FAVORITE."—The Coaticook (P. Q.) Observer says:—"Peterson's, the ladies' favorite, is radiant with brilliant fashion-plates, and full of the short tales so distinctively a feature of this magazine. We publish one of these on our first page. The culinary department of 'Peterson's' is a commendable one, the receipts given having all been tested by a practical housekeeper. The price of the magazine is so low—only $2 per year—that it is within the reach of all, and subscribers are sure of receiving the full value of their money."

FOR FIFTY CENTS EXTRA, remember, any subscriber for "Peterson" (but no other person) can obtain either "Christmas Morning," our premium plate for this year, or any one of our other premium plates. In other words, to oblige subscribers, we furnish copies of these splendid engravings at the mere cost of the paper and printing, which is a nominal price, for at retail stores similar engravings sell for five dollars.

WE PRE-PAY POSTAGE, on all mail subscribers, remember! Up to last year, subscribers had to pay it themselves, at their own post offices, at an additional expense of from twelve cents to twenty cents each, *over and above the subscription price.* Bear this in mind! The postage we paid in 1875 was over ten thousand dollars. All this the subscribers now save.

PICK-A-BACK.—This charming steel engraving is from one of Sir Joshua Reynolds' most celebrated pictures. A hundred years ago, Sir Joshua was painting the portraits of all the most beautiful women of England, and some of the prettiest children; and we give this engraving to show how our great-grandmothers dressed, etc., etc.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Life, Letters and Table-Talk of Benjamin Robert Haydon. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.*—The great success of the "Brick-a-Bac" series, published by this house, and edited by Mr. Stoddard, has led to another, named the "Sans-Souci," the first volume of which is now before us. The new series is somewhat different in character from the earlier one, but it promises to be, if possible, even more valuable. If we are to judge from this first instalment, for instance, it will be less anecdotical, but more instructive. In the volume before us we have the life, letters, and table-talk of Haydon, the artist. This compilation brings before us, with great vividness, the real man: his good qualities, his weaknesses, his impetuosity, his genius. The volume is neatly printed, and bound with taste. The whole series will be issued in the same handsome style. Several illustrations, among them portraits of Haydon and Keats, embellish the book.

Revolutionary Times. By Edward Abbott. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—A series of sketches, principally of social life, in America, a hundred years ago. It is a companion volume to "The American Revolution," noticed last month, and, like that, is exceptionally well written.

The Prime Minister. By Anthony Trollope. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: Porter & Coates.*—No other living novelist better maintains his reputation than Anthony Trollope. He never, indeed, rises to high tragic power; the nearest approach to it was in "The Chronicles of Barset;" but he never sinks into mediocrity. In this new story we have several of the old characters, with whom we have been long familiar, the Duke of Omnium, Lady Glencora, Phineas Finn, etc., etc. But we have also new ones, and the chief interest of the novel, in fact, hangs around them, especially about Emily Wharton, the heroine. The present is a very handsome edition, and forms part of the "International Series."

The Roman Traitor. By William Henry Herbert. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—With the exception of Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii," this is, perhaps, the most successful attempt at a novel of classic times. The story turns on the conspiracy of Cataline, and he, as well as Cato, Cicero, and other prominent Romans of the century preceding the Christian era, are actors in it. The interest is never allowed to flag, the characters are powerfully sketched, and the manners and feelings of the age are reproduced with extraordinary vividness. The volume is handsomely printed and bound.

The Atonement of Leam Dundas. By Mrs. E. Lynn Linton. Illustrated. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This author is already favorably known by her novel of "Patricia Kimball," one of the very best of its kind we were ever called upon to notice. The present story is quite equal, in point of ability, to its predecessor. It is powerfully told, and has unusual originality. It holds the reader, absorbed, from the first chapter to the last. Very few recent fictions are so engrossing. The illustrations are quite spirited.

Philadelphia and Its Environs. Illustrated. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—A very useful guide-book for visitors to the Centennial, as the volume not only describes and illustrates Philadelphia, but also the Centennial Grounds and buildings and Fairmount Park. The engravings are numerous and of great merit. A map of the city adds considerably to the value of the work. With this volume in hand, any visitor to Philadelphia will be at home, even without a guide.

Miller's New Guides to the Hudson River, Saratoga Springs, the City of New York, and Central Park. 4 *vols.*, 16 *mo. New York: James Miller.*—In these four neat little volumes we have a series of excellent guide-books, which will be invaluable to travelers, this summer, whether American or European. They are all profusely illustrated, mostly after drawings by T. Addison Richards, and contain maps, etc., etc. We cordially commend them.

The Problem of Health. How to Solve It. By Reuben Green, M. D. 1 *vol.*, 12*mo. Boston: B. B. Russell.*—The author of this treatise does not seem to have any hobby to ride, but apparently seeks only the truth. He brings an experience of thirty years to the subject, and expounds his conclusions in plain, unpretending language.

The Count of Monte Cristo. By Alexander Dumas. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is a new and handsome edition of a novel that will always be popular. It may be had bound either in paper or cloth, at the fancy of the buyer.

Kitty's Class Day. By Louisa M. Alcott. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Loring.*—This little volume contains three of Miss Alcott's shorter stories, "Kitty's Class Day," "Aunt Kipp," and "Psyche's Art." It has six illustrations by Augustus Hoppin.

Left-Handed Elsa. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Loring.*—A capital little story of German artist life, reprinted from recent numbers of Blackwood's Magazine.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THESE ARE THE TIMES to insist on getting the worth of your money. No magazine fulfills this condition better than "Peterson;" and it is to this fact it owes its immense circulation. It combines more requisites for the family and for ladies than any other, and does this at a price that places it within the reach of all. To obtain anything nearly as good as "Peterson" elsewhere, three or even four dollars must be paid; and even then, the variety is less, the fashion-plates not so good, and the stories generally inferior.

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SIX MONTHS' SUBSCRIPTIONS to this magazine, from July to December, 1876, inclusive, taken for one dollar.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. VIII.—DISEASES OF AUGUST.

THE season of the year has again arrived, when it behooves mothers to nurse their infants with much prudence, not too frequently, lest their little stomachs become overloaded, and their bowels surcharged with indigestible *curd*, which will eventuate into colic, spasm, diarrhea, etc. Long-continued irritation of this character too frequently leads to that obstinate and destructive disease known and feared by mothers, as cholera-infantum, or summer-complaint. The cool evenings and mornings incident to this month, with high heat at mid-day, tend to check perspiration, both sensible and insensible, which also throws more blood to the internal organs, producing more or less congestion. Hence the excessive heat at high noon should be avoided as much as possible, and the infant should be spared any exposure in the chilly mornings or evenings. Thin flannel should invariably be worn by the infant, to absorb the perspirable matter, and to protect its tender, sensitive surface from the excessive changes of temperature liable at this season.

Upon physiological principles, it is evident that the infant is unfitted to partake of any solid food before the period of dentition; and it is better to withhold such till that period is pretty well advanced, especially if it occurs during the summer months. It must be self-evident, to the most stupid intellects, that an immense amount of sickness is brought on through neglect and carelessness of mothers, who, amid the many busy chores and cares in their lives, are content to permit their children to "run their chances," and when they thus sicken and die, are inclined to censure the doctor for want of skill, and even, perhaps, reflect upon the goodness of Providence, for taking away, as they say, the fairest and loveliest of the flock. I apprehend that it is GOODNESS, indeed, to remove those from earth who are not properly cared for by their natural protectors.

We take it for granted, however, that when nature has provided the child with cutting and grinding organs, it is both prudent and proper to allow a modicum of such kinds of food as will bring those organs into action.

But the habit of many mothers, taking their nursing babes with them to the table, and partially masticating food for them, and placing it into their mouths, before a single tooth appears, is equally disgusting, injurious, and censurable.

Even nursing too frequently is productive, as before said, of acidity, colic, griping, and the stomach becomes surcharged during the day, the perspiration is checked at night-fall, which determines an increased influx to the bowels, and a disordered condition results.

The greatest possible care is therefore required, on the part of the nursing mother, during the month of August, of being prudent and temperate in all things herself; manifesting the same watchfulness over her acts or doings as she does over the infant at her breast, and then all will be well with her, and hers, less sickness, and consequent less anxiety and sorrow, will visit her household, and less will be the inclination to murmur, or attribute the occasional casualties of life to "dispensations of Providence." The older children should be more carefully guarded as to their eating, for perhaps greater temptations will be placed before them during this Centennial year. But it is not *watchfulness*, merely, that I would impress upon parents to have over their children, but they should impress them with the fact that sickness, pain, and suffering, and possibly death, ensue from the free indulgence of fruits, nuts, pies, cakes, confections, etc., etc., and that the greatest degree of happiness and pleasure in this world, that is lasting, is obtained by not disobeying plain physiological laws; in other words, that sickness generally results from our own imprudence.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

VEGETABLES.

Parsnips.—Scrape and wash your parsnips, and put them on with just enough water to boil them, and no more; when they are done they should be nearly dry. Then dish them and pour over melted butter and a little salt, or some drawn butter.

Or, Boil them as directed above, and when done, cut them in half, grease the bars of your gridiron: put them on it over some lively coals, and brown them.

Lima Beans.—Lima beans require from half an hour to three-quarters to boil. They should be boiled in as little water as possible, to preserve their flavor. As soon as they are soft, take them out, drain them in a colander, and season with butter, pepper, and salt; pour them in a pan to be seasoned, as the butter would run through the colander. Add salt to the water they are boiled in.

Egg-Plant.—Pare and cut them in slices about a quarter of an inch thick; season them with salt and pepper. Have ready some hot butter in a pan; put in the slices, and fry them very slowly till they are perfectly soft. There should be enough butter in the pan to prevent them from sticking to the bottom.

Mushrooms.—Wash your mushrooms; cut off the end of the stalks, and peel them. Put them in a stew-pan, without any water, and season with salt and pepper. Add two ounces of butter, rolled in two teaspoonfuls of flour to every pint of mushrooms. Cover them closely, and let them simmer slowly till they are soft.

Fried Cucumbers.—Slice your cumbers lengthwise; season them with pepper and salt; flour, and fry them in hot butter. They should be of a delicate brown color when done.

DESSERTS.

To Whip Cream.—First let the bowl and the whisk be not only scrupulously clean, but let them be cold. If a whisk has been hanging in the hot atmosphere of a kitchen, it is not fit to whip cream with. The whisk as well as the bowl should be rinsed in cold water before they are used. The old-fashioned osier whisk is preferable to a tinned one. Let the operation be carried on in the pantry, or in a room where there is no fire, and when the weather is hot, place the bowl on ice, or in a larger bowl containing cold water. As to the mode of whipping: the whisk should be held lightly in the hand, and we know no better expression to describe the way to work than that the whisk should be used in a playful manner. Some cooks will put into the cream a small quantity of gelatin, dissolved in milk, or the white of an egg, or a pinch of gum tragacanth, all of which will, no doubt, help the frothing.

Rutland Pudding.—Make a pint of milk with some flour into a hasty pudding, then work into it thoroughly but lightly a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, the same of pale, moist sugar, and the same of well-washed and properly dried currants, a little pounded cinnamon, some ratafia, or brandy, flavoring to taste, and some very thin slices of candied peel. Mix all thoroughly well together, and bake in small cups or shapes, sifting powdered sugar over them when they are turned out on a dish. Be very particular to butter your cups well.

Lemon Pudding.—Take six eggs, beat them well; boil half a pint of milk; let it cool; but before it does, put into it two ounces of fresh butter; when it is perfectly cold, mix it with the eggs; then add two tablespoonfuls of sifted white sugar, and the juice of a lemon. Line the dish with puff paste, and pour in your pudding. Bake it in rather a quick oven for half an hour. Serve it up hot.

Fondue à la Savarin.—Beat up separately the yolks and whites of eight eggs; stir into the yolks four ounces of grated cheese, and two ounces of beaten butter, with half a teaspoonful of white pepper; put over the fire a few minutes in a sauce-pan, shaking it round; then add the whites of eggs, frothed; pour into paper cases; brown five minutes in a Dutch-oven till they rise; then serve immediately.

Small Fondues.—To a pint of cream put half a pound of grated cheese, and the beaten yolks of four eggs; beat them all together. Then whisk the whites of the eggs into a froth, and add. Half fill small buttered paper trays immediately with the mixture; bake for a quarter of an hour, and, when risen and quite hot, serve.

CAKES.

Iced Cake.—Mix thoroughly half a pound of flour, half a pound of ground rice, half a pound of currants, quarter of a pound of sugar, quarter of an ounce of mace and cloves, some mixed peel, a few bitter almonds, pounded, some sweet almonds, split, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda; melt half a pound of fresh butter in three-quarters of a pint of warm milk; add the yolks and whites of four eggs, beaten separately; pour this by degrees on the dry ingredients; add a glass of brandy; beat it well; put it into a buttered mould, and bake.

Oatmeal Cakes.—Put a pound of oatmeal into a bowl, take one pint of boiling water, with half an ounce of salt butter or lard melted in, to make the cakes crisp; pour this boiling over the meal, stirring it as quickly as possible into a dough; turn it out upon a baking-board, roll it until it is as thin as it can be to hold together; stamp it into small, round cakes; place them on a girdle, to make them crisp, and afterward before the fire. They must be toasted, first one side and then the other, to dry them.

Scotch Shortbread.—Beat half a pound of butter to a cream, and then rub in one pound of flour and a quarter of a pound of sifted sugar. You will find this will make a stiff paste, that you can roll out. Bake in a slack oven till the cakes are a pale brown. The moment you put milk in, it turns it into a sort of cake.

Lady Abbess Cakes.—Pound three ounces of almonds, quarter of a pound of butter, two ounces of loaf sugar, with a little rose-water, till it becomes a thick paste. Spread it on a buttered tin; divide it into eight cakes; bake in a slow oven. When cold, put a spoonful of preserve on each cake, and cover with whipped cream.

Nuns Biscuits.—One pound of fine sugar, half a pound of almonds, and a few bitter ones, pounded fine, quarter of a pound of flour, six eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately, the grated rind of two lemons, some finely-sliced citron-peel. Mix well together, and bake in small tin shapes.

PRESERVES, SYRUPS, ETC.

Soda-Water, or "Silver-Top."—Take a quart of water, and put a pint of sugar into it. While that is dissolving, beat the white of one egg. When in a foam, put in half an ounce of tartaric acid. Mix all together, and flavor. Use two tablespoonfuls to a glass of water, with a little soda. Stir vigorously with a spoon until it foams.

Raspberry Vinegar.—To two quarts and a pint of ripe raspberries put one pint of the best vinegar. Bruise them well and let it stand three days. Strain the juice through a bag, and add its weight of sugar. Boil it, skim well, and bottle it closely.

Compote of Apricots.—Pare some apricots, and cut them in halves; remove the kernels, and blanch them. Simmer in syrup for a short time; drain the apricots, dish them, and, when cold, pour the syrup over, and ornament with the blanched kernels.

Blackberry Jam.—Crush your blackberries, and strain off the juice. To every four ounces of juice put seven ounces of white sugar. Let it boil, then strain through a piece of muslin or a silk sieve.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Milk Cheese.—Take three quarts of the last of the milking; put it into a pan with a tablespoonful and a half of rennet. When it comes to a curd, break it with the skimming dish by striking it down two or three times. Stand it by for two or three hours; spread a piece of cheese-cloth in a sieve, on which put the curd to drain; break the curd again a little, and put it into a deep dish or rush-vat, with a weight on it. After standing twelve hours, take it out and bind a piece of muslin round it; place it on a slab, and turn it every day on a fresh place. Cover with leaves, and put away between plates to ripen.

Cream Cheese.—Mix a pint of warm new milk with a quart of fresh cream, a lump or two of sugar, and a spoonful of rennet; place it near the fire until the curd comes; make a shape of straw or rushes, something like a flat brick; sew the rushes or straw together, make the top and bottom in the same way, but they must be loose; put the curd into the shape on the loose bottom, and cover with the top; take it out the next day, and turn it every day until ripe. A one-pound weight will be sufficient to place on this cheese.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FIG. I.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF DARK GRAY SILK, WITH AN OVER-DRESS AND BASQUE OF BLACK LACE.—Chip bonnet, trimmed with blue ribbon, and trailing sprays of forget-me-nots; blue ribbon and pink rose in the front.

FIG. II.—DINNER-DRESS OF LIGHT-GREEN SILK.—The under-skirt is trimmed with a deep flounce and puffing of thin, white muslin. Over-dress and sleeves of the white muslin, worn with a jacket of the green silk. Pink roses in the hair.

FIG. III.—AFTERNOON-DRESS OF DAHLIA-COLORED FOULARD, made with one deep flounce, box-plaited. Over-dress of very thin organdy of a delicate pinkish tinge, with dahlia-colored flowers on it. This over-dress is trimmed with a deep puffing, and looped up milk-maid fashion. Sash of the silk at the back. Head-dress of Margurites and white lace.

FIG. IV.—EVENING-DRESS FOR A YOUNG LADY, OF WHITE GRENADINE.—The under-skirt is made with a side-plaited flounce in front, and a plain demi-train at the back. The over-dress is in the Princess style—waist and skirt in one—and has a wide scarf drapery passing over the right hip to the bow on the left side, where it is fastened with a bunch of blue French pinks. The sleeves are quite short. The waist is cut high on the shoulders, and open, heart-shape, back and front. Bouquet of blue, French pinks on the left side, and the same flowers in the hair.

FIG. V.—HOUSE-DRESS OF GREEN AND WHITE STRIPED SILK, with an over-dress of white gauze, trimmed with two rows of blond lace to simulate a double skirt. The sleeves are of the white and green striped silk, and the body, which is open in the neck, and of the cuirass shape, is of plain green silk. Pink roses in the hair.

FIG. VI.—MORNING COSTUME OF CHECKED BEGE.—The skirt is bordered with a gathered flounce, headed with two cross-bands placed at a short distance one above the other. Tunic arranged entablier, round in front, and having the effect of being tied at the back, and falling on the skirt in two wide pointed ends. A ribbon bow is placed at the commencement of these two scarf draperies. Cuirass bodice, with pointed back. Pocket on the left side, with casings inside, through which elastic is run. The basque, sleeves, and tunic, are all trimmed with a cross-band of bege.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS OF LIGHT FAWN-COLORED SUMMER CASHMERE.—The under-skirt is trimmed with a plain, narrow ruffle, with a puffing and a heading of the same material above it. The square over-skirt is drawn closely back, and trimmed with a band of the material of which the dress is made, as is also the jacket-waist. A deep, full pocket on the left side.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give, this month, our usual great variety of headwear, etc., etc. The first hat for a young girl is of brown straw, trimmed with brown ribbon and white field-daisies, with brown and yellow eyes. The second is of white chip, trimmed with a creamy white ribbon, and pink roses and lilies of the valley.

The two first head-dresses, back and front view, are suitable for a young married woman, or a young lady. The hair is combed up from the nape of the neck, and plaited these plaits are crossed at the top of the head, and allowed to fall low at the back, where they join. When there is but a small quantity of natural growth, it is all used for the plaits at the top of the head. The pendent tresses are false. The two next designs, back and front view, are for full dress. The front hair is crimped in large waves. The two long curls at the back are false. From the top of the head to the nape of the neck, the hair is rolled and twisted so as to look like a mass of interlaced loops.

BLACK GRENADINES are sometimes trimmed with narrow ruffles edged with a straw braid, which has a novel effect. Cream-colored lace is also used as a cascade down the front of a Polonaise over-skirt with much taste. Some of the new summer silks have the back cut in the Polonaise style, with an elongated waist and train; and the front, on the contrary, is a bodice with a basque. The front of the skirt is, of course, separated from the bodice.

BATISTE DRESSES are often made quite plain and round, and looped up at the back with wide bows and sash-ends of ribbon, which harmonizes with the color of the dress.

JACKETS, half-tight fitting, and cuirass waist, are both popular for batiste and chintz dresses. Worth, who has never quite abandoned the postillion basque, is making more than usual now.

HATS are usually broad brimmed, turned up on one side and drooping on the other, like the picturesque Gainsborough hats of old pictures; but many prefer the plain, close English walking-hat, turned up on both sides with the back and front slightly drooping.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF WHITE MOHAIR FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—The skirt has one deep puffing at the bottom, above which are two ruffles, which are put on lower in front than at the back. Plain cuirass waist, cut square in front, and worn over a puffed chemizette. A Martha Washington fichu of brown silk, trimmed with fringe, tied in front. Cuffs of brown silk.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF CHOCOLATE-COLORED BATISTE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—The lower-skirt has two knife-plaited ruffles. The over-skirt, which opens in front, and has a double trimming to simulate two skirts, is trimmed with a bias band of dark-blue and white plaid batiste. The Louis XV. jacket is also trimmed with the same material. The sleeves, collar, and pocket, are made of plain, dark-blue batiste. A chocolate-colored silk scarf passes from the left side to the right, where it is fastened by a bow of dark-blue silk and an end of the chocolate-colored silk. Chocolate-colored straw hat, trimmed with blue ribbon and wheat.

FIG. III.—BOY'S LOOSE BLOUSE OF GRAY LINEN.—It is gathered in at the back by a band bound with gray braid. The cape is trimmed with a band of braid. Gray and white striped stockings.

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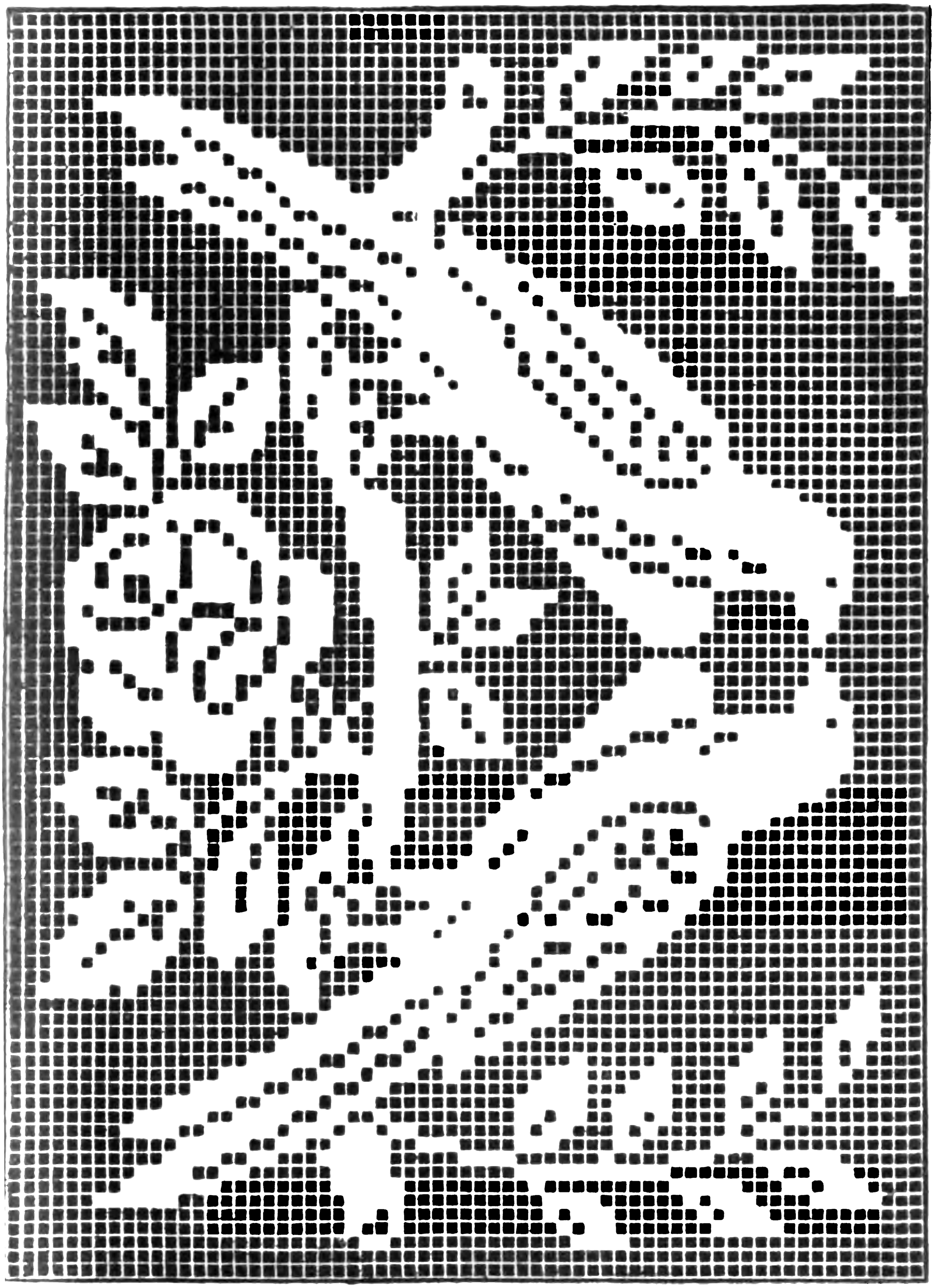
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TIDY IN CROCHET.





IN THE GARDEN-SEAT. [*See the Story, "Worth Waiting For."*]

4



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER. CHILDREN'S HATS AND BONNETS.



WALKING-DRESS. COLLAR AND SLEEVE.



WALKING-DRESS. COLLAR AND SLEEVE.



WALKING JACKET.



CARRIAGE-DRESS.



FICHU. CAPOTE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.
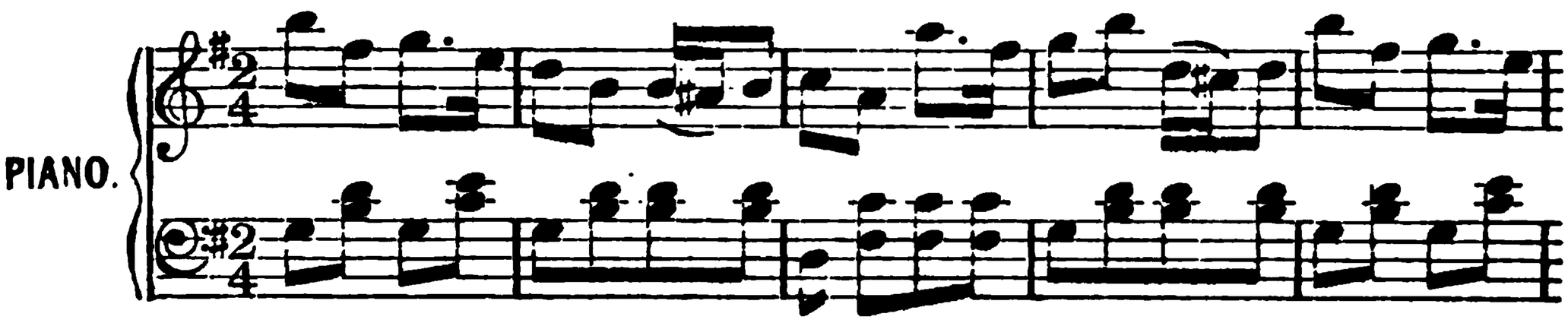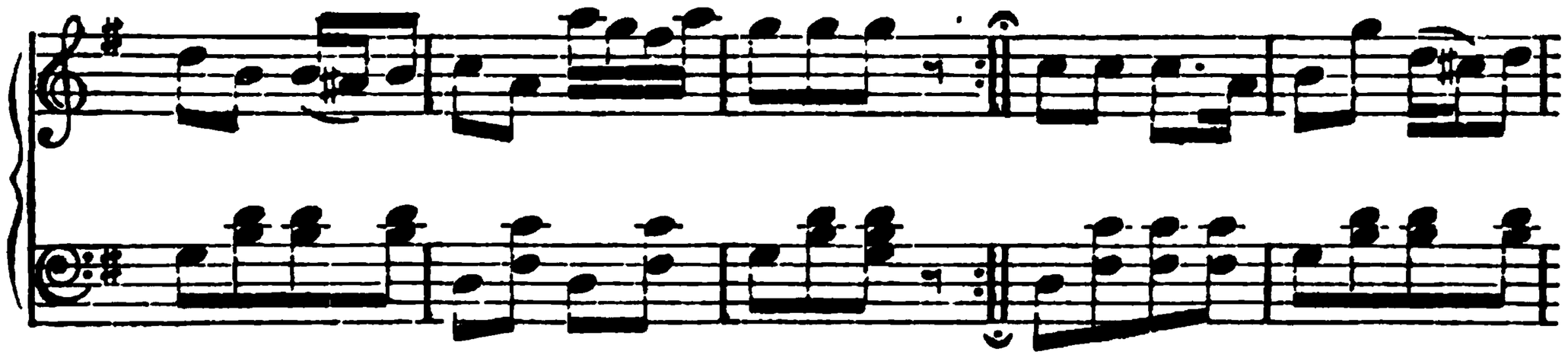


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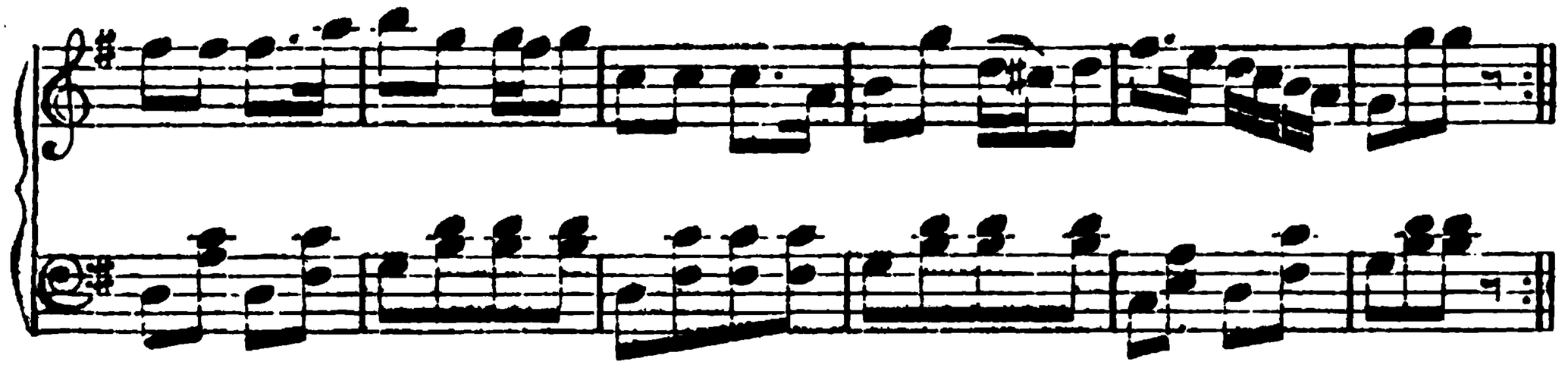
MANIES POLKA.

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MANIES POLKA.

D. C.









MUSLIN PETTICOAT. POCKET IN SILK. INFANT'S CLOAK. WALKING-DRESS.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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THE TABLES TURNED.

BY MRS. J. E. M'CONAUGHY.

It was just in the busiest season of the year, the middle of the wheat harvest, when Caleb Fletcher's wife gave out.

It was very aggravating to her husband, who was not used to such things, and who expected his wife "to do her part," he said, "as he did his."

"Her part" meant the work of three able-bodied women; and she at best but a small, meek, weakly woman, with no strength of soul to assert a right, or resist a tyrannical edict.

There she lay, with her toil-worn hands lying idly on the blue coverlet, a boy of ten, who was grudgingly spared from the fields, her only help, or nurse. He was the last of five; and because he had more of his father's grit and grain, had made a sturdier fight for life than the little girls, and had won the day.

John knew nothing of sickness, and because his mother did not call him, or ask for anything, he concluded she did not wish for anything. So he enjoyed a rare holiday, whittling away under a maple-tree, in the door-yard; while the mother dozed away the hours, starting now and then, and murmuring a few words in her delirium.

Before John had imagined it could be so late, there was a shuffling of feet in the back stoop; and it was clear the folks had come in for dinner.

Caleb stared at the fireless cook-stove, and tramped in to see what it could mean. John, half-scared, and knowing that in some way he should be blamed, slunk away out by the well.

"Isn't your mother about yet?" asked Fletcher, crossly. "Here are all these men ready for their dinner. I should like to know what I left you at home for if it wasn't to help her get the dinner. Tell her we've got to have something set on, right off, too;" and he went out in a huff, to feed his horses.

"Dead or alive," muttered one of the men to another, "I'd rather be that man's horse than his wife. He's savin' of his horse-flesh. That costs money."

Caleb lingered at the barn, longer than he needed, nursing his ugly temper, and expecting every minute a summons to the house. It came at last, but not in the way he expected.

"Mother won't say nothing," said John, with a frightened look on his face, walking up to the barn. "I shook her arm, and told her to get the dinner; but she looked so queer at me, as if she didn't know what I was saying."

"Don't make a goose of yourself, John," said the father, sharply. "I'll explain matters to her myself," he added, with a grim smile, as he passed into the house.

The angry words died on his lips, however, when he caught sight of the flushed face, with its disordered hair, on the white pillow, and met the gleam of the burning eye, which rested full upon him, as it dared not do for years. It did not flinch now at his gaze. The poor drudge was past being goaded on by the sting of sharp words. With utter indifference, he might come or go, as he chose. The well-kept home might fall into confusion from neglect; the flies might buzz in unheeded into the neat pantries and best rooms. These things were nothing to her now.

"John, run for the doctor," was Caleb's first order. "William," he said to a nephew, at work for him, "you learned to cook some, in the army. Can't you scratch around, and hunt up something for the men's dinner? Cut up a ham, and fry some eggs, any way; you will find the things somewhere. Your aunt is took very bad, and I am going for Phebe Stone. If I can get her, we'll make out. Cut the ham as saven' as you can, Billy," he added, in a low tone. And then he walked away, at a round pace.

"Glad to see the old mon step off so lively," said one of the men. "I think better of him than I did."

"It's inconvenient, losing a wife in harvest time," suggested another.

Miss Phebe, a sallow, bony woman, who looked much like a bundle of dried herbs, and who was as spicy as a bunch of peppermint, came with all haste—and none too soon, she found. For in three days the weary hands and tired feet had laid down the burden of life for ever.

"What a wasted frame," said Phebe, tenderly, as she laid the cold hands together, when preparing the last rites for the poor, worn body.

"If ever anybody came back," said the superstitious neighbor, who was assisting her, "it will be Mrs. Fletcher. I should think Caleb would be scared to stay in this house, after the way he's treated her these fifteen years."

So they laid her away, in her peaceful grave, with only kindly, loving thoughts for her, and but little of pity or sympathy for the tyrant who had made her life so hard and bitter.

The yellow grain-fields ripen and waste in the sun, all the same, though hands grow weary and still, and feet fall out by the way. Caleb was not the man to sit down and idly grieve, and especially let his crops spoil. The day after the funeral he was stirring about as if to make up for lost time.

"You may be thankful you have got Philena Wright to keep house for you," suggested Phebe Stone, as she finished putting away Mrs. Fletcher's things. "She is the only help to be had, for love or money, in this town; and if you don't mind your P's and Q's, you won't have her long. Such a capable person you don't find every day, if she is a little set in her way. Remember what I tell you, Caleb, and don't go to picking no fusses with Miss Philena."

Caleb had never had any experience with hired help, but he knew very well what it was to be master in his own house; and he inwardly smiled at Miss Phebe's well-meant cautions. He had no idea of abdicating in favor of such a marvel of a woman as that ancient maiden, Philena Wright, let her be as "capable" as she would. He would like to see the woman that was capable of managing him.

"You'll never get on, there, Phila," said a friend, as Miss Wright tied on her sun-bonnet, preparatory to setting out, "Caleb is such a difficult man. You won't stand it three days."

"I am going to stay a spell, any way," said Philena, with a curious twinkle in her gray eyes, as if she had her mind made up on some project. "I'd stay the month out, if only to teach Caleb Fletcher a lesson. He's needed it these dozen years."

There was decision in the very tramp of her small, calf-skin shoes, and in the set of her chin and mouth.

She took hold of the house-work with energy, and soon had things "squared away" to her mind. The men came in to a bountiful, well-cooked dinner, and were in excellent spirits. A little too bountiful, Caleb thought it: and he threw out a hint to that effect.

"When you have biled pork, Philena," he said, "you needn't cook no other meat for dinner; and too many kinds of garden-sass ain't healthy to onct."

"Just tend to your mowing, Caleb Fletcher," said Philena, decidedly, "and I'll tend to the house-work."

Caleb had no time to discuss matters; but he was a trifle "set back" by her "snappy way" of speaking. "Just like all old maids, I suppose," he said to himself, as he went off to his work.

"You will have to go, or send to town, to-night, Mr. Fletcher," said Philena, after tea. "We are out of sugar, coffee, and flour. You may bring home a new broom, also. I have set them all down on this slip of paper, so you would be sure to remember."

Caleb looked almost astounded. Four things wanted from the store, at the one time! What unheard-of extravagance! Oh, what strategy the poor, departed wife had been obliged to use, all her married days, to get even the commonest supplies for household use! How meekly she had made known her wants!

And she had been always prepared for a storm, when anything was wanted. She looked for it naturally. Sabina became enured to it. Still it wasn't pleasant to hear for ever the same old din!

"What! that sack of flour gone already?" Caleb would exclaim. "I should think you must feed it to the hogs, to use it up so fast. I tell you what it is, Sabina, there is a power of victuals wasted in this house, somehow. I don't say how, mind you, but I say it is so," and he would bring his fist down on the table in a way that made things ring.

He began the same tune with Philena, about the sugar and coffee. He had got so in the way of grumbling at these wants, perhaps he did not know there was any other way to do.

Philena gave him one glance of withering scorn, and then remarked, dryly, "That nonsense is all done with. Either get the things, or go without the food," and she whisked off into the milk-room, and shut the door with energy.

"Old man's got his come-up-ance," said one workman to another, as they sat on the steps of the back stoop. "I, for one, am glad of it."

As for Caleb, he walked out, and harnessed up Old Gray in a very meditative mood. No wonder he sighed for the good old days when he could slam things around as much as he liked, and grumble and harass to his heart's content. There was no question but what Caleb did miss his wife.

The experiences of the next few weeks proved a Valley of Humiliation to Caleb Fletcher. It might be hard, but it was salutary. "All the advantage any one can get of that man is so much gain to humanity," was the general sentiment of the community, though this was not said, perhaps, in so many words. So he had little sympathy in the snubbings Miss Philena felt called to administer, from time to time. She was not a scolding woman, but she was "awfully set in her way." She had a crisp, decisive style of stating things, that "told;" and Caleb learned slowly that it was useless to say her nay. He would gladly have turned her off; but what could he do? Hired help was not so plenty, that he could afford to discharge Philena.

So the days ground on slowly. Caleb inwardly chafed and fumed at the "pretty pass things had come to, when a man could not be master in his own house." But he was forced to "keep a civil tongue in his head;" for even Philena had been on the point of leaving several times; and only prompt "coming down," on his part, had averted the catastrophe.

There was one way, however, in which he could circumvent her, and he laughed in his sleeve as he thought of it. If he had another wife, how triumphantly he could snap his fingers at her, and shake off her iron rule!

He cast his eyes about, but fruitlessly, for several months! He made himself the general laughing-stock of the place, by his marked attentions to one and another; for somehow nobody seemed to encourage the poor man.

But, by-and-by, there came into town, on a visit, a buxom widow. She was rather dashily dressed, and took pains to be wonderfully gracious to Caleb. Her purse was very light, and her home with a relative not very pleasant, so she concluded that the substantial farm-house of Caleb Fletcher would be a decided improvement on her present condition. Alas, poor Caleb! He had need to listen to Mr. Weller's advice to his "son Samivel," to "beware of the vidders." He took the gorgeous bait thrown out to him, and, in an intoxication of folly, proposed, and was accepted.

Very well satisfied, Philena folded her pocket-book, with over sixty dollars of well-earned money, and resigned her place, with a smile, to the charming Mrs. Fletcher, the second.

Poor Caleb! He had jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire. If the tables had been turned in the reign of Miss Philena, they were doubly turned now. It is said that tyrants are at heart the most cowardly of men. It would seem so, from the manner in which Mrs. Fletcher the second managed to get her husband in hand. She had the talent to command a regiment. No wonder she succeeded in bringing into line one "high private."

Neighbors sometimes wondered if it would not have gratified the carnal nature of the meek Sabina to have seen the poetic justice meted out to Caleb. It certainly was very gratifying to them.

But the new Mrs. Fletcher had her good points, too. She was a kind mother to little John. These two soon formed an alliance, offensive and defensive, against the old man; a bad thing in a family, as a general rule, but extreme cases sometimes call for extreme measures.

There were stormy words sometimes between man and wife, and Caleb's mulish temper fought hard for the mastery. But even in cases of seeming defeat, his wife could make him "tired of gaining the victory long before she was tired of losing it."

So the world over, "the measure we mete," is very likely to be "measured to us again."

SHALL WE MEET?

BY NELLIE J. PALMER.

Oh! ye waters, wide and deep,
  Cruel waves that sport and play;
On the shore we sit and weep,
  In the evening cold and gray.

Cease thy moanings for the dead;
  Thy cold waves his form caressed,
Made a pillow for his head,
  Touched the lips that we have pressed.

Surging waters, wild and free,
  White-capped, ever restless wave,
Rolling land-ward from the sea,
  Tell us of that unknown grave.

Bright stars gleaming through the gray,
  Pointing to a land of rest,
Shall we on that endless day,
  Meet our loved-one with the blest?

WORTH WAITING FOR.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THE steamer was entering New York harbor. The great city, spread out before the eye, glorified, by the light of a gorgeous September morning.

Norton Conway stood on the deck, aloof from the eager groups of passengers, looking more meditative and abstracted than one would expect a man to appear at the end of a sea voyage.

But he had ample food for thought. Ten years had elapsed since he had left America; ten years spent in wanderings in foreign climes. He had been five-and-twenty when he set out; he was thirty-five now. But time had dealt kindly enough by him; for he did not look more than thirty. He had always been rich, his position excellent. He was handsome and clever. Naturally, with all these gifts and benefits, friends were plenty. No wonder he looked so young.

He had not been altogether an idle man. He had won reputation, both artistic and literary. He had been everywhere, from St. Petersburg to Australia; had seen everything, experienced everything; yet he kept a considerable amount of freshness of feeling, and, better still, was impulsive and warm-hearted.

But though the world regarded him as one of Destiny's favorite children, the stern dame had not let him off without a scratch; nay, a stronger word would apply—a wound which had never really healed, though, of course, in the lapse of years, he had grown accustomed to the pain as one does to pain of any sort, physical or mental, and often, for a lengthened period, had been able to forget the ache at his heart, the weary lament of his soul.

That early trouble had, in a great measure, taken the sweetness out of existence; had left him dissatisfied, yearning for the rest and peace which women's love brought into the lives of other men; but his genial nature had kept him from growing bitter, and his broad head had prevented his becoming that tiresome, contemptible animal—a misanthrope.

And now he was returning home. During the first years of his absence he used often to contemplate the possibility of doing so, but all the later portion of the time he had shrunk more and more from the idea of going back to take up life, where the ghosts of his early dreams would haunt him so cruelly. Naturally, just because he had made up his mind to remain an exile for an indefinite period, events unexpectedly forced him to return.

He was a silent partner in some great iron mills, a property which had come to him from an uncle, and from whence he derived the larger portion of his income. He had never known anything about the business, or thought much about it, perfectly satisfied to receive his dividends regularly, and allow Messrs. Tomlinson & Son, distant relatives of his, to manage affairs in their own fashion; and a very profitable one it always proved.

He had gone to Norway in July. August still found him there; and some very unpleasant letters found him, too. The past year had been filled with disasters for business men of all kinds, and the Tomlinsons had not escaped. To complicate matters, a confidential clerk had taken this opportunity to levant with a large sum of money, and leave the company liable for debts to an alarming amount.

The partners wrote the facts to Conway, and begged him to visit America without delay. They hoped to tide over their difficulties; to go on as prosperously as ever; but it was right that their relative should know the truth, and they desired him, for their sakes, to come. Of course, he could not refuse.

So, this lovely September day saw him steaming up the famous bay, every familiar landmark taking him further, and back into his lost youth, bringing up the old pain, and the old misery, with such force that it seemed almost as unendurable as when the blow first fell.

An utter inability to forget was Norton Conway's curse! He stood there, on the deck, and wished he had let every penny he possessed in the world slip from his hold, rather than endure this one hour of suffering. And this was only the beginning; the mere prelude to what he must undergo later.

What a fool he was! Why, between twenty-five and the corresponding number in the thirties, other men had as many loves as they owned boots and coats, and ended, by the time they reached his age, in marrying an entirely new idol, finding happiness untroubled by so much as a memory; and he had spent all these years loveless, just because one woman had not found in him her ideal. She had done him no wrong

either. She had not trifled with or deceived him. She had simply loved somebody else, as she had a right to do.

And the worst feature in the case now was, that his sore heart, his persistent clinging to memory, became a positive sin. Emily Granger was married! Strangely enough, she had not married till about eighteen months previous; then she had wedded a man whose name Norton did not remember ever to have heard. Certainly, it was no one of the youths who had been about her in the days when he and she were boy and girl together.

Conway had few relatives, and those not persons who had known his associates in New York, and long before one has been absent ten years in foreign climes, letters from former friends or acquaintances usually grow quite as rare as angels' visits. So it happened that the only information Norton had received concerning Emily's marriage came from the columns of a newspaper. Her husband was named Forsyth. His knowledge began and ended there, as he had never mentioned her name in any letter since he left America, and had no mind to do so after these tidings.

But he was brought out of his foolish reverie by a consciousness that the Russia was nearing the wharf, and that if he must make a fool of himself, the performance had better be deferred till a more favorable opportunity. Adieus were to be spoken to numerous pleasant fellow-voyagers, promises for future meetings exchanged, luggage to be looked after, and that most degrading of purgatories, the custom-house, to be passed. So Conway came down to the present and its realities with a bang, and I dare say the shock did him good.

Two hours after, bathed, dressed, "and in his right mind," he sat eating one of those luncheons at Delmonico's, for which the pilgrim's soul yearns unceasingly, no matter what else he may forget; and the sunset saw him floating up the Hudson with that undisturbed calm, that utter inability to find it strange to discover himself there, which becomes a part of the confirmed traveler's character.

Conway owned a country-seat on the banks of Lake Champlain, which, during these later years, he had allowed his agent to let. The previous year it had been taken by an old acquaintance, who, when he found that Norton was coming home, had broken a long silence, and written in his wife's name and his own, to insist upon our wanderer's coming to them at once.

He had found another and more pressing invitation awaiting him in New York. He had always liked Leslie, and his wife had been one of Norton's warm friends, in the days when she was Kate Crayforth, and as famous for her beauty as her wit.

His affairs took him in the neighborhood of the Adirondacs, so he determined to visit the Leslies on the way. He stopped for a few hours in Burlington; from there he had to take a carriage, so that it was sunset as he drove up the fine avenue, and stopped in front of the picturesque, rambling old mansion, where, early in youth, he had thought to spend the most of his time.

He was joyfully welcomed by an old servant, who had lived in the house when Norton's uncle was master there. Mr. and Mrs. Leslie were expecting him, the servant said. They had been obliged to go out, would be in soon; his rooms were ready, and so on.

Conway was not sorry to have a first glance at the familiar apartments, undisturbed even by the companionship of sympathetic friends, so he left Anderson to have his luggage conveyed up stairs, and strayed into the breakfast-room. A portrait of his uncle hung there; he remained for awhile, studying it, then passed into the library. This was a long, low apartment, with latticed windows, opening on the lawn, and looking toward dim, shadowy woods beyond.

Conway stood and looked down the room, letting his eyes wander slowly along as one does when trying to mark the changes that have been made in a place during one's absence. But the apartment had been left exactly as he last saw it, at the close of just such a glorious September as the present. It might have been yesterday that he stood there. The last flood of red sunlight poured in through the windows; the vases on tables and mantels were filled with early autumn flowers; the very chair in which he had sat, as he entered the haunt which was to know him no more for so long, stood in the same corner; the——

But Conway reached no further in his retrospections. Through one of the windows at the upper end of the library, he saw, sitting on the lawn, in a garden-chair, and looking dreamily in, a lady. She wore a dress of some white, soft material, that fell in graceful folds about her. The sunset flooded her figure, and lit up her sweet, yet half-sad face, with its pure outlines. Her hat and parasol lay on the ground beside her. Her hands were half-clasped, and she was lost in reverie.

His heart stood still. Once again he was face to face with the one love of his life.

The years had not greatly changed her, save that her figure had gained in dignity and grace.

The face looked somewhat older, but she was more beautiful than ever. The sunlight, falling like a halo across her bronze-tinted hair, turned it to gold, and brought out vividly every line of the pure, rounded throat. The wonderful gray eyes were uplifted, eyes deep as the well of truth, pure as the eyes of childhood.

Involuntarily he uttered an exclamation. The sound roused her; she saw him, gave a little start; rose, and came forward to meet him. Once more Norton Conway held her hand in his, and the pulse thrilled under its touch as tremulously as in the olden days. The words of both were somewhat incoherent at first, but neither noticed it. Presently Emily said,

"I did not understand that you were expected before to-morrow. I was taking an evening stroll, and finding the ladies out, sat down to wait for them."

"I left it uncertain, I believe, in my note," Conway replied, growing stately and uncomfortable. "To meet you is a very unexpected pleasure. I fancied you in Europe."

"Oh, no. I was there for a twelvemonth. I think you were in the East at the time. I am living at the old place still, with my grandfather."

"He is quite well, I trust."

"Perfectly—seems to grow younger every day. He has been greatly excited over the idea of your return."

Now he must say something about her marriage, her husband. He felt suddenly, as if made of wood from head to foot.

"I suppose congratulations would come rather late," he said; "but at least you will allow an old friend to express his best wishes for your happiness."

She looked at him with a puzzled smile.

"Thanks," she answered. "I believe I have my fair share."

"I trust that I shall have the pleasure of seeing your—of seeing Mr. Forsyth," said he.

"Ah! Do you know my cousin's husband?" she asked. "Why, they only went away three days since. What a pity?"

"Your cousin's husband?"

"Yes. Don't you remember my little namesake? She was only nine when you left us. Think of her being married! Does it not make one feel ancient?"

Conway's head reeled. Before he knew what he was saying, he blurted out,

"I saw the announcement of the marriage, and supposed it your's."

She colored a little, but laughed gayly.

"No, no!" she said. "I belong to the predestined old maids; and, do you know, now that I have arrived at the age where I must rank myself among them, I rather like it."

She was perfectly at ease, but Conway had reached a state of such trouble, that it was a great relief, at this moment, to have Mr. and Mrs. Leslie rush into the room. They gave him as warm a greeting as any returned wanderer could desire, and, after a brief, hurried talk about all sorts of unimportant matters, (the only things friends can talk of during the first moments of meeting, after a long separation,) Leslie took his guest to show him his rooms, and they were gayly ordered by Kate not to dawdle over their dressing, as it was nearly dinner-time.

The meal proved a pleasant one, and the evening which followed very agreeable. The Leslies were the gayest, happiest pair imaginable, and so genuinely glad to welcome Conway back, that he felt rather ashamed to remember that he had thought less about either of them than he had done of scores of people who had perhaps forgotten his existence altogether.

Emily Grainger's manner to him was exactly what it used to be in the days when they had been on terms as familiar as those of a brother and sister, and he in the habit of going to her with every boyish scrape, and afterward with every young man's annoyance or aspiration, in obedience to that necessity masculine nature has of seeking feminine sympathy in some quarter.

Was it Hobart Wilmot she had loved in her girlish days? And what event could have separated her from the object of her affection? Conway asked himself this question as he sat alone in his room that night. He marveled over it a great deal during the days which followed, but no solution of the mystery did he gain.

He yielded to his friends' persuasions, and remained a whole week at Fernden, able to quiet any reproaches of conscience as to the neglect of duty, by the fact that he had reached America sooner than he had written to the Tomlinsons he might be expected.

A very pleasant week he found it, too; so pleasant that he wondered he had not tried long ago what a return to his old home would be like. But he was obliged to tear himself away from this nearest approach to a lotus-eating season that he had known for many years.

He went, after, to the iron-works, and remained for some days with his relatives. They were hopeful about recovering from their difficulties, in case they could raise a certain sum of money for which they were in negotiation. Conway realized the truth of the trite old proverb, that misfortunes never come singly; the embar-

rassments of stock companies in which the rest of his fortune was invested prevented his being able to assist the Tomlinsons. If they failed in their efforts, he would be almost ruined; he, who all his life had been able to spend his thousands upon any caprice which chanced to be the prominent desire of the moment.

He could do no good by staying, so he went back to Fernden, as he had promised the Leslies to do.

Pecuniary troubles were so utterly unknown to Conway, that he absolutely could not realize the possibility of their coming near him now, so it was easy enough to put aside thoughts of the calamities which menaced him. Besides that, if the worst came to the worst, he could shift for himself. His solicitude was for the Tomlinsons, because both father and son were married men, with large families.

"I have a constitution of iron, an average amount of brains. If I cannot make a living, I ought to starve," he said to Leslie, when the latter was one day speaking rather wonderingly of the ability Norton showed to thrust his perplexities out of mind. "I have been an idle dog all my days. I shall have no right to complain if I have to take my turn at putting a shoulder to the wheel."

"You will be successful, whatever you undertake," returned his friend, admiringly; "but, as my wife says, it will be a great shame if you do lose your money, for you are the sort of fellow who ought to be rich."

"Well, I don't know. I dare say I have not made any too good use of my stewardship. I am afraid my conscience is not quite clear as I look back, though I hope I have never failed to help any human being when I could. But you see it was only giving money. There is no merit in that, when a man has a superfluity."

"Oh, if you come to metaphysics and nice distinctions, I have done," cried Leslie, laughing.

But his wife and Emily Grainger liked "nice distinctions," and Conway's whimsical manner of weighing his own shortcomings; and they used to hold fierce arguments, and abuse him roundly, till he would be forced to defend himself; then they would go over to his former position, and abuse him on that ground, and then pet and make much of him, to prove that they had not been in earnest.

It was a beautiful autumn, and Conway thoroughly enjoyed the quiet and the companionship of his friends. He did not allow himself to think, even where Emily Grainger was concerned. Sometimes he roused up to tell his soul that it was madness to float on in this dreamy fashion; that he was preparing for his heart a suffering more terrible than any which had gone before; but always, he declared directly afterward, that he would enjoy, to its fullest extent, the peace and contentment of the moment, no matter what might be beyond.

So far as using every effort to be of service in case the Tomlinsons failed in their plans, he was not remiss, but his attempts were utterly unavailing; money he could not raise. Leslie would have helped in any and every way possible, but his fortune was a moderate one. He could not command a quarter of the requisite sum, and Conway would not have heard of his burdening himself in any manner. Six weeks passed. With the exception of two brief visits his affairs obliged him to make to New York, Conway spent the time at Fernden. The weather remained delightful; such an autumn had not been known in years; although November had come, even in those Northern latitudes there was no sign of an approach to winter. But the blow fell, and notwithstanding Conway had thought himself prepared to meet the worst, it seemed to come suddenly, unexpectedly.

The Tomlinsons wrote him that all hope was gone; so far as regarded them personally, they were ruined. He set out that night for the Iron Works to consult upon the possibility of coming to terms with their creditors, but the chief among them was a rival mill-owner, who had got their paper into his hands, and would scruple at no means to crush them.

The sight of their misery was more than Conway could endure. His presence could be of no avail. He hurried away.

The Leslies had not expected him so soon, and had gone into Burlington for the day. It was in the afternoon when he arrived. He had not been in the house more than an hour when Anderson came into the library with a note. It was from Emily Grainger, only a few lines, asking him to go to her at once.

Claremont was the adjoining place to his own. He took a path through the shrubberies and fields, thinking, as he walked along, not of the dreary present, but a summer evening which lay years back, when he had trodden this path with EmilyGrainger, and had meant to tell her the story of his love. How well he recollected every incident of that walk, and of the immediate weeks which had preceded it! He had come up from town to find a gay party in the neighborhood. Emily, the centre of attraction, changed toward him. Reserved, silent, seeming to avoid him, when it was possible. He had gone frantic with jealousy, especially of a young Southerner, Ho-

bart Wilmot, who showed pre-eminent in his devotion to the girl.

How they contrived to arrive at a quarrel he could not tell, but they did. They had often quarreled, as brother and sister might, but never in that fashion. Instead of telling her his story, he talked about the utter folly of any very young man knowing what love meant—talking at Hobart Wilmot, quite forgetting that he ranked in the same category. Then, in his anger, he asked her, point-blank, if she cared for some one; she called him rude, insolent; but when he persisted, she cried, "Yes, I do," and then ran away and left him. He, so far from following, went home, packed his boxes, was on his way to New York that night, and sailed for Europe the next day at noon.

Ah, well, these memories lay a whole life back! Here he was going again to meet Emily Grainger, as far from winning her love as ever, but glad, now to accept the friendship, the sisterly sympathy she was so ready to give. He wondered how her romance had ended, what had occurred to thwart her dream; in this world he would never know, for Emily was not a woman to indulge in confidence, even with the friends she loved best.

He found her sitting in a little room on the ground-floor, a place which was her own special haunt, and where only her intimates were ever shown, for though an eminently sensible and practical person, Emily had an imaginative side, that caused her to indulge in numberless vagaries against which her stern common sense often rebelled.

"How good of you to come at once," she said, rising, and holding out her hand, as he entered.

"How good of you to send for me, you mean," returned he.

She was looking lovelier than ever, to-day. Conway thought to himself that if he decided to adopt painting as a profession, he should ask her to sit as the model for the principal figure in a picture, the idea for which had been of late haunting him.

They spoke for a few moments upon indifferent subjects—his journey, the weather. Then she said, suddenly,

"I sent for you, Norton, to ask you two questions."

He started slightly as she pronounced the familiar name she used to employ in the old days, but she was too much in earnest to notice that she had done so; too eager to exercise feminine adroitness in reaching gradually the subject of her thoughts.

"Which will you ask first?" he inquired, with a smile.

"This. Do you consider me your friend?"

"The dearest I possess in the world," he replied, gravely.

She grew somewhat pale, but smiled at him in return.

"You have answered one satisfactorily," she said, trying to speak playfully, though a slight tremor shook her voice.

"Now the other?"

"Will you do me a favor? A very, very great favor?"

"If it is in my power, you know I will."

"It is; it depends entirely upon yourself; concerns no human being except you and me. Will you grant it?"

He gave her a searching glance. A sudden suspicion struck him.

"You must tell me what it is," he said. "You are too just to wish me to promise blindly."

"No, I am not," she replied, impetuously. "I would have liked you to show confidence enough in me to promise in advance! Do you suppose I would ask anything you ought not to grant?"

"Of that you know I am certain! But tell me what it is."

She did not give herself time to think. She went on as composedly as if mentioning the most everyday sort of matter.

"Your business needs seventy-five thousand dollars. I have that sum lying idle. Let me write Messrs. Tomlinson a check for it."

"I might have known that would be your first thought," he said; "and you feel how thoroughly I appreciate your goodness, how grateful I am. But it cannot be done."

"Cannot be done?" she cried. "And why? You call me your friend, and will not let me use my worthless money when it chances that it might be of use."

"I have no good security to offer," he replied. "If, after all, Tomlinson's plans should fail, the money would be lost."

"What of that? You do not know; I am much richer than you suppose. All my aunt's fortune came to me. Why I am worth little less than a million. What would that amount be!" she hurried on. "Wait"—for he was beginning to speak. "It is not you alone; think of your connections and their families. Oh, Norton, for their sakes do what I want."

"I cannot, Emily," he answered, firmly. "Again I thank you—but we must have done with the subject—I cannot do what you wish."

"You are hard and cruel!" she exclaimed. "If I were a man you would take it! I under-

stand perfectly the feeling which prevents you, because I am a woman, you are ashamed to do it. You think it would be a lowering of your dignity—a—— Oh, you men! You are all alike!"

She started out of her chair, and hurried, several times, up and down the room. Presently she came back, and held out her hand. Her eyes were full of tears, but she was smiling.

"I went into one of my sudden passions," she said, with a child-like simplicity, very touching from its contrast to her ordinary manner. "I hope I did not say anything rude. But I don't much care—it is cruel of you."

"Indeed, indeed, my dear friend, you are mistaken in the reason which you suppose actuates me," Conway answered.

"Am I? So much the better! Then tell me the real one."

She had subdued her agitation, and once more she seated herself opposite him.

"The Tomlinsons could have raised the money," he continued, "only the security was not satisfactory. The state of affairs at the Works prevent their being mortgaged. The——"

"Your stocks are good security," she broke in. "Yes, they are down, now. I know what you mean to say; but I am sure they will come up! I am a very good business-woman. I can trust my own judgment. Now, Norton, please, for the sake of old days! Why, we have been like brother and sister all our days! I never asked a favor of you in my life, and you will not grant this, such a poor, little favor!"

"Emily——"

"Ah, say yes! You will—I am sure you will!"

He rose.

"I never felt anything more painful than to refuse you," he said, in an odd, choked voice, "but I must, Emily; there is still another reason. You must not ask what it is, but it would of itself prevent my accepting your offer, though, God knows, how I honor you for it. How thankful I am for this proof of your friendship."

Of course, after such words, no further expostulation or pleading, on her part, was possible. There come moments in life, when, no matter how great your intimacy with your friend, you must be silent.

Emily bowed her head for a few seconds; the tears gathered anew in her eyes, but did not fall. After a little, she looked up; a beautiful smile hovered over her lips. She held out her hand.

"It is difficult for me to feel it; but I know you must be right," she said.

"God bless you!" he answered; bowed over her hand, but did not touch it, and was gone.

Conway spent the evening in canvassing all sorts of probable and improbable plans with Leslie and his wife, making them laugh by his whimsical manner of treating his misfortunes.

"I think I shall toss up a penny as to whether I am to be a third-rate scribbler, or a painter of the same order. On the whole, I think I'd rather turn farmer. Don't you want a plough-boy, Leslie?"

"You'd not be worth your salt, if I did," retorted his friends.

"I never thought of it till this moment!" exclaimed Conway, in an altered voice. "This dear old place may have to go. It seems I am liable to the last farthing,"

"It shall not go!" cried Kate Leslie, impulsively.

"Nonsense! Matters are not so bad as that," returned her husband. "Conway has been looking too cheerfully at the affair these past weeks; now he is going to the other extreme."

They began to talk of other things.

"I have not seen Emily to-day," Mrs. Leslie said.

"I was at the house. She is quite well," observed Conway.

Kate gave him an odd, irritated glance, which puzzled him.

"What a pity that——"

It was Leslie who began this sentence. His wife, sitting in a low chair by the corner of the hearth, managed, at this juncture, to tumble the shovel and tongs down upon his left foot, which he had comfortably stretched out on the fender, and effectually put what he meant to say out of his head. She was so sweet to him afterward, that toward bed-time it penetrated his masculine brain. She must have committed the awkwardness deliberately, and he whistled a good deal over it in a low tone, while his wife and Conway sat trying a book of old music at the piano; but he kept the result of his reflections to himself.

Conway would have told Mrs. Leslie what occurred during his visit to Emily, had Leslie not been there. Somehow, it was just one of those things he could not relate before another man till it had been long enough passed for him to speak quietly of it. But the next evening he found himself alone with Kate, and he did tell the story. The three had been out to walk. Leslie left them, to go and inquire after a sick neighbor, and Conway and Kate strolled back to the house together.

He was finishing his narrative as they entered the library. Kate sat down, and said, abruptly,

"And what was this wonderful reason which prevented you borrowing the money?"

"I told you the security——"

"Bless the security! Don't put me in a passion!" cried she. "I mean the reason you would not give."

"Could not."

"Could not? See here, Norton Conway. I know the reason. You love that girl, and you always have!"

"And always shall!" he added.

"Then, in Heaven's name, why did you not tell her so ten years ago, instead of flying off like a—a balloon, and making a wandering Jew of yourself all this time?"

"Because I learned in time that she loved somebody else."

"Hey! Oh! And how did you discover that?"

He told her in a few words. As he finished, a sudden motion of the curtains of the window, near which they sat, startled both. They looked up, and saw Emily. No creature but a woman could have got out of a room so swiftly and so noiselessly as Kate Leslie did; and, once safe in her chamber, she clapped her hands, and danced like maniac.

"I did not mean to listen, Norton," he heard Emily say. "I believe I was asleep on the sofa when you came in. I——"

"I am glad you heard," he interrupted. "I am proud of my secret. Once more, God bless you! Good-by, too! I am going away to-night."

She moved quickly toward him. She was deathly pale; but her eyes shone lambent and courageous.

"You refused to take my money," she said, almost in a whisper, though her voice was firm. "Will you refuse to take me?"

"Good God!" he exclaimed. "Do you suppose I would let your pity for me carry you so far."

"Norton!" she interrupted. He stood and stared helplessly. She had turned her face away. He just caught her whisper. "You never asked me who it was I loved."

How it came about he could not have told, but he understood the truth at last. She had loved him.

An hour later, Leslie behaved about as insanely as his wife had done, when the pair were called into the library to hear the news.

"And to think," cried Kate, when they were all parting for the night, "that it might have been like this ten years ago, if you had not been as blind as a bat, Norton Conway."

"It was worth waiting for," Emily whispered in his ear; and they set forth once more along the familiar path, with the gorgeous light of the autumn moon overhead, and the heaven of a new-found joy in their hearts.

PRETTY QUEENNIE RAY.

BY THEO. D. C. MILLER, M. D.

Pretty little Queennie,
  Sportive as a fawn,
Tripping through the valley,
  Playing on the lawn;
In the dewy morning,
  'Mid the blooming flowers,
At the purple twilight,
  In the forest bowers!
Where is such a maiden—
  Tell me true, I pray?
Out among the daisies—
  Winsome Queennie Ray.

Fairy little maiden,
  Sportive all the day,
Winsome, pure and lovely,
  Gentle Queennie Ray.

Blithesome little Queennie!
  Sunny-hearted child,
With her wondrous beauty,
  Eyes so blue and mild;
With her charming manners,
  And her dimples fair,
Form of perfect grandeur,
  Golden-tinted hair!
Oh, she is the fairest
  Maiden of the day!
Peerless in her splendor—
  Pretty Queennie Ray!

Lovely little Queennie,
  With a sunny smile,
Blissful in her beauty,
  With no thought of guile
Singing in the valley,
  Dreaming on the lawn
Culling sweetest roses
  At the early dawn!
Oh, she is a maiden,
  Happy all the day,
Doing good to others—
  Pretty Queennie Ray!

Pretty little Queennie!
  Happy all the day!
Winsome in her beauty—
  Darling Queennie Ray!

MAKING BRICKS WITHOUT STRAW.

BY META H. HYDE.

Minna was fairly discouraged; everything was going wrong. William brought up breakfast fifteen minutes too soon. So, when Ferdinand came out, the coffee was muddy, and the sausages cold, though she tried to keep them warm on the stove. The plate of rolls she put there, too, but in rather an uncertain position. The consequence was that, just as Ferdinand entered, they tipped over, the plate was broken, and the rolls fulfilled their name, and went wildly everywhere, mostly under the stove; and though Minna picked them up, and put them on another plate, and they weren't hurt at all, Ferdinand said, "No, thank you," very coldly and politely, when she offered them; adding, "I'll take a piece of cold bread; he "liked cold bread," he declared, and there was only one piece in the house, and that was stale! Minna tried hurriedly to convert it into toast before Ferdinand's discerning eye rested upon it; but the slice slipped into the heart of the fire, and disappeared with one malicious flash.

Mamma, seeing her flushed face, went to market for her, and Minna descended to wash the breakfast things. The water was half-warm, and no clean tea-towels could be found. In came cook for directions about dinner, and reminded the young housekeeper that her wages had been due a week; also, that the lard was out: also, the eggs.

There were so many things wanting for dinner. Ferdinand had come from New York, to make them a visit, and Ferdinand was so particular about what he ate, and looked so annoyed if everything was not just right. Dinner must be good to suit Ferdinand; cook remarking, "Tweren't no use to try to make things good without good things to put in 'em."

"That's true, Aunt Judy," Minna assented, with a sigh. "You can't make bricks without straw."

By the time the breakfast things were washed, and put away, Minna's head was aching violently. She went to her trunk and took out the little roll of money. Cook's wages counted out, how little remained! Twice as much as usual spent, in the last two weeks, on Ferdinand's account. How should she meet the expenses of the coming weeks, before the usual monthly supply should be given her?

Just then mamma came in, smiling and satisfied, enumerating all the nice things she had purchased. Poor, dear mamma! Unused to economy, accustomed, in former days, to market with full pockets, she had purchased largely when out of reach of Minna's warning whisper.

"I stopped at Jennifer's, Minna," mamma said, cheerfully, "and ordered another of those cheeses—Ferdinand seemed to like them so much—and some olives and sardines. Jennifer said he had just received some very fine ones. Ferdinand was asking for olives the other day. By the way, can't you make some charlotte russe for dinner? I think Ferdinand would like it."

"Yes, mamma; certainly."

"And call and pay Jennifer, this afternoon, for the things. You know I won't have bills."

"Yes, mamma," again responded the daughter.

"And now come, Minna, and put on my wrappings, dear child. I am going to take this bright day for my trip over to Kate's. I will be gone all the morning."

All the time she was pinning mamma's collar, and tying her bonnet-strings, and finding her card-case, and getting out her muff, and looping back her over-skirt, (mamma's over-skirt, left to its own devices, was eccentricity itself,) the tormenting little voice of Minna's inner consciousness was repeating, "How are you going to do it all? Where's the money to pay for all these things, and ever so many more to come? Write? Why, you can't write. You have not the time, and you have not the strength. You have too many things to do. There's that charlotte-russe, now, and your head aching as though there were hammers in it. Fit you are for writing anything that anybody would read! You are as tired as you can be now. There is that skirt unfinished, and your muff lining taken out a month ago, and not put back yet. I don't see what you are to do."

So Minna was fairly discouraged. And when mamma was gone, she took her seat before the sitting-room fire, leaned her tired head on her hands, and cried, sobbed and cried, with all her heart.

Minna was not fit for buffets that day. She had, for some time, been swinging back and forth, in that uncomfortable state of being called "not feeling very well." The morning's petty

trials were small in themselves; but, alas, there had been so many such mornings; and, alas, there seemed so many yet to come!

Perhaps the burden pressed upon a heart already weighted. Perhaps it was one of those moments when the deep, hidden pain rises up to whisper, "Remember me! I am still here!"

Yes, for Minna there seemed in reserve many such mornings. And where was she to find strength to meet them? The strength of the ever-gracious Friend! Minna knew what that was. The text for the day, in her little text-book, promised it: "He will be very gracious to thee at the voice of thy cry." Ah! but the sympathy seemed to-day so far away. Could He be "very gracious" to her, when the color and warmth had faded so utterly from her sky, and there was no promise for her of another day?

The door opened.

"Cuthbert! What a surprise! When did you come?"

"I came last night."

"To Brawleigh, I suppose; and into town this morning"

"Yes. May I have a chair?"

"Take the arm-chair."

Cuthbert took it, and looked about him with a comprehensive glance, which failed not to include Minna's tear-swollen eyelids.

"How is Cousin Harriet? Is she at home?"

"Mamma has been perfectly well all the winter. She has gone to Kate's this morning. Ferdinand is with us, making us a little visit. I am sorry he is not here to see you."

Cuthbert did not look distressed. They were not friends, those two cousins, Cuthbert and Ferdinand. It was Cuthbert, of whom Ferdinand had been speaking, at the breakfast-table, in his cold way. "Cuthbert," he had said, deliberately, "is a man who will never make any money as long as he lives." Mrs. Barney had suggested that he had his profession. "His profession!" echoed Ferdinand, contemptuously. "What is the profession of a young doctor without money or influence? If Cuthbert keeps himself in shoe-blacking for the next ten years, it will be as much as he can do."

By which it will be seen that Ferdinand did not appreciate his distant relationship to Dr. Cuthbert Craig.

This young doctor, whom Ferdinand had condemned to the perpetual bondage of poverty, settled himself more comfortably in his chair, and looked at the fire, then at Minna.

"How pretty your rooms are," he said, at last.

"Oh, do you think so?" Minna drew a long breath, that was almost a sigh.

"Yes, they are very pretty. You have made them artistic."

"Artistic, Cuthbert? With a carpet that slaps you in the face!"

"The carpet is bad. It might be worse, however. You did not choose it?"

"Oh, never! It was already here."

"You have used your materials skillfully, Minna."

"There was so little to use," said she, despondently.

"Therein lies the merit, doesn't it? There are no heroes ready made. There never would be a victory, if there never was a fight."

Minna did not answer. Those provoking tears would come back again! Cuthbert's eyes had a flash in them, which she did not see, owing to those same troublesome tears.

"By the way, Minna," said Cuthbert, presently, "will you go to Thomas' Concrt with me, this evening?"

"I shall be too glad. How nice you are to think of it."

"Uncommonly nice. I will come for you in time."

"Can't you wait to see mamma and Ferdinand?" said Minna, as he rose.

"No. I would sit here the whole morning, if I could; but there is business lying in wait for me down town."

Cuthbert having announced his departure, seemed in no haste to go. He walked around the room, regarding first one object of art, then another.

"Don't examine everything so closely, Cuthbert," said Minna, laughing. "You must merely glance at the general effect. I do not want things looked at in detail."

"And does that rule extend to yourself?" said Cuthbert, turning suddenly upon her.

"Yes," said Minna, though she colored.

"You did not tell me in time," said he, quietly. "What was it, Minna?" he continued. "Won't you tell me what caused all those tears?"

"Oh, nothing at all. Do not trouble yourself to inquire about my absurdities."

"I will not, I assure you. But what were the tears for?"

"Foolishness; nothing else." But as his eyes still waited for her answer, she said, gravely,

"The old story, Cuthbert. Trying to make bricks without straw."

"Perhaps you try to make too many bricks, Minna?"

"The house must be built, you know."

"What represents straw in the present instance?"

"Oh, many things. A little more strength, and a little more time, and——"

"And a little more courage and perseverance," added Cuthbert, with a smile.

"That is easy for you to say, Cuthbert. You are so strong in both."

"Am I, indeed? I was thinking of borrowing straw from you. Perhaps we can effect a profitable exchange of commodities. Think it over, will you? Good-by."

Dr. Craig came for his cousin, that evening, in the coziest of *coupés*. He brought her, too, a bunch of freshest lilies of the valley. Minna fastened a handfull in her dress, and through the evening their heavenly odor linked itself with every tender strain that rose.

Madame Sterling, in her tropical flower-costume, sang her weird, cold, moonlit song, until her hearers were frozen into stillness, as if the fearful *doppelgänger* himself stalked among them. They played, that matchless orchestra, the Tannhauser overture, played it triumphantly. Minna's eyes shone, and her heart beat fast.

"Glorious, isn't it?" said Cuthbert. "Is not that a voice of victory?"

Minna turned two glowing eyes upon him, in silence, and Cuthbert thought she spoke.

When they reached home the fire was out, and the room cold, yet Cuthbert lingered.

"Minna," he said abruptly, "did you know that I had got that place in the Life Insurance?"

Her voice, in reply, was quite low.

"The place of Examining Physician? Was not that the one you wanted?"

"Yes," said Cuthbert, with a sudden fervor. "I did want it; and I worked for it with one purpose, with one end in view." He bent over her chair. "You know what that was—my one love." She spoke not. He went on, passionately.

"Have I been trying to make my bricks without straw? Have I been working and hoping in vain?"

"No, Cuthbert," she answered, softly, placing her hand in his, "not in vain."

AUTUMN LEAVES

BY MERLE MURRIE.

Leaves of Autumn! Leaves of Autumn!
Kissed with sunshine, wet with rain,
When, in dim and dark old forest,
Sang the winds a low refrain.
When the echoes softly lingered
At the close of mystic eves,
And enchantment threw a glamour
O'er thy beauty, Autumn leaves.

Leaves of Autumn! Leaves of Autumn!
From the wood-path's odorous gloom;
Oft the winds caressed thee gently,
Bathing thee in sweet perfume.
Where rank vines spread clasping tendrils,
Bent with clusters rich and sweet,
And the ground, with mosses golden,
Seemed like velvet to my feet.

Years may ebb and flow in beauty,
Bringing glorious Autumn days,
But these leaves will never, never
Swing again in gorgeous maize.
There are mem'ries that will cluster
Round the wreath, like rays of light,
That in future hours will whisper
Of this scene, so strange and bright.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY JOHN M. DAVIS.

Never again will the radiant glow
Of the golden gloaming come and go,
With the holy joys and loves sublime,
That hallow the scenes of earth and time.
Never again!

Never again will the violets bloom!
Never again, but around the tomb;
And never again will the roses grow
For me, their beautiful buds to blow.
Never again

Never again will the moon's pale sheen
Be to me as it oft hath been,
When all was blest—for she was here;
But never again will the earth be dear.
Never again!

Never again will the sun's glad rays
Shine as they shone in those happy days,
With a joyous beam and golden light
And never again will the world be bright.
Never again!

MISS CRESPIGNY'S "ABSURD FLIRTATION."

BY FANNIE HODGSON BURNETT.

CHAPTER I.

"ANOTHER party?" said Mrs. Despard.

"Oh, yes!" said Lisbeth. "And, of course, a little music, and then a little supper, and a little dancing, and all that sort of thing." And she frowned impatiently.

Mrs. Despard looked at her in some displeasure.

"You are in one of your humors, again, Lisbeth," she said, sharply.

"Why shouldn't I be?" answered Miss Crespigny, not a whit awed by her patroness. "People's humors are their privileges. I would not help mine if I could. I like them because they are my own private property, and no one else can claim them."

"I should hardly think any one would want to claim yours," said Mrs. Despard, dryly, but at the same time regarding the girl with a sort of curiosity.

Lisbeth Crespigny shrugged her shoulders—those oddly expressive shoulders of hers. A "peculiar girl," even the mildest of people called her, and as to her enemies, what did they not say of her? And her enemies were not in the minority. But "peculiar" was not an unnatural term to apply to her. She was "peculiar." Seeing her kneeling close before the fender this winter evening, one's first thought would have been that she stood curiously apart from other girls. Her very type was her own, and no one had ever been heard to say of any other woman, "she is like Lisbeth Crespigny." She crouched upon the leopard-skin rug in an odd attitude. She was rather small of figure, but she had magnificent hair; her black brows and lashes were a wonder of beauty; her eyes were dark, mysterious, supercilious, and in size actually immense. She often frightened people. She frightened modest people with her nerve and coolness, bold people with her savage sarcasms, quiet people with her moods. She alarmed Mrs. Despard occasionally, when she had first come to live with her; but after three years, Mrs. Despard, who was strong of nerve herself, had become used to her caprices, though she had not got over being curious and interested in spite of herself.

She was a widow, this Mrs. Despard. She had been an ambitious nobody in her youth, and having had the luck to marry a reasonably rich man, her ambition had increased with her good fortune. She was keen, like Lisbeth, quick-witted, restless, and not too spiritual. She had no children, no cares, and thus having no particular object in life, formed one for herself in the making herself pleasingly conspicuous in society. It was her whim to be conspicuous; not in a vulgar way, however; she was far too clever for that. She wished to have a little social court of her own, and to reign supreme in it. It was not rich people she wanted at her entertainments, nor powerful people; it was talented people, people, shall it be said, who would admire her ascetic soiries, and talk about her a little afterward, and feel the distinction of being invited to her house. And it was because Lisbeth Crespigny was "peculiar" that she had picked her up.

During a summer visit to a quaint, picturesque village on the Welsh coast, she had made the acquaintance of the owners of a quaint, picturesque cottage, whose picturesqueness had taken her fancy. Three elderly maiden ladies were the Misses Tregarthyn, and Lisbeth was their niece, and the apple of each gentle spinster's eye. "Poor, dear Phillip's daughter," and poor, dear Phillip, who had been their half-brother, and the idol of their house, had gone abroad, and "seen the world," and, after marrying a French girl, who died young, had died himself, and left Lisbeth to them as a legacy. And then they had transferred their adoration and allegiance to Lisbeth, and Lisbeth, as her manner was, had accepted it as her right, and taken it rather coolly. Mrs. Despard had found her, at seventeen years old, a restless, lawless, ambitious young woman, a young woman when any other girl would have been almost a child. She found her shrewd, well-read, daring, and indifferent to audacity; tired of the picturesque little village, secretly a trifle tired of being idolized by the three spinsters, inwardly longing for the chance to try her mettle in the great world. Then, too, she had another reason for wanting to escape from the tame old life. In the dearth of excitement, she had been guilty of the weakness of drifting into what she now called an "absurd flirtation," which had actually ended in an equally absurd engagement, and of which she now, not absurdly, as she thought, was tired.

"I scarcely know how it happened," she said, with cool scorn, to Mrs. Despard, when they knew each other well enough to be confidential. "It was my fault, I suppose. If I had let him alone, he would have let me alone. I think I am possessed of a sort of devil, sometimes, when I have nothing to do. And he is such a boy," with a shrug, "though he is actually twenty-three. And then my aunts knew his mother when she was a girl. And so, when he came to Pen'yllan, he must come here and stay with them, and they must encourage him to admire me. And I should like to know what woman is going to stand that." ("Woman, indeed!" thought Mrs. Despard.) "And then, of course, he has some sense of his own, or at least he has what will be sense some day. And he began to be rather entertaining after awhile; and we boated, and walked, and talked, and read, and at last I was actually such a little fool as to let it end in a sort of promise, for which I was sorry the minute it was half made. If he had kept it to himself, it would not have been so bad; but, of course, being such a boyish animal, he must confide in Aunt Millicent, and Aunt Millicent must tell the others; and then they must all gush, and cry, and kiss me, as if everything was settled, and I was to be married in ten minutes. and bid them all an everlasting farewell in fifteen. So I began to snub him that instant, and have snubbed him ever since, in hopes he would get as tired of me as I am of him. But he won't. He does nothing but talk rubbish, and say he will bear it for my sake. And the fact is, I am beginning to hate him; and it serves me right."

She had always interested Mrs. Despard, but she interested her more than ever after this explanation. She positively fascinated her; and the end of it all was, that when the lady left Pen'yllan, she carried Lisbeth with her. The Misses Tregarthyn wept, and appealed, and only gave in, under protest, at last, because Lisbeth was stronger than the whole trio. She wanted to see the world, she said. Mrs. Despard was fond of her. She had money enough to make her so far independent, that she could return when the whim seized her; and she was tired of Pen'yllan. So, why should she not go? She might only stay a month, or a week, but, however that was, she had made up her mind to see life. While the four fought their battle out, Mrs. Despard looked on and smiled. She knew Lisbeth would win, and of course Lisbeth did. She packed her trunk, and went her way. But the night before her departure she had an interview with poor Hector Anstruthers, who came to the garden to speak to her, his boyish face pale and haggard, his sea-blue eyes wild and hollow with despair; and, like the selfish, heartless, cool, little wretch that she was, she put an end to his pleadings peremptorily.

"No!" she said. "I would rather you would not write to me. I want to be let alone; and it is because I want to be let alone that I am going away from Pen'yllan. I never promised one of the things you are always insisting that I promised. You may call me as many hard names as you like, but you can't deny that——"

"No!" burst forth the poor lad, in a frenzy. "You did not promise, but you let me understand——"

"Understand!" echoed his young tyrant. "I tried hard enough to make you understand that I wanted to be let alone. If you had been in your right senses, you might have seen what I meant. You have driven me almost out of my mind, and you must take the consequences." And then she turned away and left him, stunned and helpless, standing watching her as she trailed over the grass between the lines of rose-bushes, the moonlight falling on her white dress, and the little light-blue scarf she had thrown over her long, loose, dusky hair.

Three years ago all this had happened, and she was with Mrs. Despard still, though, of course, she had visited Pen'yllan occasionally. She had not tired her patroness, if patroness she could be called. She was not the sort of girl to tire people of their fancy for her. She was too clever, too cool, too well-poised. She interested Mrs. Despard as much to-day as she had done in the first week of their acquaintance. She was just as much of a study for her, even in her most vexatious moods.

"Have you a headache?" asked Mrs. Despard, after awhile.

"No," answered Lisbeth.

"Have you had bad news from Pen'yllan?"

Lizbeth looked up, and answered Mrs. Despard, with a sharp curiousness.

"How did you know I had heard from Pen'yllan?" she demanded.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Despard, "I guessed so, from the fact that you seemed to have no other reason for being out of humor; and lately that has always been a sufficient one."

"I cannot see why it should be," said Lisbeth, tartly. "What can Pen'yllan have to do with my humor?"

"But you have had a letter?" said Mrs. Despard.

"Yes: from Aunt Clarissa. There is no bad news in it, however. Indeed, no news at all. How did I ever exist there?" her small, wan face lowering.

"You would not like to go back?" suggested Mrs. Despard.

Lisbeth shrugged her shoulders.

"Would you like me to go back?" she questioned.

"I?" in some impatience. "You know, as well as I do, that I cannot do without you. You would never miss me, Lisbeth, as I should miss you. It is not your way to attach yourself to people."

"How do you know?" interposed Lisbeth. "What can you know about me? What can any one man or woman know of another? That is nonsense."

"It is the truth, nevertheless," was the reply. "Who were you ever fond of? Were you fond of the Misses Tregarthyn, who adored you? Were you fond of that poor boy, who was so madly in love with you? Have you been fond of any of the men who have made simpletons of themselves, because you had odd, fine eyes, and an odd, soft voice, and knew, better than any other woman in the world, how to manage them? No; you know you have not."

Lisbeth shrugged her shoulders again.

"Well, then, it is my way, I suppose," she commented; "and my ways are like my humors, as you call them. So, we may as well let them rest."

There was a pause after this; then Lisbeth rose, and going to the table, began to gather together the parcels she had left there when she returned from her shopping expedition.

"You have not seen the dress?" she said.

"No."

"It is a work of art. The pansies are as real as any that ever bloomed. They might have been just gathered. How well that woman understands her business!"

She went up stairs, after this, to her own room, a comfortable, luxurious little place, near Mrs. Despard's own apartment. A clear, bright fire burned in the grate, and her special sleepy-hollow chair was drawn up before it; and when she had laid aside her hat, and disposed of her purchases, she came to this chair, and seated herself in it. Then she drew the Pen'yllan letter from her pocket, and laid it on her lap, and left it there, while she folded her hands, and leaned back, looking at the fire dreamily, and thinking to herself.

The truth is, that letter, that gentle, sweet-tempered, old-fashioned letter of Miss Clarissa's, stung the girl, worldly and selfish as she was. Three years ago she would not have cared much, but "seeing the world"—ah! the world had taught her a lesson. She had seen a great deal of this world, under Mrs. Despard's guidance. She had ripened marvellously; she had grown half a score of years older; she had learned to be bitter and clear-sighted; and now a curious mental process was going on with her.

"We shall never cease to feel your absence, my dear," wrote Miss Tregarthyn. "Indeed, we sometimes say to each other, that we feel it more every day; but, at the same time, we cannot help seeing that our life is not the life one so young and attractive ought to live. It was not a congenial life for our poor dear old Philip, and how could it seem congenial to his daughter? And if, by a little sacrifice, we can make our dear Lisbeth happy, ought we not to be more than willing to submit to it. We are so proud of you, my dear, and it delights us so to hear that you are enjoying yourself, and being so much admired, that when we receive your letters, we forget everything else. Do you think you can spare us a week in the summer? If you can, you know how it will rejoice us to see you, even for that short time," etc., etc., through half a dozen pages.

And this letter now lay on Lisbeth's lap, as we have said, while she pondered over the contents, moodily.

"I do not see," she said, at last, "I do not see what there is in me for people to be so fond of."

A loosened coil of her hair hung over her shoulder and bosom, and she took this soft and thick black tress, and began to twist it round and round her slender mite of a wrist with a queer sort of half-vindictive force. "Where is the fascination in me?" she demanded, of the fire, one might have thought. "It is not for my amiability, it is not for my 'odd fine eyes, and odd soft voice,' as Mrs. Despard puts it, that those three women love me, and lay themselves under my feet. If they were men," with scorn, "one could understand it. But women! Is it because they are so much better than I am, that they cannot help loving something—even me? Yes, it is!" defiantly. "Yes, it is!"

She was angry, and all her anger was against herself, or at least against the fate which had made her what she was. Lisbeth knew herself better than other people knew her. It was a fate, she told herself. She had been born cold-blooded and immovable, and it was not to be helped. But she never defended herself thus, when others accused her; she would have scorned to do it. It was only against her own secret, restless, inner accusations that she deigned to defend herself. It was characteristic of her that she should brave the opinions of others, and

feel rebellious under her own. What Lisbeth Crespigny thought in secret of Lisbeth Crespigny, must have its weight.

At last she remembered the dress lying upon the bed—the dress Lecomte had just sent home. She was passionately fond of dress, especially fond of a certain striking, yet artistic style of setting, for her own unusual effective face and figure. She turned now to this new dress, as a sort of refuge from herself.

"I may as well put it on now," she said. "It is seven o'clock, and it is as well to give oneself plenty of time."

So she got up, and began her toilet leisurely. She found it by no means unpleasant to watch herself grow out of chrysalis form. She even found a keen pleasure in standing in the brilliant light before the mirror, working patiently at the soft, cloud-like masses of her hair, until she had wound and twisted it into some novel, graceful fancifulness. And yet even this scarcely arose from a vanity such as the vanity of other women.

She went down to the drawing-room, when she was dressed. She knew she was looking her best, without being told. The pale-gray tissue, pale as a gray sea-mist, the golden-hearted, purple pansies with which it was lightly sown, and which were in her hair, and on her bosom, and in her hands, had an absolutely odd suitableness. Her eyes, too, strange, soft, dense, mysterious under their sweeping, straight black lashes——well, Lisbeth Crespigny's eyes, and no other creatures.

"A first glance would tell me who had designed that dress," said Mrs. Despard. "It is not Lecomte; it is your very self, in every touch and tint."

Lisbeth half smiled, and looking down the length of the room, where she stood reflected in a mirror at the end of it, unfurled her fan, a gilded fan, thickly strewn with her purple pansies; but she made no reply.

A glass-door, in the drawing-room, opened into a conservatory all aglow with light and bloom, and in this conservatory she was standing half an hour later, when the first arrivals came. The door, a double one, was wide open, and she, in the midst of the banks and tiers of flowers, was bending over a vase of heliotrope, singing a low snatch of song,

> "The fairest rose blows but a day,
> The fairest Spring must end with May,
> And you and I can only say,
> Good-by, good-by, good-by!"

She just sang this much, and stopped. One of the two people who had arrived was speaking to Mrs. Despard. She lifted her head, and listened. She could not see the speaker's face, because a tall, tropical-leaved lily interposed itself. But the voice startled her uncomfortably.

"Who is that man?" she said, to herself. "Who is that man?" And then, without waiting another moment, she left the heliotrope, and made her way to the glass door.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Despard looked first, and saw her standing there.

"Ah, Lisbeth," she said, and then turned, with a little smile, toward the gentleman, who stood nearest to her. "Here is an old friend," she added, as Lisbeth advanced. "You are indebted to Mr. Lyon for the pleasure of seeing Mr. Anstruthers again."

Lisbeth came forward, feeling as if she was on the verge of losing her amiable temper. What was Hector Anstruthers doing here? What did he want? Had he been insane enough to come with any absurd fancy that—that he could—that?" But her irritated hesitance carried her no farther than this. The young man actually met her half-way, with the greatest self-possession imaginable.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," he said, holding out his hand frankly. "I was not aware, when Lyon brought me to his friends, that I should find you here."

All this, as complacently, be it observed, as if he had been addressing any other woman in the world; as if that little affair of a few years ago had been too mere a bagatelle to be remembered; as if his boyish passion, and misery, and despair had faded utterly out of his mind.

Mrs. Despard smiled again, and watched her young friend closely. But if Lisbeth was startled and annoyed by the too apparent change, she was too clever to betray herself. She was a sharp, secretive young person, and had her emotions well under control. She held out her hand with a smile of her own—a slow, well-bred, not too expressive affair, not an effusive affair, by any means.

"Delighted, I am sure!" she said. "I have just been reading a letter from Aunt Clarissa, and naturally it has prepared me to be doubly glad to see one of her special favorites."

After that the conversation became general, Anstruther somehow managing to take the lead. Lisbeth opened her eyes. Was this the boy she had left in the moonlight at Pen'yllan? The young simpleton who had been at her feet on the sands, spouting poetry, and adoring her, and making himself her grateful slave? The impetuous, tiresome lad, who had blushed, and raved,

and sighed, and, in the end, had succeeded in wearying her so completely? Three years had made a difference. Here was a sublime young potentate, wondrously altered, and absolutely wondrously well-looking, The mustache she had secretly sneered at in its budding youth, was long, silken, brown—beauteous; the slight, long figure had developed into the fairest of proportions; the guileless freshness of color had died away, and left an interesting, if rather significant pallor. Having been a boy so long, he seemed to have become a man all at once; and as he stood talking to Mrs. Despard, and occasionally turning, half patronizingly, to Lisbeth, his audacious serenity of manner did him credit. Was it possible that he knew what to say? It appeared so. He did not blush; his hands and feet evidently did not incommode him, He was talking vivaciously, and with the air of a man of the world. He was making Mrs. Despard laugh, and there was every now and then a touch of daring, yet well-bred sarcasm in what he was saying. Bah! He was as much older as she herself was. And yet, incongruous as the statement may appear, she hardly liked him any the better.

"How long," she asked, abruptly, of Bertie Lyon, "has Mr. Anstruthers been in London?"

Lyon, that radiant young dandy, was almost guilty of staring at her amazedly.

"Beg pardon," he said. "Did you say 'how long?'"

"Yes."

The young man managed to recover himself. Perhaps, after all, she was as ignorant about Anstruthers as she seemed to be, and it was not one of her confounded significant speeches. They were wise enough people, of course, and Mrs. Despard was the sort of woman whose parties a fellow always liked to be invited to; but then they were not exactly in the set to which Anstruthers belonged, and of which he himself was a shining member.

"Well, you see," he said, "he has spent the greater part of his life in London; but it was not until about three years ago that he began to care much about society. He came into his money then, when young Scarsbrook shot himself accidentally, in Scotland, and he has lived pretty rapidly since," with an innocent faith in Miss Crespigny's ability to comprehend even a modest bit of slang. "He is a tremendously talented fellow, Anstruthers—paints, and writes, and takes a turn at everything. He is the art-critic on the Cynic; and people talk about what he does, all the more because he has no need to do anything; and it makes him awfully popular."

Lisbeth laughed; a rather savage little laugh, though a musical one.

"What is it that amuses you?" asked Lyon. "Not Anstruthers, I hope."

"Oh, no!" answered the young lady. "Not this Anstruthers, but another gentleman of the same name, whom I knew a long time ago."

"A long time ago?" said the young man, gallantly, if not with wondrous sapience. "If it is a long time ago, I should think you must have been so young that your acquaintance would be hardly likely to make any impression upon you, ludicrous or otherwise." For he was one of the victims, too, and consequently liked to make even a stupidly polite speech.

Lisbeth gave him a sweeping little curtsy, and looked at him sweetly, with her immense, dense eyes.

"That was very nice, indeed, in you," she said, with a gravely obliged air. "Pray, take one of my pansies." And selecting one from her bouquet, she held it out to him, and Hector Anstruthers, chancing to glance toward them at the moment, had the pleasure of seeing the charming bit of by-play.

It was the misfortune of Miss Crespigny's admirers, that they were rarely quite sure of her. She had an agreeable way of saying one thing, and meaning another; of speaking with the greatest gravity, and at the same time making her hearer feel extremely dubious and uncomfortable. She was a brilliant young lady, a sarcastic young lady, and this was her mode of dealing with young men and women, who otherwise might have remained too well satisfied with themselves. Bertie Lyon felt himself somewhat at a loss before her, always. It was not easy to resist her, when she chose to be irresistible; but he invariably grew hot and cold over her "confounded significant speeches." And this was one of them. She was making a cut at him for his clumsy compliment, and yet he was compelled to accept her pansy, and fasten it on his coat, as if he was grateful.

Mr. Hector Anstruthers had been installed, by universal consent, that evening, as a sort of young lion, whose gentlemanly roar was worth hearing. Young ladies had heard of him from their brothers, and one or two had seen those lovely little pictures of his last season. Matrons had heard their husbands mention him as a remarkable young fellow, who had unexpectedly come into a large property, and yet wrote articles for the papers, and painted, when the mood seized him, for dear life. A really extraordinary young man, and very popular among highly desirable people. "Rather reckless," they would

say, "perhaps, and something of a cynic, as these young swells are often apt to be; but, nevertheless, a fine fellow—a fine fellow!" And Anstruthers had condescended to make himself very agreeable to the young ladies to whom he was introduced; had danced a little, had talked with great politeness to the elder matrons, and, in short, had rendered himself extremely popular. Indeed, he was so well employed, that, until the latter part of the evening, Lisbeth saw very little of him. Then he appeared suddenly to remember her existence, and dutifully made his way to her side, to ask for a dance, which invitation being rather indifferently accepted, they walked through a quadrille together indifferently.

"I hope," he said, with punctilious politeness, "that the Misses Tregarthyn are well."

"I am sorry to say," answered Lisbeth, staring at her *vis-a-vis*, "that I don't know."

"Then I must have mistaken you. I understood you to say that you had just received a letter from Miss Clarissa."

"It was not a mistake," returned Lisbeth. "I had just received one, but unfortunately they don't write about themselves. They write about me."

"Which must necessarily render their letters interesting," said Anstruthers.

Lisbeth barely deigned a slight shrug of her shoulders.

"Necessarily," she replied, "if one is so happily disposed as never to become tired of oneself."

"It would be rank heresy to suppose," said Anstruthers, "that any of Miss Crespigny's friends would allow it possible that any one could become tired of Miss Crespigny—even Miss Crespigny herself."

"This is the third figure, I believe," was Lisbeth's sole reply, and the music striking up again, they went on with their dancing.

"He supposes," said the young lady, scornfully, to herself, "that he can play the grand seigneur with me as he does with other women. I daresay he is congratulating himself on the prospect of making me feel sorry some day—me! Are men always simpletons? It really seems so. And it is the women whom we may blame for it. Bah! he was a great deal more worthy of respect when he was nothing but a tiresome, amiable young bore. I hate these simpletons who think they have seen the world, and used up their experience."

She was very hard upon him, as she was rather apt to be hard upon every one but Lisbeth Crespigny. And it is not improbable that she was all the more severe, because he reminded her unpleasantly of things she would have been by no means unwilling to forget. Was she so heartless as not to have a secret remembrance of the flush of his first young passion, of his innocent belief in her girlish goodness, of his generous eagerness to ignore all her selfish caprices, of his tender readiness to bear all her cruelty—for she had been cruel, and wantonly cruel enough, God knows. Was she so utterly heartless as to have no memory of his suffering and struggles with his boyish pain, of his passionate, frantic appeal when she had reached the climax of her selfishness and indifference to the wrong she might do? Surely, no woman could be so hard, and I will not say that she was, and that she was not inwardly stung this night by the thought, that if he had hardened and grown careless and unbelieving, the chances were that it was she herself who had helped to bring about the change for the worse.

The two young men, Lyon and his friend, spending that night together, had a little conversation on the subject of their entertainment, and it came to pass in this wise.

Accompanying Anstruthers to his chambers, Lyon, though by no means a sentimental individual, carried Miss Crespigny's gold and purple pansy in his button-hole, and finding it there when he changed his dress-coat for one of his friend's dressing-gowns, he took it out, and put it in a small, slender vase upon the table.

Anstruthers had flung himself into an easy-chair, with his chibouque, and through the wreaths of smoke ascending from the fragrant weed, he saw what the young man was doing.

"Where did you get that from?" he demanded, abruptly.

"It is one of those things Miss Crespigny wore," was the modestly triumphant reply. "You saw them on her dress, and in her hair, and on her fan. This is a real one, though, out of her bouquet. I believe they call them hearts-ease."

"Hearts-ease be——," began Anstruthers, roughly, but he checked himself in time. "She is the sort of woman to wear hearts-ease!" he added, with a sardonic laugh. "She ought to wear hearts-ease, and violets, and lilies, and snowdrops, and wild roses in the bud," with a more bitter laugh for each flower he named. "Such fresh, innocent things suit women of her stamp."

"I say," said Lyon, staring at his sneering face, amazedly, "what is the matter? You talk as if you had a spite against her. What's up?"

Anstruther's sneer only seemed to deepen in its intensity.

"A spite!" he echoed. "What is the matter? Oh, nothing—nothing of any consequence. Only I wish she had given her hearts-ease to me, or I wish you would give it to me, that I might show you what I advise you to do with the pretty things such creatures give you. Toss it into the fire, old fellow, and let it scorch, and blacken, and writhe, as if it was a living thing in torment. Or fling it on the ground, and set your heel upon it, and grind it out of sight."

"I don't see what good that would do," said Lyon, coming to the mantel-piece, and taking down his meerschaum. "You are a queer fellow, Anstruthers. I did not think you knew the girl."

"I know her?" with a fresh sneer. "I know her well enough."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Lyon, suddenly, as if a thought had struck him. "Then she did mean something."

"She generally means something," returned the other. "Such women invariably do—they mean mischief."

"She generally does when she laughs in that way," Lyon proceeded, incautiously. "She is generally laughing at a man, instead of with him, as she pretends to be. And when she laughed, this evening, and looked in that odd style at you, I thought there was something wrong."

Anstruthers turned white, the dead white of suppressed passion.

"Laugh!" he said. "She laughed!"

"You see," explained Lyon, "she had been asking about you; and when I finished telling her what I knew, she looked at you under her eyelashes, as you stood talking to Mrs. Despard, and then she laughed; and when I asked her if she was laughing at you, she said, 'Ah, no! Not at you, but at another gentleman of the same name, whom she had known a long time ago.'"

It was not the best thing for himself, that Hector Anstruthers could have heard. He had outlived his boyish passion, but he had not lived down the sting of it. Having had his first young faith broken, he had given faith up, as a poor mockery. He had grown cynical and sneering. Bah! Why should he cling to his old ideals of truth and purity? What need that he should strive to be worthy of visions such as they had proved themselves? What was truth, after all? What was purity, in the end? What had either done for him, when he had striven after and believed in them?

The accidental death of his cousin had made him a rich man, and he had given himself up to his own caprices. He had seen the world, and lived a lifetime during the last few years. What had there been to hold him back? Not love. He had done with that, he told himself. Not hope of any quiet bliss to come. If he ever married, he should marry some woman who knew what she was taking when she accepted what he had to offer.

And then he had gradually drifted into his artistic and literary pursuits, and his success had roused his vanity. He would be something more than the rest; and, incited by this noble motive, and his real love for the work, he had made himself something more. He had had no higher incentive than this vanity, and a fancy for popularity. It was not unpleasant to be pointed out as a genius—a man who, having no need to labor, had the whim to labor as hard when the mood seized, as the poorest Bohemian among them, and who would be paid for his work, too. "They will give me praise for nothing," he would say, sardonically. "They won't give me money for nothing. As long as they will pay me, my work means something. When it ceases to be worth a price, it is not worth my time."

The experience of this evening had been a bad thing altogether for Anstruthers. It had roused in him much of sleeping evil. His meeting with Lisbeth Crespigny had been, as he told her, wholly unexpected. And because it had been unexpected, its effect had double force. He did not want to see her. If he had been aware of her presence in the house he was going to visit, he would have avoided it as he would have avoided the plague. The truth was, that in these days she had, in his mind, become the embodiment of all that was unnatural, and hard, and false. And meeting her suddenly, face to face, every bitter memory of her had come back to him with a fierce shock. When he had turned, as Mrs. Despard spoke, and had seen her standing in the door-way, framed in, as it were, with vines and flowers, and tropical plants, he had almost felt that he could turn on his heel and walk out of the room without a word of explanation. She would know well enough what it meant. Being the man he was, his eye had taken in at a glance every artistic effect about her; and she was artistic enough; for when Lisbeth Crespigny was not artistic, she was nothing. He saw that the promise of her undeveloped girlhood had fulfilled itself after its own rare, peculiar fashion, doubly and trebly. He saw in her what other men seldom saw at first sight, but always learned afterward, and his sense of repulsion and anger against her was all the more intense. Having

been such a girl, what might she not be as such a woman? Having borne such blossoms, what could the fruit be but hard and bitter at the core? Only his ever-ruling vanity saved him from greeting her with some insane, caustic speech. Vanity will serve both men and women a good turn, by chance, sometimes, and his saved him from making a blatant idiot of himself—barely saved him. And having got through this, it was not soothing to hear that she had stood, in her sly way, and looked at him under her eyelashes, and laughed. He knew how she would laugh. He had heard her laugh at people in that quiet fashion, when she was fifteen, and the sound had always hurt him, through its suggestion of some ungirlish satire he could not grasp, and which was not worthy of so perfect a being as he deemed her.

So, he could not help breaking out again in new fury, when Bertie Lyon explained himself. It did not matter so much, breaking out before Lyon. Men could keep each other's secrets. He flung his pipe aside with a rough word, and began to pace the room.

"There is more of devil than woman in her," he said. "There always was. I'd give a few years of my life," clenching his hand, "to be sure that she would find her match some day."

"I should think you would be match enough for her," remarked Lyon, astutely. "But what has she done to make *you* so savage? When were *you* in love with a woman?"

"Never!" bitterly. "I was in love with her, and she never belonged to the race, not even at fifteen years old. I was in love with her, and she has been the ruin of me."

"I should scarcely have thought it," answered Lyon. "You are a pretty respectable wreck, for your age."

The young man was not prone to heroics himself, and not seeing his friend indulge in them often, he did not regard them with enthusiasm.

This complacency checked Anstruthers. What a frantic fool he was, to let such a trifle upset his boasted cynicism? He flung out another short laugh, with a sort of defiant self-ridicule in it. He came back to his chair as abruptly as he had left it.

"Bah!" he said. "So I am. You are a wise boy, Lyon, and I am glad you stopped me. I thought I had lived down all this sort of nonsense, but—but I have seen that girl wear pansies before. Heartsease, by Jove! And it gave me a twinge to think of it. Keep that one in the glass over there; keep it as long as you choose, my boy. It will last as long as your fancy for her does, I wager. Women of the Crespigny stamp don't wear well. Here, hand me that bottle—— Or stay! I'll ring for my man, and we will have some brandy and soda, to cool our heated fancies. We are too young to stay up so late; too young and innocent. We ought to have gone to bed long ago, like good boys."

CHAPTER III.

The studio of that popular and fortunate young man, Mr. Hector Anstruthers, was really a most gorgeous and artistic affair. It was beautifully furnished, and wondrously fitted up, and displayed, in all its arrangements, the fact that its owner was a young man of refined and luxurious tastes, and was lucky enough to possess the means to gratify them to their utmost. People admired this studio, and talked about it almost as much as they talked about Anstruthers himself. Indeed it had become a sort of fashion to visit it. The most exclusive of mammas, ladies who were so secure in their social thrones, that they were privileged to dictate to fashion, instead of being dictated to by that fickle goddess; ladies who made much of Anstruthers, and petted him; often stopped their carriages at his door on fine mornings, and descending therefrom with their marriageable girls, went up to the charming room, and loitered through half an hour, or even more, talking to the young potentate, admiring his pictures, and picturesque odds and ends, and rarities, and making themselves very agreeable. He was an extravagant creature, and needed some one to control him, these ladies told him; but really it was all very pretty, and exquisitely tasteful; and, upon the whole, they could hardly blame him as much as it was their duty to do. Anstruthers received these delicate attentions with quite a grace.

He listened, and smiled amiably, replying with friendly deprecation of their reproaches. Was he not repaid a thousand fold by their kind approval of his humble efforts? What more could he ask than that they should grace the little place with their presence, and condescend to admire his collection? Most men had their hobbies, and art was his—art and the artistic—a harmless, if extravagant one. And then he would beg his fair visitors, and their escorts, to honor his small temple, by partaking of the little luncheon his man would bring in. And then the little luncheon would appear, as if by magic, a marvelous collation, as much a work of art as everything else; and this being set out upon some carven wonder of a table, the ladies would deign to partake, and would admire more than ever, until, in course of time, to visit Mr. Hector Anstruthers,

among his pictures, and carvings, and marbles, and be invited to enjoy his dandified little feasts, became the most fashionable thing the most exclusive of people could do. So it was by no means extraordinary, that one sunny morning in April, my lord, while chatting with his usual condescending amiability to one party of visitors, should receive another. There were three in this last party, an elderly beau, a young lady of uncertain age, and Mrs. Despard. Anstruthers, who was standing by the side of a pretty girl with bright eyes, started a little on the entrance of this lady, and the bright eyes observed it.

"Who is that?" asked their owner. "She is a very *distingue* sort of person." And then she smiled. It was quite certain that he could not be enamored of such mature charms as these, *distingue* though they might be.

"That is Mrs. Despard, Miss Esmond," answered Anstruthers. "Excuse me, one moment." And then he advanced to meet his guest, with the cordiality of the most graceful of hosts.

This was indeed a 'pleasure, he said, blandly. He had been half afraid that Mrs. Despard had forgotten her kind promise.

That lady shook hands with him, in a most friendly manner. She rather shared the universal tendency people had to admire the young man. Were not all young men extravagant? And at least this one had money enough to afford to be extravagant honestly, and attractions enough to render even conceit a legitimate article.

"You must thank Mr. Estabrook and his sister for bringing me," she said. "They have been before and knew the way. We met them as they were coming here, and they asked us to come with them. Lisbeth would not get out of the carriage. She was either lazy, or ill-humored. She was driven round to the library, and is to call for us in half an hour."

Her eyes twinkled a little as she told him this. As I have said before, Lisbeth always interested her, and she was interested now in her mode of managing this old love affair. It was so plain that it rasped her to be brought in contact with him, and that she would have preferred very much to keep out of his way, that the fact of her being thrown in his path against her will, could not fail to have its spice, and afford Mrs. Despard a little malicious amusement. In secret she was obliged to confess, that ill-natured as it seemed, she would not have been very sorry to see Lisbeth at bay. Of Anstruther's sentiments she was not quite sure, as yet, but she was very sure of Lisbeth's. Lisbeth knew that she had acted atrociously in the past, and hating herself in private for her weak wickedness, hated Anstruthers too for his share in it. It was not Lisbeth's way to be either very just or very generous. All her pangs of self-reproach were secret ones, of which she had taught herself to be ashamed, and which she would have died rather than confess. She let her caprices rule her almost wholly, and did her best to make them rule other people. If she was angry, she made vicious speeches; if she was pleased, she behaved like an angel, or an angelic creature, without a fault. She did not care enough for other people to mould her moods to their taste. The person of most consequence to her was Lisbeth Crespigny.

Mrs. Despard found her visit to her young friend's studio a very entertaining one. She saw things to admire, and things to be amused at. She discovered that his own efforts were really worth looking at, and that the fixtures he had collected were both valuable and exquisite. He had bought no costly lots of ugliness, he had bought beauty. As to the appurtenances of the room, a woman could not have chosen them better—most women would not have chosen them so well. Indeed, a certain touch of effeminate fancifulness in the general arrangement of things made her smile more than once. He had actually arranged a sort of miniature conservatory in a wide, deep bay-window, filled it with tiers of flowers growing in fanciful vases, and hanging-baskets full of delicate, long vines, and bright blown.

"What a dandy we are!" she said, smiling, when she drew aside the sweeping lace-curtain which cut this pretty corner off from the rest of the apartment. "And what fine tastes we display."

Anstruthers blushed a little. He had accompanied her on her tour of exploring, and had been secretly flattered by her evident admiration and surprise.

"Is that a compliment, or is it not?" he answered. "I like to hear that I have fine taste, but I don't like to be called a dandy."

"Isn't it a trifle dandified to know how to do all these things so well?" she asked. "It is a man's province to be clumsy and ignorant about the small graces."

"Isn't it better than doing them ill?" he said. "Pray, let me give you two or three pale rose-buds, and a few sweet violets."

"If you bribe me with violets and rose-buds, I shall say it is better that you should be æsthetic enough to care to cultivate them, than that I should not have the pleasure of receiving them as a gift. It is very pretty of you to do such things."

There was no denying that they had become excellent friends. There were not many people to whom his lordship would have offered his rose-buds and violets, but for some odd reason or other he had taken a sudden fancy to Mrs. Despard, and was anxious to show himself to advantage. He was even ready to answer her questions, and once or twice they were somewhat close ones, it must be confessed.

"Tell me something about that nice girl," she said, glancing at Miss Esmond, who was talking to the rest of the party. "What a pretty creature she is, and how bright her eyes and her color are. There are very few girls who look like that in these days."

"Very few," answered Anstruthers. "That nice girl is Miss George Esmond, and she is one of the few really nice girls who have the luck to take public fancy by storm, as they ought to. She has not been 'out' long, and she is considered a belle and a beauty. And yet, I assure you, Mrs. Despard, that I have seen that girl playing with a troop of little brothers and sisters, as if she was enjoying herself, helping a snuffy old French governess to correct exercises, and bringing a light for the old colonel's pipe, as if she had never seen a ball-room in her life."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Despard, "then I suppose you have seen her in the bosom of her family," a trifle slyly.

"I know them very well," replied the young man, with a kind of grave air. "I have known Georgy Esmond since she wore pinafores. My poor cousin, who died, has played blind-man's buff with us at Scarsbrook Park, when we were children, many a time. The fact is, I believe we are distant relations."

"I congratulate you on the distance of the relationship," said Mrs. Despard. "She is a fresh, bright, charming girl."

"She is a good girl," said Anstruthers. "Congratulate her on that, and congratulate her father, and her mother, and her brothers and sisters, and the snuffy old governess, whose life she tries to make less of a burden to her."

It was at this moment that the carriage in which Lisbeth had driven away returned. It drove by the window, and drew up at the door, and Mrs. Despard saw her young friend's face alter its expression, when he caught sight of it, with its prancing bays and faultless accompaniments, and Lisbeth Crespigny leaning back upon the dove-colored cushions, with a book in her little dove-colored hand. She saw Mrs. Despard among the flowers, but did not see her companion; and being in an amiable humor, she gave her a smile and a nice little gesture of greeting. Her eyes looked like midnight in the sunshine; and she altogether, with a marvel of a cream-colored rose in her hat, and in perfect toilet, was like a bit of a picture, dark, and delicate, and fine; and she struck Anstruthers in an instant, just as anything else artistic would have struck him, and held his attention.

"I wonder if she would come up," Mrs. Despard said. "I wish she would. She ought to see this. It would suit her whims exactly."

"Allow me to go down and ask her if she will do us the honor," said Anstruthers. "Col. Esmond and his daughter have promised to take luncheon, and I was in hopes that I could persuade your party to join us. It will be brought on almost immediately."

"That is as novel as the rest," said Mrs. Despard, by no means displeased. "However, if you can induce Lisbeth to come up, I am not sure that I shall refuse."

"I wonder what he will say to her," was her mental comment, when he left the room, and she looked out of her window with no small degree of interest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

BY JENNIE CARTER.

Out of the sunshine of love and gladness,
Into the shadow of care and strife,
Oft wrapped in clouds of gloom and sadness,
Fighting alone the battle of life.

Out of the sunshine into the shadow,
Oft losing in gloom the wearisome way,
Like a rudderless ship out on the ocean,
Hopelessly drifting on, day after day.

Out of the sunshine of youth's sweet dreaming,
Into the shadow of riper years;
When youthful dreams, with beauty teeming,
Are viewed through a mist of burning tears.

Out of the sunshine into the shadow
Of a nameless longing, a haunting pain,
A something, as nearly akin to sorrow
As the gentle shower to pelting rain.

Out of the sunshine into the shadow
Of hopes all withered in their prime;
Of hours lost, of foiled ambitions,
Which strew, like wrecks, the shores of time.

THE GOLDEN PUMPKIN-SEED.

BY AGNES JAMES.

"ONCE upon a time, there lived a young princess, named Felicia, who had been endowed by the fairies with every gift that heart could wish, save one. She was fair and graceful, witty and accomplished. She had troops of friends, who loved her, and of lovers who adored her. At last she was married to a rich and handsome young prince, and went to live in his splendid palace. But, for the want of that one gift, withheld by the spiteful fairy, who was not invited to the christening, the poor princess went about sighing and pining, and exclaiming, 'Oh, why do they call me Felicia, when I should be called Dolores?' "

"Felicia! What nonsense you are talking! What is that you are telling the child?" cried a brisk voice, and a pretty old lady stepped out on the cottage porch.

A very pretty young lady, the one who had been speaking, sat there with a little child on her lap. The little one's earnest eyes were fixed upon the lady's face, and she was listening, intently, but with a slightly puzzled expression, to the soft, low tones of the lady's voice.

"What are you telling the child?" said Aunt Anne.

Felicia laughed, and looked up with a bright, mocking face.

"Only a fairy tale, auntie," she said, lightly.

"Oh, go on! Do go on, Mrs. Lawrence!" cried the child, impatiently patting Felicie's hand. "What was it the fairy wouldn't give her?"

"Oh, a roc's egg, maybe!" said pretty Mrs. Lawrence, laughing, and kissing Minnie's rosy lips. Then she rose. "Never mind that story, dear," she said. "It's not a pretty one. I know a dozen—yes, a hundred prettier. I will tell you about the Seven Swans instead, and the Good Sister, who came near being burned for a witch."

"Fay, dear, hadn't you better go to walk now?" interposed Aunt Anne. "It is getting late, and Minnie can have her story when you come back."

"Oh, Mrs. Lawrence," cried Minnie, suddenly springing to the floor, and clapping her hands. "Did you know there was a witch living on the mountain? Way over there, beyond the saw-mill. Aunt Dinah says she tells fortunes, and 'tricks' people. Let's go over there and see her this morning. Won't you, please?"

"Fay," said Aunt Anne, in a rather anxious tone, "I want to ask you who you—— I mean, have you any engagement to walk with any one this morning?"

"Minnie and I are going to see the witch, I believe," said Fay, carelessly, taking up her hat from the floor, and putting it on.

"Nonsense, child! I mean—any gentleman," said the old lady, nervously.

Mrs. Lawrence laughed, and tossed her head with a wicked look in her bright, large eyes. "I believe, ma'am, we are to have the pleasure and honor of being escorted by Mr. Victor Lawrence this morning. There may be others in the party, however. Come, Minnie, let's go. Auntie, will you walk up to the hotel with us?"

Aunt Anne went back into the cottage to find her parasol, and Fay stood on the porch, looking out on the scene before her.

Such a lovely scene it was! Fair as fairy-land itself! A happy valley, green as emerald, with grassy lawn, and sloping terraces, great spreading trees, silvery winding streams, airy pavilions and bridges, and long rows of cool, white cottages. Around all stood, like a wall, rugged mountains, dark and stern, closing in the Happy Valley on all sides but one; where, down a long, narrow vista, the silver stream flowed through a ribbon of green meadow, and more distant mountains, peaks, and domes of faint amethyst, rose against the sky. A fair scene, and a fair face it was that gazed silently out on it, and a face on which gradually settled as sad a look as ever woman's face wore. The light died out of the soft, dark eyes; the red lips ceased to smile; the round cheek lost its dimple and its hue of the rose. A pale, sad-eyed woman stood looking out, with eyes too full of wretchedness for tears. Her lips did not move, but low down in her heart the words kept repeating themselves, "Oh, why do they call me Felicia, when I should be called Dolores?"

"Come, Fay," said Aunt Anne, briskly, and the old lady's black silk rustled along the broad walk to the hotel, while she chattered brightly to every soul she met. Minnie danced on before, and Fay's little "black and tan, Tassel," circled round the party, and barked excitedly.

In front of the hotel a group of persons were assembling for the walk, and on the piazza above them little clusters of ladies stood, or sat, with fancy-work in their hands, and old gentlemen paced up and down, smoking, or sat with chairs tilted back, and talked politics.

An elderly lady, very stout, dressed in gray, with a fat face, unshaded by a cap, and little light-gray curls, Mrs. Crenshaw, sat comfortably near the front of the piazza, and commented on the persons who passed before her, for the enlightenment of one or two friends in the group around her, who were recent arrivals.

"Those are the Lawlors, mother and two daughters, all dressed in yellow, braided linens; hair, complexion, and dress, the same shade. Immensely rich! Oh, immensely! Just see how the men flock round them! They were here a month before anybody spoke to them. Then somebody came along who knew they were rich; and all of a sudden the Lawlors were discovered to be so delightful, so fascinating! The pretty blonde in the bright-blue dress? Oh, that's Ella Andrews! Yes, she has a lovely color!" with a significant laugh, echoed by one of the same sort from her daughter, Mrs. Murchison, a tall young woman, with bright, black eyes, who wore the skimpiest of long, white morning-dresses.

"*Fast* isn't the word to describe her, my dear. I've seen her walk up the piazza with her hands in her pockets, whistling. Shameful flirt! She's leading that poor boy (looks like a sheep, doesn't he?) Joe Parks, a regular dance."

"The handsome man, with black eyes and mustache? Said to be a Baltimore gambler. That nice looking girl, in brown and gray, is Ella Andrews' cousin, Sidney, daughter of the fat old Judge, with the rheumatism. That's her mother over there, in the gray silk morning-dress, with pink ribbons in her cap. So dressy! Sidney is engaged to that pleasant-looking fellow, with brown whiskers, Mr. Fanning."

"Do you know the young man standing near Mr. Fanning? With light-brown hair and mustache, and dark-gray eyes? There! Ella Andrews is speaking to him?" asked Mrs. Birch.

"Well, I declare! How did she get an introduction to him, I wonder?" exclaimed Mrs. Murchison, stretching her long neck to look at them.

"He came up on the stage with me yesterday. He was so polite and gentlemanly," Mrs. Birch remarked.

"Oh, yes! He is always so. Elegant in his manners. Poor fellow!" And Mrs. Crenshaw's curls vibrated with the mournful waggle of her head.

"Why, what's the matter with him? Crazy!" asked Mrs. Birch, curiously.

"Oh, no, my love! He is a splendid fellow! Victor Lawrence, of Louisiana. So rich, cultivated, intelligent, everything that is charming, but so unhappily married. His wife actually married him for his money.

"Shocking!" said Miss Birch, a fashionably-dressed young person, whose well-laid plans went sadly put out at the mention of Mr. Lawrence's wife.

"Is she pretty?"

"Is she here?"

"What did he marry her for?"

These three questions were poured in at once by Mrs. Birch, her daughter, and Miss Peters, a lady, "not young exactly," with very "sweet manners," and a very sharp nose. "Sly, some people say, and a little spiteful," Mrs. Crenshaw had been heard to whisper concerning Miss Peters.

"Well—yes; she is pretty. Quite a beauty, I believe. Oh, yes! She has been here all summer; she and her aunt, Mrs. Lambert. They have the cottage at the foot of the mountain, there, facing the lawn. The best cottage on the grounds. Three bed-rooms and a parlor, all beautifully furnished by Mr. Lawrence. This is the second summer they have been here. He always comes late in the summer, just to keep up appearances, you know. She is a great belle, I assure you. It's almost scandalous the way she flirts with some of these men. That stylish-looking fellow, Harvey Carter, is her most devoted admirer. What did Lawrence marry her for? Oh, it's a well-known story. Isn't it, Miss Adair? He married her in a fit of pique, because he had been discarded by that beautiful Miss Lelia Bennett, who is now Mrs. Judge Read."

"They say Mrs. Lawrence didn't know about Lelia Bennett for months after she married him; and when she did find it out, there was an awful scene—reproaches, hysterics, etc.; and they have since lived on the very coldest terms possible. Simply polite to each other."

"Poor thing!" said Mary Adair, pityingly. "Maybe she really loved her husband; and it must have been a great shock——"

"Loved him! Oh, not at all, I assure you. She was poor as death, my dear, and married him quite for his money," said Mrs. Crenshaw, decidedly.

"I hardly think—— Well, she doesn't look as if she could be so heartless," said Mary Adair, warmly, with a little spark of indignation in her fine, dark eyes.

"Miss Adair is so charitable!" said Miss Peters, with her little, thin laugh.

"There she comes now," cried Mrs. Murchison, whose keen eyes nothing escaped.

There was a general stretching of necks to look over the railing as Felicie joined the group in front of the hotel.

"That's she. In the white lawn dress, with the black hat turned up, with a bunch of red roses. Very pretty woman, you see!" whispered Mrs. Crenshaw.

"Beautiful!" said Mary Adair, decidedly. "Such a sparkling, bewildering face!"

"And such innocent, sweet ways!" insinuated Miss Peters, softly.

"Look!" said Mrs. Murchison. "Do see how wretched little Mrs. Lambert looks, while Mrs. Lawrence is flirting with Mr. Carter, right under her husband's eyes! I am raving for Mrs. Lawrence's poor little duenna. She can't keep her in bounds."

"Miss Peters, you asked me to walk with you. I believe the party is about to start," said Mary Adair, rather abruptly, and the two ladies went down the steps together.

"Good morning, Mrs. Lawrence," said Miss Peters, sweetly. "You were not on the piazza to wait for the mail, as usual. I suppose you are not particularly interested in the mail, now, however," with an arch glance toward Mr. Lawrence. Mary Adair could have pinched the thin arm that was linked in hers. "Spiteful old thing," she thought, as she unceremoniously withdrew from Miss Peters, and stooped to pick up a glove she purposely dropped.

But Victor Lawrence's quiet face gave no sign of annoyance, and Fay's little, careless laugh and toss of the head were quite too pretty to be criticized.

The walking party set out at last, not pairing off, at first, but walking in groups that constantly broke up and changed. They passed through the lawn-gates, and took a road that wound along the foot of the mountain.

Gray rocks projected from the mountain, and overhung the road on one side. On the other the little stream foamed and dashed, and across it lay the ribbon of green meadow, with wooded mountains again beyond it. On the banks of the stream the children in the party loitered to play, launching leaf and bark boats, and watching them hurrying to wreck and ruin, where the water foamed around great gray rocks. A little bridge crossed the creek, and a narrow path led away into the quiet woods to "Lover's Retreat."

"I wonder who will stray here to-day?" said Miss Peters, with a meaning smile, to Mrs. Lawrence, as they neared the little bridge.

Miss Peters' pale eyes and significant glance somehow managed to convey the insinuation that sometimes it had been pretty Mrs. Lawrence and handsome, jolly Harvey Carter who strayed off down that enchanted path.

Still, Victor Lawrence's quiet face, and his wife's careless laugh gave no sign of vexation. "How I would like to push the woman into the water," thought Mary Adair, angrily.

Then she paused to gather a handful of delicate ferns, growing high in a cleft of the rock, and Miss Peters walked on, saying, smilingly,

"Oh, it's Miss Andrews and Mr. Parks, who desert us here to-day. Really! So romantic! A spot for lovers, and lovers only!"

"Plague take the woman!" muttered Mary, snatching angrily at her ferns.

"Let me reach them, Miss Adair," said a quiet voice, and Mr. Lawrence gathered the fairy-like fronds, and put them in her hand.

Then he walked beside her, and began to talk to her. In a few moments the sound of their animated voices, and a ringing laugh from Mary, caused Miss Peters to look back.

"How very well Miss Adair and your husband seem to be progressing, Mrs. Lawrence," she simpered. "I hope you are not inclined to be jealous, dear."

"Mrs. Lawrence jealous!" laughed Harvey Carter.

"Absurd, isn't it?" said Miss Peters, "and of as plain a girl as Mary Adair!"

"Plain!" cried Fay, in astonishment. "I am not in the least jealous, but I think she is splendid, Miss Peters. With that fine face and figure, and those dark eyes! Then she is so sincere and warm-hearted. So grand in her whole nature."

"Oh, yes, she is a darling girl! It's such a pity her deep mourning is so unbecoming to one so dark and pale," Miss Peters said, sweetly.

Little Minnie Allen came rushing up just then, and caught Felicia's hand.

"Oh, Mrs. Lawrence, are we going to see the witch," she cried, "and have our fortunes told?"

"Mrs. Lawrence's fortune is such a charming one already, my dear. What more can she want than she has?" came smoothly in Miss Peter's oily tones. "'Felicia!' How appropriately you are named, dear!"

They were coming to the saw-mill road, and dark woods were on both sides of the road. The creek rushed through a deep ravine below the road, but part of its waters glided swiftly down

a wooden race, raised on trestle-work, by the road-side.

Felicia had paused, and stood idly dropping the petals of a scarlet rose she had worn on her bosom, one by one into the hurrying water. Her face was bent down, and shaded by her hat. Mr. Lawrence and Miss Lewis had come up, and joined the group, and had heard Miss Peters' last remark.

"Felicia! How sweet! So appropriate!" she repeated, with charming ardor, and her pale eyes persistently sought the lovely, downcast face. It was so lovely a face, and so strangely, suddenly sad, just then, that the eyes of all the group were drawn to it.

"'Felicia!'" repeated little Minnie, idly swaying herself about by Felicia's hand. "Felicia! Felicia! Why did the Princess want to be called 'Dolores,' Mrs. Lawrence?"

Felicia raised her head with a start and a quiet glance at her husband's face. His eyes met her's, as strangely sad as her's.

A scarlet flush swept over her face, and then a haughty, mutinous look flashed into it.

She turned away abruptly.

"That was nonsense, little Minnie. Just a fairy tale. We are going to have our fortunes told, now."

Holding the child's hand, she went on rapidly, Mr. Carter walking beside her, and Miss Peters modestly dropping back, with the air of "not wanting to be in the way."

"Minnie! Minnie! Come, and walk with me, darling!" She called, and the child, who was her niece, obeyed her significant signal, and ran back to her.

At the saw-mill the party halted, and scattered about, wandering off in the woods, or seating themselves on the fragrant logs, and piles of pine "lumber."

Minnie, persisting in her entreaties to be taken to see the witch, Felicia soon rose, and began to follow the narrow path leading up the mountain-side. Most of the party had dropped off, however, and only Felicia and Harvey Carter, Mr. Lawrence, and Mary Adair, Miss Peters and Minnie, and a Miss Lawton, accompanied by a couple of devoted admirers, finally reached the clearing in the dark pine woods, on the mountain-side, where the witch's dwelling stood—a tiny log-cabin, perched on a rocky shelf, high up in the air, with a glorious outlook over the green valley and pretty watering-place below, and the grand mountains, rising peak beyond peak, in the distance.

A little garden of vegetables and flowers lay before the cabin, and over the door was a frame of slender poles, on which clambered a luxuriant vine, with large, green leaves, and great flowers of a deep, golden color.

"Come in! Come in!" called a voice, suddenly; and there, in the vine-draped doorway, stood a little old woman, dressed in gray homespun, with a white handkerchief round her neck and crossed over her bosom, and a red one twisted turban-wise around her head. She was upright as a dart. Her hair and heavy brows were iron-gray, and her deep-set, piercing eyes shone like black diamonds. Her face was covered with the wrinkles, and tanned with the sun and winds of seventy years, but she was a brisk little woman, and she whisked about her neat room, and set out seats for her visitors in a magical way.

"What lovely, golden flowers!" said Felicia, as she passed under the vine-covered frame.

"Yes, they are golden flowers, and will bring golden fruit," said Mother Mabin, with a laugh that was too low and mellow for a witch. "Yes, golden fruit, my pretty lady," she repeated. "So big that three of them will fill a barrel."

"Why, it's a pumpkin-vine!" cried Mary Adair.

"A pumpkin-vine? Oh, Mrs. Lawrence, can she change a pumpkin into a coach, and rats and lizards into horses and coachmen?" asked Minnie, in an eager whisper. "She is a fairy-godmother, maybe."

Mother Maybin had heard the whisper. She glanced around quickly, and laughed again.

"It's a magic pumpkin, little one; golden fruit with golden seed. If you plant the seed, thinking of one you love, and—do as I tell you—while its growing, your love will be returned before the fruit is ripe. Well, young ladies," turning quickly to the group of ladies, "do you want your fortunes told? Come, pretty, bright lady, give me your hand," she said, to Felicia.

But Felicia drew back, smiling.

"Tell the others, first," she said, and she went away, and stood in the door, looking out at the far, blue mountains, while Mother Mabin, with shrewd guesses and cleverly vague prophesies, told the "past and future" of her visitors.

All the nonsense and laughing was over at last, and Mr. Lawrence's voice roused his wife from her reverie.

"We are ready to go, Felicia," he said.

"And you will not let me tell your fortune, pretty, bright lady?" asked Mother Mabin.

"Neither would he," pointing to Mr. Lawrence.

"Don't you want to hear about your lover who is coming, pretty lady? Nay, he is come,"

she said, pausing abruptly, and dropping her voice.

"And gone, perhaps," Felicia answered, with a careless shrug of her shoulders.

"But there is some one you love, and who loves you?" Mother Mabin went on, the first part of her sentence being an assertion, the last a question, accompanied by a shrewd glance of the bright, black eyes.

"Felicia, haven't you already declined having your fortune told?" asked Mr. Lawrence, carelessly. "Suppose we follow the rest of the party?"

Mother Mabin's keen eyes glanced from Felicia's face to his. Felicia's was flushed, her eyes were downcast. The gentleman was quiet and cool enough.

"Come," he said. "Here, Mother, here is silver for what you would have told us."

Felicia raised her head, with that haughty look upon her face again.

"I prefer to stay," she said, defiantly. "You can go, if you wish to."

"Just as you please, of course. I shall wait for you in sight, there," he answered, with cold civility, and walked away leisurely.

Mother Mabin's eyes followed his graceful, easy figure for a moment, then she turned to Felicia. Behold the "pretty bright lady," with her bosom heaving, her eyes full of tears, and her red lip caught between her teeth!

"Eh, my dear!" said she, "is it so bad as that? So young, so pretty, and so unhappy?" She took Fay's white hand between her two brown and wrinkled ones, and the keen, black eyes rested pityingly on Fay's face. "I am no witch, my dearie! I don't take silver for my idle chat with the young people. But I know an aching heart when I see it. Try my magic spell, poor child—patience and gentle words—and 'tis yielding that conquers.' There, my child. Your husband is waiting for you."

"My husband! How did you know?" asked Felecia, in surprise.

Mother Mabin nodded shrewdly, and laughed. "Oh, I knew. Come, I will give you some of my golden flowers to wear in your pretty, dark hair, and, yes—some of my 'golden pumpkin-seed' to plant with 'the thought of one you love.'" From the recesses of a little cupboard, the brisk little woman produced a gourd full of seed. Three of these seed she put in Felicia's hand.

"Remember this," she said, as she gathered a handful of golden flowers, and gave them to Felicia. "Plant those seed, and speak no unkind word to the one you love till they come up from the ground. You are laughing, child! Is it such a foolish thing? If you don't plant love, how can love grow? There, go, and Mother Mabin's blessing go with you!"

Smiling at her own silliness, yet carefully holding the "golden pumpkin-seed," a little frightened and puzzled by the terrible shrewdness of the fairy god-mother, and strangely touched by her kindliness, Fay passed down the path to her husband's side. He was leaning against a tree, looking out over the mountains, his face quiet and cold as ever. He turned as she came to his side, but did not glance at her face until she spoke.

"Have I kept you waiting long? I hope it has not troubled you," she said; and he almost started at the hesitating, gentle tones. Then he looked at her. What a sweet, flushed face, and what wistful, dewy eyes they were, that were raised to his! Only an instant his grave eyes rested on her, then were turned away.

"It was no trouble," he said, formally, and then he led the way down the steep path. Once, when the way was most steep and difficult, he offered his hand to assist her.

"Can I help you?" he asked, as he might have asked of a total stranger.

"No, thank you!" she replied; and again the gentleness of her tones made him glance for an instant at her face.

He did not speak again, and in a little while they had overtaken their companions, and Felicia was assailed by a dozen merry questions as to the "fortune" that had been told her.

"Wasn't it silly in the old woman not to see at once that you were married? How absurd it must have sounded to you, all that about your lover!" said Miss Peters, with her sweetly innocent look. Of course, she had lingered the last of the party, and heard Mother Mayhin's first remarks to Felicia.

"Oh, that's the kind of nonsense fortune-tellers talk to every one," said Mary Adair, hastily. "I am sure she told me about a lover who is coming, too."

"Did she, dear?" said Miss Peters, in mild surprise. "How funny!"

It must have been very funny; for Mary, catching an amused twinkle in Mr. Lawrence's eyes, burst into a fit of laughter, and then colored crimson, struck with dismay at her own rudeness. The blush, the interchange of glances, the "very evident flirtation," between Miss Adair and Mr. Lawrence, lost nothing in the telling, with the amiable Miss Peters. She reached the hotel with fully an hour's sweetly distilled venom

of gossip to pour into the sage ears of Mrs. Crenshaw and her dear friends.

Victor Lawrence, reading in the cottage parlor, just before dinner, saw his wife come out of her own room, and go toward her "garden," a collection of boxes at one end of the porch. She knelt down there, and filled a small flower-pot with earth.

"What are you going to do, dear?" said Aunt Anne's voice. "Take care of your lavender silk?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Fay, obediently, throwing the soft silken folds back out of her way.

Something prompted Victor to lean forward, and watch her movements. She held something carefully shut up in her hand The flower-pot filled, and the earth smoothed off, she opened her hand, and there, on the soft, pink palm lay three flat, yellow seed. The Golden Pumpkin-Seed he knew, for he remembered, now, Mother Mabin's silly words to little Minnie.

"How can Felicia be such a child?" he thought; and then, suddenly, "Who is she thinking of?"

While the thought passed through his mind, his wife bent her head, and touched the seed softly with her perfect lips, smiling a little, while the color deepened on her cheek.

Then she put the seed in the damp earth, and carefully covered them up.

Victor rose hurriedly, and stepped out on the porch. Fay had not known he was there, for she started violently, and sprang to her feet, blushing deeply, and turning away her head.

"I—I didn't see you," she stammered. "You frightened me."

"What were you doing?" he asked, in a low tone.

"I was—— You saw," she said, still with averted, drooping head.

"Is it possible you are so silly—or so wicked?" he half whispered, losing his cold self-possession, as he saw the guilty color burning on her cheek. "Whose name was it?" he began, almost fiercely; then he paused, and, with an abrupt change of tone, "I beg your pardon," he said, with icy coldness, and releasing her wrist, which he had grasped, turned away and left her.

Poor, pretty Felicia! Poor little Princess Dolores! She flashed through Aunt Anne's room, and vanished into her own apartment, shutting the door after her, and locking it.

There she lay on her bed, a heap of lavender silk and smothered sobs.

Mrs. Lawrence had a "headache," she informed Aunt Anne and her maid, through the door, and wanted no dinner.

But she had quite recovered by tea-time, and appeared in the ball-room, radiant, in a black grenadine, with golden stripes, her fair arms and neck bare; in her hair the fairy god-mother's "golden flowers." Just the prettiest, gayest little Princess Felicia you ever saw!

The scandalized elderly ladies, and parsée younger ones, who lined the walls of the ball-room, whispered to each other, as they watched her whirling in the waltz, with first one and then another of her admirers, oftenest with Harvey Carter, and a certain tall, dark Col. Marston, whose reputed fortune, "air distingue," and high-stepping horses, caused him to be much admired by ladies at the Springs.

"And where is her husband all this time?" asked Mrs. Birch, with a face of pious horror.

"Oh, my dear, playing billiards, I suppose. He does play, sometimes, till nearly daylight. My maid, Elsie, tells me she has seen him going home to his cottage after she was up in the morning."

"How does Mrs. Lawrence like that?"

"Oh, it makes no earthly difference to her! He has the key to his own door——"

"His own door!"

Mrs. Birch nodded, and whispered lower.

"His room is a back room, in the cottage. It opens into hers, but the chambermaid says the door between them is never unlocked."

"Oh!" from three horrified dowagers and two old maids, who were drawing close together to listen.

"Why, I think it is even worse than Mrs. St. John, who drinks and quarrels with her husband, and, Beckie says, threw a brandy-bottle at him once, in the middle of the night," whispered little Mrs. Dove.

"Oh, yes! Much worse! And I hear he is getting up a flirtation with Mary Adair. I have always thought her forward and fast," said Mrs. Murchison.

"Well, I don't blame him," declared her mother. "Oh, and do see poor Mrs. Lambert! She is so sleepy and bored, and wants to go play whist, but she is afraid to go away and leave her dear niece. They do say that Mrs. Lawrence——"

There! Come away. The amiable tattle of watering-place gossips is too sickening to be long endured.

So the days went on, and "people talked" more and more about Felicia's affairs.

They said "that she flirted outrageously with both Col. Brandon and Harvey Carter." True, she did, but all her flirting was done in public. They said "that she and her husband did not

speak." True. He had not spoken to her since she had planted the Golden Pumpkin-Seed. They said "that Victor had fallen in love with Mary Adair." Most untrue. He greatly admired her, and sought her friendship. Being a frank, sensible girl, and liking him, she accepted his friendship, with an object in view.

She was Felicia's friend, too. She watched Felicia, and saw her sweet, tender ways with the invalids and feeble old people, who were drawn about the lawn in little carriages.

She saw how all the little children about the place adored her, and followed her about, and how like a child she was, herself, when she romped with them, and told them stories.

"The poor little thing is just as sweet and loving as she can be; and she's unhappy, too. I wonder what she had been crying about this morning, when I went to her cottage," thought Mary. She had found Felicia bending over her garden, with a sad little face, and traces of tears on her cheeks.

"What are you doing?" Mary asked.

"I am looking for some seed I planted, that won't come up," answered Felicia.

"Rather late to be planting seed, isn't it?"

"Oh, yes! Too late, perhaps," was the answer, in a curiously despondent tone.

"Such a happy person, Mrs. Lawrence! Your greatest grief is a fading flower," said Miss Peters' smooth little voice, and that lady came smiling across the grass to the cottage.

"Oh, bother! I shall punch that woman's head yet," Mary declared, in her heart. But Felicia had sprung up laughing, and ran in to bring Miss Peters a chair.

One day, Mary dared to say a word to Mr. Lawrence about his wife.

"I don't like Col. Marston," she began, abruptly.

"Why not?" asked Victor. "He seems to be a good sort of fellow."

"Do you know him?"

"No. Never spoke to him," said Victor, idly.

"Well," said Mary, "I will tell you something. He is a very 'bad sort of fellow,' and it makes me furious to see him dancing with your wife. Papa knows him at home. Ask papa about him."

"Does he dance with my wife?" asked Victor, still with the same look of supreme indifference.

"Yes, he does," said Mary, shortly; "and I want to say something to you. I really can't help it if you are angry with me for it. I will say it. Your wife is too young, and too pretty, to be left to herself, as you leave her."

"What if she wants to be left to herself?" said Victor, trying for his usual cool air, but failing. His annoyance was evident in the abrubtness of his tone, and the sudden flush on his brow.

"No matter," Mary continued, warmly. "It is your duty to warn her when you see her in danger. No woman can be safe, from slanderous tongues, at least, when she is constantly seen with such a man as I know Col. Marston to be. Neither papa nor I have ever talked about him here, but I knew you ought to know. As for your wife, she is a sweet, loving, little thing, and— Well, I must say this, too—I am not sure she wants to be left to herself."

"I am," said Victor, bitterly. "If you only knew——"

"Oh, hush!" Mary cried, suddenly springing up from the bench under the trees, where they sat. "You must not tell me. I can see enough. Look here! You are both wrong. Even if it is possible that you don't love her, you should be good and tender to a young, helpless creature like Felicia. I have seen you so cold. so careless with her."

"But you have seen her so insolent, so capricious——" began Victor, in an agitated voice; then, after a pause, he went on, with increasing emotion. "You must have heard—it was enough to drive a man mad—to lose the fairest woman on earth, to lose faith in everything. Then I saw Felicia, so young and bright. I thought I might love her after awhile, and that other would see I had not died for her love. And then to find that it was only my money that Felicia cared for. To find her, too, heartless—deceitful."

"When did you find out that it was only your money Felicia cared for?" asked Mary, steadily. She had resumed her seat, now.

"It was, first, the day Le——, the other, sent her my letters. Felicia brought them to me. She had only read the first sentence of one, she said. She laid them down before me, and looked at me. 'You loved that woman when you married me,' she said. I could not answer her. If you had seen the haughty look on her face, and the flash in her eyes! 'Very well,' she said, 'we are quits. You have sold yourself for revenge, and I sold myself for a fortune.' Then she swept out of the room. and left me the letters."

"Poor child! I think, well, I think she told you a falsehood," said Mary, quietly. "Proud, passionate, undisciplined, deeply wounded, she caught at the first weapon she thought would wound you in return. Tell me, did you ever think she loved you?"

"Why——" Victor hesitated. "I had thought

she liked me. It was all so hastily done. She was only a child, gay and thoughtless. She had little make-believe, loving ways, which annoyed me. I suppose she could not help being deceitful. It was her nature."

Mary was silent a moment. Then she turned her dark eyes, and fixed them on Victor's face.

"I think," she said, "if everything be just as you say, that you and Felicia have done each other an injury, which it should be the business of your lives to atone for, in unceasing kindness and forgiveness to each other. And as for the first step toward peace, oh, I wish—can't you? Do remember how noble it is in the strong to be generous and tender!"

Her voice trembled, her eyes filled with tears, and she abruptly rose and walked away.

"I have made him angry, I suppose, but I have done right," she thought, when, for several days, he hung moodily aloof, and did not come near her.

Meantime Felicia continued her "flirtations" unchecked by Aunt Anne's timid remonstrances.

One night, after being more than usually lovely and gay, and more than usually admired, Fay sat before her toilet-table, in tears, when there was a tap at the door.

"May I speak to you a moment?" asked her husband.

"Certainly. Will you come in?" she replied, drying her tears hastily.

"I have a favor to ask of you, Felicia."

"What is it?" she asked.

"It is that you will not dance again with Col. Marston, or walk with him. In short, that you will dismiss the man from your acquaintance." Victor had begun quietly enough, but the final words were spoken shortly and sternly.

"May I ask why?" she said, coolly.

"Because the man is odious to me. Because he is a scoundrel," Victor said, passionately. "I warn you against him as any true man would warn any woman against a villain. Will you do as I ask you, Felicia?"

In the moment that Felicia stood silently looking in her husband's face, was it a good angel that whispered the words, "'Tis yielding that conquers?' She heard them plainly. Slowly her eyes fell, and her color rose. Then her head drooped, and she turned it aside from him.

"Yes, I will do it," she said, in a low tone, and pretended to be busy gathering up and heaping together the jewels that lay scattered on her table.

"Thank you," said Victor, eagerly; then, after a moment, came a cool, constrained "good-night," and he was gone.

But, somehow, he took away with him a haunting vision of a lovely, graceful, white-robed figure; of a beautiful face, that softened, and flushed, and drooped under his gaze; of star-bright eyes, that grew dewy and soft; and of red lips, that were wonderfully sweet when the scornful curves had left them.

"What had she been crying about?" he wondered; and then, "What if Mary Adair is right, and the girl did love me? But that is impossible."

In a few days it began to be perceived by the eyes, and whispered by the lips, of every gossip at the Springs, that Mrs. Lawrence had "cut" Col. Marston.

Felicia, meantime, was lost in amazement at a change which became visible in her husband's manner toward herself. He was no longer coldly civil, but actually kind, with a grave, watchful kindness, such as a brother might have shown.

Mary Adair's words had had their effect. Then, too, he had been deeply touched by Felicia's sweet submission, in the matter of Col. Marston, and her faithful performance of her promise. "There is no reason why I shouldn't be kind to the child," he thought; and soon he began to take pleasure in seeing the look of bright, pleased surprise his slight attentions and few kind words brought to his wife's beautiful face.

One day he astonished her almost into speechlessness, by inviting her to go with him to "Prospect Rock," a spot near the summit of a mountain about five miles off, from which a splendid view was to be seen. Quite a large party was formed for the expedition. The vacant seats in Victor's light carriage were filled by Aunt Anne and Mary Adair, and the party set off in the highest spirits.

But Victor's horses, which were lately purchased, became refractory, and made objections to ascending the steep, rugged way. They began to back, and Victor, conscious that the hind wheels were coming dangerously near the edge of a frightful precipice, sprang out and caught the horses' heads while the ladies hastily alighted.

Suddenly—May never knew how it happened—the horses reared violently; Victor's foot slipped, and he lay in the road, directly under the horses' feet, when Felicia rushed forward, and in an instant was in the road, almost under the horses. She stooped, twisted both hands in Victor's collar, and, with strength that seemed impossible in so slight a creature, dragged him out of the road, and partly up the bank. He lay there as if stunned, while Felicia, pale as death, knelt beside him, gasping for breath. It was all over in less than a minute.

Some one—the driver of the next carriage—

came running up, and caught the horses. A crowd of people began to gather round, and a thousand questions were asked, which no one could answer. But presently Victor rose up with a bewildered face, and Aunt Anne's distracted inquiries elecited the fact that, in falling, he had struck his head on a stone, and been partially stunned. It was "all right" now, he declared. As for Felicia, a dozen offers of hartshorne and cologne were rejected; and springing up, with the color coming back to her cheeks, she turned to her sympathizers with a laugh.

"There's no harm done!" she exclaimed, lightly, "except that I have torn my dress, and ruined my gloves."

"Are you sure you were not hurt?" her husband asked, anxiously.

"Quite sure," she said, with a laugh, and deepening color. "See! This is the worst injury." And she held up a pair of "lovely lavender kids," soiled with dust, and split into tatters.

Victor took them out of her hand, gazed at them a moment, and then quietly put them in his pocket, and looked away from her, over the horses' heads.

In a few moments he turned to her again, and spoke in a loud tone.

"I don't think," he said, emphatically, "that I was ever so frightened in my life, as when I saw you right under the horses' heels. It makes me shudder to think of it."

"Don't think of it, then," said Felicia, speaking lightly, but feeling her heart beat quickly as her husband's earnest eyes were fixed upon her, with a look she had never seen in them before. "It is not love," she whispered to herself. "I must not think that. It is only gratitude to the woman who has risked her life to save his. He will feel burdened by this weight of obligation. He will think I loved him, or I could not have done it."

Her pride was suddenly stung by this thought, and turning to Mary Adair, she said, quickly,

"Mary, will you and Aunt Anne please say nothing about this little adventure of ours? No one saw it all but you two. You know how people chatter here, and I hate to have such a fuss made about a trifle."

Then she tried to look cool and stately, but those earnest eyes were still upon her, and her cheeks burned hotly under their gaze.

They had not cooled even that evening, when she stood before her toilet-table, taking off her bonnet.

"What a goose I am," Felicia said to herself, passionately, putting up her hands to her crimson cheeks, "to go and betray myself so!"

A footstep sounded in Victor's room, a tap at Felicia's door, and Victor's voice inquired,

"May I come in?"

"He has come to thank me," she thought, bitterly, and she stood with proud, downcast eyes, disdaining to glance at his face. She waited, in absolute silence, for him to speak.

But he did not speak at all. He just stood there, gazing at her, till she raised her eyes in astonishment to find him looking at her with his dark-gray eyes, full of unutterable tenderness. He took both her hands gently, and stooping his handsome, stately head, pressed first one, and then the other, to his lips.

"My brave little wife!" he murmured, drawing her closer to him.

But she snatched her hands from his grasp, and drew back suddenly.

"Don't!" she cried, passionately. "You shall not be grateful to me. I will not listen."

"Not even when I tell you how much I love you, my darling?" he said. "Fay, look at me! I want to see your eyes."

He had never called her Fay before. Gently taking her face in his hands, as if she had been a child, he turned it toward him.

"Dear," he said, gravely and quietly, "we have been miserable long enough. I love you, and I know you love me. I saw it in your eyes to-day, when you risked your life for me. Don't let pride stand between us now, my darling."

For one moment she still drew back; then she hesitated, wavered, and the next instant was sobbing in his arms.

"Are you sure you love me, Victor?" she whispered. "Isn't it just that you are grateful to me?"

"I am sure that I love you with all my heart, my dearest," he answered, kissing her sweet red lips and glowing cheeks.

"But, Lelia Read—— Oh, Victor, you loved her once, more than——"

"Hush, dear! Don't you know I could not love her one instant after she had sent you those miserable letters? Cruel and treacherous! I love you a thousand times more than I ever did her."

She rested her head on his breast, with a little satisfied sigh. Presently she raised it again.

"Victor," she asked, "when did you begin to love me?"

"I think it was that night when you gave up so sweetly about that scamp, Marston," answered Victor, with a laugh.

Felicia started, and clapped her hands in astonishment.

"Why, after all," she cried, gleefully, "it was

what Mother Mabin said, ''Tis yielding that conquers.' Don't you remember," she went on, in answer to Victor's look of bewilderment, "our walk to the mountain, and the Golden Pumpkin-Seed?"

"By the way," said Victor, suddenly, "tell me, Fay, whose name you thought of when you planted those seeds?"

But Fay only colored, and hung her head.

"Tell me, please!" entreated Victor, with a sudden pang of jealousy. "I will forgive you, dear, for I know you love me now. Whose name was it?"

"It was yours," whispered Fay, shyly.

"Mine? Then you loved me as long ago as that?"

"Longer," said Fay, still with drooping head "Victor, I told you a terrible story. I married you for love, and I have always loved you."

"Oh, what do you think?" Mrs. Crenshaw went about mysteriously whispering, "in confidence," to every one, the next day. "Mrs. Lawrence has been found out at last! Miss Peters saw her just now at the Lover's Retreat, with a gentleman! He was sitting by her, with his arm around her, and her head on his shoulder! Shocking! Miss Peters couldn't see his face, but we all guess! She says she was so shocked! She stole away, and they did not see her. Who can it be? Harvey Carter? Perhaps Col. Marston, more likely."

Just then Mr. Carter came slowly sauntering up from the bowling-alley. Miss Adair was his companion, and they seemed too much interested in their own animated conversation to perceive that their appearance created a sensation.

"Col. Marston, of course!" whispered the gossips. "Let us see if she will have the face to come up to the hotel with him."

So, little envious knots and groups of ladies gathered on the piazza, or sauntered down the road toward the gate, to watch for Felicia.

Presently, she appeared in the distance.

"That is she! That is her white and pink dress!" whispered Mrs. Birch. "And the gentleman is—— I can't quite see. Is it Col. Marston?"

But Mrs. Crenshaw turned a glance of withering contempt and indignation upon Miss Peters, who stood beside her.

"It is her husband!" she exclaimed, in a tone of disgust. "Really, my dear, you must have been blind!"

Miss Peters' face was a picture of chagrin and baffled spite; but she gathered up spirit for a sharp reply.

"Really, I can't be blamed for thinking it was any one else sooner than her husband. It was you who told me they hated each other."

"So they did!" Mrs. Crenshaw declared. "And all this is just to 'keep up appearances.'"

Felicia strolled by them, and nodded, with a bright little smile. Her hand rested on her husband's arm, and they both looked happy.

That evening Fay was bending over her garden, when Victor leaned over her, laughing.

"They are not up yet," she said, looking up brightly. "They will never come up; but I have planted love, and love has grown."

"Indeed, it has," said Victor.

"It is just like a fairy tale," she went on. "I am the Princess Felicia now, and I shall never call myself Dolores again. And it's all because of Mother Mabin and her magic seed."

"Little goose!" was the answer from lips that smiled, and then kissed hers fondly.

But Fay still believes that she owes her happiness to the Golden Pumpkin-Seed.

PARTED.

BY HELEN LADD WARNER.

Parted near our radiant noon,
While the meadows blushed with bloom,
In the odorous breath of June.

Bloom and incense both are dead;
All the way is rough, I said;
And with thorns my feet have bled.

Darling, if perchance you stand
On the borders of that land,
With your hand, just touch my hand.

Dear hands folded down in rest!
Mute lips which mine own have pressed,
Thou hast taken, Lord, my best!

In my wilder grief, I said,
Where my life was white and red,
Dust and ashes are instead.

As the tides do come and go,
With resistless ebb and flow,
Came the Presence, whispering low.

"In the clearer light, to see
The free spirit's entity;
Child, arise and follow me.

"Though the heavy winters come,
And the summers gather gloom,
Daughter, thou art going home."

So, with Christ's dear face before,
Watching, cheering evermore,
Patiently I'll seek the shore.

Where the living waters shine,
Where we take no note of time,
Where, once more, mine own is mine.

THE DAYS OF SEVENTY-SIX.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 142.

CHAPTER XXII.

In war time men wish to forget themselves, and rush from the horrors of battle into wild amusements, thus stripping death of its solemnity. At such times social restraints are relaxed to the utmost, and with an invading army home influences are never felt, while they become a religion to the defenders.

The British army, in New York, formed no exception to this rule. Both officers and men sought amusement, according to their inclinations; some in revels, some in a more refined fashion; but all were on the alert for excitement.

The new world might be dreary to those who had long marches through its forests, and hard fighting at close intervals; but in the cities war put on her gala colors, and the gay society of our land flocked there for political safety and social distraction, ready to enjoy life as it came, without caring much for the great events that might follow. New York was especially a place of excitement and elegant confusion in those days—routs, assemblies, private theatricals, and even tournaments were improvised by the young officers, and encouraged by the inhabitants. Beautiful and ambitious women thronged these entertainments, "for the sons of many a noble family were ready to turn war into a pastime for their amusement, while they were trampling everything sacred to a nation under foot."

Into this whirl of life Grace Kingsford was hurled, alike by the will of her father and the persuasive influence of Rhoda Clyde, who reigned as a belle, in those days, and, without a tithe of the beauty with which Grace was endowed, became a ruling spirit in the chaotic society that was all the more brilliant because it was regulated by no established rules.

Perhaps Rhoda entered into the spirit of this life all the more ardently because in that the genius of young Andre was most conspicuous. Elegant, refined, rich in all accomplishments, he took the lead where the energies of taste were in requisition, and by joining him in such pursuits she had managed to create confidential relations that took the appearance of deeper sympathy.

Rhoda was too keenly interested, herself, not to feel that her hold on the young man was purely one of the taste and intellect. With all her art, she had never been able to arouse a deeper feeling in his bosom, or win even his recognition of the passion that possessed herself. But, with all her astuteness, she failed to trace this state of things to its cause. As in most things else, Grace Kingsford seemed to be the angel who held a drawn sword at the gates of the paradise she longed to enter, Grace, who possessed the wealth she sighed for, an assured position which no chance could disturb, and the rare beauty that made her own brilliant charms seem almost coarse in comparison, and that sweet power of attraction that wins perfect respect without effort.

With all her self-poise, Rhoda knew that these sweet, womanly qualities could only be simulated in her own character; therefore, while she half-despised them as unworthy of her genius, they awoke a feeling of bitter envy, not to say hatred, for the fair girl who was scarcely conscious of their possession.

Sometimes Rhoda outgeneraled herself in a love of intrigue. The fire of her nature was not always under control, and she had reason for gratitude when chance saved her from a false step.

This happened when that anonymous letter failed in its design on Barringford, on the night of his rash interview with Grace, in the Bowling Green.

Her insane dislike of Grace Kingsford had been increased by growing jealousy. Why was it, she questioned, that Andre gave no return of the passion that it seemed impossible he should not have guessed at, all-consuming as it was? Had she ever failed before to attract the man her mind was set upon? Had she grown less brilliant, less beautiful, that he should resist her? Had Grace, the heiress, stolen in, with her fair loveliness, between his heart and hers?

Rhoda thought of these things on the evening when she had so cunningly laid a trap by which Grace was to be exposed in her secret meeting with a rebel, and the man himself put in peril of his life. This exposure, in which she might seem to have no part, would serve a double purpose. A disgraceful publicity would be given to an attachment that had already deeply offended Mr. Kingsford—a publicity that might end in a prompt and open disinheritance of a young lady, who would thus steal out at night, and alone, to meet a disguised spy. Rhoda had known Barringford intimately, and professed to be his friend; but what did she care for that! His capture would, she was well aware, be followed by an ignominious death, such as a rabble of the city had witnessed, only that morning, in the suburbs of the town; but so long as his death would expose the weakness of her supposed rival, and exasperate the patrician father into bitter unforgiveness, the shame and agony of it gave her no cause for shrinking.

Even while she was walking up and down that room, pausing now and then to listen for some signal of the arrest she was expecting, these calculations drove all human sympathy from her bosom.

"The old man's rage will be terrible," she thought. "His child, his only child and heiress, detected by a troop of common soldiers, in the darkness of the Bowling Green, with a Yankee spy, listening to protestations of love, or plotting treason; perhaps both. Why, the knowledge will make a madman of him. Disinheritance will be a weak punishment; and then—and then, who will stand nearest to the old man's wealth? Then Andre, who knows nothing, who thinks the girl an angel—how will he like to succeed a man who has been hung by the neck, while the hootings of a coarse mob join the name of Grace Kingsford with the ignominious scene. Does he love her well enough to stand that shock? Will not every drop of the blue blood in his veins revolt at it? Ah! for once I have struck with a double-edged sword, that shall smite father and lover away from her at a blow."

Since night-fall this girl, with the form of a woman and the subtle instincts of a leopard, had kept possession of the drawing-room, and held the door ajar, that she might hear any footstep that passed down the hall, and calm herself with a certainty that Grace would not disappoint her evil expectations.

Ah! how long the minutes were, as she waited. How her heart leaped to the faintest sound! More than once she had sent to the kitchen for Nelse, who had been in no hurry to return and brave her scrutiny. At last he came, smiling, and with well-concealed reluctance, and gave characteristic replies to all her low, eager questions.

"Delibered dat note? Ob course. What did Miss Roder 'spect? But dat head-quarter street was a good way off, and he had to 'quire 'bout it, 'cause he wanted ter be sartin sure 'bout der place. Den one off'cer sent him to tudder off'cer, till he come squr' up ter de head man, and guv de note inter his own hands."

Rhoda drew a deep breath, for the old negro's long delay in presenting himself had troubled her.

"That was well, Nelse. But not a word to any one," she said. "Here is a gold-piece for your trouble. Do not let any one see it, not even Sally."

Nelse dropped the gold deep down into his pocket, with a low, chuckling laugh.

"Tell Sally! Golly! I s'pect she won't know much 'bout dese yaller birds as fly permiscus inter de pocket of dis ole darkey; he! he! What you take me for, Miss Rhoder?"

"A good, faithful old fellow, who has done me many a service, and will, I hope, live to oblige me again, years from now."

Nelse moved uneasily. Lying was a pleasant accomplishment with him, generally, but Rhoda's praises made the money burn in his pocket.

"Seems ter me I hears the missus a ringing her bell," he said, anxious to escape.

"Yes; go, go!" answered Rhoda, quickly; for that instant she heard a footstep, that made her heart leap. "One word, though. Did the Adjutant-general—I mean the head officer—read the note while you stayed?"

"Read it? Well, he did, mighty close."

"And then?"

"Then—oh, I disremember; but he was mighty pleased, an' said suthin' 'bout 'tendin' to it right off."

"That is all. Now go, go!"

Nelse gladly took himself off, and made his way toward the back way, just as Grace Kingsford came gliding down the front stair-case. Her tread was always light, but now it fell like snow on the thick carpet, and sometimes hesitated, and seemed ready to turn back.

Rhoda saw this, from a scarcely perceptible opening which she had left in the door. She observed, also, that the girl was very pale, and cast a frightened look around, from beneath a silken hood, drawn so far over her face, that no gleam of the golden hair could be seen.

"She is prepared; she is going," thought Rhoda, following the girl with her burning eyes.

"That is the first step. I must not stir or breathe. Heaven forbid that I should frighten her back. She hesitates, she turns; oh!——"

Wider and wider Rhoda opened the door, and her eager face peered out, full of keen anxiety. There was no lamp, as yet, in the room; but she shrunk back from the hall light, and watched, holding her very breath. What if the girl's courage should give out? Only half her object would be accomplished. No, that beautiful face was turned wistfully back a moment, then the door closed noiselessly—another minute, and a click of the gate-latch brought a glow of triumph into Rhoda's face, and she began to range the drawing-room again, up and down, up and down, like the caged leopard she so much resembled.

Thus she had measured off the time, until Raymond came in with Miss Kingsford, as if returning from an ordinary walk. Rhoda caught one glance of that fair, young face. It was still pale, but scarcely more so than it had been when she went out; but there was no hesitation in her step now. Her flight up-stairs was like that of a bird. Then it was that Rhoda's evil hope gave way, and she almost cried out.

"What can it mean? What can it mean?"

She had left the door ajar, but drew it open, in her rash bewilderment, and looked out. Raymond was on the stairs, mounting them leisurely. He looked around, as the soft wax-light streamed into the hall.

"Ah! is it you, Miss Clyde? I saw no light in the drawing-room, and was going up to bed."

"So early," answered Rhoda, smiling, for she longed to lure the boy back and question him.

"Is it early? I had not much thought about it," said the lad, coming downward.

"Early enough for me to give you a little music," said Rhoda, moving toward a spinnet that stood open in the room, with some sheets of music on it; "only first tell me what news is stirring at head-quarters, if you have been there."

"If you ask news for your music, I must be a debtor," said Raymond; "for since that wicked execution that I told you of, nothing has happened."

"Indeed! Nothing?"

Rhoda spoke in a tone of keen disappointment, spite of her effort to appear indifferent.

"No, thank Heaven! War itself does not often give the world a scene of butchery like that. Major Andre saw nothing of it; but the fate of that brave youth has made him sad enough."

"Major Andre has been with you, then?" questioned Rhoda, quickly.

"Not all the evening," answered Raymond, with prompt caution; for he distrusted even these seemingly innocent questions.

"Of course not, if you have been all the time with Miss Kingsford."

Raymond smiled, and, reading something of the jealousy that was urging the lady into rash questions, added, mischievously,

"Ah, you must ask the Major about that. He will be here presently."

Rhoda made no reply to this speech, but seating herself at the spinnet, dashed into a fiercer burst of music, that disturbed the stillness of the whole house. While she was playing, Raymond went up stairs, weary with excitement, and glad to escape from the presence of a person for whom he had an unconquerable dislike.

Unconscious of his absence, and reckless in her uncertainty, she kept on playing, sometimes with a dash that destroyed all harmony; sometimes falling into a soft, voluptuous strain, that almost died away under her fingers. At last, she broke into the music with her voice, filling the room with a rich flood of sound, soft, sensuous, and alluring.

"I did not know that you possessed such powers of music," said a voice at her side; "or that it had the power to entrance one so completely."

Rhoda started, and her hands fell with a crash to the keys; then mastering herself, she carelessly dropped into another prelude, and broke into a plaintive air, that ended in such soft whispers of sound, as can only complete themselves in silence.

"Is it you, Major Andre?" she said, turning her smiling face upon him. "I really do not know, this evening, whether to laugh or cry. Your young friend has been telling me a story, or rather describing a scene that almost drove me wild. You, also, have been suffering, he tells me. Ah, my friend, this war is terrible!"

"It is, indeed!" said Andre. "But do not let us speak of that. I came in for another purpose. Where is Miss Kingsford?"

"Fifteen minutes ago I might have asked that question of you, for she has but just come in, after one of her night rambles, which—— But, I beg pardon. You asked for her. I think she has gone to her mother's room. Shall I ring and inquire?"

"No; it is not worth while," answered the young man, seating himself near the spinnet. "I am sure of her approval."

"And not of mine. Isn't that a little hard on me, or conceited in yourself, Major?"

"No. I am almost sure of both. The truth is, this life is getting monotonous. Our fellows

are rusting under it, and want a dash of change. They talk of getting up a theatre, or tournament, or something that will bring society into a focus."

"Well, that is easy."

"Yes; but I have an idea of my own, only there are so few houses, since the fire, large enough to carry it out."

"I should say this very mansion might answer for any ordinary entertainment," said Rhoda, glancing around the spacious room.

"That is what I was thinking of. A masquerade, something select and grand, such as we have in the old country. But who will dare suggest it to Mr. Kingsford? He spoke of giving some entertainment in honor of Lord Howe the other day. Perhaps the young lady might suggest the masquerade."

"I—I will do that," said Rhoda, eagerly. "Grace cares so little for such things."

Andre smiled, and drew nearer to the sofa, to which she had retreated.

"If any one can insure a success of this kind, I am certain it is you," he said, seating himself by her side, with almost boyish enthusiasm. "We can make a glorious picture of the old house, with its trees, its balconies, and broad halls, our fellows will send up no end of bunting and flags. As for music, we can hide away ever so many regimental bands in the grounds."

"You leave nothing for me to suggest," said Rhoda, laughing.

"Oh, yes! everything. In-doors, we fellows must not interfere. That must be left to finer tastes."

Rhoda's eyes sparkled. Independent of her interest in the young man by her side, she had an artistic passion for such decorations as he had suggested; an intense relish for all the elegant excitements of fashionable life. The subject interested her, and set the creative powers of her brain at work vividly. Under that was a current of feeling more intensely selfish. He was sitting by her side, so near that she could feel his breath upon her hair; his hand, thrown carelessly over the high back of the sofa, fell to her shoulder, and she knew that it was turning crimson under the accidental touch. She held her breath. For her life, she would not have broken the trance of love that was upon her; a trance made all the more absorbing from the jealousy that mingled with it. The large crimson cushions on which she leaned were disturbed a little, and settled gently under the pressure of her round, white arm, bare to the elbow, and shaded with a fall of gossamer lace. Under a kerchief of the same diaphanous material, her bosom rose and fell, the tremor only perceptible on the lace, which seemed touched with a faint breath of wind. In her craft, or from an irrepressible impulse, the arrangement of her cushions had brought her nearer to him. She put up her hand, touching his lightly, as if to cast it back from her shoulder. That moment his eyes caught her face turned upon him, half over the shoulder, her eyes partly veiled by their thick lashes, her lips just parted, like carnation leaves unfolding. This man loved another woman, more beautiful than this, and a thousand times better; but she was far away, and, to some extent, the license of camp life had possession of him. As her hand was lifted to caress or repulse his, he did not stop to decide which, but caught the slender fingers, and pressed them to his lips.

That instant the door opened, and Charles Raymond stood upon the threshold.

One glance at the girl, another, bright with burning scorn, on the man, and he was gone.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The weeks passed on, and while Washington was waiting, with terrible anxiety, for reinforcements which Lee—almost a worse traitor than Arnold ever was—arrogantly withheld, preparations for a grand masquerade were in progress in Mr. Kingsford's mansion, near the Bowling Green, preparations that were to surpass anything of the kind as yet seen in the conquered city. Rhoda Clyde had received full authority to exert her utmost taste in making the entertainment worthy of the semi-royal guests in whose honor it was to be given; for so adroitly had Rhoda made the suggestion, that Kingsford had somehow obtained the idea that the whole conception had originated in himself, and that he had, from the first, intended to return Lord Howe's rather elaborate attentions to himself with fitting magnificence.

One night, before the trees were stripped of their autumnal gorgeousness, and while the atmosphere was soft and haze as the breath of an Indian summer, Washington was almost alone at his headquarters. He had just received evidence that his ill luck on Long Island, the cowardice of his troops at Kipp's Bay, and the dropping off of his enlisted men, were causing widespread disaffection in the country around him. Nothing but disaster had followed him since the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The bell that sent out triumphant peals in honor of that bold paper seemed to have sounded a death-knell to the patriot army of which Washington was the soul.

This great general was never elated, never

wholly discouraged. His mind was full of resources, his heart brave with sublime patriotism. If ever God created a noble leader of events, that creation embodied itself in this one man.

But the darkest days of the Revolution were on him now. His army had dwindled to weakness. The insubordination of generals, that the country trusted, kept back reinforcements. Congress answered his appeals for help with dilatory measures, though informed that the army must disband, and all present measures for raising a new one were insufficient. A broad-spread feeling of dejection, which was fast verging into utter hopelessness, possessed the country. The position that he held was fearfully precarious. He knew that the enemy were making every effort to flank him, and thus annihilate his army, while British gunboats had already broken through all impediments, and had captured and destroyed the row-gallies on the Hudson.

Thus hemmed in with difficulties, weakened, harassed, borne down with responsibilities that would have crushed another man, Washington sat within his head-quarters, that night, so near despair, that the brave heart well-nigh gave way in his bosom.

"General Washington!"

That grand face had fallen forward, in despondency which no man was permitted to witness. Instantly it was raised, and the old, firm look settled upon it. A tall, and somewhat powerful man, whose youth was dignified by gravity of thought, stood before the Coommander-in-Chief, with his hat in his hand.

"General, I come from the Congress."

Washington arose, with animation.

"You bring dispatches? Welcome, welcome!"

"I bring dispatches, and I bring myself, General. One man cannot do much, but I am here to offer my services. Having done all I can in Congress, I ask work, action, danger; anything that will serve my country. One thing is certain: it must be done here, if anywhere. Command me as private, subaltern, anything; I will obey."

Washington reached forth his hand and wrung that of the young man. Never, in his life, had tears been so close to his eyes.

"I thank you. Recruits have not been plentiful with us, of late. I thank you."

Barringford took the chair to which Washington had invited him, and spoke earnestly.

"But they will come. The country has exhausted itself with enthusiasm, forgetting that declarations are to be sustained by something more substantial than fine speeches and popular shouts. We have flung out our defiance, and must sustain it. Give the States breathing-time, General, and they will find their strength. To lead events bravely, we should have a Congress of warriors, men of pluck and courage, who will not assume to lead armies before they have seen a battle."

"You bring me orders then?" said Washington, reaching forth his hand. "I only hope they are possible. Ah! I am ordered to hold this position; to increase the obstructions in the river, which are worthless; but neither men nor supplies; commands, but no help."

"Commands, but no help. That is why you see me here, General. Before any vote of mine shall ever trammel a man who leads our armies, I too will know how to fight and how to lead. What do we want now but money and men? Give us them, and we need no more legislation."

"You bring us something that sometimes creates both," said Washington, with a bright smile, "enthusiasm."

"That is not altogether wanting in Congress, either. What votes cannot raise, one noble man is doing of his own accord. Morris is going from house to house, in Philadelphia, pleading for money. He will succeed. Such men cannot fail."

"But Congress?"

"Ah! there my patience ends. Instead of action, they give us debate, brilliant speeches, and solemn declaration. Even John Adams asks leave of absence, and abandons his post as chairman of the War Committee, though he thoroughly understands all the peril and great need of the army, all the ruin that must follow, if it is forced to disband."

Washington smiled, rather sadly, but made no comment, though the news cut him to the heart.

"Now," said Barringford, "will you give me some place where I can do better service to my country than was possible in the position I have resigned?"

"That is easy," said Washington. "Come to me again in the morning."

Barringford took his leave, wondering at the self-poise of a man so terribly beset. In an outer room he found several officers lounging around a table, among them one, in full uniform, who stood up as if about to depart. They had evidently been speaking of the war, and the dangers of their present position. This man was addressing them with animation.

"If the General expects efficient aid from Congress," he was saying, "that reed will soon break under him. His resource is the country; the people, who would come to his standard, if they only understood the need he is in. I have

found them brave as lions, and ready for any hardship; but while a body of civilians, who never smelt gunpowder except at a shooting-match, make and unmake generals, without consulting the Commander-in-Chief, what can you expect? I, for one, have nothing to thank Congress for but gross injustice."

"But there is a minority that always stood by you, General Arnold," said Barringford, reaching out his hand, "I, for one."

"Mr. Barringford. Oh, yes, I have some warm friends in that hive of drones; but how came the best among them at headquarters just now?"

"Oh, I have resigned, and have just offered my sword or bayonet, as he may elect, to the Commander-in-Chief."

"A general within the week," laughed Arnold, holding out his hand. "That is time enough for high military preparation; but you have courage, and know how to lead men; that is everything."

"I dare say a fellow may manage to be killed without knowing much of the science of war," said Barringford, "especially if he is very much in earnest. But I did not expect to find you here, general."

"Oh, I am on my way to join my command, and, being so near head-quarters, came to pay my respects," replied Arnold, carelessly. "I am rather in hopes Howe will give them a brush, before I leave, that I may take a hand. Congress should soon learn how much I respect its military orders. Only think of its order to Putnam to take charge of Fort Washington, and increase his obstructions in the Hudson, just after his fatal mistake on Long Island. Then imagine, if you can, anything more absurd than this vote of thirty thousand for General Lee, who idles his time away in New Jersey while Washington is struggling like a drowning man here. Thirty thousand to this half-hearted Englishman, while Morris is begging from door to door for a little money with which the army may be fed. I tell you, Barringford, it is enough to make brave men fling away their swords."

"It has led me to take up mine," said Barringford.

The two had walked away together, and were facing the long veranda which ran in front of Washington's head-quarters. They had often met in Philadelphia, and directly their conversation took a more personal turn.

"You really mean to join the army then?"

"It is my purpose certainly."

"Well, I hope you will meet with something better than ingratitude."

"One fights from a love of country. No matter whether this generation is grateful or not; those that are to come will be benefited. Humanity is, sooner or later, always just."

"Generations to come. What can they do for us?" muttered Arnold, bitterly; then turning the subject with abrupt suddenness, he said, "There was some one I wished to inquire about; the family—the ladies who met with an accident the day we first met. They left Philadelphia soon after, and no one could tell me where they went."

"You speak of the Kingsfords."

"Yes, yes, the Kingsfords. I was once very intimate with them."

"I know," answered Barringford, gravely. "They are in New York."

"In New York? You have been there?"

"Yes, within the week; at the risk of my life though."

"Ah, you went in disguise then."

"Very well disguised, as I thought; but I came very near sharing the fate of a fine young fellow who was hung as a spy that very morning."

"Yes, I have heard—young Hale."

"A brave fellow, who went to his martyrdom like a hero," rejoined Barringford, gravely. 'It was a cruel execution."

"But the Kingsfords; you saw them?"

"Yes; I was at the house, but only for a moment."

"In disguise?"

"Yes."

"And you saw——"

"An old negro, and the flutter of a woman's dress. That was all."

"But you are sure that they live in the house you visited? Where was it pray?"

"Near the Bowling Green."

"Ah! Describe it."

"A large house, partly of stone, with armorial carving over the door, standing back from the street, with a lawn, and several forest trees behind it, and plenty of flowers in the front yard."

"Yes, yes! I recognize the place. It was unoccupied when our troops were in New York. Now, I think of it, the Kingsford arms were over the front entrance, though I never remarked it at the time, and some one told me that the family had a mansion in New York."

"One of the finest mansions of the city."

"Is the old man hospitable as usual?"

"Among these Englishmen, he almost keeps open house. This week he gives a superb entertainment to Lord Howe—a masquerade!"

"A masquerade! And to Lord Howe! Then the lady has entirely recovered from her accident?" said Arnold, who entered deeply into

the subject. "You see, Mrs. Kingsford was an old friend of mine."

"But she is still an invalid."

"Then who does the honors—Miss Kingsford?"

Arnold tried to ask this question carelessly, but there was something strange in his voice, that made Barringford look at him inquiringly, before he replied,

"No. Miss Kingsford is young as yet, and, in the absence of her mother, Miss Clyde entertains generally."

"Miss Clyde is a charming woman," said Arnold.

Barringford made no answer.

"And a fair, good woman is Mrs. Kingsford," continued Arnold, after a pause. "So, Miss Clyde will do the honors to Lord Howe. That will suit her. Those English noblemen sweep all the beauty of the land away from us."

"You should not think so," said Barringford, pointedly. "You, who lure away so fair a bride from the enemy's camp."

"That was but a fair reprisal," answered Arnold, laughing. "But I say, Barringford, this masquerade must be something worth looking at. My wife would give her best diamond to be there. She had many warm admirers among Howe's officers."

"So has Miss Clyde, I am told. One, the very perfection of military elegance, is quartered in the mansion with her."

Arnold uttered an exclamation that ended in a low, bitter laugh.

"And who is this gentleman?" he asked.

"A Major Andre. Some favorite. Perhaps, a staff-officer of Sir Henry Clinton's."

"Major Andre!" repeated Arnold, under his breath. "This man again!"

"There was some special reason why he became an inmate of Mr. Kingsford's house, I believe. In the great fire, he saved it from burning; and, out of gratitude, the old gentleman invited himself, and a friend, to take up their quarters with the family."

"A prudent and proper measure, where two young ladies were in question," sneered Arnold.

"All rules of etiquette must give way in war times," answered Barringford, with a sigh; for he did not think pleasantly of this handsome young officer under the same roof with Grace Kingsford.

"Barringford, tell me, how did you manage to get in among these people?" questioned Arnold.

Barringford explained the nature of his disgrace, and the method by which he crossed the line.

"Good-night!" said Arnold, when he had done. "Good-night!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

It was the night of the masquerade. Though lacking the dimensions of an English palace, Mr. Kingsford's residence was, from its very size, susceptible of more artistic adornment than a grander mansion could have been. Indeed, a more perfect picture than it made on that calm autumnal night, could hardly have been created. The great forest-trees in the background, still rich in tinted foliage, were kindled to perfect gorgeousness by the glow of tiny lanterns, green, amber, and ruby-tinted, that radiated through the leaves, and filled them with a soft, tremulous fire. Around the grand and dusky old house, Virginia creepers, rooted years before, were trained from cornice to balcony, from windows to doors, in rich masses of crimson and green foliage, now tangled in with starry little lamps, that swayed and swung in exquisite curves and dashes, as long tendrils broke loose from the heavier masses, and trailing downward, gave themselves to the breeze.

A long spray from these richly-stained vines was trained in a wreath around the great shield sculptured over the door, on which the Kingsford arms so clearly shone, that every curve and line was made visible by the stars of fire woven in with the glowing leaves.

The front grounds were luminous with hidden lights, that trembled through the thickets, and late autumnal flowers, while out from the grand entrance a carpet of thick cloth swept down to the pavement, thus clearing the picture with a rivulet of warm crimson. The fire-laden trees, the purplish sky beyond, made more intensely bright by the more subdued shadows of the building; the soft sway of the vines, the crisp grass, on which hoar-frost glistened like quicksilver, all made an out-door scene of marvelous beauty.

Before the lights were enkindled in all this billowy richness of foliage, a crowd had gathered opposite the house, waiting for the guests to assemble; for nothing so unique as a masquerade, so grand in its appointments, had as yet been devised for the entertainment of the invading army, that had supplanted the frugal reign of Washington with the extravagance and festivities that startled one portion of the inhabitants, and enchanted the rest.

Rhoda Clyde looked out upon the picture her genius, united for once in sympathy with that of Andre, had created, with a glow of triumph. With her usual craft, she had won Mrs. Kingsford's consent to this costly display, and embellished it, with her rare talent, into its present perfection. As she stood in her dressing-room window, and saw the crowd gather in the street,

and the lights twinkle out, one by one, a feeling of exultation brightened her own person into corresponding beauty. From the picture at the window, she turned to the broad mirror, with its cumbersome frame-work of mahogany and gold, which inclosed her image, as if she had been a beautiful picture of the Orient. For if Rhoda had taxed all her talent for the display out of doors, she had also given deeper study, and more selfish interest, to her own person. With her everything took a faint touch of the sensuous. Nothing short of Eastern magnificence could content her now. Andre should see her in a splendor of costume which could not fail to awaken all that was artistic in his nature. He should see her, as she was, in fact, mistress of the grandest fete ever given in the New World; the hostess of royalty, the dispenser of honors.

Mrs. Kingsford might appear, but she was not yet in full health, and had not taken kindly to this strange entertainment. Grace shrank from it. More than half a patriot herself, she had no heart for lavish hospitalities in behalf of the haughty men who had come to trample everything she held most precious in the dust. She knew that Barringford had escaped, but not the less had he been pursued by these people, to the danger of his life. For her sake he had submitted to the humiliation of a disguise and a perilous flight. Feeling this, with all the pride of a sensitive nature, was it likely that she could look upon all this parade in honor of his foes with anything but repulsion.

Still, Grace was obedient. She made no outward display of her opposition, but quietly consented to take the part assigned her by the superior tact of Rhoda Clyde, who actually ruled the house in those days.

All these things Rhoda understood, and exulted in. For once the world should see how capable she was of filling the highest position. So overpowering was her ambition, that she would have lifted her aspirations to the highest military nobleman in the British army with arrogant hopefulness, but for the passion that possessed her for the young officer who had become a guest of the house. Even that, probably, would have been put aside after a time, but for the doubt which harassed her pride, day and night, regarding the return he made to the all-absorbing passion which had as yet received but faint signs of reciprocity. Rhoda was too well versed in the arts of her sex not to understand how much was due to her own consummate acting, and how uncertain the effect would be when no impulse of love gave response to it. This uncertainty, to a certain extent, curbed the overweening ambition of the girl, and it was for Major Andre's sake that she exulted in the picture of rare, dark beauty that mirror revealed to her.

The garment of heavy silk, brocaded with flowers of gold; the crimson scarf, girding that subtle waist, and flowing down from the loose knot on one side; the bare neck, roped with pearls; the perfect arms, loaded with jewels just below the shoulders, and at the wrists; feet clad in silk stockings so delicate, that their presence was scarcely visible under the red and gold embroidered sandals; and those rare Egyptian anklets, that seemed to clasp the naked limbs;—all these Rhoda Clyde's mirror gave back to her, for all the family jewels had been given for her use. And the expression of her face harmonized with the character she had assumed wonderfully, until a flush came across it, which drove all the studied Eastern languor from her eyes.

"Oh, if he could see me now! It is a shame to give so much thought for one man," she said, aloud. "If Arnold were here, it would drive him mad."

A knock at the door drove Rhoda from her mirror.

"Miss Rhoder, de company am coming, an' no one dar to deceive 'em."

Rhoda took her handkerchief from the toilet, cast another glance at the mirror, and hurried down, tying the mask upon her face as she went.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WATER-LILIES.

BY BELLE BREMER.

The last red gleams of sunset
  Are faded within the west!
Asleep are the water-lilies
  On the river's pulsing breast.
And water-nymphs and naiads
  In their snowy bosoms dwell,
As the Peri of old Ocean
  Are hidden within a shell.

Sleep on, oh, royal flowers!
  The fairest that earth e'er gave;
Lulled by the river's murmur,
  And rocked on the limpid wave.

PINK CORALS.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

JANET stood in the glow of the September sunset, and watched the handsome carriage as it rolled away, her brown eyes like stars, a flush in her cheeks as vivid as the hearts of the summer roses that grew along the hedge.

Down the little, winding foot-path, leading from the bold spur on which the parish church stood, came her father, the rector of St. Ives. The girl saw him, and the pretty carnation in her cheeks deepened. Tossing aside the dainty bit of embroidery she had in her hands, she opened the wicket, and ran to meet him.

"Oh, papa, papa!" she cried, catching him by both hands, "I am so glad you have come!"

Mr. Arbuthnot bent down and kissed the excited, young face. She was his only daughter, the daughter of the fair, young wife who had died in the bloom of her sweet womanhood, and lay buried up there in the little church-yard, on the green slope that looked westward to the Blue Ridge; for our story is a story of the Old Dominion.

"Well, my little one, what has happened?" he asked, reading the innocent face at a glance. "There's something wonderful to tell me, I see; what is it?"

Blushing and dimpling, Janet pointed toward the carriage, which was just entering the park gate, at Hardwicke Hall, the great place of the neighborhood.

"They've gone only a few minutes since, papa," she said, her voice tremulous with happy excitement, "Eugene Hardwicke and Lillian. They made me a long visit, and brought me some lovely hot-house flowers. And, oh, papa, Mrs. Hardwicke gives a ball on the 10th, and Lillian came to invite me. May I go?"

The old Rector sighed, as he caressed the bright, young head. If only he could see his way clearly! Eugene Hardwicke was a fine, handsome young fellow, and for some time had been quite devoted to Janet. Every other night found him at the quiet old Rectory, and Janet was growing interested in him, and learning to watch eagerly for his coming. If the young man was sincere in his intentions, it would be a fine match for Janet; but young men, as a rule, were fickle; and the match was really too great a one to hope for, even for Janet.

"Papa, may I go?"

"My little girl, I'm at a loss what to say. Hardwicke Hall's a grand place, and there'll be a great many grand folks at the ball. Hadn't my little brown-eyed wren better stay at home in her secure nest?"

"Oh, papa, only for once! I never was at a ball in my life. But I can dance quite well, for Mrs. Hardwicke said so herself, when I danced at the May-party. And, papa, I've saved ever so much money from my embroidery. Why Margery's got the silver punch-bowl almost full of change; and I earned every penny. May I get a nice white muslin, and trim it with mamma's wonderful old lace? And oh, papa, may I get that set of pink corals we saw at Doffrafield's, in town, the other day?"

Mr. Arbuthnot had never denied his daughter a pleasure in her life, and he could not deny her now.

"Yes, Janet, you may get the pink corals, and you may go to the ball," he said. "You are a good, industrious child, and I can't find it in my heart to spoil your pleasure."

Janet kissed him in rapturous delight, and flew back to the house, to tell Margery the good news, and to count over her precious earnings.

"There's just enough, Miss Janet," said the old woman—who was faithful servant and tender foster-mother in one—when the contents of the silver bowl had been counted; "just enough to buy a nice muslin, and some rose ribbons, and the pink corals. We'll go down on Wednesday and get them; and I'll get Miss Pettigrew to come and help us with the flounces. And won't my bairnie look sweet! There'll not be a grand lady at the Hall one-half so pretty."

Janet could almost have cried in her innocent delight. When the sun was down, and twilight fell over the quaint old house, she went up the hill to the church-yard, as was her custom. Midway the ascent, a tall figure joined her.

"It is you, Janet?"

"Yes, Mr. Hardwicke, it is I."

He took her hand and drew it under his arm.

"I came down to know what your father said, Janet. Are you to come to the ball?"

"Yes, Mr. Hardwicke, papa says I may."

"Ah, that's delightful! Willian wants you, and so does my mother; and I'm sure you'll enjoy it, Janet."

"Oh, yes, I know I shall," she answered, simply and frankly.

The young man looked down at the sweet, girlish face, his eyes full of tender admiration.

"She is such a simple, unpretending little thing," he thought; "I'd sooner win her for my wife than the grandest lady in the world."

"I'm sure you'll have a nice evening," he said, aloud; "and I shall come for you early; so be ready in good time; and, Janet," he added, his voice a trifle unsteady, "one of these days I want you to go to the Hall for good. I love you, dear, and I want you to be my wife. Will you?"

The hand on his arm trembled, the bright head drooped.

"Have you no answer for me, Janet?"

"You must ask papa, Mr. Hardwicke."

"And if papa says yes, what then? Oh, Janet, do you care for me at all? Look up, and let me read my answer in your eyes."

The soft, brown eyes looked up at him in the autumn moonlight; he read his answer, and was content.

Janet went home, with the first love-kiss of her pure life warm upon her lips.

She was too happy to sleep. She sat on the steps, watching the moon sinking down toward the dim western hills, and listening to the murmur of the pine trees, long after her father and Margery were in bed. A step on the gravel startled her. She leaped to her feet with a suppressed cry.

"Hush! Janet, hush! it's me—Ralph."

"Oh, Ralph, you?"

The intruder was pale, haggard, and wild-eyed, and his garments threadbare. He was Janet's brother, Mr. Arbuthnot's only son; the son who had broken his father's heart, and made himself an alien and an outlaw. Yet, despite his evil ways, Janet's tender heart loved and pitied him. She put her arms about his neck, and kissed his haggard face.

"Poor Ralph, how ill you look! What is the trouble now?"

He laughed a hard sort of laugh.

"The old trouble. I've had awful ill luck, Janet. The cards have gone against me of late, too. I'm done for. I must get out of the country before the week ends."

"Oh, Ralph! and you will not give up cards? And you want money?"

"That's it, Janet. I'm a scoundrel to come to you in my trouble; but I couldn't see any other way."

"You shall have all I've got, Ralph."

"You're a good girl, Janet; you always were. I shan't forget you. But you won't tell the Governor that I'm in another scrape?"

"No, Ralph; it would break poor papa's heart. Wait here, and I'll get the money."

He sat down under the rose-vines; a man whose feet had trod the downward way for years; a son whose name was a forbidden word in his father's house. Janet brought the contents of the silver bowl, and put it in his hands.

"This is every cent I possess, Ralph."

"It won't do; I want at least twenty dollars more."

She looked at him in dire distress.

"I can't ask papa, Ralph, without telling him you were here."

"No, no; you mustn't go to him. Can't you get it somehow, Janet? You were always so clever."

Her troubled eyes brightened.

"Can you come again? On Friday I shall get the money for the altar-cloth I am embroidering."

"Yes, I will come on Friday night. You are a good child, and I'm a rascal to take your earnings. Good-night, Janet."

She clung to him, her tears falling fast.

"Oh, Ralph! look up yonder at poor mamma's grave. Ralph, Ralph, won't you do better?"

"I'll try, Janet; I will, 'pon honor," he replied, with emotion. "Good-night."

Through the rest of the week Janet worked steadily at her altar-cloth, silent and thoughtful.

"I shan't get the pink corals, or go to the ball, papa. Please don't ask me why," was all she said.

And respecting her trouble, and perhaps suspecting her secret, her father asked no questions.

The night of the ball came. A glorious night, the sky like sapphire, a full moon hanging over the Blue Mountains. Janet had finished the altar-cloth, and had the money in her pocket. She thought of the pretty pink corals, and though she was willing to give them up for Ralph's sake, yet her girlish tears fell like rain.

She sat under the rose-vines, as the twilight fell, and watched the preparations at Hardwicke Hall. Lights began to flash out amid the shrubbery like fire-flies, and the roll of carriage-wheels, and the murmur of voices grew incessant. Just as the first sounds of the brass band shook the summer air, Mr. Hardwicke appeared, a bunch of hot-house flowers in his hand.

"I told you I should come early; and Lillian says you must wear some of these flowers in your hair;" then he stopped, bewildered, and stammered. "But, Janet, you are not dressed.'

"No, Mr. Harding; I am not going."

"Not going? Why not?"

"There are reasons which have caused me to change my mind. I am sorry, but——"

She stopped short, unable to keep her voice steady. The young man's color blazed up.

"But you gave me your word that you would go," he cried, indignant; "and you know I had set my heart on it."

"I cannot help it," she faltered.

"At the last moment you change your mind, and disappoint me," he went on, angry that she did not explain. "I would not have believed it. There is some mystery here."

She made no answer. His anger increased.

"If you change so easily in one thing, you will in another," he continued, excitedly. "I don't feel safe in trusting you."

"Withdraw your trust, then, Mr. Hardwicke."

The quiet answer cut him like a keen blade. He threw the hot-house blossoms at her feet, and turning on his heel, strode away.

But he could not rest. He tried to dance, to banish her face from his memory, but in vain. Toward ten o'clock he left the drawing-rooms, and made his way out into the open air.

"I was an idiot to act as I did. She looked in trouble, poor little thing! She has some reason she cannot tell, perhaps. I'll go back."

And back he started. On the edge of the thicket, which intervened between the Hall and the Rectory, the sound of voices arrested him. He turned in the direction of the sound, and, clearly recognizable in the white moonlight, he saw Janet. She was hanging fondly on the arm of a tall, bearded man, and speaking with tearful eagerness.

"Good-by, Ralph, darling! Don't forget my last words."

"I won't, Janet."

He clasped her close, kissed her again and again, and was gone.

All the blood in Eugene Hardwicke's body went seething to his brain. He leaped forward like a madman.

"This is why you changed your mind, is it?" he cried, seizing the frightened girl by the arm. "You wanted to meet another lover. But I won't be trifled with. No woman living shall play fast and loose with me. Our engagement had better end at once."

A little flash lit up Janet's usually dove-like eyes. She drew her figure up with dignity.

"You have said quite enough, Mr. Hardwicke. Our engagement ends from this minute. Here is your ring, and I bid you good evening."

The following morning dawned cheerless and stormy; but, despite the bad weather, at an early hour Lillian Hardwicke drove down to the Rectory.

"What is it, Janet?" she asked, entering the little room, where Janet sat at her embroidery. "What is the trouble between you and Eugene? He has gone off this morning, we don't know where. To India, he says; and forever. But it can't be. What has happened, dear?"

"Nothing that I can explain, Miss Lillian. Mr. Hardwicke could not trust me, that was all."

And Miss Hardwicke was forced to return as she came, wholly unsatisfied."

After that the slow years drifted by, dull and uneventful. What a flat affair life is, when some cruel blight has swept away all the bloom, and the dew-sparkle, and left only the dull, bare fields. But Janet did not repine. Like the little brown birds in the hedges, which chirp, and flutter, and keep heart, in the midst of the winter frosts, she was always cheerful, and her willing hands never tired of work. And work is the great panacea for all humnn ills.

The summer roses bloomed and fell, and winter snows whitened the Blue hills, and nothing happened to break the quiet monotony of life at the old Rectory.

One autumn night, when it was cool enough to have a blaze in the chimney, Janet sat sewing, while her father wrote out his sermon for the coming Sabbath. A sharp rap resounded through the quiet house.

"Who can it be that raps so loud and so late?" said the Rector, laying down his pen, and going to the door.

A tall figure pushed forward.

"Father! Father!"

For an instant the old man hesitated, and then he opened his arms, and sobbed out,

"My son!"

Janet flew to join them.

"Oh, Ralph! Have you come?"

"I've come, little one; and I've come all right this time. I couldn't forget your parting words. I've never touched a card since. I've tried hard to do better, and I'm a good bit on the right road, I hope. But here's an old friend. Don't you know him? Father, Mr. Hardwicke."

Mr. Hardwicke entered. Janet's heart beat wildly, but she met him with a serene face and a cool brow.

"He knows all," cried Ralph, impetuously, "and he's come for your pardon. Fate threw us together, out there in India; he caught the fever, and I nursed him; and one night, when he fancied he was dying, he told me the story of his trouble."

"Forgive me, Janet," said Eugene, taking her hand, his handsome eyes telling her that his heart was loyal.

"Oh, there's nothing to forgive, Mr. Hardwicke," she faltered, and in another minute she was sobbing on his bosom.

Later there were full explanations.

"You can't tell how it grieved me to give up the ball," she said, all the pent-up pain flowing out with her words; "but I had nothing to wear. I intended to buy a nice dress, and the loveliest set of pink corals. Oh! Mr. Hardwicke, it grieves me to think of them yet, they were *so* lovely; bui you see I had to let poor Ralph have the money?"

"You are an angel, Janet," was the reply, "and I deserve every bit of the pain I've endured. I should never have doubted you."

"Never doubt me again, dear," she said, softly.

On the morrow, when Eugene came again, bringing his sister with him, he put a pretty jewel-case in Janet's hand. She opened it, and saw a set of pink corals.

"The silly boy traveled all last night to obtain them, Janet," laughed Lillian.

Janet said nothing, but her eyes brimmed over; and a month later, when the happy wedding-day came, although Mrs. Hardwicke insisted that pearls were the proper ornaments for a bride, Janet insisted upon wearing her PINK CORALS.

UNTO THE END.

BY GEORGIANA BOWERS.

"WAIT but a little, sweetheart," you said—
  Her fine hair under your finger-tips,
Watching the droop of your fair young head,
  And the death-white curve of her quivering lips—
"Wait till the violet-beds are filled
  By the bountiful hand of the maiden Spring;
Wait till the birds are beginning to build;
  Wait till the brooks are beginning to sing.

"Wait, with a song in your heart, my girl,
  For the life I bear to the land so new—
A life as pure as the purest pearl,
  And white as a lily—because of you.
And, oh! remember that, come what may,
  Ere the robin's call to her mate is heard,
I shall lean to the light of your eyes and say,
  'Our nest is waiting, my wounded bird.'"

Hard was the snow on the hills that day,
  Winds were cruel as want or war,
The sky was sullen, and cold, and gray,
  And ships were wrecked on the harbor bar.

And, "oh! but, my love, my love and mine,
  Whithersoever your way may be,
My heart shall cling to your faith divine,
  Till its pulse is under the dust!" said she.

And so you parted. The desolate days
  Went loitering on to the longed-for time,
When all the glittering garden-ways
  Were red with roses and rare with rime.
The birds were merry in every tree,
  The wind sang high, and the brook sang low,
And ships sailed cheerily out to sea,
  And the sea was summer's in foam and flow.

And she—your darling? I smooth your hair,
  But words fall back from my pitying lips,
A-faint on my heart! For how can I bear
  To prison your life in a long eclipse?
Here is her picture. She bade me say
  Your faith had failed her, (God help you, friend!)
But added, "Bury my face *his* way;
  He will know I loved him unto the end."

THE KISSING-BRIDGE.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

'TWAS but a trifle, I confess,
  That drew the loving bond apart,
And left us in our loneliness,
  Sad exiles from each other's heart.
At first 'twas but a step across
  The tiny chasm; but it grew,
By daily sacrifice and loss,
  Wider, much wider than we knew.

How dark and lonely was the way,
  And all the ills that there befel
Two hearts from each and love astray,
  Alas! I have not words to tell!

Some sudden yielding of the will;
  Some impulse, doubtless, of regret,
Turned us, and drew us back, until
  Upon the kissing-bridge we met.

We knew it well; for there had Love
  Its words repeated and re-sealed;
And there, when stars were lit above,
  The sorrow of our hearts was healed.
And though 'twas many years ago,
  The gladness we can ne'er forget,
That in our hearts had sudden glow,
  When on the kissing-bridge we met.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, first, a morning costume of prune cambric, trimmed with striped prune and white



cambric; but any solid or fine-checked or striped chintz, bordered with a wider stripe or check to correspond in color, will do well for this design. The skirt is cut only three and a quarter yards wide, and slightly trained at the back; but, for every-day or country wear, we would prefer the skirt short enough for walking, without the necessity of holding up. The skirt is trimmed with a gathered flounce six or seven inches deep, edged with a cross-band of the striped chintz; this is headed with two narrower cross-bands of the same, a puff of the plain, and a third cross-band of the stripe. The tunic is cut with an apron front, gathered at the sides, and the back consists of two breadths, pointed at the bottom; these breadths, not over half a yard wide, open up the back seam a third of a yard, and the rest gathered into a pouf, under which a bow and ends is placed, made of the striped material. The edge of the tunic is bordered with a cross-band to match the bottom of the skirt. On the left side is placed one of the large plaited pockets, now seen upon all costumes. The cuirass-waist is trimmed to match. The closely-fitting coat-sleeve has a triple cuff, likewise edged with the striped band, cut on the cross. Ten yards of plain, and four yards of striped chintz will be required.



Above is a striped mohair, very simple in de-

sign, and inexpensive in material. Very pretty and good mohairs of this kind can be bought for twenty-five cents per yard, twelve to fourteen yards making this costume. The under-skirt is perfectly plain, and short enough not to touch. The overdress is a Polonaise, fitting not quite tight to the figure, yet neatly enough not to look like a loose wrapper, buttoned down the front, and looped on both sides with a bow and long ends, either of ribbon or silk. There is a standing collar, finishing the neck, cut quite low in front, and finished with a corresponding bow and ends. A jaunty little bow is placed on the right side, near the arm, as may be seen. Coat sleeves, with turned-back cuffs, edged with a plaiting of the material at the wrist. Pocket on the right side, trimmed with bow and ends to match. This costume is suitable for a young girl, and would be a good design for washing material as well.

Next is a pretty design for a muslin apron, to



be worn over a nice house-dress when serving the tea, for protection, and at the same time a pretty addition to a home toilet. The pattern can easily be cut from the design. Make of Swiss muslin, and trim with insertion and ruffles, edged with imitation Valenciennes lace. The pockets are formed of double box-plaits, edged with a narrow frill. The same edges the pointed bodice, and the sash ends.

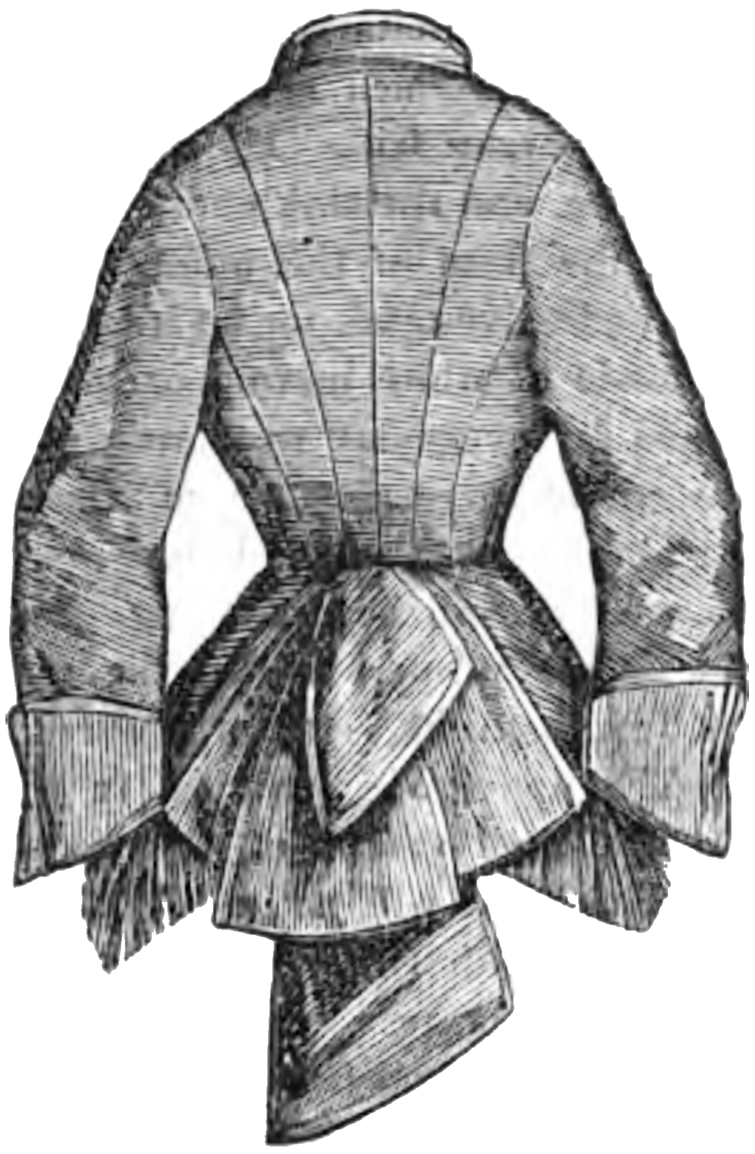
Also, in the front of the number, we give a simple and effective cloak for an infant in short dresses, made of white merino or cashmere, or if designed for every-day wear, and good, solid use, we would suggest some of those pretty white and brown, or white and blue, pin-checked flannels, as they will bear washing. Make two circles, one the proper length, the upper one shorter; trim both with silk, or worsted knotted fringe. The upper one plait up in the back, and add a plaited rosette of the material. If made of flannel, it will not need lining; if of cashmere, line with silk, and slightly wad the cloak, but not the cape.

We give the back and front of a bodice, which may be made of two shades of silk, or of silk and cashmere. The revers, collar, and side pieces of the back are of cashmere. The front of the



basque, which is pointed, is edged with a crimped fringe. The back has five seams, which is new, and seems likely to become the popular cut. The loops and ends are of silk, also the cuffs.

This design will be most useful in renovating a half-worn dress.



Another walking-dress, which we give in the front of the number, is either of pique or serge, has a kilted skirt plaited to an under waist; over this is the long casacque, with pockets, trimmed with Hamburg edging, for pique, and braid or fringe for serge. Sash coming from the side seams, and tied in a large bow at the back; to be made of silk or ribbon. Large pearl buttons, white for pique, or smoke pearl for a serge dress. This is a very stylish costume, and will be suitable for either boy or girl of four to six years.

One of the very prettiest designs for a pocket, in silk, for ornamenting a costume, we have seen this season, we give in the front of the number. It can be readily cut from the engraving. All of the illustrations, thus described, as in the front of the number, are on the same page.

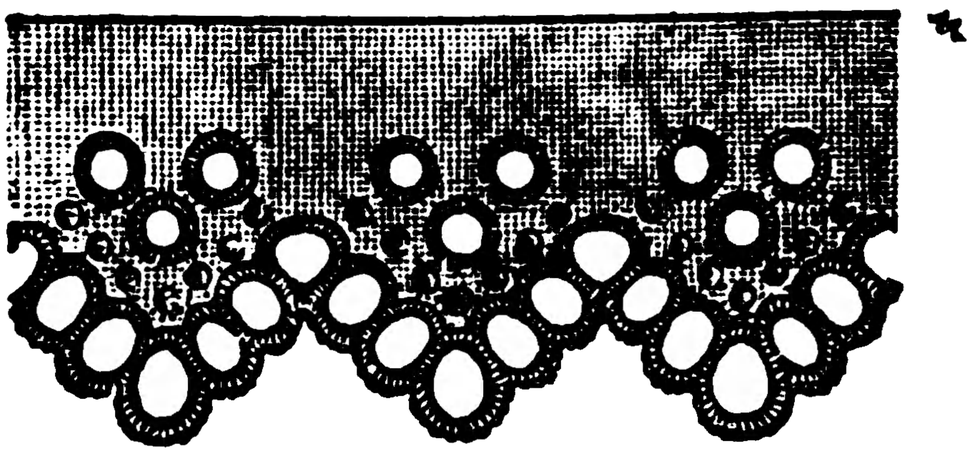
We add also in the front of the number, a design for a muslin petticoat, to be worn under evening dresses. The front is bordered with a flounce, sewn on with a heading. At the back are four flounces, arranged in a curve, following the contour of the train. Petticoats made after this design add very much to the graceful hanging of a trained evening dress.

For little girls, we give here a walking-dress of



white pique, trimmed with Hamburg edging. The front of the dress is cut in a long, closely-fitting sacque. Back, tight to the waist, where the back of the skirt is kilt-plaited to it. The sleeves are sewn into this under part of the dress. The Louis XIV. basque is sleeveless, slashed at the sides and on the back seam as far as the waist, to correspond with the front. Edge the whole with Hamburg edging, headed with a narrow insertion and a simple design in braiding. The latter is optional, as the edging and insertion alone will make a very rich trimming. The under-dress is belted at the waist with a handsome, sash tied at the back.

EDGING.

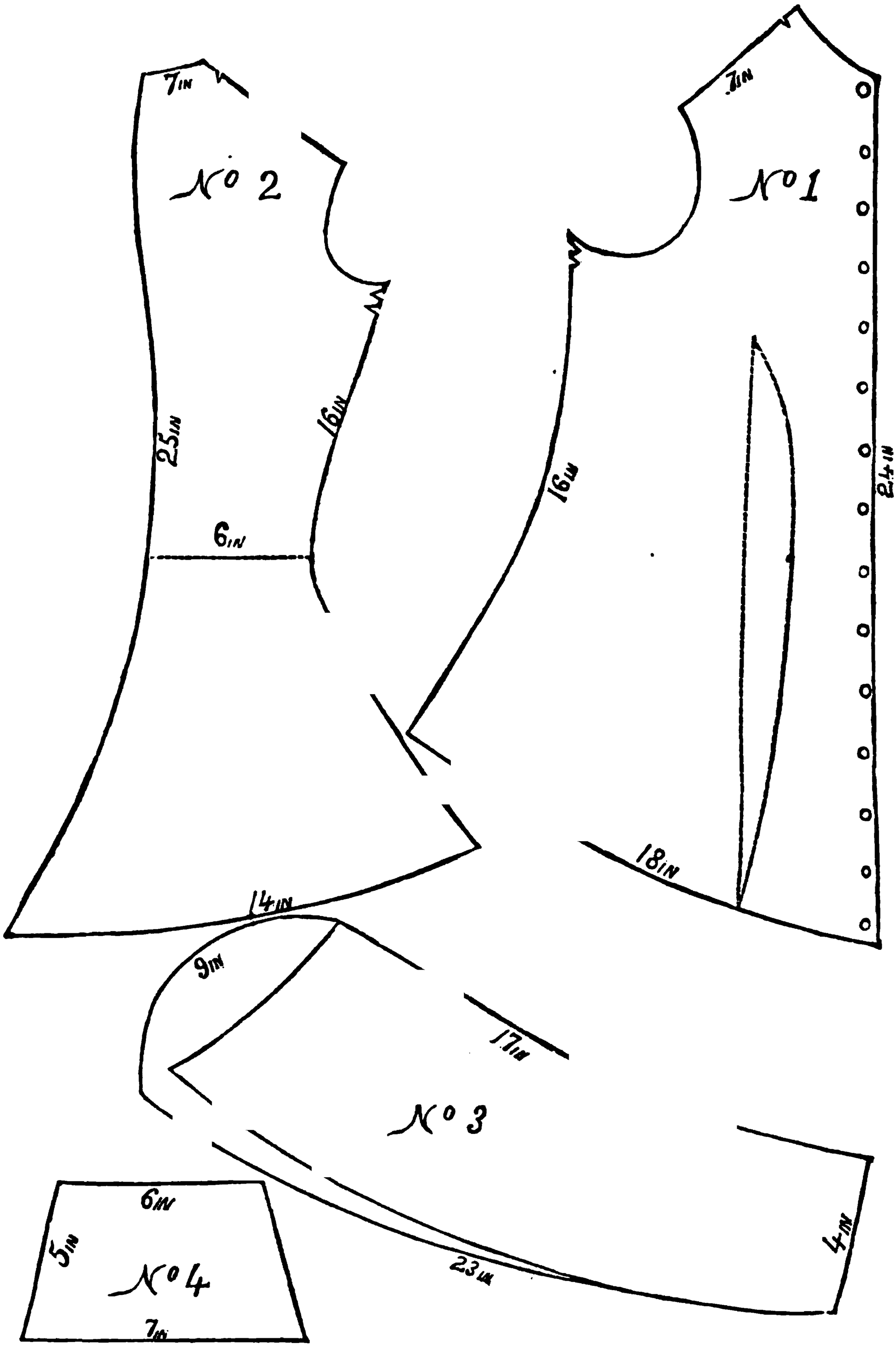


COSTUME OF CHINTZ.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



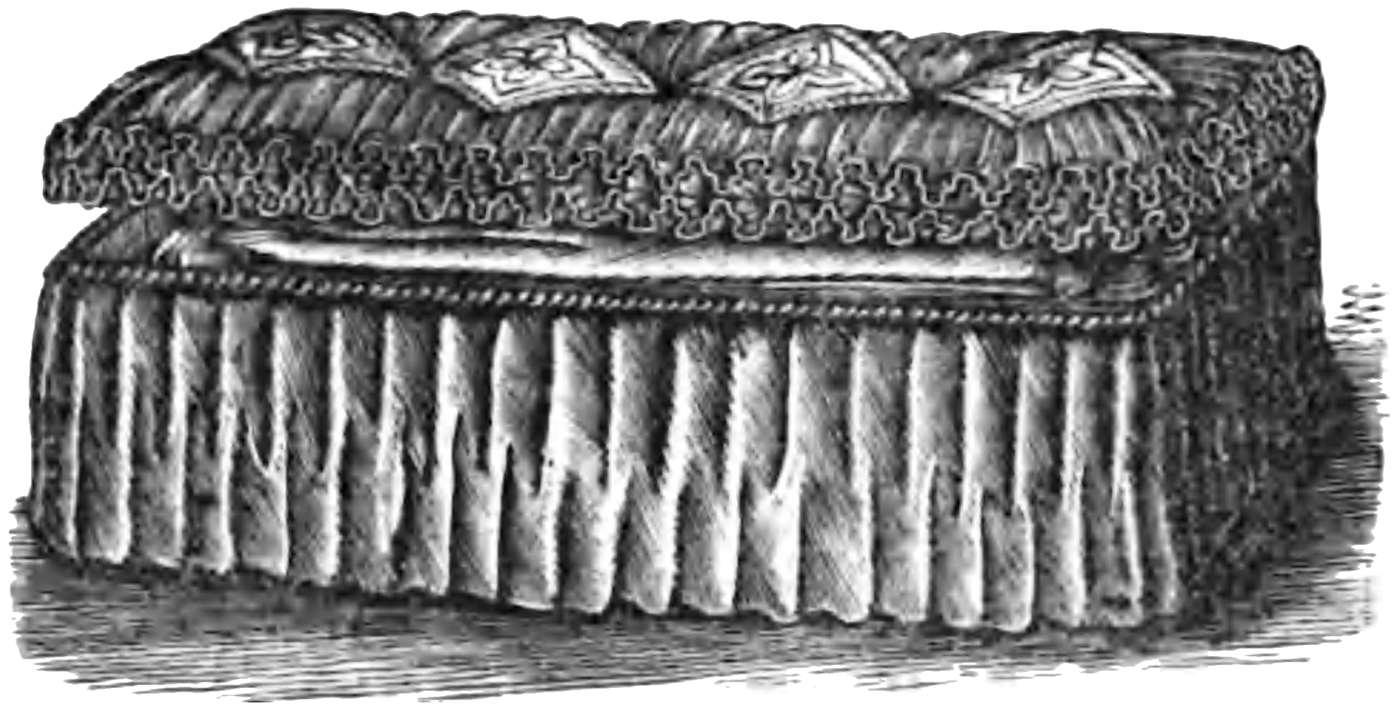
We give, this month, a very stylish, yet economical, costume, which will be very suitable for visitors to the country, or for a walking-dress anywhere. We annex a diagram for the costume.



No. 1. Half of Front.
No. 2. Half of Back.
No. 3. Sleeve.
No. 4. Pocket.

ORNAMENTAL GLOVE-BOX.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Box of cardboard, covered with gray satin, arranged in single folds, and slightly wadded on the lid. The embroidery is worked with two shades of gray purse silk, and with gold thread in chain, and overcast stitch in point russe. It is a very pretty and new design.

TRIMMING FOR DRESSES, ETC.

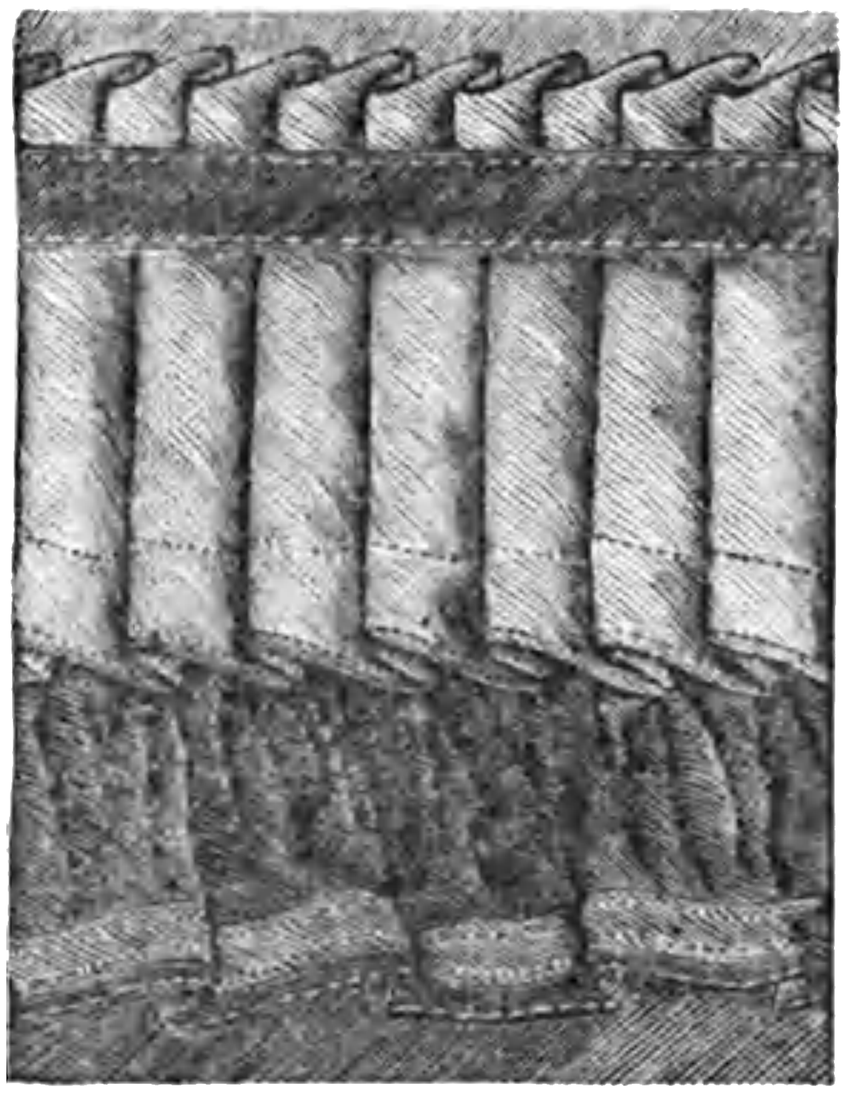
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

This trimming is suitable for cashmeres, prints, and summer materials, and would be pretty for trimming print dresses for children. Either the fashionable mixed braid or plaid material may be laid on and stitched down.



No. 1.

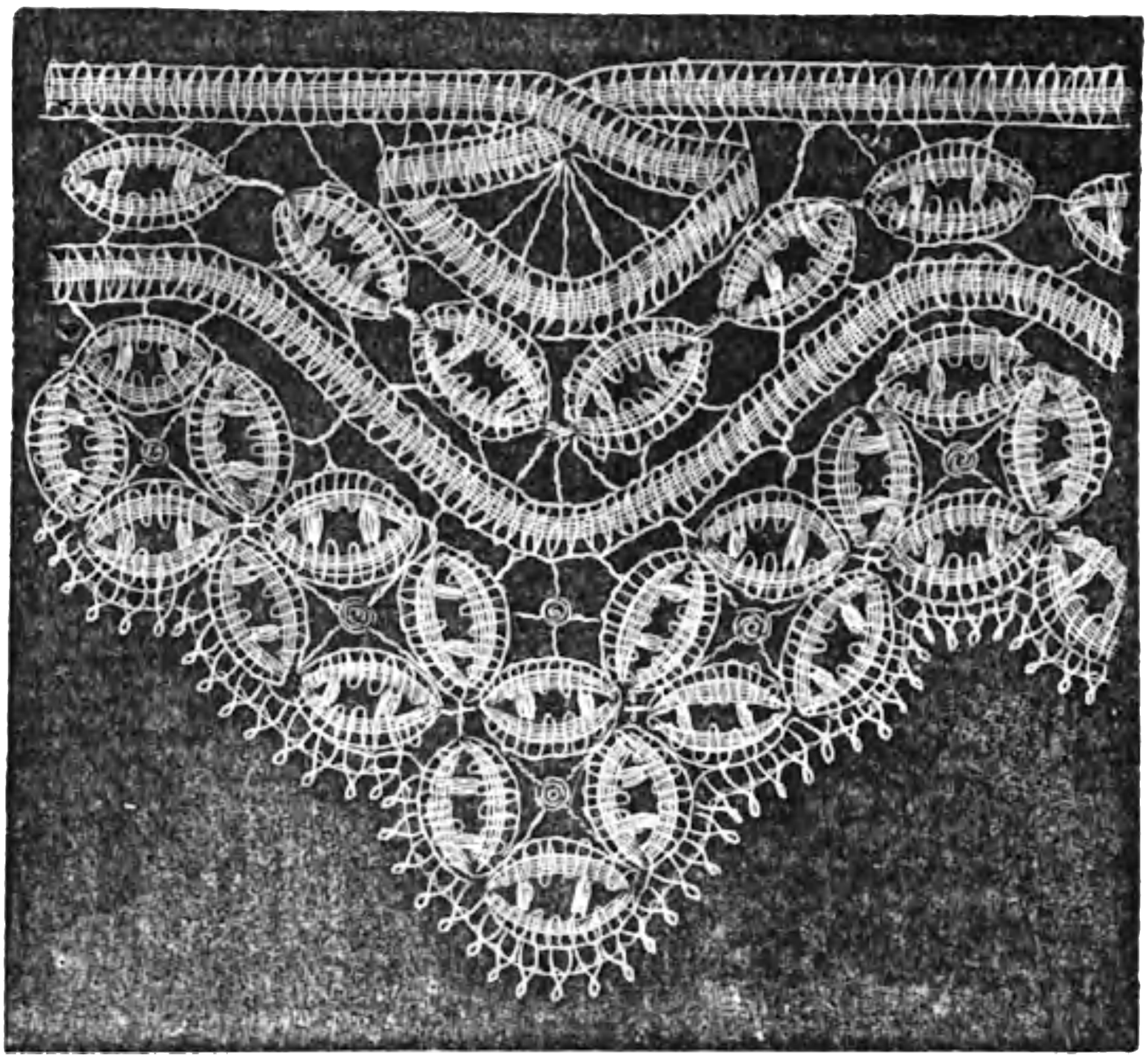
The trimming is of two shades of the material of the dress. The lower frill is gathered and finished at the edge with a stitched band of the lighter shade. The upper part is plaited and finished at the heading with a stitched band of the lighter shade, and at the lower edge with two rows of stitching.



No. 2.

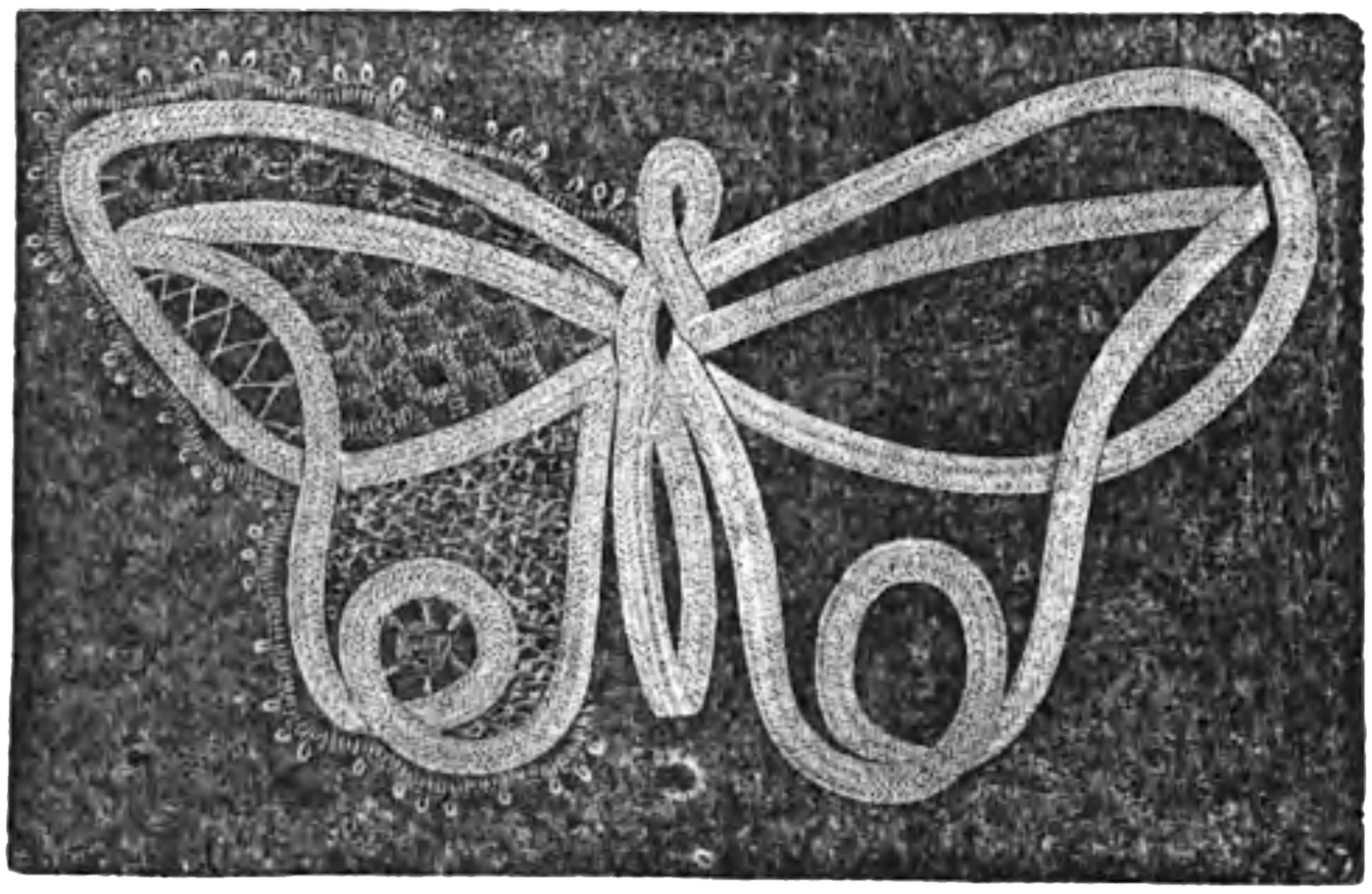
MODERN POINT LACE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

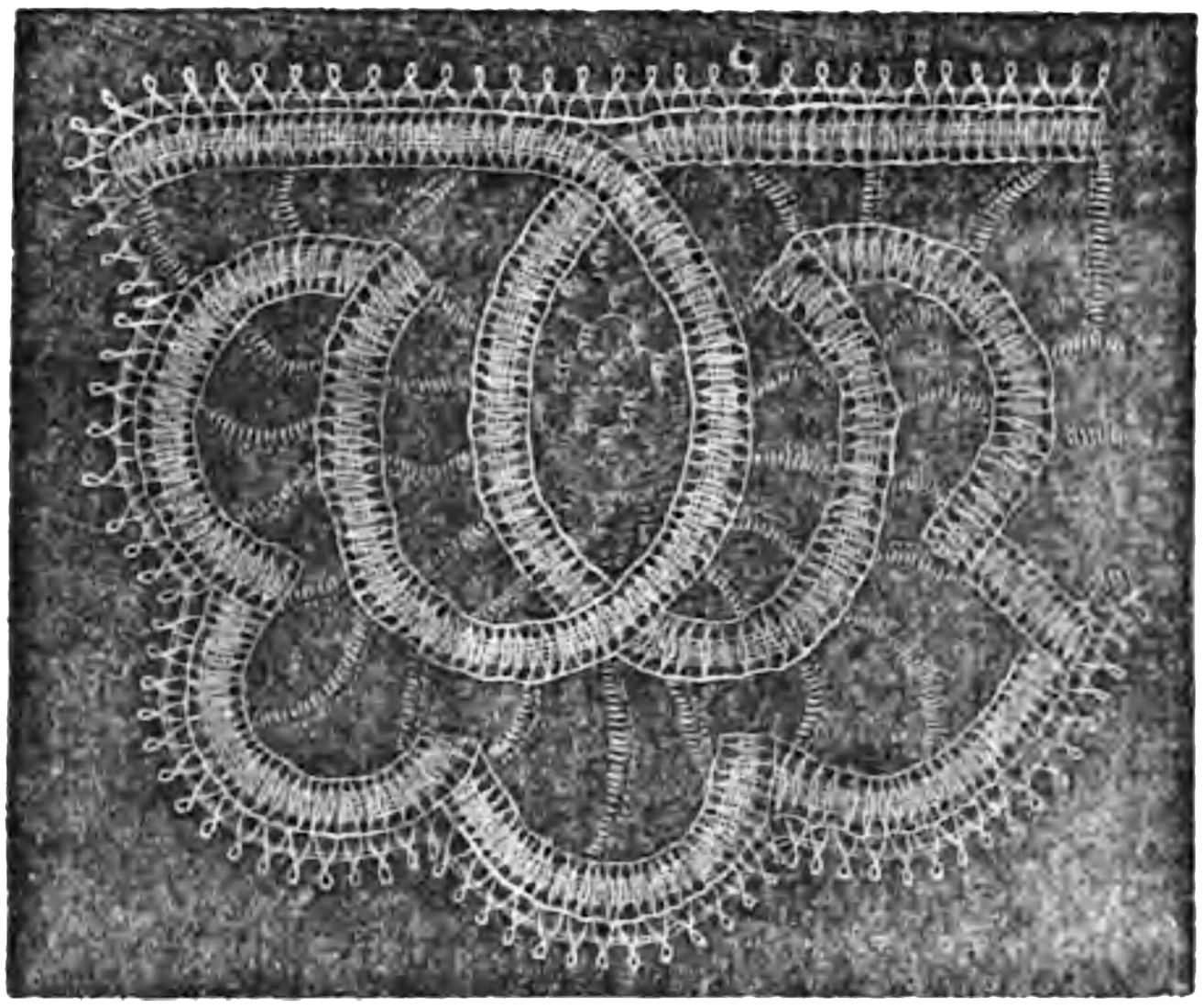


Point lace, or, as it is generally called, modern point lace, is a very fascinating employment for young ladies; so many pretty and elegant articles can be made in it; and if worked with the great neatness and wonderful evenness of old point, there is no reason why it should not be as valuable. We have received so many inquiries about making it, that we give here an article on the subject.

The materials required for this work are plain and fancy linen braids, of widths suitable to the pattern to be worked; but many ladies prefer making their own braid, so that the work may be entirely of their own hands. Messrs. Walter Evans & Co.'s Mecklenburg linen thread, from Nos. 10 to 50, the intermediate ones being the most useful. H. Walker's "Queen's Own" point lace needles, Nos. 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10.



It is better not to begin on too large a piece; we therefore give one of the butterflies, so fashionable to wear, on colored ribbon, in the hair.



Our illustration shows one half-finished: the other with only the braid in outline. Tack the braid very neatly on the outline of the butterfly, then fill in the stitches. Fill the upper part of top wing with net, which embroider to your taste. Fasten strands of thread across each way, two at a time, as shown in the engraving. Make a circle where the strands cross, passing the thread round two or three times; work over these threads * two button-hole stitches in the space between the two threads, three button-hole stitches in the next space; repeat from *, twist your thread round the strand to the next crossing, and repeat till all the spaces are filled.



Then the cobweb for the spots on the lower wing, fasten six strands firmly across the circle formed by the braid, take a fresh piece of thread, and

pass it round and round, under and over, leaving an end, which will be in the middle. When the cobweb is the size shown in the engraving, pass the needle under it into the middle, then make one or two neat overcast stitches, which will fasten in the first end; then cut off both closely. In the division surrounding this cobweb, work what is called spotted lace. This is worked backward and forward. Work two button-hole stitches close to one another; miss a space about the eighth of an inch; work two more button-hole stitches close together, miss a space: repeat. At the end of the row, work two button-hole stitches down the side, and work back, the stitches to be worked into the space, and the space made over the stitches. Work the remainder of the lower wing in honeycomb stitch. Fasten the thread to the right-hand side of the work.

1st Row: Make long loops across, fastening to the braid with two close or button-hole stitches, at intervals of about a quarter of an inch apart.

2d Row: Work twelve button-hole stitches into each loop, and one into the fastening.

3d Row: The same as 1st, being careful to work the close stitches into the centre of each loop.

To edge the butterfly, work all round the outline of it. Fasten the thread to the braid, and work a button-hole stitch; miss a small space, and leave about the same length of thread in the same place, about the eighth of an inch, and in some a quarter, according to the curve of it, but so that it will lie flat; when this is done, work into each loop of thread three button-hole stitches; pass the thread round a strong pin while the next stitch is worked; repeat this loop after every third stitch. This completes the butterfly.

The following stitches are all considered very beautiful.



No. 1,—SPIDER'S WEB.

This is worked with fine thread, and requires a sharp needle.

Fasten a number of strands across, according to the space to be filled—sixteen or twenty. Twist each strand back as you make it. When you come to the last, twist back to the centre only, run the thread three or four times under and over the alternate strands, then twist once down the last strand, and carry the thread round, passing the needle through each strand, and, if possible, splitting the thread. Continue till the space is filled.

The Borghese stitches were much used in the old Roman point, and they are most effective.



No. 2.—BORGHESE POINT.

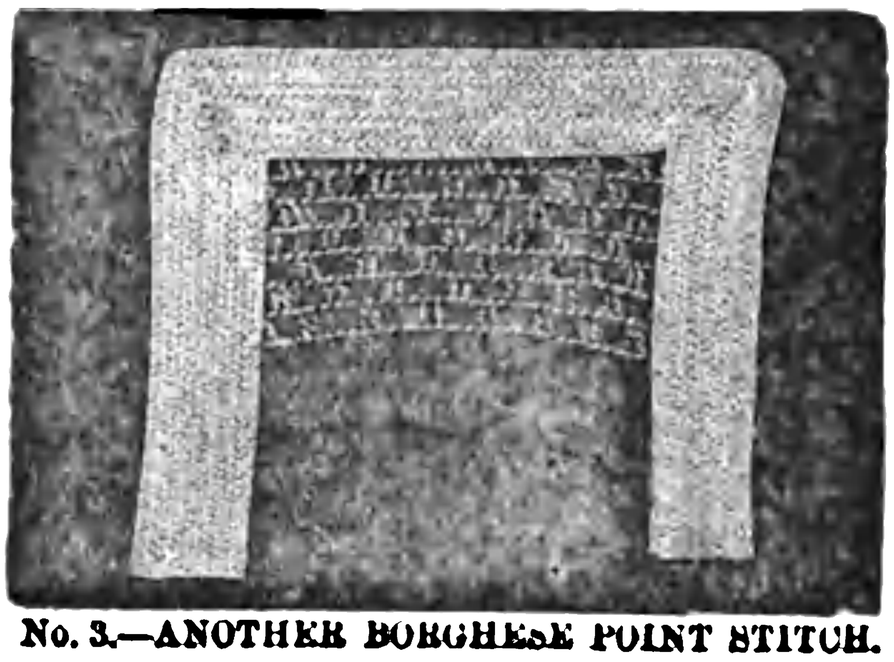
The two here given are the most popular. The stitch is always worked from right to left, and is button-hole with a double twist, the thread being twisted back from the end of the row by passing the needle up between each stitch, and twice or three times in a space, according to the length. To avoid repetition, the twist back from left to right is to be done after every row, and will not be mentioned again, but will be understood, and in the description each row will begin from the right-hand side.

1st Row: Work 6 stitches; miss the space of five; repeat.

2d Row: Work 5 stitches over the 6, and 6 stitches into the space of 5.

3d Row: Miss 5 and work 6 stitches.

4th Row: Work 6 stitches into the loop, and 5 over the 6; repeat.



No. 3.—ANOTHER BORGHESE POINT STITCH.

1st Row: Work 2 stitches, the same as in the preceding stitch; miss the space of 2; repeat.

2d Row: Work 2 stitches into the space; miss 2; repeat; proceed as in 2d row.

Fasten strands across the work at distances of rather more than a quarter of an inch, as shown in the engraving, then fasten a perpendicular strand, twist down it to the first horizontal one,



No. 4.—POINT DE LOUVAINE.

and work as follows: * make a stich at No. 2, bring the thread over No. 1, and make a stitch at No. 3, then make a stitch on strand No. 1; repeat from *, keeping the threads that pass over the No. 1 strand very even.

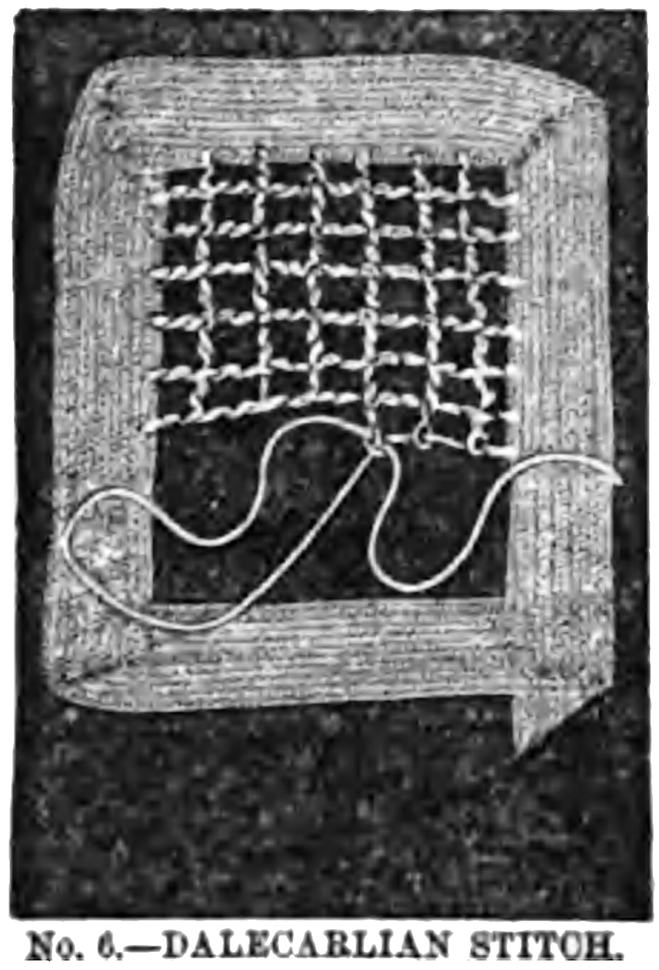
This is a very beautiful stitch, and is suitable



No. 5.—POINT DE COLBERT.

either as a grounding-stich or for filling spaces large enough to show the beauty of it.

Fasten straight strands across each way, about a quarter of an inch apart, then fasten diagonal strands each way. Where they all join, run the thread round twice, under and over the strands alternately, then work with a sort of back-stitch, passing the needle under 2 strands, then taking it over the last of these two, under the same, and one beyond; repeat. Work 5 or 6 rounds in this way, according to the size you wish the star to be; make a little dot in the centre of the square by running the thread round three times.

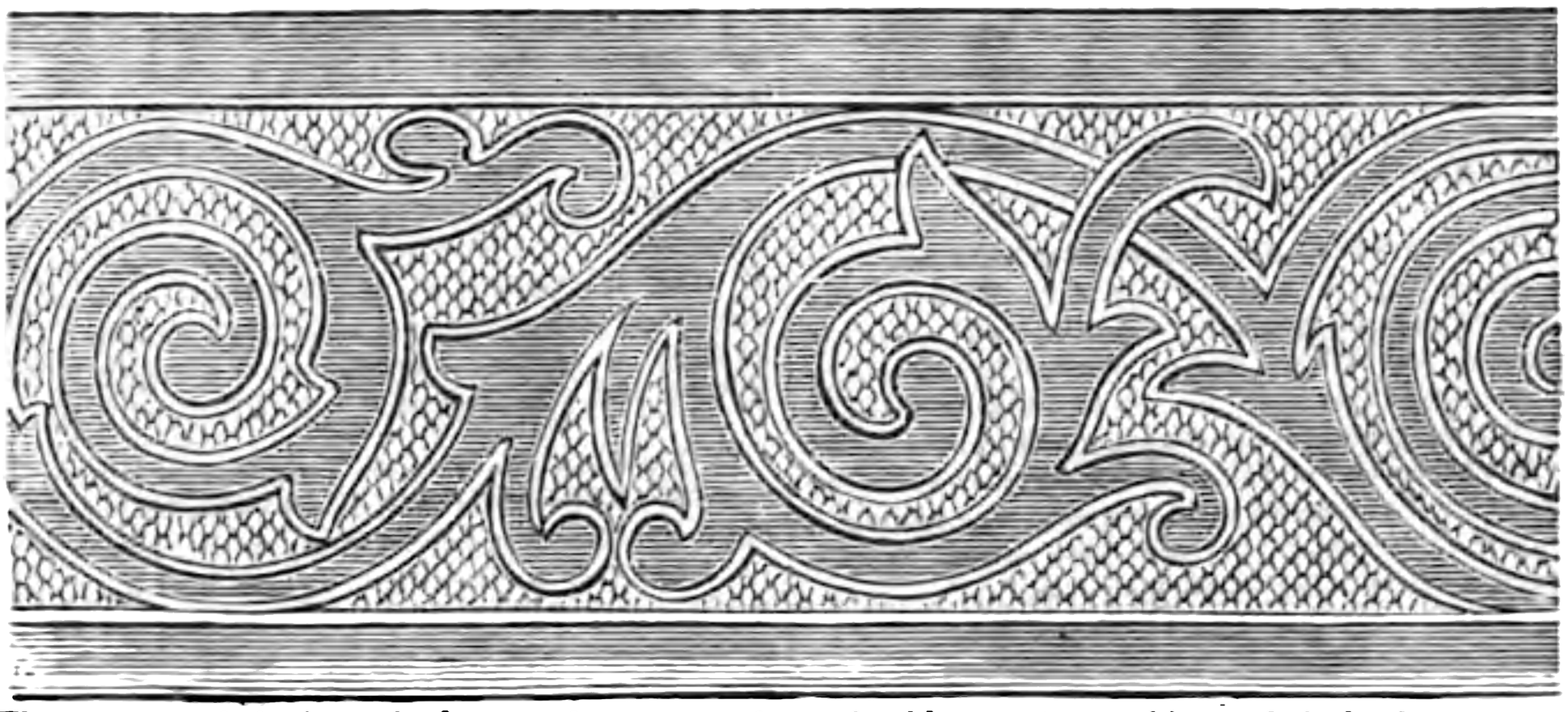


No. 6.—DALECARLIAN STITCH.

This ground-stitch is worked from right to left. Insert your needle in the braid, and bring it down in a simple sewing-stich, leaving it a little loose; then pass the needle over the thread, going up to the braid, under the thread, coming down (as shown in the engraving,) and draw tight when the row is finished; twist the thread back and proceed as before, being careful to keep the squares as even as possible.

INSERTION, ECRU CAMBRIC AND NET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The ecru cambric is tucked over the net, and the traced outlines are button-holed with white embroidery cotton; the cambric is then cut away and the net forms the ground-work.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Never Borrow Trouble, for if trouble is to come, it will come soon enough, and prove sufficiently hard to bear. And yet, so foolish are some people, that half of their worries arise, not from present trouble, but from the anticipation of trouble that never comes. We are not sure, in fact, but that Americans, as a class, have this weakness. We are always discounting trouble. A financial panic, half the time, is more or less a mere scare. What is true of the nation is true of the individual, is even more true, perhaps, of women than of men. Every day we hear housewives deploring that the nurse will probably leave, or that the children will catch the measles, or that some other evil is sure to happen.

Yet nothing takes the courage out of one quicker than this habit. It becomes chronic, after awhile. The notion, too, preys on the sensibilities of everybody about. A wife, who is always borrowing trouble is a dead-weight on a husband. She sends him off to his work, every morning ready to be depressed by the slightest turn of ill luck; and when he comes home at night, her lugubrious air is a damper on him all the evening. It is vastly wiser to be too hopeful than to be too desponding. "Faint heart," says the old adage, "never won fair lady." So in winning fortune, those who borrow trouble are rarely successful. They run the race of life, so to speak, over-weighted. Whereas a cheerful, sunny, sanguine character gives one, as it were, the winged feet of a Mercury. After all, we make the future, quite as often as the future makes us. To win fortune we must deserve her

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Calico Party Dresses are still quite the fashion, especially for fancy costumes. The truth is that calicoes are now so cheap, and in such good colors, that they really are the best material for this purpose. And nothing seems so effective, for a fancy dress, as a copy from some sort of Dresden china figure. We saw, lately, a beautiful reproduction of a blue and white china figure at a calico fancy ball, given for a charitable purpose. The skirt was short, made of a white print, with tiny, widely-scattered bouquets of blue flowers upon it. The tunic, which was caught up and much tucked under, was of dark-blue print, with white flowers on it; the bodice was of plain, dark-blue cotton, laced across the front, over white, and the hat was of the large shape now so much worn, made of blue cotton velvet. A French market woman with muslin cap and calico dress would be suitable for the lady herself, the reproduction of china figures for the daughters, while the gentleman might have recourse to an Arcadian shepherd, a gentleman of Elizabeth's reign, or a Tyrolean hunter, sateen in the colors required answering admirably.

Now is the time to begin to talk to friends and neighbors about subscribing for "Peterson" for 1877. Whatever else is taken, "Peterson" should be taken first, for it appeals to a greater variety of tastes, and gives more for the money than any other magazine. As one of our cotemporaries says, "it is really indispensable in every refined household." We will whisper in our cotemporary's ear, that we intend to make "Peterson" better than ever, next year, starting a new era with the second century of the nation. It will, therefore, be more indispensable than ever.

Specimens of this magazine are sent gratis, remember, to persons wishing to get up clubs.

Appliqué Work on Satin.—A subscriber asks how to make the fashionable appliqué work of cloth on silk or satin. We have often given directions, but repeat them again. Having selected a design, procure scraps of colored cloth from the tailor's, or from your scrap-bag, and proceed to cut out the forms to be placed on the material. A dark color, black, or nearly so, is preferable, though sometimes a pale drab or gray may suit better with the furniture. Carefully mark the middle of the cloth, and make other marks at regular distances, two, three, or four inches apart, according to the form of the design. Then attach the various portions already cut with strong paste (starch is the cleanest kind of paste,) press the whole, covered with a clean linen cloth, with a flat-iron, and let it remain laid *flat* till perfectly dry. Then work round every leaf or portion of design in buttonhole-stitch, with an appropriate color in embroidery silk.

It is a pretty variety in appliqué, if a sprig be embroidered in natural colors on some of the compartments, and others be diapered or beaded. In diapering, strong silk threads must be laid across the cloth to represent netting; if these be of gold color, then at each juncture of the threads there should be a small cross-stitch in blue; any other contrast suiting the tint of the compartment can be used, so that the combination of colors may be harmonious. Velvet of any color, starched at the back, can be effectively introduced in the appliqué work.

A Wedding-Dress.—We recently saw a new and very beautiful design for a wedding-dress, a description of which may not be uninteresting to our fair subscribers, a large number of whom are doubtless going to be married *this* fall. It was a brocade of creamy-white silk, wrought over with silver pond lilies. The tablier was satin, nearly covered with three diagonal rows of pearl passementerie, looking like embroidery. The bodice was brocade, the sleeves satin; the veil was creamy tulle. The bridemaids' dresses, which were ordered at the same time as *this* costume, were white tulle, covered with marguerites worked in with white floss silk, and the tulle looped up with soft white silk sashes; the flowers were white carnations, hyacinths, and white snowballs. These flowers look stiffer than the lilies of the valley, clematis, or convolvuli, worn on previous seasons, but they are newer, and "the fashion," just now.

A Real Home.—A cotemporary has recently well *said*, that "the moment we enter a house we can see whether it is a dead sepulchre, in which its inmates pass a cold, lifeless existence; a careless tent which has been struck up *for* a day or two, and from which the tribe will migrate soon; or a real home, an abiding place, where the family are happy, where they love to be, and where they show *signs* of life and of interest in the adornments and surroundings." Our cotemporary might have added, that in such a home, he would always find a magazine, and generally it *would* be "Peterson," the freshest of them all

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Be Early in the Field.—If you design getting up a club for "Peterson" for 1877, do not let anybody else be in the field before you. Every year, we get letters saying, "If I had only begun earlier, I could have had twice as many subscribers." Now we intend to bring out so many novelties, next year, that not to have "Peterson," will be to be out of the fashion. Secure your clubs early, therefore, before others get around.

A New Volume Begun with the July Number.—Single subscriptions, as we stated last month, are taken, at one dollar, for the six months from July to December. Or, to those wishing to subscribe for the year, back numbers, at two dollars for the year, will be sent from January. *Additions to clubs may be made at the price paid by the rest of the club.* "Peterson" gives, in every number, not less than eight pages more of reading matter than other magazines at the same price; gives also a colored pattern, which no other magazine gives, and some of these patterns are worth fifty cents alone; gives a double-sized steel fashion-plate, superbly colored, whereas other magazines give only cheap lithographed fashions; and gives, at least, one steel plate in every number, executed in the highest style of the art, after some celebrated picture. Magazines, that charge even three or four dollars, are inferior to "Peterson" in these respects. This is, emphatically, the cheapest, best, and therefore *the magazine for the times.* No clubs taken for less than a year. Clubs may begin with January or July, however. The July number is an excellent number to begin a club with.

How to Water Plants.—The roots are to be thoroughly wetted without leaving any standing water; this well done wil answer the purpose for several days where the plants are in the ground. It should be done on cloudy days or at evening. The mere sprinkling of water on the surface does no good; the water does not go down deep enough, and besides, in a hot sun, the evaporation cools the ground so as to threaten, if not injure the more sensitive plants. What is best, is to mulch plants with the short grass cut from the lawn, or dry dust from the street will answer; give so much water and such protection that there shall be no quick evaporation. It is below, and not on the surface that water is needed and beneficial.

If you give a Luncheon, and your household is small, it saves a great deal of trouble to have an entirely cold one, all the dishes placed on the table together, and this more especially at this season of the year. In winter the meat or fish may be hot, the sweets cold; but in any case the table must not be overloaded, either with dishes or ornaments; and great taste should be displayed, not only in garnishing the dishes, but in decorating the table with tasteful vases of delicate ferns and flowers.

Sure To Want The Next.—The Randolph County (Ala.) News says of this magazine: "It is the best, the cheapest, the most interesting and instructive magazine in America, and when a lady examines one number, she is sure to want the next one. It is the most reliable fashion guide published, and the lady who selects a pattern from it, may be sure she has the latest style."

The Clinging Fashion of Drapery, we are glad to see, begins to show signs of going out of fashion. This style has always been very inconvenient. It necessitates first an exquisite figure, and then a first-rate dress-maker, for it displays every curve, and when badly cut, these dresses are frightful; then there is so little scope for variety.

The Smallest Bible ever printed is from the Oxford University press. It is four and a half inches long, two and three-quarter inches broad, and half an inch thick. It is printed on rough, unbleached India paper, extremely thin and opaque, and weighs, bound in limp morocco leather less than three and a half ounces.

Long, Slender Waists, like those of Louis XVII. reign, are decidedly the fashion of the day. Bodices are lined at the back, and all the details of make are contrived in order to compress the wearer as much as possible.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Men and Manners in America One Hundred Years Ago. Edited by H. E. Scudder. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.*—This is the second volume of a "Sans-Souci Series," the first of which we noticed so favorably last month. In every respect it is equal to its predecessor, and in some respects superior. It is a compilation from various memoirs, books of travel, letters, etc. of, the Revolutionary period; and it has been made with such judgment, that the life of a hundred years ago lives again for us as we read. The Baroness Riedesal, John Trumbull, Elkanah Watson, St. John Crevecouer, the Marquis de Chastellux, Lieutenant Auburey, Mrs. Grant of Laggan, Graydon's Memoirs, Watson's Annals of Philadelphia, and various other authorities have been laid under contribution. The result is a picture of manners as they existed in America in 1776, not only in New England and in the Middle States, but also in the Southern Colonies, such as can be found nowhere else in a single volume. The book ought to have a very large sale.

Silver Pitchers: and Independence, a Centennial Love-Story. By Louisa M. Alcott. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—Whatever Miss Alcott writes is sure of being acceptable. In this elegant little volume, we have a number of her shorter stories, the book taking its name from a capital temperance tale, which leads off the collection. There are nine stories in all, and it is difficult to tell which is the best. Miss Alcott has the rare merit of writing almost entirely from observation. She neither evolves her characters from her own consciousness, as certain half-transcendental authors do, nor copies them from popular novels, like two-thirds of our so-called writers of fiction; but she photographs the people she sees about her, showing her art in the fitness of her selections and the skill with which she groups them. The volume is handsomely printed and bound.

Theophilus and Others. By Mary Mapes Dodge. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.*—Nothing will be more welcome to the reader, for the warm days which linger into the fall, than this collection of bright and spicy stories. Mrs. Dodge is invariably entertaining. She never grows dull, even when she lectures. Good-humor seems to be her prevailing characteristic. Yet her writings are as profitable as they are pleasant. They are also thoroughly American, not only in name, but in reality, for they are full of local color, and sparkle with racy, native-born humor. "Theophilus" is particularly good, and of its various chapters, "Dobbs' Horse" is, perhaps, the best, certainly the most mirth-provoking. The volume is neatly printed.

For Summer Afternoons. By Susan Coolidge. 1 *vol.*, 24 *mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—It is a real pleasure to see such a selection of dainty stories put forth in such a dainty form. Most of the tales have already won popularity for themselves, and will be welcomed gladly by persons who wish to keep them in book form. Nothing, indeed, could be better, in their way, than "Bayberry Brook," "Martin," "An Aloe-Blossom," and most of the collection: they are fresh, original, told with spirit, and are nearly all thoroughly realistic. The poems, of which there are a few scattered through the volume, are also very good.

Cripps, the Carrier. By R. D. Blackmore. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo New York: Harper & Brothers.*—The author of this novel is already favorably known by his "Alice Lorraine," and still better by his "Maid of Sker." The present story is capital summer reading.

Miss Molly. By Beatrice M. Butt. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. New York: Henry Holt & Co.*—A simple, unpretending little story, but told with great feeling and naturalness. We hope to hear from this author again.

The Land of the Sky. By Christiana Read. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.*—A narrative of a month spent in the mountain regions of Western Carolina, with a slight thread of a love-story running through it. A readable book.

of the left side, are all of dark-gray cloth, ornamented with rows of stitching. The jacket is fastened slightly toward the left side with two buttons, and opens a little as it descends.

FIG. IX.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF BLACK AND FAWN-COLORED FOULARD.—The upper-dress is a black and fawn-colored plaid. The under-dress, the scarf drapery at the bottom of the plaid dress, and the ends at the back, are of the fawn color. The front is ornamented with a Spanish ball-fringe. The back, waist, sleeves, etc., are trimmed with black velvet. The sleeves are of the fawn silk. Fawn-colored chip bonnet, trimmed with black velvet, and yellow chyranthemums.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We give, this month, two of the newest style of collars and under-sleeves, one set made with broad hem-stitch, the other with ruffles of narrow French embroidery. Also two fichus; the first is made of black crepe de Chine, and has a trimming of rich cream-colored lace; it is slightly pointed at the back. The other is of white net, trimmed with two rows of blond lace, and with a bow of ribbon to match the color of the dress with which it is worn. We give, also, a black velvet capote, for a young girl. It has the inside of the border lined with rose-colored satin, and a bow of the same on the front. The strings and bow at the back are of black satin ribbon. The hat is of brown straw, trimmed with a brown bird, and cream-colored silk.

The season has not sufficiently advanced to give us anything decidedly new in the make of dresses. Basques are still worn. One of the newest dresses just come from Worth is of the "Incroyable" style. It is a dress with a small "collet de conspirateur," a long-waisted bodice, with a close-fitting skirt, and a narrow train, that can be looped up and made demi-long at pleasure. The incroyable is generally made of striped silk. The collet de conspirateur is often composed of several capes; at other times there is one cape, and that is continued in front as a long fichu.

Some few gay plaid or Scotch tartan dresses have made their appearance, but they are not much in favor; stripes are much more popular. The new evening silks are all of pale, soft colors. As we have just said, stripes preponderate over plain materials and checks, and the habit or coat made of brocade, China silk, damask, lampas, Sicilienne, or crepe de Chine is the favorite over-dress; and it always differs in materials from the skirt. The waist of this coat or habit is long; the sleeves are narrow; there is a turned-down collar. The front has pockets, and there is a tail at the back, and over the coat there is a sash as wide as a baby would wear, forming flat plaits in front, and being tied at the back. Sometimes there is a jabot in front of the coat, and sometimes a row of old-fashioned buttons. This habit is at times fastened with a straight row of buttons, while others open over a waistcoat embroidered all over in the style of the same worn at the court of Versailles, the foundation being a dull, dusky shade, and the embroidery or brocade showing the bright, brilliant shades; a jabot invariably accompanies the waistcoat. The sash above the coat is always of a bright contrasting color. This style is called the "Revolution Costume," and the head-gear accompanying it is generally a hat with the brim turned up on one side, and a feather sweeping from a large bow on the same side, then twisting around the crown. This hat is always black straw. Likewise the feather is short is black, and a long sweeping feather is added, which falls beneath the feather there are two sprays of flowers, white ones always is used for this style of dress, and the bow is cream gauze, and roses de rue, which are rich red. This is where the black straw ends. The new is full of judgment to harmonize colors with them, so as to give the effect of the bright plaids.

White muslin dresses, embroidered with colored wool, are very fashionable for small dinner and evening parties. Red embroidery is the most effective; and fichus, worked in the same style, are sold separately, and are worn with almost every variety of skirt. They render a plain ecru or alpaca dress quite effective with small trouble and cost.

The mixture of gray and red is much in favor. Bows of red ribbon are plentifully used on gray dresses, and particularly on those made of gray Madras. The two reds in vogue are antique, or poppy red and very dark Bordeaux; neither cerise nor groseille is to be seen. Olive-green and bronze are two very popular colors at present; and when two colors are used, among the most general are bronze and cream, dark-green and moss-green, navy-blue and Bordeaux red.

STRAW BONNETS are freshened up, and made to have a more fall-like appearance by re-trimming them with dark, silk ribbon, or velvet, and adding bunches of red cherries, grapes, or dark and rich-looking flowers.

GOLD and silver, as well as silk and worsted braids, are popular for trimmings; and fringes of all kinds are very much in vogue.

FICHUS AND CAPES of all kinds are worn; and it is even suggested that shawls will be in favor again.

MANTLES AND JACKET-BASQUES are of all styles. Nothing new has as yet appeared.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S SUIT MADE OF TWEED.—The skirt is kilt-plaited, attached to a long waistcoat, and fastened with a double row of buttons. Large paletot, with marquise pockets and long fronts. A bow at the back. Gray felt hat.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S COSTUME OF STRIPED AND PLAIN ALPACA. The skirt is trimmed with a gathered flounce of the striped material, and two upright frills. Princess tunic, long in front and short at the back; it is edged with a wide cross-band and tassel fringe. Faille bow at the back. Sleeves trimmed to match the skirt.

The hats are of straw, one of gray, trimmed with dark-blue; the other of brown, trimmed with a brown of a much darker shade. The bonnet for the little girl is of white satin, trimmed with a small ostrich feather, and a knot of blue velvet ribbon.

NOTICES.

☞ IN REMITTING, for "Peterson's Magazine," name, at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on New York, or Philadelphia, deducting the exchange: if a draft cannot be had, send greenbacks or notes of National banks, and register your letter. Be particular to address to CHARLES J. PETERSON, No 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ Persons ordering the Magazine from agents, or dealers, must look to them for the supply of the work. The publisher has no agent for whom he is responsible.

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☞ Contributors, who wish to preserve their articles, must keep copies of them. We do not undertake to return manuscripts that we cannot use.

☞ No subscription received, at club prices, for less than a year. Club subscribers must begin with either the January or the July number.

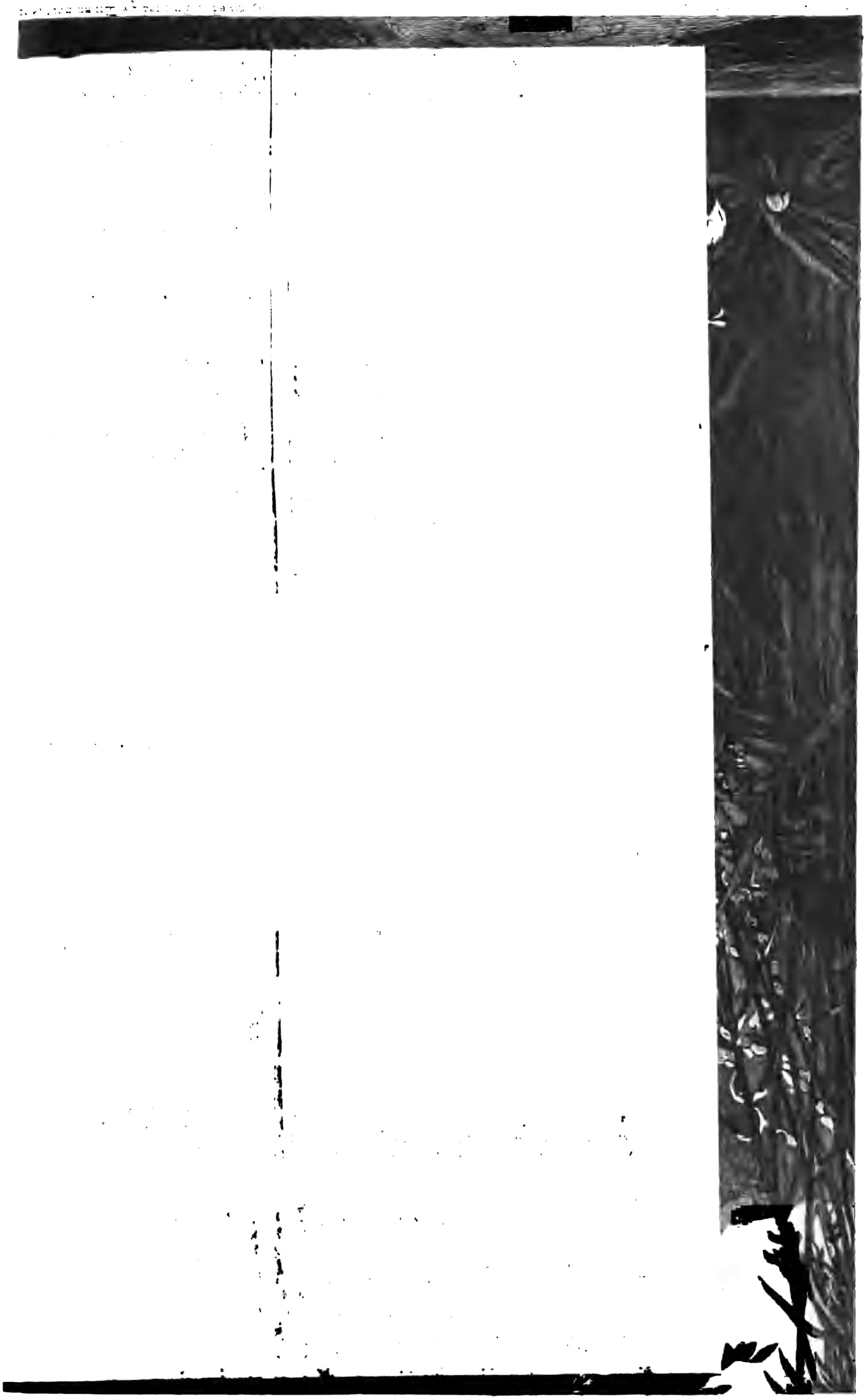
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Engraved & Printed by Ehman Brothers

PSYCHE WITH HER LAMP.

[redacted]



TIDY ON JAVA CANVAS.



THE HEROINE OF AN UMBRELLA. [*See the Story.*]



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.—The newspaper press, in all sections of the United States, indorse the claim of "Peterson" to be the cheapest and best of the lady's books, an unanswerable reason for subscribing. Says the Buffalo (N. Y.) Evening Post: "No lady ought to be without this magazine; the literary contents are better than ever; and we had thought them unequaled before." The Solan (N. C.) Press says; "The fashion-plates are unsurpassed: an unrivaled lady's book; unquestionably the cheapest and the best." The Church and School-House (Philadelphia) says: "The more we examine it, the better we are pleased with it: it is certainly superior to any other: no lady can afford to be without it." The Fulton (Mo.) Telegraph says: "Every lady should have this best and cheapest of all the magazines." The Democratic Bellefonte (Pa.) Watchman says: "Always the first on our table, and always the best." The Canastota (N. Y.) Herald says: "Unquestionably the cheapest and best of its class." The Tell City (Ind.) Commercial says: "We take pleasure in commending it to the reading public, as a magazine that is first in the ranks: nobody ought to be without it." The Ballston Spa (N. Y.) Journal says: "In our opinion the model magazine of America." The Olney (Ill.) News says: "Its mammoth colored fashion-plates are wonders of beauty." The Lynn (Mass.) Record says: "Grows better with each succeeding number." We have scores of similar notices, for which we seek room in vain.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson'" has had, for twenty years, an average circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village, and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., for terms, etc., etc.

OVER TWO MILLION LADIES have used "LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH" during the past twenty years for beautifying the complexion. Sold by all druggists.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

BY ABRAM. LIVERSEY, M. D.

No. IX.—ACCIDENTS, BURNS, SCALDS, ETC.

As misfortunes of this character are frequent in every nursery or household, mothers should be informed as to their correct treatment, or the proper applications to be made without delay for the prompt mitigation of suffering in their little ones.

It is only the slight accidents of this nature, however, that the mother must take the responsibility of treating, as the more severe injuries destroy not only the true skin, but the subjacent textures; and unless great care and circumspection are employed while the process of cicatrization is slowly repairing the loss of integuments or parts, great deformity or inconvenience may result, especially when the accident involves the neck, forearm, or hand.

It is well that mothers be informed, and remember, too, that extensive scalds or burns of the abdomen, chest, or head are very apt to produce corresponding inflammation of the parts within or beneath, namely, of the bowels, lungs, or brain; and hence the danger is of a twofold character.

Every medical author, and many practitioners have their favorite remedies for these accidents; and as some one of them may be found in every household, it is well to enumerate them pretty extensively.

The slighter burns or scalds may be promptly relieved and cured by the instant application of oil or spirits of turpentine, bathing the part for a few minutes, and afterward confining to the skin a linen rag thoroughly moistened with the same for an hour or so. Prompt relief in these slight cases can also be obtained by the use of a solution of sulphate of zinc (white vitriol,) in the proportion of a teaspoonful or more to a half pint of soft water, and applied by means of a bit of white muslin, and kept constantly wet for a time. The burning will soon cease, the redness be removed, and a cure will soon be effected.

White lead paint, as mixed for use in house painting, is a favorite remedy with Surgeon Gross, who recommends it highly, to be applied by means of cotton wool, or cloths, and kept well saturated with it, without removing the first application. Equal success, in very severe forms of burns and scalds, has attended dressings of simple linseed oil, applied in like manner, and kept thoroughly saturated with the oil until the injured parts are healed and the entire oily appliances are cast off by cicatrization.

If none of these remedial agents should be at hand, recourse may be had to others, probably of equal efficacy, namely, the thorough application of *flour*, by means of a dredging-box, to the extent of half an inch in thickness; or, what is still better, if at hand, is the flour of slippery elm bark; or cotton wool may be used alone; lime water and linseed oil; renewing either article, in every case, without changing the first dressings. The disposition that mothers, aunts, and nurses manifest to remove the dressings, to see "how the burn is getting along," is highly culpable, as every exposure of the injured part to the air causes high irritation, and very severe pain to the little sufferer.

☞ Perfect exclusion of atmospheric air is the principle of action, or treatment; and these various remedies have the effect of relieving irritation, affording present relief, and preventing the contact of air, which is so very painful.

Pain accompanying severe burns may require the administration of anodynes, as paregoric, to children, and in cases of temporary collapse or shock, at the time of accident, that of ammonia, or brandy and hot spirits to the stomach. These remedies, however, must be left, as far as possible, to the order of the family physician. The fingers, if badly scalded, must be kept carefully separated, by cloth or cotton, as well as extended, by means of a splint, during the healing process, otherwise adhesions may speedily take place laterally, in the one case, and powerful contractions toward the palms, in the other, each requiring an operation, ultimately, to restore usefulness to the hand.

If these several applications, as well as hints in the management of these accidents, be remembered by mothers, they will be prepared for every emergency, at all times and under all circumstances, saving much suffering to their children, and avoid any reflections of self-censure for neglect of duty toward them, at the present or after period of life.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

PRESERVES.

Normandy Pippins.—1. Let the pippins lie in cold water for a few hours. To each pound of fruit use about a quarter of a pound of loaf-sugar, and stew them gently for an hour in a quart of the water in which they have lain; add a little wine, and more sugar to taste. 2. Place the pippins in a pan, with sufficient cold water to cover them, allowing for the expansion, and leave them in it all night. In the morning add sugar and cloves, also wine, if desired, and bake them for two hours in a slow oven. They may be eaten either cold or warm.

Apple Jam.—Peel and core the apples, and cut them in thin slices; then put them into a preserving-pan, or enameled sauce-pan; and to every pound of fruit add three-quarters of a pound of white sugar, broken small, and put in, tied up in a piece of coarse muslin, a few cloves, a small piece of ginger, abd the rind of a lemon, very thin. Stir with a wooden spoon, on a quick fire, for twenty minutes, or longer. If the apples are juicy when sufficiently boiled, the jam will cling to the spoon. Remove the cloves, etc., and put the jam into jam-pots, and when quite cold, cut pieces of foolscap paper the exact size of the pots; dip them in brandy, put one piece of paper on each pot, and tie them down with thick paper or bladder. To be kept in a cool, dry place.

To Preserve Pears.—Parboil some pears with the peel on. Take them out of the water, peel and quarter them, then let them lie twenty-four hours in large dishes, with powdered lump-sugar thickly sprinkled over them. To six pounds of pears put the same quantity of loaf-sugar, one ounce of ginger, sliced thin, the peel of three lemons, cut into thin strips, and one pennyworth of cochineal. Stew gently for five hours, and keep in close-covered jars.

Another.—The pears should be peeled, sliced, and then boiled for three hours in a very little water, (only sufficient to keep them from burning.) When half boiled, add sugar just half the weight of the pears. Flavor with lemon-juice. 2. Make a syrup of sugar, then put in the pears, peeled and sliced. Boil them like any other preserve.

Apple Preserve.—Procure fresh-gathered, ripe apples, of a fine sort; peel them, take out the cores, and cut them in quarters. Place them in a preserving-pan with a glass of water, a little lemon or orange-peel, and a pound of sugar to a pound and a half of fruit. Let it boil thoroughly, and then put it into preserve pots.

PICKLES.

Pickles should always be done in the very best cider or wine vinegar, as the chemical preparations known by the name of vinegar soften the pickles, besides being very injurious to the stomach. Stone or glass jars are the best for keeping pickles, which should be always completely covered with vinegar. When they are first put into the jars, they require attention for a day or two, to keep them filled up, as the vinegar sinks in the jar, or is imbibed by the pickles.

Pickled Peaches.—Select ripe cling-stone peaches. To one gallon of good vinegar add four pounds of brown sugar. Boil this for a few minutes, and take off any scum which may rise. Rub the peaches with a flannel cloth, to remove the down, and stick a clove in each. Put them in glass or stone jars, and pour the liquor upon them boiling hot. When cold, cover the jars, and let them stand in a cool place for a week or ten days, then pour off the liquor, and boil it as before; after which, return it, boiling, to the peaches, which should be carefully covered, and stored away for future use. If your peaches are very hard, boil them in water till tender, before you pickle them, and they will be fit for use almost immediately.

Pickled Tomatoes.—Take one peck of ripe tomatoes, prick them with a large needle, and lay them in strong salt and water eight days. Then take them out of the brine, and lay them in vinegar and water for twenty-four hours. Scald a dozen small onions in vinegar, and stand the whole away to get cold. Drain the tomatoes, and add them to the cold onions and vinegar, with two wineglassfuls of mustard-seed and an ounce of cloves.

A Nice Quick Pickle.—Take the outside leaves off a red cabbage; cut in thin slices; place in a jar; pour boiling spiced vinegar over it. When cold, cover tightly. In ten days will be fit for use.

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE RECEIPTS.

Potted Butter.—Wash and well beat the butter, to free it from any milky substance; then to every pound of butter allow three-quarters of an ounce of salt, and a quarter of an ounce of sugar, which must be thoroughly mixed together. Put it into a stone jar. When it is nearly full, put a soft piece of muslin over, and fill up the jar with salt, which can easily be removed when the butter is wanted for use. Tie paper over, and keep it in a cool place.

Egg Sauce.—Boil half a dozen of eggs hard. When cold, remove the shell, cut each egg in half, crosswise, and each half into four quarters. Put them into one pint of melted butter.

Cream Sauce.—Into a pint of plain melted butter, made with very little flour, stir rather less than a gill of cream, beaten up with the strained yolk of an egg.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF BLACK SILK.—The over-dress is of blue cashmere, trimmed with a knife-plaited ruffle, headed by several rows of braid. Braid and buttons form the trimming down the front, and around the large, double cape and collar. A blue gimp rosette and tassels, with rows of braid, ornament the back of the dress. Chip hat, trimmed with blue flowers and black ostrich tips.

FIG. II.—EVENING-DRESS OF PEARL-COLORED SILK, trimmed with three scarfs of white organdy muslin, put on diagonally, edged with white lace, and fastened in place by three birds. Plain cuirass waist, low in the neck, with drapery like that on the skirt. A bird nestles in the hair.

FIG. III.—EVENING-DRESS OF SALMON-PINK SILK, with an over-dress of very thin white muslin, trimmed with imitation Valenciennes lace. The bows at the side, and wide sash at the back, are of the silk. High, plain cuirass waist Sleeves reaching to the elbow.

FIG. IV.—EVENING-DRESS OF DARK-GREEN VELVET AND LIGHT-GREEN DAMASK SILK.—The front of the dress and train are of the velvet, and the sides are of damask silk, draped and trimmed with fringe. The bows on the front are of the green silk, as well as the high cuirass waist. The sleeves are of velvet, with ruffles of the silk. White lace fichu, fastened in front with a red rose.

FIG. V.—HOUSE-DRESS OF BLACK VELVET, with an over-dress of ecru and black camel's-hair. The velvet skirt has one deep flounce gathered about half way down, to form a puff. The over-dress is faced at the edge, and looped with black velvet. Collar and cuffs of black velvet. The dress buttons down the back, and has a row of black buttons the length of the sleeves.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS OF BROWN AND FAWN-COLORED STRIPED MOHAIR.—The under-skirt is trimmed with a knife-plaited ruffle of the material, headed by two bands of brown silk. The upper-skirt and basque are trimmed to correspond. Brown straw bonnet, trimmed with brown silk and tea-roses.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS OF LIGHT CASHMERE OF TWO SHADES OF GRAY.—The under-skirt is trimmed with three rather narrow ruffles, arranged with strings at the back. The upper-skirt is quite long and square on the right side, where it opens, but is looped up higher on the left side, and is trimmed with a worsted fringe of the two shades of gray. Basque waist, trimmed with a heavy worsted cord. Gray straw bonnet, with a cap-crown of silk of a darker shade, and trimmed with a wreath of barberries.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-JACKET OF STEEL-GRAY CLOTH.—It is trimmed with a crossband, ornamented with twelve rows of stitching, worked on cloth of a slightly darker shade than the jacket. A collar, open at the throat, is trimmed to match; likewise the sleeves. The pockets at each side, and the one placed coquettishly toward the top

of the left side, are all of dark-gray cloth, ornamented with rows of stitching. The jacket is fastened slightly toward the left side with two buttons, and opens a little as it descends.

Fig. IX.—Carriage-Dress of Black and Fawn-Colored Foulard.—The upper-dress is a black and fawn-colored plaid. The under-dress, the scarf drapery at the bottom of the plaid dress, and the ends at the back, are of the fawn color. The front is ornamented with a Spanish ball-fringe. The back, waist, sleeves, etc., are trimmed with black velvet. The sleeves are of the fawn silk. Fawn-colored chip bonnet, trimmed with black velvet, and yellow chyranthemums.

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Mantles and Jacket-Basques are of all styles. Nothing new has as yet appeared.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. I.—Boy's Suit made of Tweed.—The skirt is kilt-plaited, attached to a long waistcoat, and fastened with a double row of buttons. Large paletot, with marquise pockets and long fronts. A bow at the back. Gray felt hat.

Fig. II.—Girl's Costume of Striped and Plain Alpaca. The skirt is trimmed with a gathered flounce of the striped material, and two upright frills. Princess tunic, long in front and short at the back; it is edged with a wide cross-band and tassel fringe. Faille bow at the back. Sleeves trimmed to match the skirt.

The hats are of straw, one of gray, trimmed with dark-blue; the other of brown, trimmed with a brown of a much darker shade. The bonnet for the little girl is of white satin, trimmed with a small ostrich feather, and a knot of blue velvet ribbon.

NOTICES.

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PEYRADE MONTRE DES LAMES.

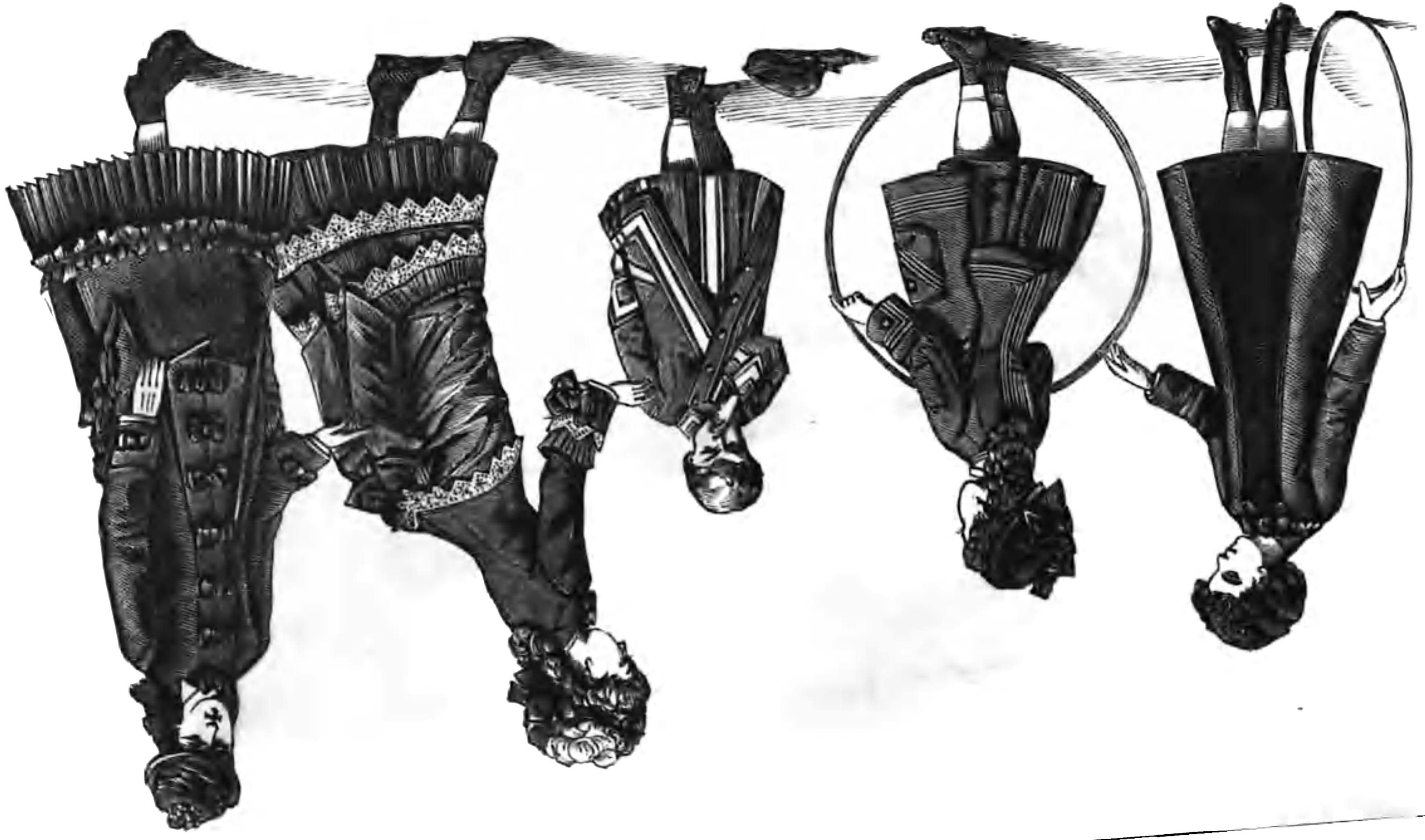






THE HEROINE OF AN UMBRELLA. [See the Story.]

CHILDRENS FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.





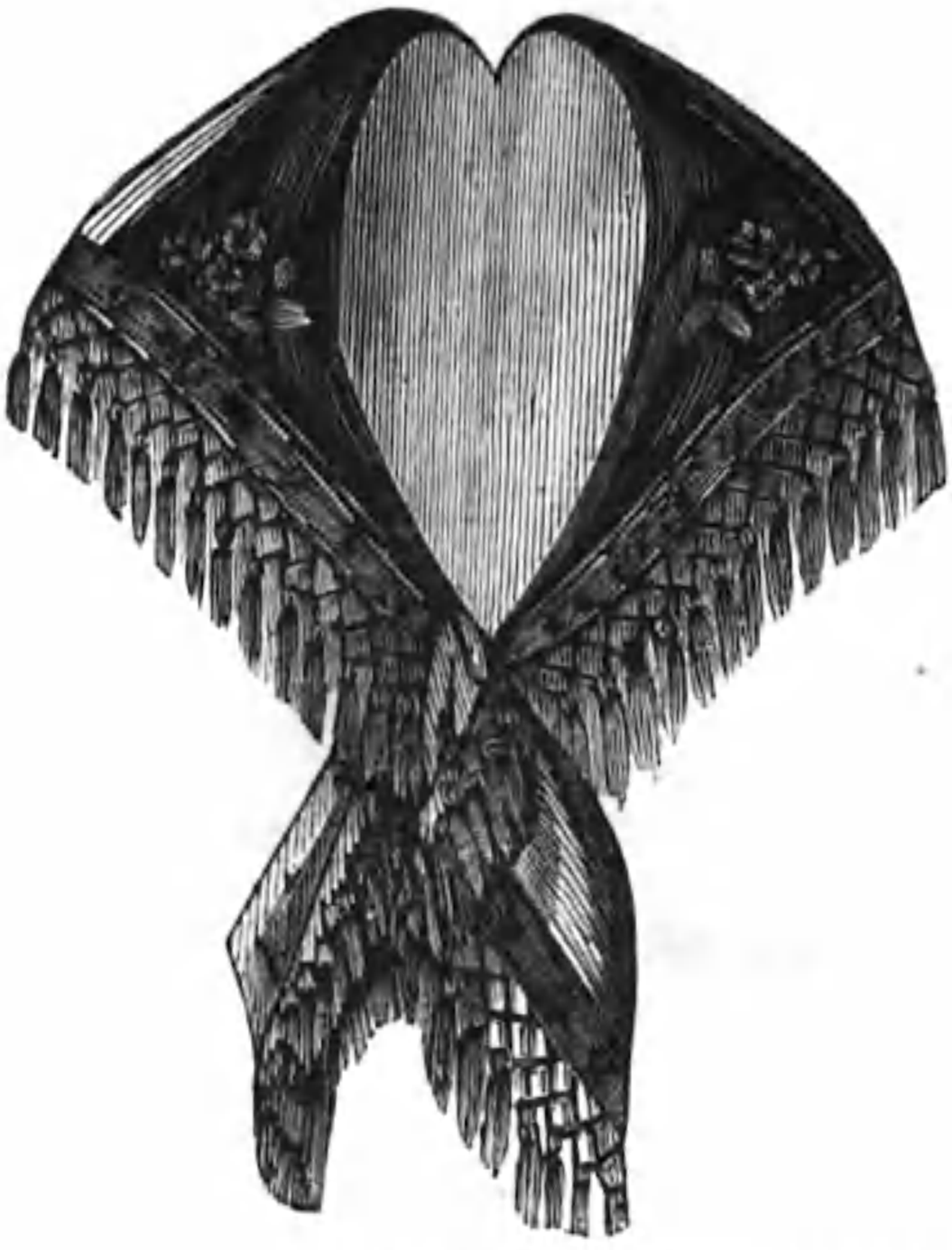
NEW STYLE FALL PALETOT—FRONT.



NEW STYLE FALL PALETOT—BACK.









FALL MANTILLA—FRONT AND BACK. FICHU—FRONT AND BACK.









POCKETS FOR DRESSES. NEW STYLE FALL BONNETS.





GIRL'S ULSTER—FRONT AND BACK. GIRL'S DRESS—FRONT AND BACK.



PALETOT—BACK AND FRONT. OUT-DOOR COSTUME.

BLISS FOREVER PAST.

M. W. BALFE.

As published by SEP. WINNER'S SON, 1003 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia.

Oh, would that I had died ere now, For then I had not
But no! but no, not one poor ray Of com - fort will be

felt The bit - ter pang, the crush - ing blow, Thy
mine; No gleam of hope how - ev - er faint, Will

cres.

cru - el words have dealt! I've but one so - lace,
thro' my sor - - row shine! That sor - row is so

heav - en grant It cheers me, cheers me to the last! 'Tis
sharp, so great, It's pow'r so deep, so deep, so vast, That

sad fond mem-'ry faith-ful still, To bliss for-ev - - - er
e'en the mem-'ry will it crush Of bliss for-ev - - - er

cres.

Riten stentate.

past, 'Tis sad fond mem'ry faithful still, To bliss forever past, 'Tis sad fond mem'ry
past, That e'en the mem'ry will it crush Of bliss for-ev-er past, That e'en the mem'ry

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faithful still, To bliss forever past.
will it crush, Of bliss forever

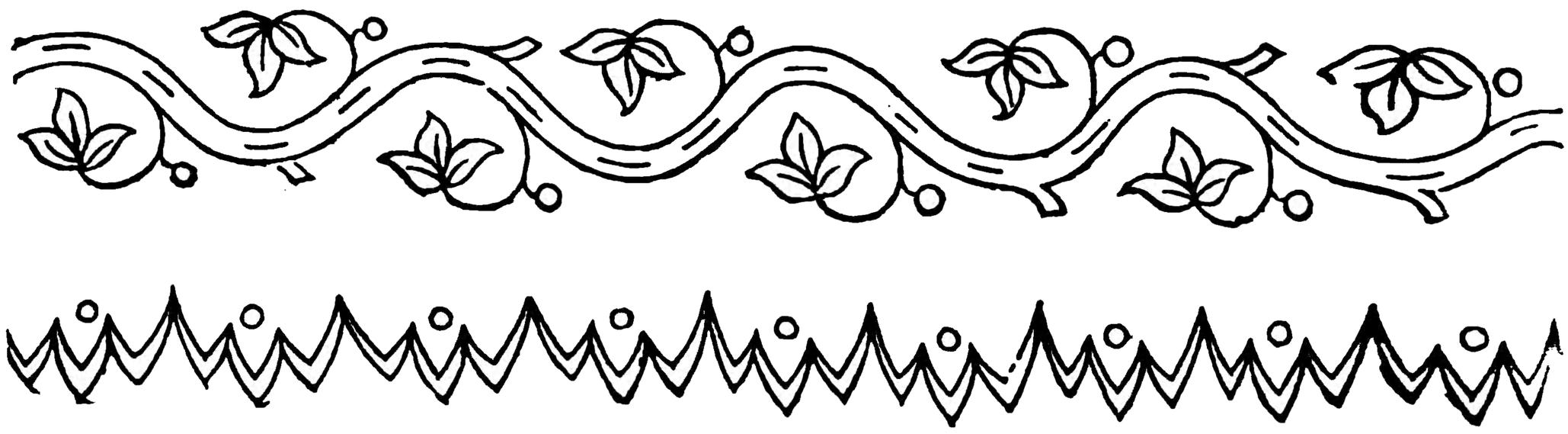
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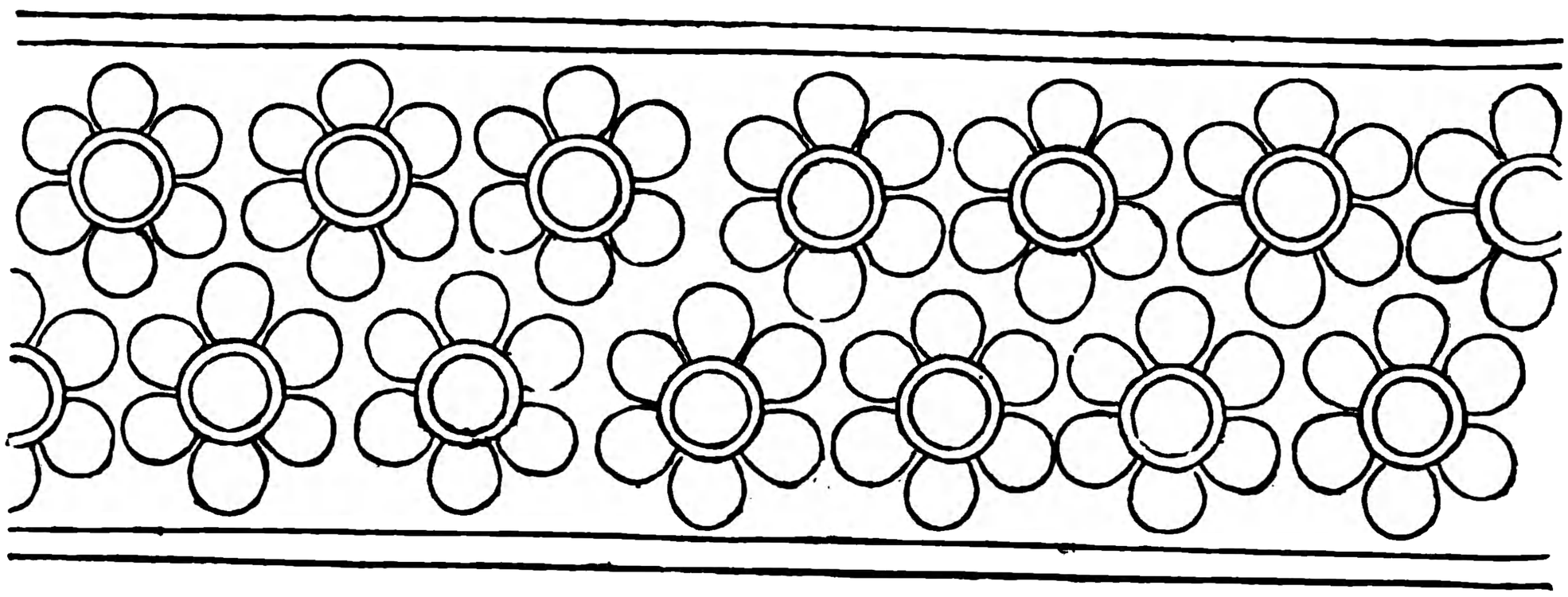
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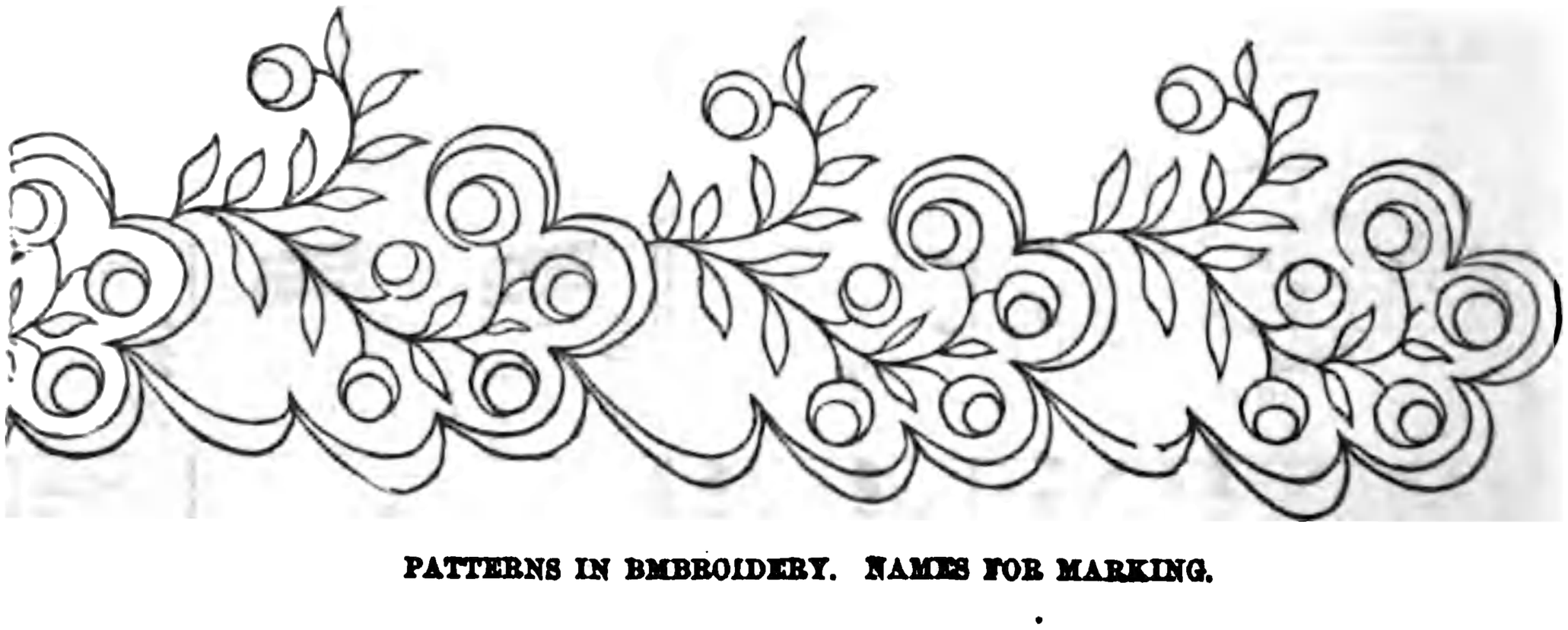
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Emilie Eidam's Cent





PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXX. PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1876. No. 4.

THE HEROINE OF AN UMBRELLA.

BY EMILY J. MACKINTOSH.

"I can't stand it any longer," cried pretty Kate Conway, jumping up from her chair. "I must go to the post-office, and get my magazine, no matter how hard it rains."

"But, my dear," said her mother, looking up mildly from the slipper she was embroidering, "it is coming down in torrents. You will get wet through."

"I can't help it," was the energetic reply, "I must have 'Peterson.' I am dying to know more of the continued stories. Besides, mamma, darling," and she stooped and kissed the still beautiful face, "there'll, no doubt, be some new work-table patterns; and you know how you doat on them."

"Well, my child," said the mother, quite conciliated by the kiss, "put on your thickest shoes, and wrap up well."

A few minutes later, Kate appeared dressed in a charming suit of cloth, trimmed with Astracan, a jaunty hat *en costume* on her head, and her chestnut curls flying in the wind. In a moment more she was on her way to the post-office. The rain fell in torrents, and the wind seemed to blow from every quarter at once, so that it was almost impossible for her to make headway against the storm. It took both her hands to hold her umbrella, which, once or twice, came near being turned inside out. Kate, however, was no mere carpet belle, she was as plucky as could be, and the struggle only heightened her color, and gave new brilliancy to her eyes.

She reached the post-office at last, received her magazine, which she thrust into her pocket, and set out to return home.

But she found this no easy task. Once or twice she was almost blown from her feet. At last, in turning a corner, with head bent down, and the umbrella held close before her, there came a sudden crash. She heard a sound as of splitting. Something unseen rushed against her, and she would have fallen backward, if a strong arm had not caught her.

The breath was almost knocked out of Kate, but she struggled, instinctively, to be free, even before she recovered sufficiently to see that she was in the arms of a very handsome young man.

"I beg pardon," said the stranger, evidently a gentleman, releasing her instantly.

But Kate was very angry. "You nearly knocked me down, you awkward, rude," she was going to say "booby," but seeing, by this time, the character of her antagonist, she stopped, blushing vividly.

"And you quite smashed my umbrella to atoms," he answered, coolly, displaying that article, which was ripped up its whole length. "You came at me, round the corner, like a sixty-mile-an-hour express train."

"I—I beg pardon," said Kate, abashed, "I didn't know——"

"I don't think either of us knew," he said, laughingly. "We were both, it seems to me, in a terrible hurry. You ran the point of your umbrella into mine, and might have put my eyes out if it hadn't been for the umbrella; while I, not seeing you, ran you down, for which I beg ten thousand, thousand pardons." And, in spite of the pouring rain, he took off his hat.

The whole thing had become by this time, "too ridicuious," as Kate said afterward; and as his eye met hers, she broke into irresistible laughter.

"Well, good-morning," she said, after a pause, "It seems we are quits." Then, with a roguish sparkle of her eye. "Don't run against express trains again."

"I should have called it a 'free lance' rather," he retorted. "It was a thrust that would serve at any tournay."

Kate took good care, when she returned home, not to tell of her rencontre, for she did not wish to be laughed at. But when she came to look for her 'Peterson,' lo! it was gone; and in the dismay and disappointment of this discovery, she forgot everything else.

"IN FOR A PENNY, IN FOR A POUND."

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

It was half-past one o'clock in the morning—a November morning at that. My fire nearly out, my lamp almost asleep, and I the most tired beggar in London.

"I had been writing 'against time.'" If a kindly fate has left you too ignorant of literary slang phrases to know what that means, be as thankful as your nature will permit, and do not try to find out the signification of the term.

It was half-past one o'clock, as I have said, when I stopped writing. I shuffled the manuscript into a drawer, snatched one whiff of a pipe, and was yielding to the voice of the seraph, who whispered, "Bed, and don't get up till noon," when an unguarded movement of my elbow sent a mass of papers careening down upon the floor.

I stooped to pick them up, when I discovered sundry letters which had been brought in during the day by some servant, who, prompted, I trust, by wisdom, not by bitter experience, was wise enough to lay them silently on the table and flee. I had forgotten the epistles. I dove into the first which met my hand. I had no desire to go further. It was a letter reminding me I had promised an article to my publisher the next day, and the story was not even begun!

"In for a penny, in for a pound," quoth I, apostrophising an enormous and singularly wicked-eyed stuffed owl, that stood on the top of the book-case. I suppose you will not believe it. People always decline to believe the truth, as Bismarck knows to his advantage; but I reseated myself at that blessed table, and determined, before I left it, to complete a story which had long before suggested itself to me, but which my natural modesty had hitherto led me to reject, because the subject was so pathetic that I feared people might accuse me of being imaginative, or a poet, or something disreputable of that sort. So, having nothing but my character to carry me through the world, (and, Heaven knows, I wish I could sell it, not to mention giving it away, with feelings of intense thankfulness, and my debts thrown in, if that item would be any object to the purchaser,) I had "lingered on the verge" of my great undertaking. But I determined to go over now. I seized an immaculate quire of paper; I wrote the title in painfully legible characters. I really do believe that the most abandoned among the totally depraved printers, who have misconstrued, misinterpreted and heartlessly villified me during the past ten years; and if ever there was a thing I did not mean to say, and never did, could, or would dream of saying, have made me say it, would have found it difficult to twist that title into "something new and strange."

This was the name—Love in Dreamland. Now, I ask you, as an unprejudiced person, and one in whom I have great confidence, does it not sound interesting? And the heroine's name was Gwendoline. She possessed scarlet hair, jetty eyebrows, a cruelly scornful mouth, a tongue that only gave utterance to hexameters, just like Mr. Longfellow's heroine; so they must have been correct as well as beautiful; and a form of such willowy grace, that when she moved it bent to such a degree, that if she had owned a commonplace old aunt, that venerable female would certainly have expected it to break, and would have always carried a basket on her left arm in order to pick up the pieces.

This adorable young creature had a lover, concerning whose name I was not easy in my mind, wavering between Rudolfo and Jeremiah, because a hero must either go to one extreme or another in the matter of a baptismal appellation; and she had a history and a mystery which would convulse the world, and ruin the grand families of several counties if divulged. Naturally, she was to talk a great deal to herself, prowl about the corridors of her dwelling at midnight, tell her wrongs, recount her schemes of vengeance, and say "hush" when she found somebody listening, provided she had talked herself out of breath.

I am as sure that story would have been sublime, as you are of the commonest fact possible—save that of knowing that your wife's mother is a nuisance—but it was fated never to be written.

I was just warming myself by a description of Lady Gwendoline's vivid hair, which would have put a mermaid to shame as to its length, and abashed an opera bouffe prima donna by its color, when, bang, bang, went something against the window-frame.

I did not stop to be afraid. I have no doubt I should have been if I had stopped. I hurried

to the casement, pushed aside the curtains, and opened it.

Immediately a heavy body fell helplessly across the sill.

"Get up!" said I.

"I cant," said the body, in the meekest voice.

"What—what are you?" cried I, at first a little shaky, of course growing brave when I found the body inclined to show humility.

"I'm Jem," said the intruder, hoarsely.

He was flat on his back, head inside the room, legs out; helpless as a beetle.

"You're what?" demanded I.

"Jem," said he, and sneezed twenty-seven times without stopping.

I waited, politely anxious not to interrupt. When there was a pause, I asked,

"Have you quite finished?"

"Don't mention it, sir," said he. "I'd have stopped some time ago if things 'adn't gone contrary with me."

"Crosswise, you mean," said I, glancing at his helpless condition, and chuckling at my own wit.

Jem scratched his head, and regarded me doubtfully, obliged to roll his eyes back to an alarming extent, in order to do so.

"I'd like to get up," said he, in a confidential way. "The perlice are after me."

"Indeed?" said I. "Would you like to send them any message?"

"It'll keep," returned Jem, with a humorous twitch about the corners of his mouth. "I say, sir, would you mind helping me out of this?"

"I should have to help you in," said I.

"Any way that you find most convenient," observed Jem. "This here is a kind of a pressure on the small of a feller's back."

"I don't see how you could do it, except by turning a summersault," I said.

"That isn't difficult," replied Jem. "It would be a great favor, sir, if you would kindly lend me a hand."

In the course of my wanderings through this lower sphere, it has happened to me, at one time or another, to lend almost everything I possessed, from my shirt-collars up to my name; so I lent Jem a hand, just from the habit of lending.

In the twinkling of an eye he had turned heels over head, and came into the centre of the room, upright and firm on his pins.

"Here I am!" said he, and shook himself.

"I see you are," said I.

"And I thank you, sir," he added.

"Humph!" said I.

I stared at Jem, and he stared at me. I could not tell what his thoughts were, but I was making a rapid mental study of the circumstances of the case.

He was six feet high, if an inch, and broad in proportion. A perfect Hercules, for size and strength. This colossal frame was surmounted by one of the handsomest, most boyish faces you could wish to see, especially when the owner of it banged into your domicile through the window, deep in the small hours of the morning.

Jem stared, evidently waiting for me to take the initiative. So I said, with as careless an air as I could assume,

"What did you think of doing next?"

"I'm blowed if I knows, sir," returned he. "The bobbies is after me, for I spied 'em. You see, I'd gone to the chemist's, and one man's work it was to wake him; and I pulled the bell that hard, the neighbors must have thought I was fire or murder, for the old 'un (that's mother, you know) was took sudden with her spazzums, and not a drop of laudanum in the house, which, she says to me, 'Jem,' says she, 'I shall die if I don't get it.' So I sees 'em watching as I goes in and comes out; and one says to t'other, 'I'm sure as that's the fellar. We'll see if he cuts home.' So, with that, I gives 'em the slip, and foots it round the corner, up the street, across the square, along Bishop's Road, and turned down here quite promiscuous, not thinking of you, sir, if you'll excuse me, till I eyed the light in the winder, and then it come over me in a flash, as mother 'ad said as you was the kindest gentleman living; and I says to myself, 'Jem,' says I, 'he 'ave a 'art in his buzzum, he 'ave, and he ain't one to 'arm a poor chap by telling the truth.'"

"Oh!" said I, rather pleased by the doubtful compliment. "So your mother——"

"A bustin' with them blessed spazzums this minute!" broke in Jem, almost crying, "and me with the laudanum-bottle in my pocket, broke to flinders, when I fell over the sill."

"And so your mother knows me?"

"Bless you, why you're friends, that's what you be!" cried Jem. "She's Mrs. Mucker, what does the choring, and comes every Friday to right you up a bit, which well she does her work, as you told her only Friday gone a week, and give her a 'alf-crown hextra, and a drop of gin, which she seldom touches except 'ot, and on the way to bed, for overtook, I never see her, and four small children, which belonged to her second 'usband, and he cut off to Haustraly with another woman, and broke 'is bones would be if I could catch him; and nobody but me to 'elp the old 'un with them little things; as better children never lived, and I runnin' races agin

the perlice, which I never 'ad cause to fear, but carried my 'ead on my shoulders as a Briton ought, and never said 'by your leave' a passin."

"So you are Mrs. Mucher's Jem," said I. "Now, what is it you have been doing? I thought you were the quietest, best disposed lad living. Come, out with it!"

"Well, sir," said Jem, suddenly dropping his voice, almost to a whisper, and speaking very slowly, "I'm afraid it's an uncommon bad look-out—what they call reduction, you see—a—a young woman, you know—runned off, you understand."

"Do you mean abduction? Did you carry her away?"

"You see, she wrote us as she couldn't stand it no longer, so awful was she treated, and I went down to Surrey myself, and helped her off, from her not being used to journeys. Her step-father is a sort of connection of my mother's, and well I'd knowed her, when I lived down there onct for a year; and he that violent, he pulled her here and there by the 'airs of the 'ead, when she up and told him she wouldn't marry Jo Wiggles," explained Jem, all in a breath.

"But I don't see in all this any reason why you should suppose the police have been set on your track," said I.

"For reduction, sir," persisted Jem. "I heerd as old Clumber had made his threats."

"Has the girl been in your mother's house long?"

"A matter of a fortnight."

"I suppose the truth is, you mean to marry her, Jem."

Jem scratched his head.

"There's the difficulty," said Jem. "I am married already."

"The deuce you are! Where is your wife?"

"In the house, with the old 'un," said Jem, with an astonished look, as if he found me very dull.

"And what does she say to this business?"

"She cries, and takes on, you see, for fear I should get myself into trouble."

"Well, Jem, I really cannot understand the business, and I don't see how I can help you."

"Can't you, sir? It's only to let me wait here till I've dodged the perlice. I want to get back, else they'll be in a taking."

I stepped out into the little garden, and looked up and down the street. There was nobody in sight except the policeman belonging to our district. He passed while I stood there, and bade me a civil good-night. He was used to seeing me up at all hours.

It is a very good thing to be on amicable terms with the policeman of your district, especially if you have a habit of returning home often at those small hours when the gas-lamps show an insane tendency to chase you round corners, and the key-hole of the outer door has a trick of disappearing. I remember, ages ago, a friend of mine used, one might say, to own a policeman, so devoted was the worthy creature. When, late at night, the paving-stones displayed a diabolical desire to bump that young gentleman's head, this model policeman would institute a search for his charge's pass-key, open the house-door, and stand him up against the wall like an ill-made bundle. I remember, on one occasion—the history of my friend has nothing to do with this narrative, but having begun to give you a slight sketch of his memoirs, I may as well finish—this youth, late in the evening, took the street-cars to go home, and he rode fourteen times from Forty-second street to the Astor House and back, because his own street had vanished. It returned at last, and he got out, but his house was gone. He rang at every door-bell on the right-hand side of the way, and asked at each if John Wheaten lived there. His name was not John Wheaton, but he thought if he employed his rightful cognomen, somebody might suspect him of intoxication; and he was only forgetful. Finally he grew so agitated, that the horrible idea seized him that he might be John Wheaton, whoever he was, and in that case he was entertaining a stranger; and the thought overcame him so, that he sat down on a curb-stone and wept bitterly. And then along trotted that seraphic policeman, and said,

"Now, what the dickens are you doing there?"

And my friend said he was crying because he was a stranger to himself, by name John Wheaton.

"Which it ain't," said the policeman.

"Then I'm lost," replied the low-spirited youth, "and I've no name at all, and I wish you would arrest me."

The policeman did not comply with this judicious request, but he must have been true to the duty he had months before taken upon himself, for the next morning, as Bridget came down stairs to open the house, she found the hope of the family lying on the floor with his head under the hall-table; and when she woke him he observed mildly that he had just stepped into the dining-room to wind his watch, and that if she stopped out so late again, and walked home without her boots on, he should feel it his duty to inform her mistress, though, for this time, she could go scot-free upon condition that she would

take her oath the Wandering Jew was not her cousin, and would sign the temperance pledge as soon as it was daylight.

But to return to Jem. I went back in-doors, and told him I thought the best thing he could do was to make his way home; his women-kind would certainly be frightened half to death by his absence, and there was no sign of any functionaries of the law wishing to trouble him. I gave him some laudanum for his mother, and a glass of spirits to revive his own spirits, and walked home with him myself—not out of kindness, for I am not much given to sympathy—from simple curiosity to see how he would behave in case he were arrested. But nothing whatever happened; I left Jem at his own door, and sauntered home, rather disgusted at having witnessed neither farce or melodrama.

The next morning, however, I received the following note, delivered by, I am sure, the dirtiest boy in London.

"Humbug, sur," (at least I read it so at first, but reflection convinced me that Jem had meant to write honored,) "i am arest as i were leaving the houses the old 'un doesn't no nothin' nor yet little 'un, and it isn't reezon to trouble yu to brake it nor yet to look me upp, so no more from your graitful jem mucher, which i be."

I happened to be acquainted with the Judge under whose jurisdiction Jem would come; and as I have a decided weakness for police courts, low society, and meddling with what is none of my business, I quoted my favorite proverb wherewith I have headed this chronicle, sent the dirty boy for a Hansom cab, and set off, knowing that I should be in time to catch "his worship" before he went into court.

During our walk to his home on the previous night, Jem had given me so many more details of the way in which the poor girl had been treated by her brutal step-father, that I had no doubt it would be a very simple matter to settle the whole affair by a judicious frightening of the old man.

I did see the judge, and got well laughed at and abused for my pains; but as he was celebrated for being so soft-hearted, that he was no more fit for his position than a poet would have been, I felt confident he would not forget all I had related to him in Jem's favor. I tried also to find the step-father, but he had not yet appeared, so I was forced to let matters take their course. My old acquaintance, the door-keeper, showed me into the row of seats reserved for barristers and privileged visitors, and I sat down to wait till Jem's case should have its turn.

It was a Monday morning, and there is no spectacle so irresistibly comical and so dismally pathetic as a London police-court on that day. This special Monday there was a larger number "brought up for judgment" than usual, and between prisoners and their friends, the space was thronged.

Good two hours passed before Jem's case was reached. He came in under the charge of the constable, and took his seat in the dock, looking very white and nervous, but so notable a contrast to those who had preceded him in the matter of cleanliness, and a decent, respectable appearance, not to mention his handsome face, that I knew the sympathies of that soft-hearted old goose of a Judge would be on his side.

"Now, Mr. Constable, what case is this?" demanded his worship, peering at his papers, or pretending to, for I saw that in reality he was watching Jem.

The policeman explained, in a very husky voice. During the silence which ensued, Jem cast a rueful glance toward me, and I distinctly heard him mutter,

"I knowed they make it out reduction."

A knot of solicitors seated within the bar awaiting some business or other, heard too, and so did the Judge, and everybody laughed.

Whereat poor Jem groaned.

"Who appears against this man?" asked his worship.

"The girl's step-father, your worship."

"Then let us hear what the girl's step-father has to say about the matter," returned the judge.

To the right of the bench was a machine that resembled an old-fashioned cupboard more than anything else, only that it was open in front. This was the witness-box. The contrivance had a door at the back which opened with a snap, and shut with a grunt. It opened now, and a hard-faced man of about fifty entered, decently dressed, looking like one of the poorer class of English farmers. He kissed the Testament with a smack, darted a revengeful glance at Jem, (who, I could see, had great difficulty to keep from shaking his fist at him,) then looked at the Judge with a hypocritical, sanctimonious expression of countenance, which of itself would have convinced me that he was an out-and-out old rascal, who deserved to be hanged without benefit of jury or clergy.

"Now tell us about this little difficulty, witness," said the Judge.

"Yes, your worship, that's all one as what I come up for," returned the man, pulling the iron-gray hair that hung over his forehead. "You see, your worship, Jenny Ray, she's my step-daughter, with her poor, dear mother up

among the seraphers, and she left to my charge, and, as a body may say, I have carried her in my bosom——"

"We don't care anything about your bosom, witness" said the Judge.

"It was, as you might say, a figger of speech, your worship," explained the man, with another tug at his forelock.

"We don't want any figures of speech here, witness. We want a plain statement of facts," said the Judge, in as stern a voice as he could assume.

The man, a good deal frightened before by the position in which he found himself, was now much confused, and it was not till the Judge had several times bidden him go on and tell the story in his own way, that he found voice to proceed.

Not only did he accuse Jem of having inveigled the girl from her home, but she had taken with her certain articles and papers which, he said, were his personal property, and these were in Jem's possession.

"Hem!" said the Judge, when he had finished. "As you state the case, the matter does not come under the jurisdiction of this court. However, we may as well inquire a little further. Have you any other witnesses to summon?"

Mr. Clumber had, and he gave place to Amelia Crummy, his servant, who corroborated his statements. Jem had been growing more and more excited. Suddenly he banged his fist down on the railing, and roared,

"Ask her about his hauling the poor gal by the 'airs of her 'ead. Only ask 'im that!"

"Silence!" thundered the constables.

"There will be an opportunity presently for you to speak, prisoner," said the Judge. "However, the question seems a sensible one. Mrs. Crummy, tell us what you know about that little family difficulty."

Mrs. Crummy was disinclined so to do, and seemed to have slight memory of any such occurrence, but a few stern words from the Judge brought back her recollection, and, amid bitter weeping, she confessed to having seen an unpleasant ceremony of that nature performed.

"More than once?" asked the Judge.

Mrs. Crummy, in a low voice, admitted that it had happened more than once.

"Three times, perhaps?" suggested the Judge, persuasively.

"Four!" exclaimed the witness, with unexpected energy.

"You can go down," said the Judge. "Now, constable, we should like to see Mr. Clumber again." When the man re-appeared, the Judge looked at Jem. "Prisoner, what have you to say?"

Jem had a good deal to say, but he was in a state of such excitement that he said it in a broken fashion, though he certainly did make out the step-father as abandoned an old brute as one could desire.

"Have you any witnesses, prisoner?" asked the Judge.

"Plenty!" shouted Jem. "Why, the whole neighbor'ood knows what a life he led her.

"But you haven't the whole neighborhood here, I am afraid."

Jem had nobody.

"You see, I ain't 'ad no chance," he explained.

"Witness," said the Judge, "I cannot go on with this case. I can only send you to another court. I am going to give you a word of advice. It would be the wisest plan for you, and this young man, and your step-daughter to come to some arrangement among yourselves. One thing is certain, from the evidence of your own witness, you have behaved very little like a father to the poor girl, and whatever you can prove against the prisoner, you are pretty sure to have an action for cruel treatment brought against you."

"Your worship," said Clumber, "I hope I knows my duty, and my duty is to punish Jem Mucker. As for my Jenny, it may have happened that I urged her a little harsh sometimes, for our Jenny was heady and sot from a child, and once, as far back as when she had to have one of her first teeth drewed——"

"That will do!" interrupted the Judge. "Constable, we have nothing more to do with this case here. Remove the prisoner.

As he pronounced these words, a woman's voice rose in a dolorous shriek, and another feminine voice, moaned,

"Only let me speak for him. He's as good a boy as ever lived. I ought to know, for I'm his mother!"

"What's all this?" demanded the Judge.

"Please your worship," explained the constable, "it's the girl herself, and the chap's mother."

"We want to be summonsded!" groaned the old woman. "Oh, dontie take my Jem to prison, dontie! Here's Jennie, she'll speak it right out. We ain't a going to keep it back no more."

"Shut up, mother!" roared Jem.

The constable managed to restore silence after a little.

"Let the girl come into the witness-box," said the Judge; and in a few seconds the prettiest, most horribly-frightened young creature that ever I set eyes on was gently pushed into the box by

the constable, clinging fast to the hand of a little, old woman, in an ancient black bonnet, and crying,

"Oh, don't, let me go! Don't, let me go!"

"Let her friend stand in the door, constable," said the Judge. "Now, my girl, tell me what it is you want to say. You are not a witness, but I mean to listen to you."

"It's about Jem, I want to tell. I——" She broke off, her great blue eyes wild with fright, seeking Jem's face, and Jem was making her furious signs to be silent. "I will tell, Jem!" she shrieked. "Oh, please, sir, if anybody goes to jail it ought to be me! And I never stole—the papers was my father's letters, and Mr. Clumber had mother's money, and——"

"Tell t'other," interrupted the old woman, in a loud whisper.

"Oh, yes, sir, and I ain't to go back. I'd rather go to prison, or be sent to Australy. Please to let Jem and me go to Australy. I'm his own lawful wife, sir. We was married four days ago."

She threw her checked apron over her head, and burst into a passion of tears. Jem sank back in his seat, a picture of despair.

"You are his wife?" cried the Judge. "Why didn't you say so in the beginning, you Jem?"

The little old woman thrust her head forward, and moaned,

"Please, sir, that was what Jem wouldn't let us tell. He said then that there Clumber could worrit her; and he'd go to jail, and stop there sooner."

"How old is she?" asked the Judge.

"Eighteen last Michaelmas," sobbed the old woman.

"Oh, constable, send these people away!" said the Judge, laughing. "My girl, nobody can touch you or your husband. Understand that!"

"Drat my bones!" muttered Jem.

"As for Mr. Clumber, if you wish to bring an action against him for ill treatment, you can. Now, go home and show yourself a good little wife, and I hope you have got a good husband."

The poor girl sank back fainting, and was carried out by the old woman. The constable moved aside for Jem to pass. Jem only made two bounds to the door.

I went out into the passage, and round to the room where the three were sitting. Jenny had come to her senses, and was lying in Jem's arms, and the little old woman was on her knees before them, crying like a baby, and wiping her eyes with the end of her shawl.

"Jem," said I, "you certainly are the most tremendous fool in London! Why, in the name of common sense, did you not tell me last night that you were married to Jenny?"

"Well, you see, sir," said Jem, "there was that case in the paper about the gal who runned off, and she was a—a ward of—of—— What's the name, mother?"

"Oh, don't ask me, Jem! Only let's get away."

"Chancery?" I suggested.

"That's it, sir."

"Well, what has that to do with your Jenny, you confounded idiot?" I inquired.

"Well, you see, sir, she's an orpheling, too."

"And you thought all orphans were wards in Chancery?"

"Which I did, and that case in the paper; and then there was another in the Routed Rascal of Rosemary, which went through twenty-four numbers of the Family 'Erald."

"Jem," said I, "you let newspapers and serial novels alone, and stick to your work. Look up, Jenny! Upon my word, you're the prettiest girl I've seen in a twelvemonth! I suppose Jem wouldn't let you give me a kiss?"

"Indeed, he shall, and welcome," cried the old woman; and Jenny did. The old mother followed suit, which was more than I bargained for. So I kissed Jenny again, to console me, and the three went away, the happiest trio in all London.

GLORY.

BY MILTON H. MARBLE.

Oh, let me look within thy face,
And read the witching story,
That in thy heart I have a place,
And mine's enough of glory;
For, oh, it has been dark and drear,
Upon this earth of sorrow;
But this will make the sky so clear,
Will bring a fairer morrow.

Sweet Joy is beckoning to me now,
To enter in her portal,
That I may to her beauty bow,
And deem her reign immortal.
And still I'm gazing in thy face,
For I have read the story,
That in thy heart I have a place—
And mine's enough of glory!

HOW MABEL WAS SAVED.

BY MARIETTA HOLLEY.

"Oh, Uncle! Don't! Don't!"

And as a white hand was laid upon his arm, the angry man turned, and the stout stick he held was lowered like the sceptre of Ahasuerus before the pleading Esther.

"Don't strike him again, Uncle! He is sorry he did wrong. I know he is. You are sorry, aren't you, Johnny?"

"Yes, awful sorry! He is so sorry, he'll do it right over again the first chance he gets."

"Oh, no, he won't. You are sorry, aren't you, Johnny?"

"There, Mabel, you can see how sorry he is. He won't answer a civil question. Of all the obstinate, self-willed, vicious boys I ever see, he is the upshot and cap-sheaf."

"But forgive him this once, Uncle, for my sake. You know this is my last day here, and I would love to think how good you were, dear Uncle Ben."

"You would love to think what a soft-headed old simpleton I am. But there hain't no use a standin' out with you. You will have your own way. This is a little hand," taking the delicate white hand in his great brown ones. "This is a little mite of a hand, but it pulls the reins over your old uncle stronger than a giant's could."

Then, addressing the ragged, sullen-looking culprit, a boy of seventeen years, he said,

"You can just clear out, you John, for this time. But remember, when you cut up again in that manner, you will catch it, that is all."

The boy "cleared out," as he was bidden, and stood leaning up againt the fence; and Mabel, putting her arm in her uncle's, walked back to the farm-house.

"I am so sorry for him, Uncle. He is so lonely and unhappy, and—and wicked. Can there nothing be done to reform him—make him better?"

"Bless your sweet heart! hain't I done everything under the sun since I took him from the poor-house? I have whipped him, and I have tied him up, and I have half-starved him, and I don't see as it has done a bit of good. He comes of a bad breed, a thieving, miserable lot, and I am afraid he will swing. But I don't know as I will be to blame."

If Mabel thought, in her heart, that perhaps kindness would do more toward amending him, than such extreme measures, she did not say so; and her uncle went on,

"I must say, though, that since you have been here he has been better. As bad as he is now, he was ten times uglier before you came. He has acted better this summer than he ever did before since I knew him. You know that day, the first week you come here, that he got mad, and struck your pony, so it kicked him, and cut his head open. You remember you done it up for him with your handkerchief, and spoke to him kinder gentle like. Well, you ought to see the care he has took of that pony since that; and I guess he would let him kick his head off before he would strike him. But then he has only kept back a little. He has got the Old Harry in him, and it will have to come out." And with another melancholy prediction, that "he was afraid he would swing," the hale old gentleman and the lovely-faced maiden entered the old farm-house, and the sullen-faced, ragged boy looked up, as the door closed on them, as an unhappy wretch might, who had seen an angel, and then lost the sweet vision forever.

Five years have passed away. Five gracious years they have been to Mabel. They have deepened her beauty, stored her mind with gems of knowledge, and, to judge of her face, as she sits by the shade lamp reading a letter, the years have given her something sweeter, something dearer. We will look over her shoulder while she reads.

"I am counting the days, love, till you return home. The tenth of October will not be autumn; it will be summer; for you took my summer with you, my darling, and it will return with you.

"I go and see your father and mother every few days. I try to give them the poor consolation of my society, as if I could atone for the lack of your bright presence. But only two weeks, my own, and then you will be with us again. Your mother was telling me, last night, of a dream she had about you, that was worrying her. She fancied some danger was menacing you. But I laughed at her fears. You are so different from every other woman, so pure, so good, so beautiful! I know angels watch over my darling. I trust her in their care."

She turns the page, and reads on—three more pages, at least, of just such fond, loving words. No wonder there is a happy smile on her face, as she lays the letter down at last, murmuring, "Dear Charley!" and turns to the mirror, brushing out her long, wavy hair. A sweet face smiled back at her, framed in the quaint oval frame of the mirror. Yes, a sweet face and a happy heart the maiden Mabel possessed.

An only child, petted, but not spoiled by loving but judicious parents; a home of luxury, where every wish had been gratified, she looked back for the eighteen years of her life upon a sunny pathway. And if she looked forward into the future, it looked still more beautiful and blessed to her; for was it not to be shared with Charley? That was enough to make her bliss. And while she and Charley loved each other so devotedly, so entirely, there had been none of the prosy objections by the elders that true love has so often to encounter. No, they were engaged with the full consent and approbation of the elders of both families, and were to be married next Christmas, God willing, on the same day of the year, the same hour of the day, and in the same church where her father and mother had been married twenty-five years before.

She is spending a few weeks now at the country-seat of a relative of her mother's, a rich widow. It is a large, old-fashioned building, standing far back from the highway, remote from all other habitations.

To-night it is more desolate than usual, for her hostess, being indisposed, has retired to her own room, in a distant wing of the mansion. And the younger servants have all gained permission to attend a merry-making at the village, three miles away. There is no one left but the deaf old gardener, and he was a-bed and asleep a good two hours ago,

But Mabel is not afraid. Oh, no. Why should she be? And if she misses her smart waiting-maid, it is only from a lack of her assistance, not from any fear. Danger! Why, the very thought is absurd. It is such a safe, happy, beautiful world. And so she brushes out her shining hair, and after she is quite ready to retire, she throws a dressing-gown around her, and steps out into the moonlit-balcony, and leans over the quaintly-carved old oaken railing, to enjoy the silent beauty of the night. It is a lovely night, clear, starlit, and quiet. Once, as she stood there, she thought she heard a slight rustling down amidst the ferns and mosses; for the heavily-wooded Park ran up on that side to the very wall of the old stone mansion. But it does not disturb her at all. It is only the deer, she says, startled by some trifle. How can any harm come to her, so young, so happy, so beloved?

So she re-enters her room, and, after kneeling down, and saying her simple prayer, she lies down to her quiet sleep. And the little, silver night-lamp, on the marble mantel, lights up the sweet face with the long lashes resting upon the rosy cheek, and one pink-tinted palm under the fair face.

What a safe, beautiful place that chamber seems, with its luxurious adornings, and the beautiful sleeper!

About midnight, the white moonbeams crept along in a slender line into the room, creeping along, minute by minute, nearer to the white couch, and the lovely form lying there. At last, one ray, more ambitious than the rest, glances on a curl of the golden hair, that lies on the counterpane, then another touches the rosy cheek, the dimpled, smiling mouth, smiling in sleep. Then it glances over the broad, white brow, and at last slowly, but surely, it vanishes. What darker shadows will take its place before the day dawns?

If the bright moonlight rested now upon the sweet face, it would note that a troubled look rested upon it; for Mabel is dreaming a strange dream. She had almost entirely forgotten the boy, John Fields, whose champion she was at her uncle's, so long ago. But now, after five years had gone by, she dreams it all over again. How her uncle stood over him, with his lash raised, and how she caught his hand; and she could see the strange, brooding eyes of the boy resting upon her. Then, with the sudden changes dreams will take, she was on her little pony, that she took with her that summer into the country; but the boy was with her still; she was crashing through the underbrush of a forest; she could hear the pony's tread upon the twigs and dry leaves.

She woke suddenly. She heard a tread in the underbrush, directly beneath her window. She sprang out of bed, and went and leaned out. The moon had gone down, and she could see nothing, but she plainly heard the steps, going round the side of the house toward the wing where her hostess slept.

Her heart throbbed with the sudden, awakening fright. But a moment's thought taught her the foolishness of her fears. It was doubtless some neighbor, going through for the doctor, and she believed, yes, she was sure; she had heard Mrs. Cheswold say there was a short road through the Park that her servants sometimes used.

She lay down again, and after a time again fell asleep. Now she was with Charley. They were in some danger. They were in a city. It was dark. They were groping their way along, through a silent, deserted street. But far up over their heads, there was a faintly-lighted window; and she knew the boy, John Fields, was there, with his strange eyes following them wherever they went. Suddenly, far off in the distance, they heard a cry, a smothered cry for help. She half woke, and turned restlessly upon her pillow. Her face was now plainly revealed. Then she sank again into sleep.

Her dreams took wilder form. She was always in some danger; always with the strange, gloomy eyes of the boy, John Fields, resting upon her. She was with her mother. Some one was speaking of her.

"The old woman won't blab on us; now we will fix her so she will tell no tales."

Was she dreaming, or were the words spoken here, by her bed?

She opened her eyes. Two dark forms were in her room.

Mabel came of a brave race. Some of her ancestors, whose pictures hung in the picture-gallery, at home, had looked death in the face without flinching. She was conscious that her life depended upon her lying perfectly quiet, and feigning sleep. So she lay motionless as a statue.

"She is asleep."

"Curse you! I tell you she is shamming sleep! You are so chicken-hearted!"

She heard one of them approach the bed, felt a sudden flash of light across her face, and so overwrought were her nerves, that she almost felt the knife entering her heart. Instinctively, without thought, she opened her eyes, expecting to see a knife brandished above her.

But instead she looked up in a face that seemed strangely familiar; a face that, as the light of the lantern fell upon it, worked with agitation. It was a dark, sullen face, marked and seamed with evil passions, but still it looked kindly upon her.

The man suddenly stooped to her ear, and whispered,

"Mabel, I will save you."

"Curse your slow motions, John Fields! The whole village will be on us while you stand dallying there," cried the other man.

The man by her bedside turned fiercely.

"If you touch her, it will be over my dead body," he said.

But, with a fierce oath, the other ruffian rushed forward. The man by her bedside drew something from beneath his rough coat. She heard a pistol-shot, followed simultaneously by the sound of voices in the front of the house.

At the sound of these voices, the men both made a rush for the open window, and in a moment the chamber was silent as death. Mabel, for the first time in her happy life, was unconscious.

When the servants entered the house, they found their mistress lying gagged and bound to the bed, more dead than alive, and Mabel in a fainting fit, that seemed more like death than life.

But youth and health are wonderful restorers; and when Mabel's father, who had been telegraphed for, arrived late that afternoon, he found her sufficiently recovered from the terrible shock to be able to return home with him.

The robbers had taken money and valuable jewels from Mrs. Chiswold's room to the amount of several thousand dollars; and this robbery was only the last of a long list of robberies that had been committed in the vicinity.

The police and detectives were on their track, but so subtly and cautiously had their plans been laid, that, till now, every effort to trace them had been in vain.

But now one of the robbers had been taken. He was terribly wounded, and had fainted from the loss of blood, and had fallen by the roadside. Some of the stolen money and jewelry had been found in his possession, and he was lying in the county jail, awaiting his trial.

But the other one, the notorious and reckless robber, John Fields, had escaped. He was known to be the leader of the band of thieves that had infested the country, and heavy rewards were offered for his capture. The newspapers were filled with descriptions of him, and printed placards of the rewards offered for his capture, and describing his personal appearance, were posted up in conspicuous places in every village and hamlet, and scattered through the country.

Nearly three weeks had passed away, and he had not been found yet; but the strongest hopes were entertained of his final capture, for the rewards offered, officially and by private individuals, were so large, that every man was on the look-out for him.

After Mabel's return home, she seemed so weak and nervous, that the doctor recommended change of scene, and advised her father and mother to take her away for a short time; not to any fashionable resort, but to some quiet place, where she could have rest, and yet cheerful companionship.

He thought he knew the very place, the home

of a friend, some twenty miles away; a cozy, delightful place, on the edge of a great forest. The people who lived there were genial, good-natured people, who loved to see happy faces about them.

In their pleasant companionship Mabel soon recovered her health and spirits. Perhaps the earnest daily letters she received from "Somebody" helped to brighten the sweet face. They were certainly laden with loving words and hopeful plans for their future. The writer was busy settling up his business, preparing for the long bridal tour to Europe, which they were soon to enjoy together.

Mabel, from her childhood, had ridden much on horseback, and of course she was not inclined to depart from it now, when the stables of her host contained such fleet and beautiful saddle-horses, and when the roads about them were so quiet and delightful. She rode out every day, therefore, sometimes accompanied by a tall lad, the son of her host, now home on a college vacation, but oftenest alone.

It was on a cold, bright afternoon in November, that she set out for her usual ride. She took the road on the edge of the forest, and, tempted by its beauty and quiet, she thought she would venture a little way on a new road, where she had never been before, and which was shaded by the tall forest-trees on either side. She rode along, thinking she would soon come to some house, and idly wondering what manner of a place it would be, when suddenly she entered a large clearing, filled with stumps of trees and underbrush. But no house was in sight. She knew, then, that the road she had traversed was only used by the woodmen to convey their wood to market. It was silent and deserted now, and a dreary enough spot.

She turned her horse's head homeward, therefore, and the more readily, as she discovered, by the look of the sky, what the tall trees had hidden from her, that a storm was approaching.

The wind began to sweep mournfully through the tree-tops, and a flake of snow, the first of the season, fell upon her cheek. She urged her horse, at this, into a gallop. He stumbled over a root, partly embedded in the ground, and fell. Mabel's head struck the hard ground, and the horse, in his efforts to rise, dragged her a few steps, and then, fortunately, the fastenings of the saddle gave way, and the animal bounded away, leaving her there, upon the ground, stunned and senseless.

There she lay, a good half-mile from the highway, on a road entirely unused, and where no one would think of searching for her. And as she lay there, still as death, the snow-flakes fell upon her face, and found no warmth to melt them. Meantime, the sun was setting low down in the west. The wind was rising every moment. It was becoming bitterly cold. If no help came to her soon, it would be forever too late.

Oh, if Charley, in that pleasant southern city, had known where his idol was! If her father and mother could have looked out of their luxurious parlor, and seen her lying there! But no, she was alone, and the sun was sinking lower every moment, and the snow-flakes were falling faster and faster.

She had been there, perhaps, a quarter of an hour, when a stealthy step might have been heard back in the forest, rustling through the dead leaves. Then all was still. Then the step could be heard again, stealthy, cautious. And at last a gaunt, wild face, covered with a matted beard and long, matted locks, peered cautiously out from behind a tall oak tree.

The intruder evidently saw the form lying there upon the ground, but for some moments after discovering it, he stood still, listening, intently listening.

At last, evidently re-assured by the deathly stillness, he drew nearer, but still with his great, hollow eyes looking about him every moment, as if death and danger surrounded him on every hand.

He turned Mabel's face up to the light, for she had fallen on the side of her face, and as he did so, and caught sight of her features, his face was a study a painter would have loved, gaunt, and grim, and haggard as it was.

For a long time he stood there motionless, save for the heaving of his brawny chest, and the strange working of his swarthy features. He was evidently turning over a momentous subject in his mind. Yes, it was as momentous as life and death. Outcast and outlaw as he was, life and liberty were dear to him. Should he surrender them? Or should he let Mabel die where she lay? He made his resolve at last, and if it were any one but John Fields, we would call it heroic. For he knew, as he lifted the insensible, bruised form, and strode on with it through the gathering shadows, that he was carrying Mabel toward safety, and himself toward imprisonment, and perhaps death. But he never paused, once he had started. He carried her to the nearest house, and then tried to make his escape, but these two weeks of hunger and hardship had worn his savage strength, and the farmer and his brawny sons divided between them the reward for his capture.

Mabel's friends made every effort to soften the judgment against him, but in vain. A murder had been committed in one of their nightly raids, and though John Fields was in reality innocent of the crime, how could he prove his innocence? He was sentenced to be hung.

The afternoon before his execution, Mabel and Charley went to his prison, to visit him for the last time. The turnkey opened the thick, iron door, and they passed in alone. As they did so, they saw that John Fields lay upon the coarse, straw pallet, very still and quiet, the quiet of death. But the eyes, those strange, brooding eyes, were still open, as if in dumb, strong questioning of his fate, his life, and his death.

Charley leaned over him, and closed his eyes, and as Mabel looked at the two faces, she could not help seeing that there was as much difference in the two, as if they had been born of different races. Charley, noble, pure and good, born of Christian parents, helped on every side by religious teachers, pastors, and friends, educated in all that is best in a refined, loving home, inspired by a happy love: and then this outcast, now lying there dead, born of a brutish father and a thievish mother, educated in nothing but sin, the only alphabet he ever learned that of vice; shunned, beaten, and abused through his youth, practicing in manhood what his mother had taught him in infancy.

The chain that bound this dead man's lifeless hands was only the righteous reward of his crime; so Mabel knew; but still her tears fell fast as she thought of what little chance he had had, and remembered that, sinful as he was, she had twice owed her life to him.

And so Mabel and Charley went out to their happy life, out of the dreary cell. But as Mabel stood by the door, and turned back for a last look, clinging to her lover's hand, she saw that one ray of moonlight had come in through the narrow grating, and rested far up on the stony wall, yet not so far above him but that a faint radiance shone down on the dead man's face.

AUTUMN WINDS.

BY E. W. LANE.

Sorrowful winds of Autumn,
  Weirdly wailing through the land,
Fall on the ears of mortals,
  With a cadence sadly grand.

From the tree tops of the mountains,
  From the wave-tops of the sea,
Is heard their mournful rhythm,
  Strangely broken though it be.

And through the dreary night-time,
  Or the sombre Autumn day,
We're prone to love to listen
  To what they so sadly say.

They tell of days of gladness,
  Of the Summer and its past;
Of life, and youth, and pleasure,
  Which are flitting by so fast.

They wake the sad remembrance
  Of the loved and lost so dear;
The falling leaves are sighing
  O'er the end that meets us here.

Ah, yes! the winds of Autumn
  Tell a sad tale of the past,
To all who are approaching
  The winter of life at last.

LET'S MEET OUR FORTUNE SQUARELY

BY GEORGE MARTYN.

Life holds some bitter histories.
  As most of us discover,
And many darksome mysteries
  Above our hearth-stones hover.
But if our fate hold love or hate,
  Or cold indifference barely,
Let's bear us up, whate'er the cup,
  And meet our fortune squarely.

If those in whom we put our trust,
  Should prove but summer friends,
The thought that we ourselves are just,
  Will surely make amends.

If, soon or late, we think that fate
  Hath treated us unfairly,
It's all the same, let's show we're game,
  And meet misfortune squarely.

If, midway in our journey through,
  We find ourselves bereft
Of some from our heart-chosen few,
  We must live for those who are left,
And think that those are spared the woes
  Of those who are left behind.
And we've not fulfilled the path God willed
  If we've too long repined.

MISS CRESPIGNY'S "ABSURD FLIRTATION."

BY FANNIE HODGSON BURNETT.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 189.

CHAPTER IV.

She saw him standing upon the pavement, by the carriage, a moment or so later, his face slightly upturned, as he spoke to the girl, the spring wind playing softly with his loose, fair hair, and the spring sunshine brightening it; and something in his manner, she scarcely knew what, brought back to her a sudden memory of the frank, boyish young fellow he had been when Lisbeth first amused herself with her cool contempt for his youth and impetuousness, at Peny'llan. And just as suddenly it occurred to her, what a wide difference she found in him now. How ready he was to say caustic things, to take worldly views, and indulge in worldly sneers; and she recollected the stories she had drifted upon; stories which proved him a life's journey from the boy whose record had been pure, whose heart had been fresh, whose greatest transgression might have been easily forgiven; and remembering all this, she felt a sharp anger against Lisbeth, an anger sharper than she had ever felt toward her in the whole of her experience.

When Anstruthers appeared upon the pavement, and advanced toward the carriage-side, Lisbeth turned toward him with a feeling of no slight displeasure. Was it impossible that she should avoid him? Since she had made an effort to keep out of his way, must he follow her up?

"Is not Mrs. Despard coming?" she asked, somewhat abruptly.

"Mrs. Despard was so kind as to say, that if I could induce you to leave the carriage and join our little party, she would not refuse to take luncheon with us." And then he stood and waited for her reply.

"I was not aware that she thought of staying," said Lisbeth. "If I had known——"

Then she checked herself. "If I refuse," she said, in secret, "he will think I am afraid of him." And she regarded him keenly. But he was quite immovable, and merely appeared politely interested.

"If you will be so good as to let me help you down," he said, opening the low door himself, and extending his hand courteously, "we shall be delighted to have such an addition to our number," he added.

"You are very kind," answered Lisbeth, rising. He should not think his presence could influence her one way or the other. She made up her mind to face this position, since it was an unavoidable one, as if it had been the most ordinary one in the world. She entered the room up stairs, as if she had expected, all along, to lunch there. Miss Esmond, who was always good-naturedly ready to be enthusiastic, turned to look at her with a smile of pleasure.

"What an unusual type!" she said, to her father. "Do look, papa! She is actually exquisite!" And being introduced to her, her frank, bright eyes became brighter than ever. She was one of those lovable, trusting young creatures, who are ready to fall in love with pleasant people, or objects, on the shortest notice; and she was captivated at once by Lisbeth's friendly air. Her age and Lisbeth's were about the same, but, by nature and experience, they were very wide apart, Miss Crespigny being very much the older and more worldly-wise of the two. If it had come to a matter of combat between them, Miss Georgy would have had no chance whatever.

It suited Lisbeth to be charming this morning, and she was really very agreeable indeed. She knew enough of art to appear to advantage among pictures, and she had, withal, a certain demure and modest way of admitting her ignorance, which was by no means unattractive. She was bright, amiable, and, as it seemed, in the best of spirits. She made friends with Miss Georgy, and delighted Col. Esmond; she propitiated Miss Estabrook, and rendered that inflammable elderly beau, her brother, supremely happy by her friendly condescension; she treated Anstruthers as if there had been no other event in their two lives, but this one morning, and this one nice little party. She made the luncheon even more entertaining than such small feasts usually were. In short, she was Lisbeth Crespigny at her best, her spiciest, and in her most engaging mood.

"Oh!" said that open-hearted Georgy, when she shook hands with her as they parted. "Oh,

I have enjoyed myself so much! I am so glad to have met you. I hope we shall see each other again. Please ask me to call, Mrs. Despard," laughing prettily. "I should like it so much. I do so hate to lose people whom I like."

"Does that mean that you are so good as to like me a little?" said Lisbeth, in her sweetest tone, wondering, at the same time, how on earth the girl could have lived so long, and yet have retained that innocent, believing air and impulsive way. "I hope it does."

Georgy quite blushed with innocent fervor.

"Indeed, it does," she answered. "I should not say it, if it did not. And I am sure that if I see you more, I shall like you better and better. It is so delightful to meet somebody one is sure one can be fond of."

It was an odd thing, but as Lisbeth looked at her for a moment, she positively felt that she blushed faintly herself, blushed with a curious sense of being a trifle ashamed of Lisbeth Crespigny. It would be dreadful to have such a girl as this find her out; see her just as she was; read her record just as her past had left it. She was half inclined to put such a thing beyond the pale of possibility by drawing back.

"I want mamma to know you," said Georgy. "Mamma is so fond of clever people, that it makes me wish, often enough, that I was not such an ordinary sort of girl."

"We shall be delighted to see you, my dear," said Mrs. Despard. "You may be sure of that. Come as soon, and as often as possible."

And so the matter was decided, and Lisbeth had not the power to draw back, if she had determined to do so.

"You must have known Miss Crespigny quite a long time," Georgy Esmond said, cheerfully, to Anstruthers, before she went away with her father. "Mrs. Despard said something about your having met her, at that little Welsh place, Peny'llan, wasn't it? And you haven't been at Pen'yllan to stay for two or three years."

"You ought not to have kept such a charming creature to yourself for three years, my boy," said the old Colonel.

"I should think not, indeed," chimed in Miss Georgy. "It was selfish, and we are never selfish with him, are we, papa? We show him all our nice people, don't we?"

"But," said Anstruthers, "I have not seen Miss Crespigny once during the three years. After leaving Peny'llan, we lost sight of each other, somehow or other, and did not meet again until a short time ago, and then it was quite by accident."

"It was very careless of you to lose her then," protested Miss Georgy. "I would not have lost her for the world. Gentlemen are so cold in their friendships. I don't believe you ever really loved any of your friends in your life, Mr. Hector."

Anstruthers smiled, a queer, satirical smile.

"Ought I to have loved Miss Crespigny?" he demanded. "Ought I to begin to love her now? If you think it is my duty, I will begin to do it at once, Georgy."

The girl shook her pretty head, reproachfully.

"Oh!" she said, "that is always the way you talk, you grand young gentlemen. It is the fashion to be sarcastic, and not to admire anybody very much, or anything but yourselves," saucily. "And you would sneer at your best friends rather than not be in the fashion. I am sure I don't know what the world is coming to."

"Who is sarcastic now, I should like to know?" said Anstruthers. "I think it is Miss Georgy Esmond, who out-Herods Herod. Admire ourselves, indeed! We only do what we are taught to do. What women themselves teach us——"

"What!" exclaimed Georgy "Do we teach you to admire yourselves, and nothing else?"

"No," was his answer. "You do not teach us that, but you do worse. Not you, my kind, honest Georgy, but women who would have us believe they are as honest and tender. They teach us that, if we cling to our first beliefs, we are fools, and deserve to be laughed at; they teach us to sneer, and then scold us prettily for sneering; they leave us nothing to believe in, and then make sad, poetic speeches about our want of faith. There are men in this world, for whom it would have been better if they had never seen a woman."

Georgy Esmond's eyes opened wider and wider. She did not understand such bitterness. She was a simple, healthful-minded girl, and had seen very little of the world but its pleasant side.

"Why!" she said, "this is dreadful. And you say it as if you actually meant it. I shall have to talk to mamma about you, Hector. Such cases as yours are too much for me to deal with. What good is all your money, and your genius, and your popularity, and—and good looks?" making a charming, mischievous bow. "What pleasure can you derive from your pretty rooms, and lovely pictures, and fine articles of vertu, if you have such wicked thoughts as those? Somebody ought to take your things from you, as we do Harry's toys, when he is willful; and they ought to be locked up in a cupboard, until you are in the frame of mind to enjoy them."

Anstruthers looked at her sweet, bright face, with a kind of sad admiration. Why had he not fallen in love with this girl, instead of with the other? It was a hard fate which had led, or driven him. What a different man he might have been, if, three years ago, Georgy Esmonds had stood in Lisbeth Crespigny's place?

"You don't quite understand, Georgy," he said, in a low, rather tender tone. "You are too good and kind, my dear, to quite comprehend what makes people hard, and bitter, and old before their time."

And Col. Esmond coming into the room to take her away, at this moment, he gave her nice little hand the ghost of an affectionate pressure, when she offered it to him in farewell.

CHAPTER V.

And while Mr. Hector Anstruthers was railing, in this exalted strain, at the falseness of womankind, the fair cause of his heresy was driving home in a rather unpleasant frame of mind. It is never pleasant to find that one has lost power, and it was a specially galling thing to Lisbeth Crespigny to find herself at any time losing influence of any kind. She did not find it agreeable to confront the fact, that one of her slaves had purchased his freedom, with his experience. Petty as the emotion was, she had felt something akin to anger this morning, when she had been compelled to acknowledge, as once or twice she had been, that her whilom victim could address her calmly, meet her glance with polite indifference, regard her, upon the whole, as he would have regarded any far more accomplished woman.

"Less than four years ago," she said to herself, with fine scorn, "if I had trampled upon him, he would have kissed my feet. To-day, he only sees in me an unpleasant young woman, whom he overrated, and accordingly cherishes a grudge against. I have no doubt he looked at that pretty, fresh, Esmond girl, as we sat together, and drew invidious comparisons between us."

Let us give her credit for one thing, however. She felt no anger against the girl, whom she fancied had taken her place. Somehow Georgy Esmond, with her bright eyes, and her roses, and her ready good-nature, had found a soft spot in Lisbeth's rather hard heart. Miss Crespigny could not have explained why it was, but she had taken a queer fancy to Georgy Esmond. She liked her, and she wanted the feeling to be a mutual one. She would have experienced something very like a pang, even this early in their acquaintance, if she had thought that the sweet, honest young creature would ever see her with Hector Anstruther's eyes.

"Men are always disproportionately better," she said, to herself, "It is their way to make themselves heard, when they are hurt. They seem to have a kind of pride in their pain. Any ordinarily clever woman could see that my lord of the studio had a grievance."

"Lisbeth," said Mrs. Despard, breaking in upon her reverie, "isn't it rather astonishing how that boy has improved?"

"He has improved," said Lisbeth, "because he has ceased to be a boy. He is a man in these days."

"And a very personable and entertaining man, I must say," returned Mrs. Despard, nodding her head, in approval of him. "He is positively handsome. And that luncheon was a very pretty, graceful affair, and quite unique. I shall pay him a visit again one of these fine days."

Being thus installed as one of Mrs. Despard's favorites, it was not at all singular that they should see a great deal of the young gentleman. And they did see him pretty often. Gradually he forgot his objection to meeting Lisbeth, and rather sneered in secret at the violence of that first shock of repulsion. It was all over, now, he said, and why should such a woman trouble him? Indeed, what greater proof of his security could he give himself than the fact that he could meet her almost daily, and still feel indifferent. It must be confessed that he rather prided himself upon his indifference. He was drawn also into greater familiarity with the household through Georgy Esmond. For expressing her wish to make friends with Lisbeth, Georgy had been sincere, as was her habit. A very short time after the luncheon, her first visit was made, and the first visit was the harbinger of many others. "Mamma," who was her daughter's chief admiration, came with her, and "Mamma" was as much charmed, in her way, as Georgy had been in hers. It was impossible for Lisbeth to help pleasing people when she was in the right mood; and Mrs. Esmond and Georgy invariably put her in the right mood. She could not help showing her best side to these two sweet natures.

Thus a friendship arose which, in the course of time, became a very close one. Col. Esmond's house was a luxurious and pleasant one, and everybody's heart opened to a favorite of Georgy's. Accordingly Lisbeth's niche in the family was soon found. It was rather agreeable to go among people who admired, and were ready

to love her, so she went pretty often. In fact, Georgy kept firm hold upon her. There appeared always some reason why it was specially necessary that Lisbeth should be with her. She had visitors, or she was alone and wanted company; she had some new music, and wanted Lisbeth's help, or she had found some old songs Lisbeth must try—Lisbeth, whose voice was so exquisite. Indeed, it was Lisbeth, Lisbeth, Lisbeth, from week to week, until more than one of Miss Esmond's admirers wished that there had been no such person as Miss Crespigny in the world. As Anstruthers had said, Miss Georgy Esmond was quite a belle, in this the first year of her reign, and if she had been so inclined, it was generally believed that she might have achieved some very brilliant social triumphs, indeed. But I am afraid that she had the bad taste not to aspire as she might have done.

"I don't want to be uncharitable," she had said, innocently, to her friend. "And I don't in the least believe the things people often say about society—the things Hector says, for instance; but really, Lisbeth, I have sometimes thought that the life behind all the glare and glitter, was just the least bit stupid and hollow. I know I should get dreadfully tired of it, if I had nothing else to satisfy me; no real home-life, and no true, single-hearted, close friends to love, like you and mamma."

It made Lisbeth wince, this pretty speech. Georgy Esmond often made her wince.

And Mr. Hector Anstruthers discovered this fact before any great length of time had passed, and the discovery awakened in him divers new sensations.

He had looked on at the growing friendship with a secret sneer; but the sneer was not at Georgy. Honestly he liked the girl something the better for her affectionate credulity. Nothing could contaminate her, he said, inwardly, not even Lisbeth Crespigny. But sometimes, just now and then, he found it a trifle difficult to control himself, and resist the impulse to be openly sarcastic.

He encountered this difficulty in special force, one evening, about a month after the studio luncheon. The girls had spent the afternoon together, and, dinner being over, Lisbeth was singing one of Georgy's favorite songs. It was a love-song, too, for though Miss Georgy had as yet had no practical experience in the matter of love, she had some very pretty ideas of that tender passion, and was very fond of love-songs, and poems, and love-stories, such as touched her heart, and caused her to shed a few gentle tears. And this song was a very pretty one, indeed. "All for love, and the world well lost," was the burden of its guileless refrain. All for Love, love which is always true, and always tender, and never deceives us. What is the world, it demanded, what is life, what rest can we find if we have not love? The world is our garden, and love is the queen of roses, its fairest bloom. Let us gather what flowers we may, but, oh, let us gather the rose first, and tend it most delicately. It will give its higher beauty to our lives; it will make us more fit for Heaven itself; it will shame our selfishness, and help us to forget our sordid longings. All for love, and the world well lost. And so on, through three or four verses, with a very sweet accompaniment, which Georgy played with great taste.

And Lisbeth was singing, and, as she had a trick of doing, was quite forgetting herself. And her exquisite, full-toned voice rose and fell with a wondrous fervor, and her immense dark eyes glared, and her small, pale face glowed, and a little pathetic shadow seemed to rest upon her. So well did she sing, indeed, that one might have fancied that she had done nothing, all her life, but sing just such sweetly sentimental songs, and believe every word of them implicitly; and when she had finished, her accompanyist's eyes were full of tears.

"Oh, Lisbeth!" she cried, looking up at her affectionately, "you make everything sound so beautiful and—and true. I could never, never sing in that way. It must be because you can feel beautiful, tender things so deeply, so much more deeply than other people do."

Lisbeth awoke from her dream suddenly. Hector Anstruthers, who had been standing at the other side of the piano, looked at her with a significance which would have roused her at any time. Their eyes met, and both pair flashed; his with the very intensity of contempt; hers with defiance.

"My dear Georgy," he said, "I admire your enthusiasm, but scarcely think you quite understand Miss Crespigny. She is one of those fortunate people, who cannot help doing things well. It is a habit she has acquired. No sentiment would suffer in her hands, even a sentiment quite opposite to the one she has just illustrated the force of so artistically."

Georgy looked a little amazed. She did not like to be chilled when all her gentle emotions were in full play; and, apart from this, did not such a speech sound as if it suggested a doubt of the sincerity of her beloved Lisbeth?

"People cannot teach themselves to be innocent and loving," she said, almost indignantly "At least, they cannot be artistically loving and

innocent. You cannot make art of truth and faith, and you cannot be generous and kind through nothing but habit. Your heart must be good before you can be good yourself. At least, that is my belief, and I would rather have my beliefs than your cynicisms; and so would Lisbeth, I am sure, even if they are not so brilliant and popular. You are too sarcastic, sir, and you have quite spoiled our pretty song."

"I did not mean to spoil it," he answered. "Forgive me, I beg," with a satirical bow, "and pray favor me with another, that I may learn to believe. Perhaps I shall. I am inclined to think that Miss Crespigny could convince a man of anything."

"You don't deserve another," said Georgy. "Does he, Lisbeth?"

"Hardly," said Lisbeth, who was turning over some music, with an indifferent face. But she sang again, nevertheless, and quite as well as she had done before, though it must be admitted that she influenced Georgy to a choice of songs of a less Arcadian nature.

The following morning Anstruthers called to see Mrs. Despard, and found that lady absent, and Miss Crespigny in the drawing-room. Consequently, it fell to Miss Crespigny's lot to entertain him during his brief visit. He made it as brief a one as possible; but when he rose to take his leave, to his surprise Lisbeth detained him.

"There is something I should like to say to you," she began, after she had risen with him.

He paused, hat in hand.

"It is about Georgy—Miss Esmond," she added. "You were very kind to speak to her of me as you did last night. It was very generous. I feel that I ought to thank you for trying to make her despise me." And her eyes flashed with an expression not easy to face.

"I ask pardon," he returned, loftily. "If I had understood that your friendship was of such a nature——"

"If its object had been a man, instead of an innocent girl, you would have understood easily enough, I have no doubt," she interposed, angrily.

He bowed, with the suspicion of a sneer upon his face.

"Perhaps," he answered.

"Thank you," said she. "However, since you need the matter explained, I will explain it. I am fond of Georgy Esmond, and she is fond of me; and I do not choose to lose her affection; so I must resort to the poor expedient of asking you to deny yourself the gratification of treating me contemptuously in her presence. Say what you please when we are alone, as we are sometimes forced to be; but when we are with your cousin, be good enough to remember that she is my friend, and trusts me."

It was so like the girl Lisbeth, this daring, summary course, this confronting, and settling the matter at once, without the least sign of hesitation or reluctance, that he began to feel very uncomfortable. Had he really behaved himself so badly, indeed? Was it possible that he had allowed himself to appear such a rampant brute as her words implied? He, who so prided himself upon his thoroughbred impassability?

"I treat you contemptuously!" he exclaimed.

"It is not you I care for," she answered him. "It is Georgy Esmond."

He had no resource left but to accept his position, the very humiliating position of a man, whose apologies, if he offered any, would be coolly set aside, whose humiliation was of no consequence, and who was expected to receive punishment, like a culprit whose sensations were not for a moment to be regarded.

He left that house feeling angry and helpless, and returning to his chambers, wrote a stinging criticism of a new book. Poor Blanke, who had written the book, received the benefit of the sentiments Miss Crespigny had roused.

On her part, Lisbeth resorted to one of her "humors," to use Mrs. Despard's expression. She was out of patience with herself. She had lost her temper almost as soon as she had spoken her first words; and she had been so sure of perfect self-control before she began. That was her secret irritant. Why could she not have managed it better? It was not usual with her to give way, when she was sure of herself.

"Somebody has been here," said Mrs. Despard, when she came in, and found her sitting alone with her sewing. "Some one you do not like, or some one who has said something awkward or unpleasant to you."

"Hector Anstruthers has been here," was Lisbeth's answer, but she deigned no further explanation, and did not even lift her eyes as she spoke.

The next time that Georgy found herself alone with Mr. Anstruthers, she read him a very severe little lecture, on the subject of his shortcomings.

"I knew that you liked to be satirical, and make fine, cutting speeches," she said, with the prettiest indignation; "but I did not think you would have gone so far as to be openly rude, and to Lisbeth, of all people! Lisbeth, who is so good, and unselfish, and kind, and who is my dearest friend."

Hector Anstruthers looked at her sweet face almost mournfully.

"Is she good, and unselfish, and kind?" he said. But the question was not a satire. He only asked it, in a sort of tender wonder, at the girl's innocent faith.

"There is no one like her. No one so good, unless it is mamma herself," exclaimed Miss Georgy, with warmth.

"But Lisbeth's is not a common surface goodness, and I suppose that is the reason that you cannot see it. You, too, who are so far-sighted and clever. I, for one, am glad I am not a genius, if to be a genius one must be blind to everything but the failings of one's friends. Ah, Hector!" a sudden pity kindling in her gentle breast, as she met his eyes. "Ah, Hector, people often envy you, and call you fortunate, but there are times when I am sorry for you—sorry from my heart."

"Georgy," answered the young man, not quite able to control a tremor in his voice, "there are more times than you dream of, when I am sorry for myself."

"Sorry for yourself?" said Georgy, softening at once. "Then you must be more unhappy than I thought. To be sorry for oneself, one must be unhappy indeed. But why is it? Why should you be unhappy, after all? Why should you be cynical and unbelieving, Hector?" The world has been very good to you, or, as I think we ought to say, God has been very good to you. What have you not got, that you can want? What is there that you lack? Not money, not health, not friends. Isn't it a little ungrateful to insist on being wretched, when you have so much?"

"Yes," answered Anstruthers, gloomily. "It is very ungrateful, indeed."

"Ungrateful? I should think it was," returned Georgy, with her favorite dubious shake of the head. "Ah, poor fellow! I am afraid it is a little misfortune that you need, and I am very sorry to see it."

It was no marvel that Georgy Esmond was popular. She was one of those charming girls who invariably have a good effect upon people. She was so good herself, so innocent, so honest, so trustful, that she actually seemed to create a sweeter atmosphere wherever she went. The worst of men, while listening to her gentle, bright speeches, felt that the world was not so bad after all, and that there was still sweetness and purity left, to render sin the more shameful by their white contrast. "A fellow wants to forget his worst side, when he is with her," said one. "She makes a man feel that he would like to hide his shadinesses even from himself." Her effect upon Hector Anstruthers was a curious, and rather a dangerous one. She made him ashamed of himself, too, and she filled his heart with a tender longing and regret. Had it not been for his experience with Lisbeth, he would have loved the girl passionately. As it was, his affection for her would never be more than a brotherly, though intensely admiring one. He was constantly wishing that Fate had given Georgy to him; Georgy, who seemed to him the purest and loveliest of young home goddesses; Georgy, who would have made his life happy, and pure, and peaceful. If it had only been Georgy instead of Lisbeth. But it had been Lisbeth, and his altar-fires had burned out, and left to him nothing but a waste of cold, gray ashes. And yet, knowing this, he could not quite give Georgy up. The mere sight of her fresh, bright-eyed face was a help to him, and the sound of her voice a balm. He grew fonder of her every day, in his way. Her kindly, little, girlish homilies touched and warmed him. As Lisbeth had made him worse, so Georgy Esmond made him better. But the danger! The danger was not for himself, it was for Georgy.

The day was slowly dawning, when the girl's innocent friendship and admiration for him would become something else. When she began to pity him, she began to tread upon unsafe ground. She had lived through no miserable experience; she had felt no desolating passion; her heart was all untried, and his evident affection stirred it softly, even before she understood her own feelings. She thought her budding love was pity, and her tenderness sympathy. He had gone wrong, poor fellow, somehow, and she was sorry for him.

"I am sure he does not mean the hard things he sometimes says," she said to Lisbeth. "I think that satirical way of speaking is more a bad habit than anything else. Mamma thinks so, too, but," with a little guileless blush, "we are both so fond of him, that we cannot help being sorry that he has fallen into it."

"It is a sort of fashion in these days," returned Lisbeth, and she longed to add a scorching little sneer to the brief comment, but she restrained it for Georgy's sake.

Positively such a thing had become possible. She, who had never restrained her impulses before, had gradually learned to control them for this simple girl's sake. On the one or two occasions, early in their acquaintance, when she had let her evil spirit get the better of her, the sudden pain and wonder in Georgy's face had stung her so quickly, that she had resolved to hide her

iniquities, at least in her presence. Sometimes she had even wished that she had been softer at heart, and less selfish. It was so unpleasant to see herself just as she was, when she breathed that sweet atmosphere of which I have spoken. Georgy Esmond caused her to lose patience with Lisbeth Crespigny, upon more than one occasion.

"I am a hypocrite," she said to herself. "If she knew me as I am, what would she think of me? What would Mrs. Esmond say if she knew how cavalierly her 'dear Lisbeth' had treated those three loving old souls at Pen'yllan? I am gaining everything on false pretences." And one night, as she sat combing her hair before her mirror, she added, fiercely, "I am false and selfish all through; and I believe they are teaching me to be ashamed of myself."

The fact was, these two sweet women, this sweet mother and daughter, were teaching her to be ashamed of herself. She quite writhed under her conviction, for she felt herself convicted. Her self-love was wounded, but the day came when that perfect, obstinate self-confidence, which was her chief characteristic, was not a little shaken.

"I should like to be a better woman," she would say, in a kind of stubborn anger. "It has actually come to this, that I would be a better woman, if I could, but I cannot. It is not in me. I was not born to be a good woman."

The more she saw of the Esmonds, the more she learned. The household was such a pleasant one, and was so full of the grace of home and kindly affection. How proud the good old Colonel was of his pretty daughter. How he enjoyed her triumphs, and approved of the taste of her many admirers. How delighted he was to escort her to evening parties, or to the grandest of balls, and to spend the night in watching her dance, and smile, and hold her gay little court, entirely ignoring the fact that his gout was apt to be troublesome, when he wore tight boots instead of his huge slippers. It was quite enough for him that his girl was enjoying herself, and that people were admiring her grace, and freshness, and bloom. How fond the half-dozen small brothers and sisters were of Georgy; and what a comfort and pleasure the girl was to her mother! It was an education to Lisbeth Crespigny to see them all together. It even seemed that in time she fell somewhat into Georgy's own way of caring for other people. How could she help caring for the kind hearts that beat so warmly toward her. Then, through acquiring, as it were, a habit of graciousness, she remembered things she had almost forgotten. If she was not born to be a good woman, why not try and smoothe the fact over a little, was her cynical fancy. Why not give the three good spinsters at Pen'yllan the benefit of her new experience? It would be so little trouble to gladden their hearts. So with a half-impatient pity for herself and them, she took upon herself the task of writing to them oftener, and at greater length, and frequently, before her letters were completed, she found herself touched somewhat, and even prompted to be a trifle more affectionate than had been her wont. A poor, little effort to have made, but the dear, simple souls at Pen'yllan greeted the change with tenderest joy, and Aunt Millicent, and Aunt Clarissa, and Aunt Hetty, each shed tears of ecstasy in secret—in secret, because, to have shed them openly, would have been to admit to one another that they had each felt their dear Lisbeth's former letters to be cold, or at least not absolutely all that could be desired.

"So like dear, dear Phillip's own child," said Miss Clarissa, who was generally the family voice. "You know how often I have remarked, Sister Henrietta, that our dear Lisbeth was like Brother Phillip in every respect, even though at times she is, perhaps, a little more—a little more reserved, as it were. Her nature, I am sure, is most affectionate."

That fortunate and much-caressed young man, Mr. Hector Anstruthers, not only met Miss Crespigny frequently, but heard much of her. Imperfect as she may appear to us, who sit in judgment upon her, the name of her admirers was Legion. Her intimacy with the Esmonds led her into very gay and distinguished society, far more illustrious society than Mrs. Despard's patronage had been able to afford her. And having this, her little peculiarities did the rest. Her immense, dusky eyes; her small, pale, piquant face; her odd self-possession; her wit, and her numerous capabilities, attracted people wondrously. Even battered old beaux, who had outlived two or three generations of beauties, and who were fastidious accordingly, found an indescribable charm in this caustic, clever young person who was really not a beauty at all, if measured according to the usual standard. She was too small, too pale, too odd; but then where could one find such great, changeable, dark eyes, such artistic taste, such masses of fine hair, such a voice?

"And, apart from that," it was said of her, "there is something else. Hear her talk, by Jove! See how she can manage a man, when she chooses to take the trouble; see how little she cares for the fine speeches, that would influ-

ence other women. See her dance, hear her sing, and you will begin to understand her. A fellow can never tire of her, for she is everything she has the whim to be, and she is everything equally well."

"So she is, Heaven knows," Hector Anstruthers muttered, bitterly, looking across the room at her, as she stood talking to Col. Esmond. Old Denbigh's laudatory speech fell upon his ears with a significance of its own. She could be anything she chose, so long as her whim lasted; and there was the end of it. It all meant nothing. She was as false when she played her pretty part for the benefit of the Esmonds, young and old, as when she encouraged these dandies, and ensnared them. With Georgy she took up the *role* of *ingenue*, that was all. She was bad through and through. He felt all this sincerely, this night, when he heard the men praising her, and he was savage accordingly; but how was it, the very next night, when he dropped in to see Mrs. Despard, and surprised the syren, reading a letter of Miss Clarissa's, and reading it in the strangest of moods, reading it with a pale face, and heavy wet lashes.

She did not pretend to hide the traces of her mental disturbance. She did not condescend to take the trouble. She evidently resented his appearance as an untimely one, but she greeted him with indifferent composure.

"Mrs. Despard will come down, as soon as she hears you are here," she said, and then proceeded to fold the letter, and replace it in its envelope; and thus he saw that it bore the Pen'yllan post-mark.

What did such a whim as this mean? he asked himself, impatiently, taking in at a glance the new expression in her face, and the heaviness of her gloomy eyes. This was not one of her tricks. There was no one here to see her, and even if there had been, what end could she serve by crying over a letter from Pen'yllan? What, on earth, had she been crying for? He had never seen her shed a tear before in his life. He had often thought that such a thing was impossible, she was so hard. Could it be that she was not really so hard, after all, and that those three innocent old women could reach her heart? But the next minute he laughed at the absurdity of the idea, and Lisbeth, chancing to raise her eyes, and coolly fix them on his face at that moment, saw his smile.

What is the matter?" she asked.

A certain demon took possession of him at once. What if he should tell her, and see how she would answer. They knew each other. Why should they keep up this pretence of being nothing but ordinary acquaintances, with no unpleasant little drama behind?

"I was thinking what an amusing blunder I had been on the verge of making," he said.

She did not answer, but still kept her eyes fixed upon him.

"I was trying to account for your sadness, on the same grounds that I would account for sadness in another woman. I was almost inclined to believe that something, in your letter, had touched your heart, as it might have touched Georgy Esmonds. But I checked myself in time."

"You checked yourself in time," she said, in a queer, slow way. "That was a good thing."

There was a brief silence, during which he felt that, as usual, he had gained nothing by his sarcasm; and then suddenly she held out her mite of a hand, with Miss Clarissa's letter in it, rather taking him aback.

"Would you like to read it?" she said. "Suppose you do. Aunt Clarissa is an old friend of yours. She speaks of you as affectionately as ever."

He could not comprehend the look she wore when she said this. It was a queer, calculating look, and had a meaning of its own; but it was a riddle he could not read.

"Take it," she said, seeing that he hesitated. "I mean what I say. I want you to read it all. It may do you good."

So, feeling uncomfortable enough, he took it. And before he had read two pages, it had affected him just as Lisbeth had intended that it should. The worst of us must be touched by pure, unselfish goodness. Miss Clarissa's simple, affectionate outpourings to her dear Lisbeth were somewhat pathetic in their way. She was so grateful for the tenderness of their dear girl's last letter, so sweet-tempered were her ready excuses for its rather late arrival, her kind old heart was plainly so wholly dedicated to the perfections of the dear girl in question, that by the time Anstruthers had reached the conclusion of the epistle, he found himself indescribably softened in mind, though he really could not have told why. He did not think that he had softened toward Lisbeth herself, but it was true, nevertheless, that he had softened toward her, in a secretly puzzled way.

Lisbeth had risen from her seat, and was standing before him, when he handed back the letter, and she met his eyes just as she had done before.

"They are very fond of me, you see," she said. "They even believe that I have a real affection for them. They think I am capable of

it, just as Georgy Esmond does. Poor Georgy! Poor Aunt Clarissa! Poor Aunt Millicent! Poor everybody, indeed!" And she suddenly ended, and turned away from him, toward the fire.

But in a minute more she spoke again.

"I wonder if I am capable of it," she said. "I wonder if I am."

He could only see her side face, but something in her tone roused him to a vehement reply.

"God knows," he said, "I do not. I do not understand you, and never shall."

She turned to him abruptly then, and let him see her whole face, pale with a strange, excited pallor, her eyes wide, and sparkling, and wet.

"That is true," she said. "You do not understand. I do not understand, myself, but—— Well, I have told you lies enough before, when it has suited me. Now I will tell you the truth, for once. Your blunder was not such a blunder, after all. My heart has been touched, just as a better woman's might have been, almost as Georgy's might have been. And this letter touched it—this effusion of poor old Aunt Clarissa's; and that was why I was crying when you came into the room. Why I am crying now." And having made this unlooked-for confession, she walked out of the room, just as Mrs. Despard came in.

CHAPTER VI.

On his next visit to his friends, the Esmonds, Mr. Anstruthers found the pretty head of the lovely Miss Georgy full of a new project. Had he not heard the news? She was going to Pen'yllan with Lisbeth, and they were to stay with the Misses Tregarthyn. Miss Clarissa had written the kindest letter, the dearest, affectionate letter, as affectionate as if she had known her all her life. Wasn't it delightful?

"So much nicer, you know, than going to some stupid, fashionable place," said Miss Georgy, with bright eyes, and the brightest of fresh roses on her cheeks. "Not that I am so ungrateful as to abuse poor old Brighton, and the rest; but this will be something new."

"And new things are always better than old ones," suggested Anstruthers.

"Some new things always are," answered Georgy, with spirit. "New virtues, for instance, are better than old follies. New resolutions to be charitable, instead of old tendencies to be harsh. New——"

"I give it up!" interposed Hector. "And I will agree with you. I always agree with you, Georgy," in a softer tone.

The poor, pretty face bloomed into blush-rose color, and the sweet eyes met his with innocent trouble.

"Not always," said Georgy. "You don't agree with me when I tell you that you are not as good as you ought to be, as you might be, if you would try."

"Am I such a bad fellow, then?" drawing nearer to her. "Ah, Georgy! etc., etc.——" until, in fact, he wandered off in spite of himself, into that most dangerous ground, of which I have already spoken.

Actually, within the last few days, the idea had occurred to him, that, perhaps—possibly, just possibly—he would not be going so far wrong, if he let himself drift into a gentle passion for Georgy. Perhaps, after all, he could give her a better love than he had ever given to Lisbeth Crespigny. It would be a quieter love. Was not a man's second love always greater than the first, and at the same time was it not always more endurable and deep? But perhaps he could make it a love worthy of her. Mind you, he was not shallow, or coarse enough, to think that anything would do; any mock sentiment, any semblance of affection. It was only that he longed to anchor himself somehow, and admired and trusted this warm-souled young creature so earnestly, that he instinctively turned toward her. She was far too good for him, he told himself, and it was only her goodness that could help her to overlook his many faults; but perhaps she would overlook them; and perhaps, in time, out of the ashes of that wretched passion of his youth, might arise a phœnix fair enough to be worthy of her womanhood.

So he was something more tender, and so his new tenderness showed itself in his handsome face, and in a certain regret that he was to lose what Pen'yllan and the Misses Tregarthyn were to gain.

"Will you let me come to see you?" he asked, at last. "Will you——"

But there he stopped, remembering Lisbeth. How would she like such a plan?

"Why should you not?" said Georgy, with a pleased blush. "I have heard you say that the Misses Tregarthyn have asked you again and again. And they seem so fond of you; and I am sure mamma and papa would be quite glad if you would run down and look at us, and then run back and tell them all the news. And as to Lisbeth, Lisbeth never objects to anything. I think she likes you well enough when you are good. Come, by all means." And she seemed to regard his proposition as such a natural and pleasant one, that he had no alternative but to

profess to regard it as such himself, and so it was agreed upon that, in course of time, he should follow them to Pen'yllan.

Indeed, he drifted so far this evening, that there is no knowing how sad a story this of mine might have been, if the fates had not been kinder to pretty Georgy Esmond than they are to the generality of people. Surely it must have been because she deserved something better than the fortune of a disappointed woman, that chance interposed in her behalf before she went to sleep that night.

She had enjoyed herself very much during Hector's visit. She had sung her sweetest songs, and had been in the brightest of good spirits. Indeed, she had been very happy, and perhaps had felt her innocent, warm heart stirred a little, once or twice, by the young man's tender speeches, though she was very far from being in the frame of mind to analyze the reasons for her gentle pleasure.

When her visitor had taken his departure, she came to the Colonel's arm-chair, and possibly feeling somewhat conscience-stricken, because she had left "papa" to his own resources for so long a time, she applied herself to the task of petting him in her most seductive manner.

"You are very quiet, papa," she said, settling herself upon a footstool, at his side. "I hope you are not going to have the gout again, darling. Mamma, what shall we do with him, if he insists on having the gout, when I am going to Pen'yllan? I shall have to stay at home, and so will Lisbeth. He cannot possibly dispense with us, when he has the gout."

"But I am not going to have the gout," protested the Colonel, stoutly. "I am quite well, my dear; but the fact is—the fact is, I was thinking of a discovery I made this evening—a discovery about Anstruthers."

"Hector?" exclaimed Georgy, half-unconsciously, and then turned her bright eyes upon the shining fender.

"Yes," proceeded Col. Esmond. "Hector himself. I believe I have found out what has changed him so—so deucedly, not to put too fine a point upon it—during the last four or five years. You remember what a frank, warm-hearted lad he was, at three-and-twenty, Jennie?" to Mrs. Esmond.

"Papa, interposed Georgy, "do you really think he has changed for the worse? In his heart, I mean."

"He has not changed for the better," answered the Colonel; "but his heart is all right, my dear."

"I am sure," said Georgy, a little piteously. "I am sure he is good at heart."

"Of course he is," said the Colonel. "But he has altered very much, in many respects. And Jennie, my dear, I have discovered that the trouble was the one you hinted at, in the beginning. There was a woman in the case. A woman who treated him shamefully."

"She must have been very heartless," said Georgy. "Poor Hector!"

The colonel quite warmed up.

"She was shamefully heartless, she was disgracefully, unnaturally heartless! Such cold-blooded, selfish cruelty would have been unnatural in a mature woman, and she was nothing more than a school-girl, a mere child. I congratulate myself that I did not learn her *name*. The man who told me the story had not heard it. If I knew it, and should ever chance to meet her, by George!" with virtuous indignation, "I don't see how a man of honor could remain in the same room with such a woman."

And then he poured out what he had heard of the story, and an unpleasant enough sound *it* had, when related with all the additional coloring confidential report had given it. It was bad enough to begin with, but it was worse for having passed through the hands of the men who had gathered it together, by scraps, and *odds*, and ends, and joined it as they thought best.

"And the worst of it is," ended Col. Esmond, "that he has not lived it down, as he fancies he has done. At least there are those who think so. It is said the girl is here in town now, and though they are not friends, Anstruthers cannot keep away from her altogether, and is always most savage and reckless when he has seen her."

"Poor fellow!" said Georgy, in a low, quiet voice. "Poor Hector!"

But she did not look up at any one, as she spoke. Indeed she had not looked up, even once, during the time in which this unpleasant story had been told.

Having heard it, she confronted it very sensibly. When, indeed, was she not sweet, and sensible? While she listened, a hundred past incidents rushed back upon her. She remembered things she had heard Hector say, and things she had seen him do; she remembered certain restless moods of his, certain desperate whims and fancies, and she began to comprehend what their meaning was. Her vague fancies of his unhappiness found a firm foundation. He was wretched, and broken in faith, because this cruel girl had robbed him of his honest belief in love, and truth, and goodness. Ah, poor Hector! She

did not say very much, while the Colonel and Mrs. Esmond discussed the matter, but she was thinking very deeply, and when she bade them good-night, and went up to her room, there was a sad sort of thoughtfulness in her face.

She did not begin to undress at once, but sat down by her toilet-table, and rested her fresh cheek on her hand.

"I wonder who it was?" she said, softly. "Who could it be? Who did he know, when he was three-and-twenty?"

Surely some Fate guided her eyes, just at that moment, guided them to the small, half-opened note, lying at her elbow; a note so opened that the signature alone presented itself to her glance. "Your affectionate Lisbeth."

She gave a little start, and then flushed up with a queer agitation.

"Lisbeth!" she said, "Lisbeth!" And then, with quite a self-reproach in her tone. "Oh, no! Not Lisbeth. How could I say it? Not Lisbeth!" She put out her hand, and took up the note, protestingly. "I could not bear to think it," she said. "It might be any one else, but not Lisbeth." And yet the next minute a new thought forced itself upon her, a memory of some words of Lisbeth's own.

"We were nothing but a couple of children when we met at Pen'yllan," that young lady had said, a few days before, a trifle cavalierly. "He was only three-and-twenty, and as for me, what was I but a child, a school-girl, not much more than sixteen."

"But," protested Georgy, her eyes shining piteously, and the moisture forcing itself into them, "but it might not have been her; and if it was Lisbeth he loved, the story may have been exaggerated. Such stories always are; and if any part of it is true, she was so young, and did not know what she was doing. It was not half so wrong in Lisbeth as it would have been in me, who have had mamma all my life to teach me the difference between right and wrong. She had nobody but the Misses Tregarthyn; and people who are good are not always wise."

She was not very wise herself, poor, loving, little soul! At least she was not worldly wise. She could not bear the thought of connecting that cruel story with her most precious Lisbeth, in whom she had never yet found a fault. And if it must be connected with her, what excuses might there not be! Oh, she was so sure that it was an exaggerated story, and that, if the truth were known, Lisbeth's fault had only risen out of Lisbeth's youth and innocence. She was so disturbed about her friend, that it was quite a long time before she remembered that she had a quiet little pain of her own to contend with, only the ghost of a pain as yet, but a ghost which, but for this timely check, might have been very much harder to deal with than it was.

"I think," she said, at last, blushing a little at the sound of her own words, "I think that, perhaps, I was beginning to care for Hector more than for any one else; and I am glad that papa told me this, before—before it was too late. I think I should have been more sorry, after a little time, than I am now; and I ought to be thankful. If I did not mean to be sensible, instead of sentimental, perhaps I should try to believe that what is said is not true, and that he has really lived his trouble down; but I would rather be sensible, and believe that he only means to think of me as his friend, as he has done all his life. I must think that," she thought, eagerly. "I must remember it always, when he is with me. It would be best. And if it is Lisbeth he has loved, and he loves her yet, I—I must try to help them to forgive each other." And here she bent her face, and as she touched the note lightly with her lips, a bright drop, like a jewel, fell upon the paper. "We must always be true to each other," she whispered, tremulously. "This would be a sad world, if people were not true to each other, and ready to make little sacrifices for the sake of those they love."

And thus it was that the innocent, white rose of love, just turning to the sun, folded its fresh petals, and became a bud again. It was better as it was, much better that it should be a bud for a longer time, than that it should bloom too early, and lose its too lavish beauty before the perfect summer came.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LITTLE CATHIE.

BY CLAUDINE SCOTT.

CULL sweet flowers, for the darling,
Twine them round her youthful brow,
She is sleeping, sweetly sleeping,
And no pain disturbs her now.

Lay her gently on her pillow,
Clasp her hands, so pure and fair,
Brush back from her marble forehead
All the wandering waves of hair.

Though we weep and mourn her sadly,
She is happy up above;
There one day we'll surely meet her,
In the realms of peace and love.

MY "BETE-NOIR."

BY M. SEARLE.

"HATEFUL man! I despise him! He is the bete-noir of my existence," I went on, vehemently. "I wish he would take himself off to some distant clime, where I would never see or hear of him again."

"Who, Madge?" lazily asked my sister, Violet.

"Who? Why, Philip Rhysdale, of course."

"What can you mean?" replied Violet. "I think his manners are perfect, and he is so talented."

"Perfect manners! Think of his telling me, last night, he did not like too much originality in a woman; it made them disagreeable. Was that good breeding? I felt like choking him."

"What a little spitfire you are, Madge!" said Violet, laughing. "I dare say you were advancing some of your peculiar ideas. You know you do talk strangely at times," stretching her pretty mouth in a yawn as she spoke. "By-the-by, he is coming over this evening, to complete the arrangements about the picnic."

"Ah!" I replied. "Then I shall have to don my lemon-colored organdie."

"Why will you wear that hideous thing?" said Violet. "You know how he despises the color."

"My principal reason for making a primrose out of myself," I said, coolly, proceeding to array myself in the condemned garment.

"If you would only wear your pink crepe, with black lace trimmings," groaned my sister. "You have made a fright of yourself ever since we have been at Aunt Sophie's, and all owing to what she said to mother about Philip Rhysdale's being such an excellent match."

"Don't you think primroses would look well in my hair, dear?" I answered, aggravatingly, holding my head to one side, and gazing at my reflection in the glass.

"Get a sun-flower at once," said Violet, laughing in spite of herself. "But I would not make an object of myself, for the sake of any man in the universe, no matter how much I detested him, or his tastes." And she surveyed me with a very scornful expression.

Usually I yielded to my sister in matters relating to my wardrobe. But as Philip Rhysdale had happened to express his detestation of yellow, one night, I had declared myself in its favor ever since, contriving to introduce various bows and ends of the despised color in my hair and dress, much to Violet's indignation.

My sister and myself were spending the summer with an aunt, who lived near H——. It was our first visit. The people we met were pleasant and sociable, and the time would have passed delightfully, had it not been for one drawback. Unfortunately, Aunt was gifted with a genius for match-making. She was anxious to have us well settled in life, as she phrased it, and was constantly manœuvring for that end. Money was no object; we had "plenty of worldly dross, and to spare;" but "family," that was her great point. The Vintons, that was *our* family name, unfortunately, could not go back to their great-grandsires, and find them in the revolutionary war, with a pair of epaulettes on their shoulders; nor down in the Old Dominion, on wide plantations, with hundreds of servants at beck and call.

It was therefore "our duty," as Aunt Sophy told our mother, "to marry into a good family;" and our little, gentle mother agreed with her, as he always did in everything.

Violet, who was a tall, queenly blonde, with hair like sunshine, and eyes as blue as the flower whose name she bore, was expected, by Aunt Sophy, to marry a lord, at least. She was not very well pleased, therefore, when, at the end of her first season, Violet became engaged to Arthur Cuyler, of New York, a fair match, but no more.

Thus it came to pass, that I was the only one left, on whom to build her hopes, as she had *no* daughters of her own. But I was very different from Violet, being petite in figure, and as dark as a gipsy.

Philip Rhysdale would be just the thing for me, she decided, at last. He had a pedigree of which any one might feel proud. However, I refused, most flatly, at first, to go to the Ferns, which was Aunt Sophy's residence. But Violet coaxed, and my mother pleaded. So, finally, I consented. But it was with a solemn determination that not anything Philip Rhysdale could say, or do, would be able to win my favor, even in the slightest degree.

As for the gentleman himself, the unconscious author of all my woes, I dare say I should have liked him well enough, had I not been worried so about him beforehand. He was handsome and

dignified, about thirty years old, very courteous in his manners, and, as Violet said, "exceedingly talented." He had a way, too, of making people do as he pleased; a "way" against which I inwardly rebelled, and never lost an opportunity of thwarting. Every one liked him, except myself, however; Aunt Sophy, Uncle Ned, my cousin Oscar, down, even, to old Cæsar, the gardener, who seldom had a smile for any one.

As Mr. Rhysdale's place adjoined the Ferns, we saw a great deal of him. Aunt Sophy had asked him to make it "pleasant" for her nieces, during their stay. "As if it would not have been twice over as pleasant without him," I told Violet, angrily.

He and I had clashed from the first. We could not agree upon a single point. Even the color of a dress was a source of contention between us. I had purchased the lemon-colored one, in which I was now arrayed for the first time, for the express purpose of annoying him; and a most flaring yellow it was, without anything to relieve its brightness.

I went slowly down the broad stair-case, feeling ridiculously like a sunflower, yet inwardly cogitating how I would manage to provoke Mr. Rhysdale to open comment on my dress.

The first person I met was Uncle Ned.

"Halloo, Firefly!" he cried. "Where did you get that yellow gown? Have you been using up all my primroses for dye?"

"The fairies made it, Uncle Ned," I replied. "Does it please your worship?"

My cousin Oscar, a bright, handsome boy of seventeen, now came up.

"Tell me, oh, maiden, didst thou fashion that gorgeous attire out of yon golden cloud?" he cried, dramatically, striking an attitude as he spoke, and gazing at me through his fingers.

"Talking of golden clouds," said a clear voice, at that instant, and Mr. Rhysdale came up, neither of us having seen his approach before, "the sunset, to-night, reminded me of one I saw in Rome, last year."

"Rome, the City of Sunsets!" I cried, enthusiastically. "It is the desire of my life to visit it. Oh, how often I dream of its ruined palaces and dim old picture-galleries!"

"Yet it is a poor, decayed sort of place, which you would get tired of in a year," observed Mr. Rhysdale, coolly, in that practical manner of his, which always exasperated me intensely.

"Never!" I cried. "It would never lose its fascination for me. The ruined arches, the fountains, the broken columns! And then the Coliseum! Did you make the usual visit by moonlight, Mr. Rhysdale?"

"I was invited to make one of a party; but moonlight at thirty-three, and moonlight at seventeen, are two different things; so, I declined."

"I dare say, too, at thirty-three, rheumatism may be added to the delights of a moonlight ramble," I said, tartly.

Mr. Rhysdale laughed. "Rheumatism is a disease not to be trifled with, although I cannot speak from experience, never having had it."

Fortunately, other visitors came in, at this moment; but I was already ashamed of my conduct. If there was anything I detested, it was personality.

During the evening I saw Mr. Rhysdale survey me, curiously, several times; and I felt fully repaid for the sacrifice of wearing a yellow dress, by overhearing him remark to Aunt Sophy, "Miss Madge has a very brilliant taste in dress, hasn't she?"

Meantime, another guest, Dr. Palmer, had engaged me for the picnic, on the morrow.

Directly, we had some singing by Violet, whose voice was so sweet, Mr. Rhysdale said, it reminded him of "silver bells." She sang "Robin Adair" to-night

Finally, the party broke up, with the promise to meet at ten the next morning. Our destination was the Glen, and I was wild to go, for I had heard much of the beauties of the place. We were all going on horseback, except Uncle, and Aunt, and the minister and his wife. These four declared themselves too old for the saddle, and chose the phaeton; Violet and myself, the two Miss Greysons, Dr. Palmer, Mr. Rhysdale, Oscar, and several others, composed the rest of the party.

The morning rose clear and bright. Promptly, at ten, we began to assemble. Mr. Rhysdale's glossy black had just drawn up by the side of Violet's white pony, as I stepped out on to the portico, and Dr. Palmer, at the same moment, lifted his hat to me, in a gay good-morning, as he cantered up the drive on his beautiful chestnut.

Oscar, whom I had not seen before this morning, now made his appearance.

"What will you do, Madge?" he said, coming toward me with a vexed look. "The black pony is dead lame, and there is not another ladies' horse in the stables."

"How provoking!" I exclaimed, feeling wonderfully low all at once; for now I would have to go in the phaeton with Aunt Sophy, and a dull time I would have of it; for aunt never allowed the horses to go faster than a walk, being a great coward.

"Permit me," said Dr. Palmer, eagerly, "to

offer my horse. He is an admirable riding horse; a little fiery, but easily controlled."

I accepted the offer with delight. I had great confidence in my horsemanship, and felt no fear.

"But what will you do yourself?" I said, remembering, suddenly, that he could not walk.

"He can have Hunter, father's horse," said Oscar. "I will go and bring him around."

Oscar soon came back with the two horses, and all being now assembled, we concluded to start, and leave the phaeton to follow at its leisure.

The word was given, and away we galloped, the chestnut behaving beautifully.

"He has been grossly maligned," I said to Dr. Palmer, as we drew rein, at last, to rest. "I am his champion from henceforth," patting his glossy neck as I spoke.

"I am glad you like him," replied the Doctor. "He is perfectly safe now, only he will not bear the whip. Two years ago, a lady could not have ridden him. He is the fastest horse I know of. There is no one to equal him."

"Unless it is Mr. Rhysdale's black," observed Oscar. "I should like to see the two in a fair race."

"Oh, how I should glory in beating him!" I cried.

"So should I," replied Dr. Palmer, smiling; "but not with you on the chestnut."

"Why not?" said I, pouting, and putting my horse to a canter as I spoke, which ended the conversation for the time.

We reached the Glen in due time. It was a lovely spot, between two hills. A mountain torrent, splashing down over huge gray rocks, gave life to its solitude. The green trees, growing on the side of the hills, arched their branches, until they almost met, seeming like so many sentinels guarding the silence of the spot.

Dismounting, we sat down to rest, and enjoy the cool shade, which was inexpressibly grateful, after our long ride. Our horses were placed in a shed, close by, arranged for the convenience of visitors, for, as might have been expected, the place was a great resort.

"Look at Violet," whispered Oscar, as he sat down by my side, at the foot of a tree. "Isn't she lovely? No wonder Rhysdale seems enchanted."

The phaeton was now seen approaching; and then the light wagon that carried our provision; and we were soon busily engaged in preparing lunch.

I installed myself as head-waiter, and chose Oscar and Dr. Palmer for my assistants. Pinning up my habit, I tied a huge white apron around my waist, Oscar and Dr. Palmer adorned themselves with long, white towels, and, thus equipped, we proceeded to arrange our repast.

A large, flat rock served for our table. We placed the cold chicken, sandwiches, tarts, etc., picturesquely, Oscar decorating the dishes with pine and scarlet columbine. A huge bouquet of ferns was placed in the centre, and an immense bough of evergreen fixed over the table, "to serve the double purpose," Oscar said, "of keeping off the insects and being ornamental."

How we all enjoyed it! Even Mr. Rhysdale forgot his stateliness, and did not frown once, even though I salted his coffee, instead of sweetening it, a misadventure, I must confess, premeditated.

After lunch we all walked to the head of the Glen. We went over slippery rocks and mimic precipices; sometimes in the water, with here and there a jump, which every lady said she could not make, but always did.

I drew a long breath, as I looked down. It seemed as if some mighty convulsion in nature had rent the two hills asunder. Massive rocks were piled high, one above the other. Great clefts were in the earth. Here and there a pine, with its roots washed bare, stood up. The black water rushed, and boiled, and whitened, in its impetuous haste. All formed a scene whose grandeur was indescribable.

Delicate ferns waved their feathery heads in moist recesses; and scarlet and columbine grew in profusion in and around the rocks. I plucked a great bunch of the latter, and the ladies twined it in their hats, and the gentlemen placed it in their button-holes.

"It was my flower," Dr. Palmer said, and he insisted on my giving him some of mine to wear.

After we had looked our fill, we prepared to make the descent, which was accomplished with many a little shriek by the timid. Here Oscar came up to me, and whispered. We left the rest. I followed him in, among the trees, to a large rock, where a tambourine and violin were lying. I was quite a skillful performer on the tambourine, frequently accompanying Oscar, who played the violin remarkably well.

"Now for some fun!" said he. "Won't we make stiff old Rhysdale stare."

I put on a wide flat and scarlet cloak; while a brigand hat, with long feather, and jaunty cloak, turned Oscar into a very handsome gipsy.

Our appearance was greeted with loud applause. Shaking the bells of my tambourine, we sang the Troubadour song, from Trovatore, Oscar taking the tenor, to my soprano. Two or three other songs followed, and then I went

around for money, as if we had been real gipsies. Dropping a deep courtesy, as I approached Mr. Rhysdale, I, in my choicest Italian, requested a *dono*. After a moment's hesitation, he drew off a heavy seal-ring, which he always wore on the little finger of his left hand, and dropped it into my hat. With a murmured "graxia," I passed on to the next. All gave me something. Rejoining my companion, we sang "The Last Rose of Summer" for Uncle Ned, who, being strictly English in his tastes, enjoyed it far more than what he called "Italian gibberish." Then we wound up with a comic recitation by Oscar, which occasioned great laughter.

Uncle said it was now time to go home, especially as there seemed to be a storm brewing. And, sure enough, the clear blue of the sky had been overcast by numerous flying clouds, of an ominous black. In the hurry and confusion of starting, I did not get an opportunity of returning Mr. Rhysdale's ring. Slipping it on my finger, I thought I would give it to him after we reached home.

After leaving the Glen, the road was level for more than a mile, and as smooth as a board. Here I determined to have my race. I had managed, in starting, to be directly in front of Mr. Rhysdale; and when we reached the level I turned suddenly in my saddle, and called out, laughingly,

"A race! My heart and hand to the one who reaches the cross-roads before me!"

The gentlemen gallantly accepted my challenge, and away we all went, in wild confusion. For the first quarter of a mile I kept ahead; then Mr. Rhysdale's black gained on me. We rode steadily, side by side, for the next three minutes, leaving the rest far in the rear. At last I saw I would be beaten, unless I made use of the forbidden whip.

One glance at Mr. Rhysdale's face, and I struck a sharp blow across the horse. The chestnut reared madly, as if stung by the insult, and then shot forward at lightning speed. On, on she went, like the wind. Would we never stop in our mad career? I had lost all control of her before this, and could only cling to the mane. Far ahead I saw the gleaming of Silver Creek in the distance, which ran deep and wide along the road for more than a mile.

I still heard the clatter of horses' hoofs behind me, and knew that Mr. Rhysdale was straining every nerve to reach me. I had beaten in the race; but at what a cost! Ah, how bitterly I regretted my rashness! And all for the sake of humbling a man I professed to despise!

We were nearing the creek. A moment more, and I would be plunged in it. Already I felt the waters gurgling around me, when suddenly the horse shied, and I was flung off.

I lost all consciousness for a time. When I recovered, I found myself lying on the road-side, supported by Mr. Rhysdale, who was gazing into my face with a look so solicitous and tender, that I could not help thinking, incongruous as it may seem, like the little old woman in the fairy tale, "Can this be I?"

"Are you hurt?" asked he, as I made an effort to raise my head from his arm. "Lie still," he continued, authoritatively, seeing how faint I grew.

I glanced down at my arm, which hung limp at my side, and in which a dull, burning pain was making itself felt.

"The arm, is it?" following the direction of my eyes, and touching it, as he spoke.

I groaned with pain. He was a surgeon by profession, having studied for amusement, but not practicing. After making an examination, as well as he could, he said he thought it was dislocated.

"Oh, if I had not been so foolish!" I groaned.

"There is no help for it, now," he replied, gravely. "What we have to consider is, getting home. You cannot ride by yourself, owing to your arm; and your horse has taken French leave. You cannot walk, for we have more than seven miles to go. I cannot leave you to go for a carriage, even."

"No, no! do not leave me!" I broke out, half-sobbing.

"The only way," continued he, "will be for you to ride in front of me."

"In front of you?" I repeated, mechanically, looking at him doubtfully, as he tore his handkerchief into strips to form a support for my arm.

"Certainly," he replied, in the most unconcerned manner possible. "I can support you very readily, and guide my horse, too. You are no such great weight," said he, with a smile, placing my arm in the sling.

There was nothing for me to do, but submit.

We were forced to ride very slowly, owing to the jolting which hurt my arm, and which made me feel so sick and faint.

The storm, which had been gathering ever since we left the Glen, now made itself heard in the sullen muttering of its thunder, and an occasional flash of lightning. At last, a big drop of rain, which fell on my face, showed it was very near.

"If we can only escape the drenching," said Mr. Rhysdale, who could scarcely see his way, it had grown so dark.

Just then a light flashed in the darkness ahead, and a well-known voice called, "halloo!"

To our great joy it was Oscar, in the carriage, who looked in amazement at our singular mode of traveling.

Mr. Rhysdale cut all his questions short, and, lifting me into the carriage, arranged me as comfortably as he could; and bidding Oscar drive as gently as possible, he shut the door, and mounting his horse, he galloped off, to prepare the family to receive us.

"They are all immensely alarmed about you at home, Madge," said Oscar. "At first, we thought you had prolonged your ride for fun; but Violet said you would not do that, in the face of the storm. So I came in search of you."

We reached the Ferns at last. Uncle Ned met us at the carriage-door, with lantern and umbrellas, for the rain was descending in torrents.

Mr. Rhysdale opened the door, and, taking me in his arms as easily as if I had been a feather, carried me into the hall, up the stair-case, and into my own room. Here I found Violet and Aunt Sophy awaiting me. Violet almost went into hysterics when she saw me carried in, and laid upon the bed. I immediately felt it my duty to faint, and she, of course, concluded I was dead.

After being deluged with cologne and camphor, and half-strangled with brandy, I revived, and was able to be undressed, and put to bed. Then Mr. Rhysdale was called in to attend to my arm, in which the pain had become intense. It was dislocated, as he had supposed. He set it as gently as he could, but he hurt me terribly. After it was all over, he prepared a soothing draught, and with a few more instructions for the night, withdrew.

Withdrew, without my even thanking him, I thought to myself, as I turned restlessly on my pillow. All that night, in my feverish dreams, I could feel the steady beat of the heart on which my head had rested. It hurt, I thought; and once or twice I called to Violet, deliriously, to "take the heart away, it hurts."

She soothed me to sleep again, but I was feverish and wandering all night long, and the next morning quite sick. It was a good many days before I recovered my strength. The shock to my nervous system was so great it brought on a nervous fever, and it was six weeks before I was about again.

Every one was most kind. Dr. Palmer kept me supplied with the finest fruits and flowers, although Oscar said he might decorate his chestnut with them, who was found standing in front of his stable the next morning, as quietly as if nothing had happened. But what I valued most, was the exquisite bunch of tea-roses which came, with Philip Rhysdale's card, every morning.

I was petted to my heart's content; and when I came down stairs for the first time, it was quite a gala-night.

Violet dressed me in her favorite pink *crepe*, with black lace-trimmings; but I insisted on wearing my tea-roses in my curls, and in the lace ruffle I wore about my throat.

There was quite a number there, that night. The parlors were filled. Oscar took up his station by my chair, to relieve me from talking, when I got too tired, he said.

I felt the blood surge to my cheeks, when Philip Rhysdale came up, and took my hand in his, to express his pleasure at seeing me down again. To my surprise, he remained by my side the entire evening, chatting pleasantly, without making a single caustic remark; and I told Violet, after he retired, that I had no idea he could be so entertaining.

We were going home the next week. Already our visit had been lengthened far beyoud what we had first intended, and although Aunt Sophy tried to persuade us, we decided we must go.

Before I left, I must return Mr. Rhysdale's ring. I wanted Violet to do it, but she refused, and I was forced to give it to him myself.

I only waited for an opportunity. Strange to say, I felt awkward about it. This man, with his keen, gray eyes, had a strange hold on me. I was not myself when with him. My eyes fell before his in the most unaccountable manner, and I had acquired the most uncomfortable habit of blushing when he spoke to me.

I would feel glad when we were home, I said to myself. Then I wondered at the dull pain at my heart, when I thought of leaving. I was sure I must be getting heart disease, for I had heard it commenced in that way; and I resolved to consult our old family physician as soon as I reached home.

I sat thinking it all over, one afternoon. Oscar had driven Violet and Aunt Sophy over to see a friend. I did not care to go, and would not allow them to stay with me.

After they had left, I took up a book, and went out on to the porch to read. But the book fell from my hand, and I gazed idly out into the golden sunshine, watching the humming-birds flitting to and fro among the flowers, and wondered where I would be another September.

Then I wondered what made me feel so sad. I thought it must be the nervous fever I had been suffering from; and then I saw Philip Rhysdale's tall form coming up the broad, graveled walk.

My first impulse was to run away. But I remembered the ring, which was in my pocket, and I took it out, and put it on my finger. Then I was furious with myself, for letting him see me wear his ring. It was too late to remove it, however; he was already making his bow.

"Alone, Miss Madge?" said he, seating himself on one of the rustic chairs.

"Yes. The rest have gone driving," I replied determined to make the interview short.

It was the first time I had seen him alone since my escapade on horseback, and I felt I was getting terribly nervous. Mentally apostrophizing myself, I summoned up all my courage, and handed him his ring.

But all trace of the speech I had prepared left me, and I could only bungle out some inarticulate remark about having kept his ring longer than I intended.

He changed color, when he saw the ring, but did not offer to take it. I raised my eyes to his, wonderingly.

"Why not keep it, Madge?" he said, suddenly.

"Keep it!" I replied, overwhelmed with astonishment.

"Yes! Or one in place of it," bending over me, and taking my hand in his. "Won't you? Can't you see that I love you, Madge—better than life itself?" speaking very rapidly. "Tell me—darling—cannot you love me a little?"

My blushes spoke for me, for my tongue refused its office. I did not resist when he took me in his arms, and, pressing his lips to mine, said I was the dearest girl in the world.

"But I never dreamed you cared for me, Mr. Rhysdale," I said, after awhile, when I had become a little used to having the gray eyes so near mine.

"Say that over again, Miss Vinton," said Philip, with an amused look, meaningly emphasizing my name.

I said my lesson over, putting in the Philip in a very faint tone. Alas, for my pride, I was obedient enough, even to a hint.

"I loved you from the moment you offered me your heart and hand," said Philip, looking down smilingly at me.

"But you did not win then." replied I, mischievously.

"I think I did. I carried you, *will he or nil he*, over hill and dale, that night, precious little thing," said he; and the blonde mustache brushed my lips again.

I confessed everything to him. How Aunt Sophy wanted me to marry him, and I had said I would not have him if he were related to the Queen of England; how I had worn yellow dresses, and done everything I could think of to annoy him.

I leave the reader to imagine the different emotions with which the family received the news of my engagement. Aunt Sophy, of course, was delighted. She said "she always knew we were suited to each other." Violet said "I was always the most incomprehensible girl living."

The wedding came off at Christmas. I have never had occasion, though years have passed, to regret marrying my BETE-NOIR.

A WISH.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

Now which will you have? a story
  That has many times been told?
Or a little "pet of a sonnet,"
  That is neither new nor old?

Or a friendly wish, half hidden
  In a mist of tender words,
As warm as the breath of Summer,
  And sweet as the song of the birds?

I tell my stories so idly,
  You would never care to hear;
My sonnets are full of fancies,
  That are neither bright nor clear.

But a wish for you will broaden,
  Till under its shining wings
I gather the wealth of the Indies,
  And a score of better things.

There's a peace that gives new beauty
  To all who may have or hold,
And a consciousness of merit,
  That is better than rank or gold.

There's a way that always brightens,
  And broadens with every year;
There's a fame that is worth the having,
  That comes of a record clear.

There's a fair good name, unspotted,
  The hardest of all to win,
That even the angels might covet,
  If gained in this world of sin.

All this, and much that is nameless,
  I fold in this wish of mine;
Could I but give as it pleased me,
  My friend, they should all be thine.

MISS SYLVESTER'S FAN.

BY ADDIE F. VAN KORTLAND.

THEY had left their carriage, and were strolling along the Corso, in Rome. It was the softest, fairest day of the brief Southern winter, and Rensselaer Van Rensselaer was heartily enjoying the sensation made by the beauty of his little American cousin.

"There, Rennie," she said, at last, "I had almost forgotten what we came after. If I should go home without a fan again to-day, mamma would never cease teasing me."

"Well, Nellie," said he quickly, "let us turn in here and get one."

They entered the shop, and for the next quarter of an hour, were absorbed in examining fans of every description: rose-colored; down-trimmed; quaint Egyptian things, with silver chains bound about them, and the sacred Ibis and scarabæus conspicuously engraved upon them; and the great coquettish ones with which the Spanish beauties flutter their love language.

But the spoiled beauty was hard to please, and her dainty, white-ringed fingers, laid them each in turn away condemned.

"I have nothing more," said the shop-keeper at last, "excepting an old fan that was sold me by one of our court ladies, because of the ill-luck it had brought her. Perhaps the Signorina would be pleased with that. Will you see it?"

"Just the thing!" laughed Nellie. "Please show it."

From a corner on the topmost shelf, the dealer brought forth a quaint silver casket, completely covered with a net-work of dragons and demons, and queer-looking scroll-work. Opening it, he laid it, without a word, before them.

Nellie Sylvester uttered an exclamation of delight, as she saw an exquisite mother-of-pearl fan, carved all over with wreaths of flowers, each tinted in its natural colors. At the top of each slat, an elfin face of weird, unearthly beauty peered out, set in a circle of diamonds, that flashed and sparkled as if glad to see the light once more.

The centre slat was entirely devoid of chasing, but inclosed in its diamond circle was a queer, brown stone, something like a blood-stone, or a common agate.

"How very odd," said Nellie, with a little superstitious shiver. "It looks so eerie. What can it be?"

"That is a brown opal, Signorina," answered the man, with an uneasy glance at it, "and they tell us it brings ill-luck with it. If it be so I know not, but the lady that owned it, suddenly died when returning from a ball, to which she had carried it. When the carriage-door was opened, she was lying dead upon the cushions, and the fan was open on the seat before her. They told me that when they took it up, that brown stone there sent out angry flashes of sullen, red light, that made it look as if alive. So her mother brought it to me, and I sold it next to a great actress. One night, she tapped her lover lightly on the cheek with it, and before morning he was dead; then she killed herself, and it came back to me again. It has caused me misfortune, too."

He dropped his sad Italian eyes, then slowly closed the case again. "The Signorina will not want it."

Nellie glanced into her cousin's face irresolutely; but meeting his brown eyes full of mischief, said quickly, "Of course I do! Put it up, please," and she laid the price, a large one, on the counter; and then the cousins strolled out again, and went home.

Judge Sylvester's party, consisting of his wife and daughter, and Van Rensselaer, lingered a long time in the old walled city; and not until the spring flowers began to bloom in the crevises of the stately Coliseum, and the buds were bursting upon the figs and almonds, that grow luxuriantly among the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars, did they turn homeward, and after resting a little in the gay, French capital, set sail for America.

Day after day, the cousins had been drifting more and more into that dreamland, where we all find ourselves one time or another. And one evening, in Switzerland, he had told his story, and she had listened, and believed, because she found it sweet and pleasant so to do. Thus they returned to New York engaged.

In the early winter the Sylvesters gave a ball, and Miss Nellie, for the first time since her betrothal, bethought herself of her Roman fan.

"Ren will be sure to like it. I'll carry it to-night, and surprise him," said she.

When Mr. Van Rensselaer came into the parlors that night, the first thing he saw was a pair

of merry blue eyes peeping at him, over the top of a very beautiful fan. With a loving thought of the dreamy days they had spent in the ancient capital, Nellie had dressed herself, Roman fashion, in a regal velvet robe, white diamonds flashed in her hair, and gleamed through the priceless lace upon her arms.

He had come early, and, after a glance around, to be sure they were alone, he took the dainty fan, and its winsome mistress to his heart.

She lay there, without moving, more heavily each moment.

"Why, Rennie!" she faltered, raising her head at last, "I feel like fainting. I, a strong girl! How ridiculous!"

He looked, in growing wonder, at the paleness of the pretty face; then said, with a little laugh, to hide his nervousness,

"This is the first time you have used your fan, isn't it? Do you remember the old man's story? You must give me that fan to carry for you this evening; I don't want to have my lady-love dying, with the fan beside her, and the opal flashing, blood-red, in its cruel joy thereat."

Shutting it as he spoke, he put it in his pocket, and offered her his arm.

He forgot it wholly, for the rest of the evening, until he reached home.

"I forget everything when with Nellie," he said, with a smile. "I must be sure and take it home to-morrow."

As he spoke, he laid it carelessly on his dressing-table.

But he did not return it the next day. He forgot it again, and when Nellie asked for it, he answered, banteringly,

"I shan't bring it back at all. I dont want you to have ill-luck, you know."

The days went drifting on, and the happiness of the cousins, for awhile, was perfect. At last, a cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, arose, and grew greater day by day. And the cloud was Lord Cairnsforth.

The Sylvesters had been all summer in Quebec, that quaint Canadian city, that, with its old walls, foreign ways, and numerous churches, seems as if it had been carried across the water, and set down in our new America, so that we might have a bit of the old world to look at, if, perchance, we should grow home-sick.

Lord Cairnsford had seen the beautiful face there, and becoming acquainted with the Judge, had followed Nellie to her city home. The girls of her set all looked on with envy, while "my lord" lounged back among the cushions of her stylish phæton, and Nellie, good as she was, was not insensible to her triumph. She was therefore, a little thoughtless, and did not know how jealous she made her cousin. So she rode, and danced, and walked, and flirted—yes, flirted, we are sorry to say, with his lordship.

At last, one night, she remembered that she had not seen her lover for some time. "He hasn't been near me for two weeks," she thought. She was dressing for a ball. "I hope he will come to-night, for I want to ask him to return that fan of mine, that he has had so long. I would like Lord Cairnforth to see it. I begin to think my poor Van Rensselaer is angry, and that is why he stays away. I suppose I do act dreadfully. But then he has never remonstrated. No one imagines we are engaged, and Maud Stuyvesant is so jealous. We'll have a grand 'making up' some day, and then I'll be good forever."

Thus, when there swept into the parlors, that night, a dainty vision, robed in black velvet and point lace, with sapphire flashing in the golden hair, Rensselaer Van Rensselaer received but a very haughty greeting.

For some time he did not approach her, but at last he asked for a waltz, and Nellie, half-ashamed of her conduct, threw over one of her admirers, and accepted his offer.

"What makes you look so savage, Rennie?" she said, after a few turns.

"Because I have borne your conduct as long as I can, or will. You are betrothed. You have no right to act as you do. You must dismiss that fellow."

He glanced at Lord Cairnsforth.

"How dare you insult me so?" she cried, her blue eyes flashing angrily. She stopped waltzing. "I will return your ring. We will have nothing, then, to remind us of our folly," and drawing it from the pretty hand, that was trembling sadly, she laid it in his palm.

"This is the end, then," said he, bitterly. "You have killed all that is noble in me. God forgive you! I never can."

"Rennie!" she began, penitently. But just then Lord Cairnsforth came forward. She changed her mood and tone together, and said, lightly, "I believe you have never returned my fan. Send it home to-morrow, please. I want it."

"With pleasure," he retorted, and left her.

He was far too proud, however, to go home just then. He looked on, in pretended indifference, while Miss Sylvester waltzed and promenaded, and went down to supper, always with Lord Cairnsforth.

"What a nice couple they make, Rennie!" said the Judge, laying his hand on the other's arm. "You'd better look out, my friend, or

his lordship will run away with your lady-love."

He stood looking for a long, long while at the two. Lord Cairnsforth, tall, elegant, with sad, dark eyes, and grave, quiet face, lighted up by something his companion was saying; Nellie, with her beautiful smile, her piquant face, her graceful figure.

"Your daughter dissolved her engagement with me this evening," said Rennie, sternly, and then turned and abruptly left the house.

No one, who saw Miss Sylvester next morning, as she sang song after song, for the gentlemen who always gathered about her when she was at home, would have imagined that she had spent the previous night in her dressing-room, with a deathly whiteness over her beautiful face, sobbing out her agony to the pitiless darkness, that brought to her no sign of rest. But so she had. And now, with all her affected gayety, her heart was breaking. Her admirers left her at last, all but Lord Cairnsforth. He seemed about to speak, when, with a low knock, a servant entered.

"Mr. Van Rensselair's man would like to see you, if you please," said the footman. "He is in the dining-room."

"Very well, John, I will come. Will you excuse me, a moment, my lord? Probably its the fan I sent for last night."

"Oh, Miss," said the old gray servitor, as soon as she entered the dining-room, while the tears streamed down his withered face, "to think that I should have such news to bring you."

He did not notice how white, how rigid grew her face. He went on.

"You see, Miss, when my master came home from the ball, last night, he took this dainty fan of yours, and kissed it, and kissed it, like a mad thing; and then, while I was looking at him, (he didn't seem to remember that I was in the room,) all of a sudden he leaned forward on the table; and his face grew white, and when I spoke to him, he didn't answer. I was dreadfully frightened, but everybody was fast asleep, and by-and-by he came to himself again. Then, for it was the early morning, Miss, he took up his hat again to go out. I made bold to tell him he was not fit, for his eyes had a wild, dazed look, and his cheeks were red, as if with a fever like. He muttered something about 'Rome,' and 'Miss Nellie,' and went right on, and, oh, Miss, I'm fearful something has happened to him!"

Here he paused, for Nellie had fallen, a lifeless heap, upon the carpet.

When she came to herself again, she was lying among the cushions, in her dressing-room, and Lord Cairnsforth was saying, with grave concern to her mother, who was bending over her,

"I am afraid I have the secret, madam. This fan, that Miss Nellie had with her, is the counterpart of one in my museum, that I thought was the only one in existence. The opal here is a spring, that uncovers a tiny vial of poisons, hidden beneath, the simple scent of which——"

"I have killed him," moaned Nellie. "He said I had, but I did not believe it."

She fainted again, and when the fainting-spell was over, fever and delirium set in. For days and weeks she thought she was wandering in Rome with Rennie by her side, only she could never reach him, never speak to him, never tell him how sorry she was for what she had done.

Lord Cairnsforth came daily to ask after her. "I love her," he said, "and I think she loves me. I should have told her so that morning, if she had not been taken sick." He pleaded to be allowed to see her, till his request was granted. But, alas! when he heard her ravings, and learned, from her own ilps, her sad, sad story, he knew that he had hoped in vain, and that she loved another.

At last, one afternoon, when the sunlight came in through the open window, the white face stirred feebly upon the pillows, and the heavy lids were withdrawn from the meek, blue eyes.

Her mother was sitting by her.

"What is it, my dear?" she said.

"I have been sick, I think?"

"Yes," said she, taking the little, wasted hand in hers. "Lie still, my child. Thank God, the worst is over."

The blue eyes were raised to hers, with weary mournfulness.

"But I don't want to get well. Rennie is dead." Then, with sudden horror, she whispered, "didn't you know I killed him?"

Fate is not always kindly; will not always let us die, when we most wish it; preserves our poor life, when we have nothing left to live for. So it happened that Nellie Sylvester took up the burden of existence again.

Months passed, and still Lord Cairnsforth lingered, in spite of what he had heard, in Nellie's sick chamber, during her delirium. He would not abandon hope. "Better her second love," he said to himself, "than the first love of any other. In time she will forget. She will love me yet."

But when, after months of anxiety, he ventured to speak to Nellie, she shook her head. "Never, my lord, never," she said. "I am the bride of the grave."

After awhile, however, a strange idea took possession of Nellie. She refused even to believe that Van Rensselaer was dead. She had an insane idea that he lived, that he had gone to Rome, and that she should find him there.

"Take me to Rome," she said to her father. "It was there I first learned to love him. Something tells me that he is there. Oh! take me to Rome!"

Judge Sylvester and his wife knew no wish but Nellie's; and so the very next steamer found them on their way to the Imperial City. Lord Cairnforth accompanied them. "I have nothing to live for, but your daughter," he said to the Judge. "If her lover still survives, I shall be too happy to bring them together. If he is dead, she may yet, in time, learn to look on me favorably."

"He does live," said Nellie, when she heard this. "I know it. I feel it. And it is in Rome I shall find him."

But months passed, and still nothing was heard of Van Rensselaer. In vain the Judge, accompanied by Lord Cairnsforth, haunted the galleries; visited the churches; penetrated into the obscurest parts of the great city. They would have given up the search, long before, if Nellie had not urged them on. At last, one evening, in the Corso, they came, face to face, with a tall, gaunt figure, so thin and worn, so pale and haggard, that, at first, the Judge could not recognize his own sister's son. But Lord Cairnsforth was more quick. He had studied those great brown eyes, so often ablaze with jealousy, in the old, old time, not to know them at once. He stopped the Judge, and convinced him.

"Come," said the latter, laying his hand on his arm. "Nellie is waiting for you. Come!"

"And this gentleman," replied Van Rensselaer. "Am I to congratulate him? Is my sweet cousin," with a sneer, "the Countess of Cairnsforth?"

"She will never be the Countess of Cairnsforth," answered Lord Cairnsforth, with noble self-abnegation. "She never would have been, even if you had not been found. Come. She has loved you all the time."

"I was mad," said the lover, that night, as he hung over Nellie. "I thought you false, and I vowed to abjure the world. I fled here, because it was so far away, and because—because it was full of thoughts of you."

"And I came here," replied Nellie, nestling her head on his shoulder, "for the same reason. It was here we first learned to love."

Some weeks after, in a private parlor, at one of the hotels, Van Rensselaer was leaning over his wife's chair, when Lord Cairnsforth, now the friend of both, lounged in.

"Nellie," he said, "I have had the poison taken from your fan. You can use it now, with perfect safety."

She looked at it ruefully.

"But it has led to so much misfortune."

"Yes. It has taken from us a year of happiness," said her husband; "and life is too short for such sacrifices. No; let us never see the fan again."

Lord Cairnsforth is still unmarried. But so noble, so self-sacrificing a character deserves to be happy. Let us hope he will yet find some one to love him as he deserves to be loved.

He has, in his museum, two fans, exactly alike. But one is locked up in a glass case by itself. And when anybody asks why, his answer is enigmatical.

"Yes! I keep it by itself," he says, with a sigh, "for that was Miss Sylvester's Fan."

THE WATCHERS' REPORT.

BY HARRIETTE WOOD.

In the hush of the house last night,
With never a stir so light,
Came we, where your loved one lay,
Meaning her life away.

Into the sorrowful room,
Heavy and dim with gloom,
Came a sense of ineffable cheer,
As Heaven were almost here.

Came airs as of odorous climes,
And silver and golden chimes;
And down from the infinite height,
More than an argent light.

Our every look and touch
Seemed to strengthen the sufferer much,
And her senses to quicken and please,
And many an agony ease.

Broken at midnight hour,
Seemed the malady's torturing power;
There was never a poignant pain,
Nor a shriek, nor a start again.

Calm was the fluttering breast,
And she smiled in her blessed rest,
As we sat in our vestments of light,
And watched with your love last night.

THE DAYS OF SEVENTY-SIX.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 207.

CHAPTER XXV.

Down the broad stair-case, and into the grand saloon of Mr. Kingsford's dwelling, Rhoda Clyde went, her gorgeous costume flowing, harmoniously as music, down her person, jewels gleaming in masses on her bosom, and her hair; rubies, diamonds, with rainbow-tinted spots, all clustering richly together, and scattering their fires from one common centre.

Some guests were coming in, who passed to the dressing-room, giving her only a curious glance; for she was so changed and radiant, that her costume possessed more than the disguise of a mask. So she glided downward, unrecognized, and took her place in the grand drawing-room, feeling that she was, for the moment, at least, queen of that realm.

There was no one there to dispute her empire. Mrs. Kingsford still claimed the indulgences of an invalid, and thus saved herself from a position she had no heart to fill, and Grace was only too well satisfied when Rhoda expressed herself willing to lead her and every one else in the role of hostess.

And a radiant creature she stood, for that one hour, with the family jewels flashing on the white swell of her bosom, her eyes bright as stars, and her proud lips curving with smiles as red rose-buds, that have bathed in dew over night, unfold themselves to the sun.

Gorgeous and unique was the crowd that moved along the crimson carpet of the walk, and poured into the mansion that night. To one and all Rhoda had a graceful welcome, a smile, or a loving pressure of the hand. There was, indeed, a slight change in her gracious overflow of hospitality, when the heiress of all that splendor came in, arrayed, like a snow-storm, in shining white silk, with soft waves of Brussels point shimmering over it, and feathery tufts of down trembling in the frosting of the lace, like newly-fallen snow-flakes. Pearls lay thickly in her beautiful hair, as if a storm of hail had swept it, and were scattered profusely on the snow of her dress, while a cluster of diamonds shone like ice spray on her bosom. White, pure, beautiful, the fair girl might have dropped from a cloud which no gleam of the earth had ever reached. There never was a contrast more striking than these girls presented. The one all glow and color; dark-eyed, with hair like the wing of a raven, gorgeous in her vestments, voluptuous, yet imperial in every movement; a creature deeply imbued with earth, as the jewels she wore had ever been before the sunlight flashed over them.

Rhoda felt the contrast, and, in her insolent vanity, gloried in it, when that pure embodiment of whiteness glided in and took her place as a lady of the mansion; gloried in her gorgeousness, while she hated the fair creature who could be so beautiful without more color than was found in the blue of her great childlike eyes, the scarlet of her mouth, and the soft flush of roses that came and went on her cheek.

Bitter feelings always gave point to Rhoda Clyde's wit. As a rattle-snake glares most vividly when he coils himself to strike, she was supremely brilliant when envy or hate became venomous in her bosom.

Never had she so keenly felt the grandeur of a position that might have been hers, as she did that evening when receiving the throng of noble guests, alone, with only the stately master of the house standing by to support her. When Grace came, half her glory was swept away. She began to feel keenly that she was only acting a part; that the real sovereign was standing by her side, recognized as the person she could only represent by assumption.

Oh, how she hated that lovely young creature, who stood there with a quiet sadness in her eyes, and in her voice, too, caring so little for the pomp and power that other ones craved and thirsted for with such baffled longing.

Rhoda was quick to discover her friends under their various disguises. The tone of a voice, the touch of a hand, the bend of a neck, was enough for her. Jealousy and baffled passion had quickened all her senses, and out of that gay crowd of cavaliers and ladies she was on the alert to discover one man who, as yet, had only half bowed his neck to the lures she had cast out for him.

To Rhoda Clyde the whole earth was as nothing if she had not a passionate adorer at her feet.

It was not enough that women envied, and men admired her. She wanted the devotion of some being, ambitious, worshiped, and sought after by the whole world, as she wished to be. Lucifer or angel, she had no choice, so long as the world recognized his power, and he submitted to hers.

That man had escaped her in Benedict Arnold, the bravest officer under Washington. The man whose strong will, handsome person, and boundless ambition, she had gloried in, now she was seeking to cast him from her heart, where she honestly thought that love had turned into hate, and to supply his place with the gentler, more elegant and chivalrous young officer, whose accomplishments had charmed her, and whose resistance to her fascinations had given doubt and zest to her pursuit.

Andre had not told her what character he intended to assume, but she recognized him once under that most graceful of all costumes, the modern Greek dress. The leggins of crimson silk, knotted with a fringe of silken balls; the voluminous and snow-white shirt falling to the knees; the crimson jacket, rich with embroidery, and the scarlet cap, with its tassel of deep-blue silk falling almost to the left shoulder; the scarf of knitted silk, with fringed ends flowing to the knees, knotted at the left side, and fastened there with a jeweled poniard, ready for the hand; the rosary of amber, half concealed up the jacket-sleeve, but coiled loosely around the wrist—for the Greek drops his beads cheerfully in conversation, seldom in prayer. All these things Rhoda saw, and under them the courtly grace of the man whom she just now honored with a preference the more intense because all evidence of its return had been withheld so long.

Andre saw her standing there, radiant and wonderfully beautiful, and came forward eagerly.

"I will not seem to know him," she said to herself. "Safe under his disguise, he may speak more plainly now. It shall be to-night, or never!"

Andre came forward, as I have said, eagerly, but it was not the beauty of Rhoda Clyde that had quickened his step. He saw Grace, and bent low before her, as men offer gracious homage to women whom they hold in supreme respect. Then he took Rhoda's hand, bent over it, and almost touched the jeweled fingers with his lips. Nay, he pressed it slightly, and looked into her eyes, through his mask, with such bold admiration, that the contrast was forced upon her, and, frowning haughtily, she withdrew her hand, which had grown scarlet under his touch.

Why was it that he should dare to hold her hand thus, when he had bent with such homage over that of the heiress?

Many a woman has asked such questions of herself without daring to answer them. Those of the sex who thirst continually for admiration and new conquests, who glory in holding men as slaves by meretricious fascinations, can almost always succeed, because there is a class of men, not always unworthy in themselves, who stand ready to pay such homage where they find it acceptable. It is the tinsel exchange in our social vanity fair. But respect, devotion, the homage which great and good men give women, because they cannot help it, is only to be secured by womanly deserving, and kept by something grander than beauty, and less perishable than youth.

Rhoda was a woman who wanted everything—respect, and the poisons that destroy respect. She was not certain that either of these feelings were inspired in Major Andre, and was angry when he dropped her hand with a smile upon his lips, which the mask failed to conceal, and disappear in the crowd.

Rhoda had but little time to give even to these burning thoughts. The crowd grew more dense and brilliant. Some few of the most honored guests, holding themselves too far removed, by age or position, for assumed characters, came in their rich military dresses, with gossamer lace at their wrists and bosoms, powdered hair, swept back from the forehead, and carrying hats glittering with gold lace under their arms.

Instead of diminishing the splendor of the scene, the warm scarlet of these dresses made it still more gorgeous; for they flung back the light that fell from sconce and chandelier, as flamingos scatter the tropical sunshine from their plumage, kindling up everything around them.

Among the last who came in was Lord Howe, and his brother, Gen. Howe, whom the king had just ennobled; the elder with several jeweled orders blazing on his bosom; the latter radiant under a consciousness of his new rank.

Kingsford saw these two brothers advancing, and met them half-way, as if royalty itself had honored his house, as in some sort it had. After this most gracious reception had been repeated by the ladies, he took position before an oval mirror encircled with gold flowers, clustering into brackets on each side, from which the wax lights sent out a soft radiance, as sunshine is flung back from the multitudinous leaves of marigolds in full blossom.

Thus, for a time, the two Howes stood receiving the homage of the crowd right royally.

Then the elder gave Grace Kingsford his arm, took a circuit of the saloon, and disappeared in one of the small card-rooms with a few choice friends, to whom the clink of gold, constantly changing hands, was far more pleasant than the smiles and sweet laughter, the music, and the tread of merry dancers from below.

Lord Howe's disappearance had given the signal for increased merriment. The two young ladies were at liberty to mingle with the crowd, and open the minuet, without much regard to rank or precedence; for masked gentlemen had a right to claim the hands of disguised ladies, for promenade or dance, even lead them into recessed windows or pretty side-rooms, and claim the privileges of a tete-a-tete, without calling forth rebuke or displeasure.

This was the brilliant feature of the ball. Every person invited there was supposed to be of a rank and character which entitled him to the companionship of the guests he might meet.

Thus it chanced that Rhoda Clyde retreated into the recess of a window with young Andre, after they had gone through the stately mazes of the first minuet, he knowing her well, of course, but thinking himself unknown, under his mask; she pretending to regard him as a stranger, to whom the liberties of a masquerade was admissible.

Curtains of heavy silk fell over the window recess, through which faint gleams of light cast the tone of a warm sunset. Rhoda, who studied effects like an artist, placed herself where this light fell upon her face and neck, while the young man stood in deeper shadow, regarding her with admiring eyes.

Some feeling, nearly akin to love, must have been in the girl's bosom then; for, spite of herself, the lids drooped over her eyes, and Andre could see her bosom rise and fall, under the lace and jewels that half-revealed, half-covered it.

How the man had attained possession of her hand Rhoda hardly knew; but he was holding it closely, and she feared that it trembled a little, spite of herself.

"You do not know me You do not love me."

His voice was low and sweet; his eyes were looking down into hers. She felt this without seeing it.

"I did not, a moment ago," she said, almost in a whisper.

"But now?"

Rhoda pressed one hand to her bosom, and drew a long, deep breath, which was not one of pain. He knew that, and smiled under his mask. He had meant to mystify her, but now, with her hand in his, and those lashes sweeping the scarlet of her cheeks, the man forgot himself. Some rare old wines had been served in the card-room, to which he had gone with Lord Howe, and that may have rendered him reckless.

"But now? You have only answered half my question," he said, lifting her hand to his lips. "If you know me, that is cruel."

Rhoda struggled a little, as if to free her hand from his hot lips, where the old wine certainly burned. She knew, in her heart, that there was no real depth of feeling in this sudden ardor, but it was very sweet to her, nevertheless. He held her hand close. She lifted her eyes with a certain look of entreaty, which still had the mischief of a challenge in it; at least he thought so, and warm, imprudent words were on his lips, when the curtains were shaken and drawn back by some unseen hand, which flooded the recess with light; better still, it brought the young man to his senses. Before Rhoda could arrest it from him, he dropped her hand with a start, but recovered himself as he glided out from the recess, and in another moment had joined a group of dancers that were just forming upon the floor.

Grace Kingsford was seated near by, resting from a dance that had fatigued her more than usual. There was an expression of gentle sadness on her face as she surveyed this strangely gorgeous scene, that might well have surprised those who looked upon her as the queen of the festival, the fair dispenser of all this hospitality. She had refused to dance, and her thoughts, poor girl, were far away in the rebel camp, where one man was fighting face to face with death, in the cause these revelers hated even in the midst of their mirth—the man she had been forbidden to speak of, think of, or even see again. In the soft glow of her shining silk, her lace, and her pearls, the girl grew wan and sad as her thoughts wandered off to the camp, and the lover who had fled from her side like a hunted convict.

"Lady!"

Grace started and turned her head. Behind the sofa on which she sat, stood a slender figure robed in black, like a priest. The cowl of his gown was drawn over his face, and she could only judge, from his statue, that he was young, and it seemed to her frail of health.

"Lady, it is I, Raymond. I have dropped the key of my room behind you. Take it, when I am gone. On the bed you will find a robe such as I wear. It will cover your dress entirely. Put it on. Go by the servant's stair-case into the grounds, and there——"

Here the seeming priest bent, as if searching

for something, and whispered, scarcely above his breath,

"There you will find the person you saw last at the Bowling Green."

A faint cry broke from the girl on the sofa, so faint that Raymond alone appeared to notice it.

"Hush!" he said, quickly. "Another cry like that would set your arch enemy on the alert. She is looking this way now."

Sure enough, Grace saw, with affright, that Rhoda Clyde was looking keenly at her. Directly that young lady came gliding up to the sofa.

"Are you ill, Grace?" she questioned. "Does one minuet tire you out so completely?"

Rhoda was looking keenly around as she spoke, as if to discover the cause of the frightened look, and the pallor on that fair face.

"It is a long time since I have danced at all," said Grace. "It does tire me a little."

"I thought it was you crying out only a minute ago," answered Rhoda. "What was it that disturbed you?"

"Indeed, there was nothing," faltered Grace, trembling, till the tremor shook her voice.

That moment the young Greek passed that way, and still, under the spell of her influence in some degree, asked her to dance. She hesitated, cast a glance at Grace, and went away, evidently disturbed. For a moment she even thought of excusing herself, but a word from Andre, a soft touch of the hand on his arm prevailed, and she walked on.

It was a contra dance that she was to lead, and Andre led her to the top of the room, the pair forming a picture of Oriental grace that drew all eyes upon them. The dance was one of those intricate wiles of motion that brought the lady in constant contact with her partner. In its movements the slow and almost tiresome grace of the minuet was lost altogether. In some parts it took the swift whirl of a waltz, in others the step was spirited and hilarious.

The line of dancers was swiftly formed. Rhoda led off triumphantly. This might be a pleasant renewal of the scene in the recess of the window, for at the end of the line each couple stood and conversed, while the next danced downward.

While her feet fell lightly, as a feather floats, on the floor, and the breath came panting up from her bosom like the perfume of flowers, she saw Grace Kingsford stoop, pick up something that she had been searching for, with a frightened look around, and steal from the room. What could this mean? What had happened to distress or terrify the girl? Something serious; for she was still pale, and there certainly was wild anxiety in her eyes.

Rhoda would have followed the girl, and, in some way, discovered the mystery of this strange movement; but she was in the midst of the dance, Andre's arm half-circled her waist, and the charm of swift motion possessed her. A few moments more, and her conquest would be complete. She could read that in her partner's eyes, in the pressure of his arm, when, for a single turn, it clasped her waist. No matter what might happen, that crowning wish of her vanity must not be sacrificed by any curiosity she had regarding Grace Kingsford's movements.

"Ah," said Andre, as he paused at the foot of the dance, and, with a sigh of reluctance, resigned the hand so warmly clasped in his, "if moments like these could last forever, life would be worth having."

Rhoda gave him one swift glance, and the lids drooped over her eyes as white clouds sweep over the stars. She did not speak, but the plumage of some tropical bird that fringed her great half-spread face, shook and quivered on the bosom to which she pressed it.

Scarcely thinking of the movement, Andre drew her away from the line of dancers, and once more they stood in the red shadow of those silken curtains.

"Tell me," he whispered, "are my eyes dazzled, or are yours false as they are beautiful? A moment since I could have sworn that you loved me."

"A moment since? Oh, how little you know!"

"But how much I wish to know, the one dear secret, which till now I have guessed at. Tell me that!"

"A secret which no woman permits her lips to express until—until—— Oh, mercy, what is that?"

Once more the curtains were swept rudely aside, and an unwelcome light from the ball-room fell upon them. Some person, in the most singular disguise ever selected for an occasion like that, had, as it seemed, accidentally caught the scabbard of his sword in the draperies, and was passing on, without seeming to heed the accident, sweeping them with him.

It was a masquerader of great courage and some eccentricity, no doubt, or he would never have dared to appear in that assembly in the disguise of a Continental officer, wearing the Rebel buff and blue with the ease of one accustomed to it, and drawing general attention by the bold, almost princely air with which he strode through the ball-room. Lord Howe, with all the kingly blood that disgraced his veins, had not appeared half so regal as this stranger, who assumed a costume which every man in the as-

sembls hated, but admired for the originality it bespoke in the wearer.

"Some officer of rank, who will not altogether throw off his military character, no doubt," was whispered through the room. "A grand figure and a handsome face, I will answer for it, if one could only see through the mask," whispered one fair girl to another, as the man strode by them, moving in a circle till he halted near the window again.

"I like his audacity," said another. "Nothing but a man of rank would have dared so much. But we shall see his face at supper, when all masks must be removed. How well he wears the Rebel dress. No American could ever give it that lordly grace."

Rhoda and young Andre stood mute and confused behind the silken curtains. A strange thrill, that was not all terror or happiness, but a rush of both, took away the girl's breath. She looked at the young man by her side. In some unaccountable way his presence troubled her. She no longer desired to hear the words of love that had been checked on his lips. Her eyes followed the Continental disguise with strange interest. Who was the man daring enough to bring that character into a party assembled in response to the honors so lately bestowed on Gen. Howe; kingly honors, won by his victorious entry into New York? Was the wearer of that dress crazed, or only bolder and more original than his fellow-revelers?

"A strange freak," said Andre, at length, half-angry, half-thoughtful, for the interruption. "I wonder how Lord Howe will receive it. Upon my word, I should not like to try the experiment."

"One thing is certain, the man has no fear," answered Rhoda, with a thrill of pride in her voice, for the sight of that dress had aroused old associations of patriotism in her bosom that she had believed to be dead and buried. "I can imagine one absolute Rebel that I have seen, wearing those hateful colors in the face of his enemies as this man carries them."

"I can hardly imagine any man so rash," said Andre. "No doubt our invader is some friend of the commander-in-chief, and feels himself secure. I only wish he had not so rudely exposed our retreat."

Andre would not have regretted the accident if he had known how beautiful was the picture framed in by the window recess—those two graceful persons in Oriental dresses, the rich drapery, as no artist could have arranged it. The startled beauty of the girl would have aroused all his artistic taste, for he was fond of picturesque effects, but he did not think of this; only that a slight figure in the black dress of a priest was near, and gazing on him fixedly.

CHAPTER XXVI.

GRACE KINGSFORD left the ball-room, and stole up the servants' stair-case. She reached Raymond's room, and, in a panic of haste, put on the robe of black serge that lay across the bed. There was no need of a mask; the hood came so far over the face that, if she chose, nothing but the eyes could be seen.

The servants' stair-case was dimly lighted, and she passed down them with shadow-like stillness, opened a back-door, and let herself into the grounds. But where was she to go? Not in front, where all the vines and shrubs were afire with lamps; the other way, certainly, where but few lights twinkled, star-like, in the boughs, and shadowy places lay dark underneath. There a fugitive, or a heroic man, ready to brave death for the sake of his love, might find shelter, and possibly escape a second time.

Down through the old-fashioned flower-beds, across a lawn, broken up with rose-thickets and syringa-bushes, the girl made her way, swift as thought, and blacker than a shadow. She dared not call out; had scarcely the power to draw a deep breath, such a conflict of hope and terror had seized upon her. No scared bird ever flitted through a wood more wildly than she threaded that labyrinth of dead flowers, and over-ripe leaves, in search of one she dreaded and longed to find.

At last she paused, out of breath, beneath the branches of a great maple, that had already carpeted the turf with its golden leaves. A few lights twinkled among the billows of yellow foliage, but the trunk was all in darkness, and she leaned against it with a hand to her heart, afraid to move, for it seemed to her that, through the rustle of falling leaves, she had heard footsteps, that might be those of a spy, or, almost as terrible, the cautious approach of her lover.

"Grace! Grace! If you are here, speak to me!"

The girl sprang forward, no longer afraid, no longer in doubt.

"Oh, Barringford, I am here, waiting for you, trembling for you! But so glad, so glad!"

She was in his arms. He, too, had on a priest's gown, but the hood was thrown back. She could see his dear face clearly. It was very pale, but the eyes were bright as stars, the lips curved with smiles that seemed to mock at danger.

"Again you have risked everything to find me. I must not thank you. It is so wild, so rash! But I love you for it—oh, so dearly! That is all I can give to you, who come here at the peril of life."

"There, there! My beloved, we must not think of that. It was impossible to be so near, and not try to snatch one hour of happiness. Besides, the peril is not so great. I have a brave companion, who lets no man block his path to love or ambition. The two good Yankee swords we wear under our disguises will cut our way back to Washington's camp, you can be sure."

"And are you, indeed, with Washington?"

"Yes, my girl; and near his person, too. When we meet again I shall be at the head of a command. If we had light enough, you would see a General's uniform under this fettersome robe, and a good sword, that has known a little of war since I escaped from your scarlet blood-hounds."

"Let me look," said Grace, sweeping back the priest's robe with her hands. "Blue and buff! Every inch a soldier! I never knew how grand you were till now! No wonder that young lady was proud and happy when Gen. Arnold asked her to share his honors, even though she did belong to the king's party. But I have something better than that—a soldier and a statesman, both in one. Tell me, now, have you really been in battle?"

"More than once, darling. We have fought our way inch by inch. Almost every hour has its skirmish. We retreat a little each day, but very slowly. The days are dark with us just now, but disasters and clouds only inspire our General with fresh courage. But for him, the army would break up in a week. With him, we shall surely conquer, though half England should hurl itself on our shores, and Congress prove inefficient in the future, as it has been in the past."

"But all this time you are in danger," said Grace, to whom country, patriotism, victory, were as nothing compared to the man for whom she loved them all.

Barringford did not answer her, save by a gentle kiss on her upturned forehead. He knew well enough that death was forever in his path; that any day that fair girl might become a widow, bereft of a widow's mournful privilege of grief. He could not think of this, and not feel a choking of the throat, and hot tears close to his eyes.

At last he whispered, in a voice soft and tender with compassion,

"God is good. He will keep me for your sake, my Grace. We must only think that a free country will some day give us to each other."

"But we love each other."

Grace drew close to him, and pressed her head to his bosom.

"In that is our happiness," she whispered. "No one can take this one blessing from us. If we could only meet now and then, free from this awful sense of danger. If I could hear from you."

"You shall. It is for this, as well as the sweet joy of seeing you, that I have come. At least we must hear from each other. Is there no one to whom letters can be sent?"

"Yes, one. The young English officer who warned us of peril that night, in the Bowling Green. If you could only see him for a moment."

"I will. Ah!"

Barringford hurriedly drew his companion back into deeper shadow, placing the trunk of the maple between her and some persons who were approaching its shelter; one in a Greek dress, that shone out richly when the light struck it; the other a slight, dark figure, in priest's garments, whom Grace recognized at once as Raymond, the person she had been speaking of. They walked slowly forward, and instead of pausing at the maple, moved on to the deepest part of the grounds. Scarcely had they passed, when Rhoda Clyde came down from the house, following with a silent swiftness that seemed ghost-like to those who watched her. The splendor of her dress had been hurriedly subdued by a black lace shawl, which covered her head, and fell like a cloud down her garments.

Swift as an arrow, and as noiseless, the girl darted through the shadow of the maple, and evidently hearing voices beyond, followed them.

Then Barringford and Grace moved out of their retreat, and held a rapid conference in another part of the grounds.

Rhoda Clyde had been greatly disturbed when she saw Miss Kingsford leave the ball-room, but when her place of retreat was broken up by the careless action of the mask in Continental uniform, and Andre also left the dancers after whispering for a moment with a young priest, who glided toward him as he left the window, a sharp suspicion took possession of her.

Had Grace Kingsford covered the snow of her dress with a priest's gown, and so planned an interview with Andre? The size of the priest, the grace of his movements, all led to the belief that some woman, and who else could it be, was seeking the man she had found it so difficult to

conquer. Stung by this thought, she was about to follow these two persons, and discover their secret, when the Continental officer came up to her with an air half-careless, half-imperious, and asked her to dance. Rhoda liked the air, which she considered in keeping with the audacious spirit that could choose the character, but was too intent on her object for compliance.

"Not this dance. I am engaged elsewhere," she said.

"But the next. May I have the honor, then?"

"Yes; for the next I will hold myself engaged," she answered, hurriedly. Then, leaving the room, she darted up stairs, snatched up a shawl—the best disguise she could find—and went into the grounds. After she passed the maple, the sound of Andre's voice led her on, and stealing cautiously behind a thicket of lilacs, she held her breath to listen.

"My dear boy, are you really acting the spy upon me in behalf of the dear girl beyond sea, who never can have a rival in my heart? But that I love you almost as tenderly as I feel for her, we should quarrel here and for ever. As it is, I am glad to assure you how groundless all your suspicions are."

"How can I think that? How can I believe it, after what I have seen?" was the passionate rejoinder.

"What you have seen?" laughed Andre, attempting to laugh off his confusion. "When and where?"

"In the parlor, when I saw——"

"Ah, I remember. But, my dear Charley, have you seen so little of our camp-life here, that you are shocked because a fellow is now and then tempted to kiss a fair hand when it is almost forced upon you, to say nothing of lips, red-ripe with smiles that tempt you?"

"Hush, sir!" interrupted the young priest, haughtily. "Such language is an insult to one we both profess to love."

"An insult to her? Oh, Charley, what a boy you are! As if your sweet sister could feel even disdain for the idle flattery this half-Rebel coquette forces one to bestow upon her. To mention these two persons in the same day is sacrilege."

"Sacrilege? Yet you profess love to this woman. You could not bestow more seeming homage on a queen," said the priest, with passionate warmth. "You degrade a pure love by the semblance of it."

"Not so. This lady knows as well as I do that she receives dross for tinsel when we meet as we did to-night. She must know that it is impossible for a man, with good blood in his veins, to think seriously of a person who at the best is but the hanger-on of a man made rich by trade, an adventuress at heart, a coquette by nature, a falsehood in every thought and feeling. No, no, my dear boy, if you insist on being jealous in your sister's behalf, do not choose Miss Clyde for the object. She is too far removed by nature and position for the possibility of disturbing my life. Such women as she is amuse one for an hour, but always have the distaste of self-contempt in an honest man's heart. You must not degrade the feeling I have for your sister by such reproaches as you have been ready to launch on me."

"Homage to a soulless or designing woman is at all times an insult to the good and true," said the lad, with impetuous warmth. "My sister may not feel the stigma herself, but she will know that you have in some way degraded yourself."

"Charley!"

"Well."

"You should remember that we are both soldiers, and such language may be carried too far."

"I only remember that we were——"

Here the boy's voice broke, and he turned his head aside, that Andre might not see the passion that disturbed his face.

"That we were, and ever shall be the best friends in the world," said Andre, laying his hand on the young man's shoulder, and looking in his face with one of those winning smiles that few men or women could resist, "I swear to you, Raymond, that I love your sweet sister dearly, so dearly that no other woman can ever come between my heart and her."

The young priest lifted his eyes to that handsome and earnest face, and subdued the quivering of his lips enough to speak.

"Yet you could——"

Again he broke down, afraid that the tears in his voice might betray the cruel emotion that almost choked him.

"Could meet an actress on her own stage, and play my part, perhaps, too well. But I tell you, Raymond, this Rhoda Clyde is nothing to me. For a time I absolutely disliked her."

Raymond smiled, bitterly, and shook his head.

"I did, indeed, and now distrust has taken the place of dislike."

"I have always distrusted her," said Raymond, "always hated her. If it had been the fair, sweet girl whose place this Rhoda Clyde craves, I could have forgiven it."

"And might have had better cause for anger, for a fairer or more gentle lady does not exist in this troublesome country; but even she would fail to shake my faith. I do not say this that you may be silent about this unhappy business, but because you are my friend, and, God willing, will, some time, be my brother. Now forgive me, and cast this handsome adventuress from your mind; for a thousand such women I would not give you a moment's pain. Come, come, Raymond, believe me, and let us be friends once more."

Andre reached forth his hand with a grace that the lad could no longer resist. "I—I am very jealous for my sister," he said, giving his hand with a faint laugh, "but one must not be unrelenting. So that you do not sin against her again, I must forgive."

"In her name, Raymond?"

"In her name? Oh, yes! I think she never could be angry with you long. Only we must not tell her. If all this makes me so unhappy, think how she would suffer, loving you so!"

"There, now, that we are friends, let us go back to the house," he answered. "I will avoid this handsome flirt, and dance nothing but stately minuets with the ugliest dowager in the room," said Andre, drawing the hand he held through his arm, and moving out of the shadows where Rhoda Clyde stood, trembling with wrath and shame, her hands clenched, her cheeks on fire, and her eyes blazing, like those of a wild animal, as she looked at those retreating forms through the thicket in which she had concealed herself.

"It was me—me! Rhoda Clyde, they were reviling," she muttered. "Great Heavens! that any man living should have dared to speak such words! So, so, this noble English gentleman is engaged. He loves another, yet has the audacity to make a pretence of love to me. Ah, that I, Rhoda Clyde, should have been so near a grand passion twice in my life, and failed—failed? Not yet, not yet! The game is but half-played out. They have dared to laugh at me! Oh, if Arnold had done so much, I would have killed him."

With these wild thoughts hovering through all her features, Rhoda crept out of the thicket like a panther from its lair, and went toward the house, trampling down the flower-beds in her rage, and careless that the frost and earth clung to her embroidered slippers. Once her shawl caught on the thorns of a rose-bush. She turned sharply, and tore it away, leaving shreds of the costly lace among the browsed leaves with a sort of fierce delight, for, in her blind rage, it was a relief to tear something savagely.

Thus, brilliant with passion, wildly graceful in her hot anger, the girl passed into the house, hating every person in it. If she had ever loved Andre, that love turned to gall and wormwood now. She longed to meet him face to face, to smite him with her white hand on the mouth that had dared to scoff at her. She hated him, and because of his disaffection, all mankind.

CHAPTER XXVII.

RHODA entered the ball-room, with the beauty of Lucifer in her face. The first person on whom her eyes fell was the Continental officer, who evidently stood waiting for her, for he came forward eagerly. The music of some new dance had just struck up. It was stirring, and that gave his step all the elasticity of a march.

"I have been waiting. Come! No one else must lead to such music. It stirs the blood like a battle-cry," he said, grasping her daintily-gloved hand in his buff gauntlet, and moving up the room.

Through all the tumult of her rage, Rhoda felt a wild thrill pass over her. Was it the man's air or voice? Was it the imperative will that conquered even hers? I do not know, but she left her hand in his clasp, and, without a word of protest, walked in among the dancers, usurping the position of leader, as if that were hers, of course. In an instant she gave herself up to the music, and to a more enthralling sensation than music ever produced.

Like a wild bird on the wing, Rhoda went down the swift windings of that dance. The radiance of intense passion made her wondrously beautiful. Her lips were bright red, and well they might be, for she had bitten them, in her wrath, till drops of blood stained them. To all this was added a strange glow of excitement, which no human pen can describe.

There was one feature of the dance that gave the lady to the arms of her partner, with a step that approached our modern waltz; and in this the dance ended. During this supreme moment her partner's breath swept her face; his arm held her firmly one instant. Then she stood, pale, and out of breath, as if some sudden fear had seized upon her. The word that escaped her parted lips was uttered in a whisper.

"Arnold!"

"Come!" he whispered back. "They will not miss us. Come!"

Her arm still rested in his. He led her from the room, and walked boldly down the front stair-case, into the grounds she had just left.

The lamps in the yellow maple leaves had all burned out, and they stood only in the light of the stars. But the man had taken off his mask, and the face of Benedict Arnold was fully revealed. There, in the very den of his foes, he had come to look once more on the face of Rhoda Clyde. She knew this, and her pride was soothed.

"Great Heavens! how beautiful you are!" he exclaimed. "Is it that you are glad to see me?"

"Glad? Oh, yes! I think I am glad!" she answered, with warmth. "For once more you are mine, wholly mine. I have but to lift my voice, and you are a dead man!"

"But you will not lift your voice, for it was love that brought me here; love that even my will cannot conquer."

"Love!"

"Do not sneer at the word. Remember, Rhoda, I loved you first, and shall love you last. That is why you find me by your side."

"You love me! Yes, as men love the flowers they have thrown away."

"No, no! As a man loves the woman who shares his nature, who mates him soul and brain; who has the mercy to forgive, and strength to forget. Oh, girl! girl! I was mad to give you up, thrice mad to let you come here, where I must seek you at the risk of my life."

"Arnold, have you so sought me, and me alone?"

"Am I not here? What else could have urged me into the midst of such enemies, where discovery is death?"

"But why did you come?"

"That I might see, with my own eyes, if what has become the gossip of two armies can be true; if Rhoda Clyde had forgotten the old days, in her fancy for a British officer they call John Andre."

"John Andre? I hate him!"

"I know how much, being outside the curtains of that recess while you both lingered there."

"You there?"

"Yes. It was my awkward sword that broke up the very pretty picture you made."

"And you heard——"

"Everything. Do not take the trouble to blush. Have I not said that we are alike, heart and soul, even in our unfaithfulness. It is not wonderful that you tried to love that man, only the thing was impossible, as it is for me to love any other woman. You see that I can forgive; but let that pass. We have but a few golden minutes. One word. Say that you love me, in spite of everything."

"And if I could forgive, what then?"

"Why, then, leave this place. Go back to your old home, and wait till I have command there. It may be a long time before that may happen, but I shall yet be the military master of Philadelphia, and you must be there to receive me, to share in my power, to be the secret adviser of my actions. Will you leave this place, and wait for my day of power in your old home, Rhoda Clyde?"

"I do not know whether it is love or hate that impels me," answered the girl; "but I will go. This city is hateful to me. My will alone has kept the family here. Mrs. Kingsford shall for once have her way. We will return to Philadelphia."

"And await for my coming?"

"For good or for evil, for love or for hate, yes."

"It is enough. Now I must be gone. In a few moments it will be the hour for unmasking. Before then, we must make good our escape. Hark! The clock is striking! Farewell! Farewell! Remember this. I have risked both honor and life only to look on your face. Farewell."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LOVE'S LESSON.

BY ANNIE ROBERTSON NOXON.

Why should you give a thorn to me,
  Who gave Spring's freshest rose to you?
You say it thrived upon the tree,
  Fed by the self-same sun and dew
Which made the rose so fair to see.

The Summer-time is russet now;
  The winds, that shook the roses down,
Have mixed and braided for my brow
  This thorny wreath and crown—
I know not when, nor how.

Well, pain nor anguish ne'er can steal
  The first sweet perfume of that flower;
Nor my fond heart forget to feel
  The charm of love's deceptive hour,
Nor time dissolve its seal.

It is a lesson love has taught
  To other hapless souls, I know;
A lesson all too dearly bought,
  But foolish hearts will have it so,
And still the bitter-sweet is sought.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, this month, a walking-costume for a young lady, of a very light-gray camel's-hair ma-



terial, striped with dark-blue in pin stripes. The skirt is bordered in front with a deep bias plaiting, sewn on with a double heading, and two rows of stitching. At the back there is a deep gathered flounce. Princess tunic, buttoned the entire length of the front, and bordered with a plaiting cut on the bias, and three inches deep; it is looped up at the back, under a large bow of the material, or silk, if preferred, edged with a plain bias band. From beneath this bow falls a wide breadth of the material, reaching almost to the edge of the skirt; this is similarly trimmed with a plain bias band. Pointed pocket, formed of plaits, and placed far back, with a bow at the point. Close coat-sleeves, open at the back seam for three inches, forming a cuff, which terminates also with a small bow of the material. This design will look well in any of the fine striped mohair or woolen materials now so much worn, and which may be bought from twenty-five cents up to one dollar per yard. Eighteen yards will be required.

The next is a simple walking-costume of dark, self-colored merino or cashmere, braided either with a darker shade of the same color, or black,



as may be preferred. The skirt is bordered with a gathered flounce, ornamented at the top with a row of braiding. Full, round tunic, draped at the sides with buttons. The deep cuirass jacket is also ornamented with braiding, as are the collar and cuff. We need hardly say, that fringe or knife-plaiting, of the material, may be substi-

tuted for the braiding, if preferred. The design for making the costume is so simple and pretty, that it will bear almost any kind of trimming. Fourteen or fifteen yards of material will be required.

Next is a dress suitable either for walking or house-costume, for a young lady. The under-skirt is of navy-blue cashmere, ornamented with a fine double-row of knife-plaiting; the upper



one put on to stand-up. The skirt has a slight demi-train, finished with buttons and loops near the waist to facilitate shortening the skirt for walking. The Polonaise is of plaid woolen material, in light-gray plaided with blue and black. It is made to button down the back, as may be seen, where it terminates with a bow and ends of ribbon under which the skirt of the Polonaise is looped. Coat-sleeves buttoned down the back seam, with turned-back cuff, finished with similar bow and ends. Standing collar. Ten yards of plaid, and eight yards of cashmere for the skirt, twenty-seven buttons, four yards of ribbon, two and a half inches wide, will be required. A half-worn silk may be remodeled for the under-skirt of this costume at but little expense.

Next is the back and front view of a pretty waistcoat-bodice, made of cashmere and velvet, or cashmere and silk. The velvet or silk is used for the waistcoat and sleeve-trimmings, and for



the bow at the back. The front of the bodice turns back, with revers over the waistcoat, while the lower part is cut out to form two square



basques. The basque at the back is corded with the velvet or silk.

In the front of the number, we give the back and front of a paletot for autumn, for a young Miss of eight or ten years. It is of gray plaid cloth, of a very small pattern. The bows and lining of the hood of the same color. It is a pretty design for a paletot of fawn-colored alpaca or cloth, with hood, lining, and bows of rose-colored ribbon. The pattern is only a simple double-breasted sacque, belted at the back, therefore can readily be cut by almost any one having a good sacque-pattern, making some little alteration, perhaps.

Next, also in the front of the number, is a

pretty out-door costume for a girl from four to six years; also suitable for the early fall months. Dark-gray diagonal cloth, to be trimmed with light-gray silk or twilled woolen serge. The under-bodice is high to the throat, and buttoned down the front. The paletot is plaited at the back, and loose in front, where it fastens slantwise with knots and ends of the gray silk, or other trimming. The whole is edged with a narrow bias band, cuffs, collar, and plait down the back. Sash of ribbon fastened on with a small band, finished with a button at each point.

Next we give a skirt for a walking-dress This elegant skirt is suitable to be made of any material. Our model was of black silk. It is



trimmed entirely with its own material, and will require ten yards of silk, or eight of double-width goods, such as cachmere, tamaise-cloth, etc.

We give next, a box-plaited slip, for a child of two years. It is low in the neck, and short sleeves. A high-necked yoke and long sleeves may be substituted at pleasure. The whole is trimmed with a deep Hamburg, open-worked

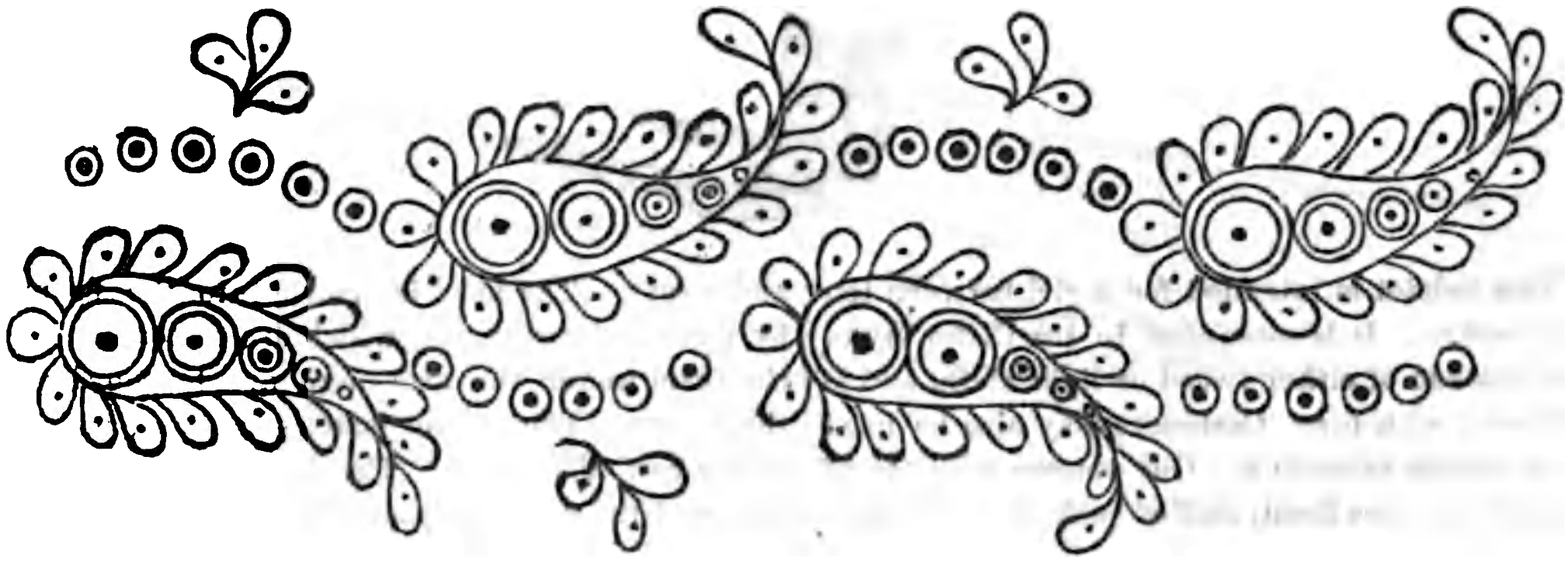


flounce and insertion. The insertion heads the flounce on the skirt, and is used for the yoke and sleeves, which are finished with a narrow edge to match.

In the front of the number we give a girl's Ulster, front and back. It is made of rough, gray cloth, which may be water-proof, but should not be too heavy. It is intended, of course, for an outside wrap, but, if used for a journey, can be worn without a dress underneath. The front is double-breasted, and the back is trimmed from the neck downward with wide, black braid.

We also give, on the same page, a girl's dress, front and back, trimmed with a bias gathered flounce of the material of the dress, headed with puffings and bias bands, The over-dress is of the Princess tunic style, is buttoned down in the front, and trimmed with bias bands of the material of the dress.

PATTERN IN EMBROIDERY.

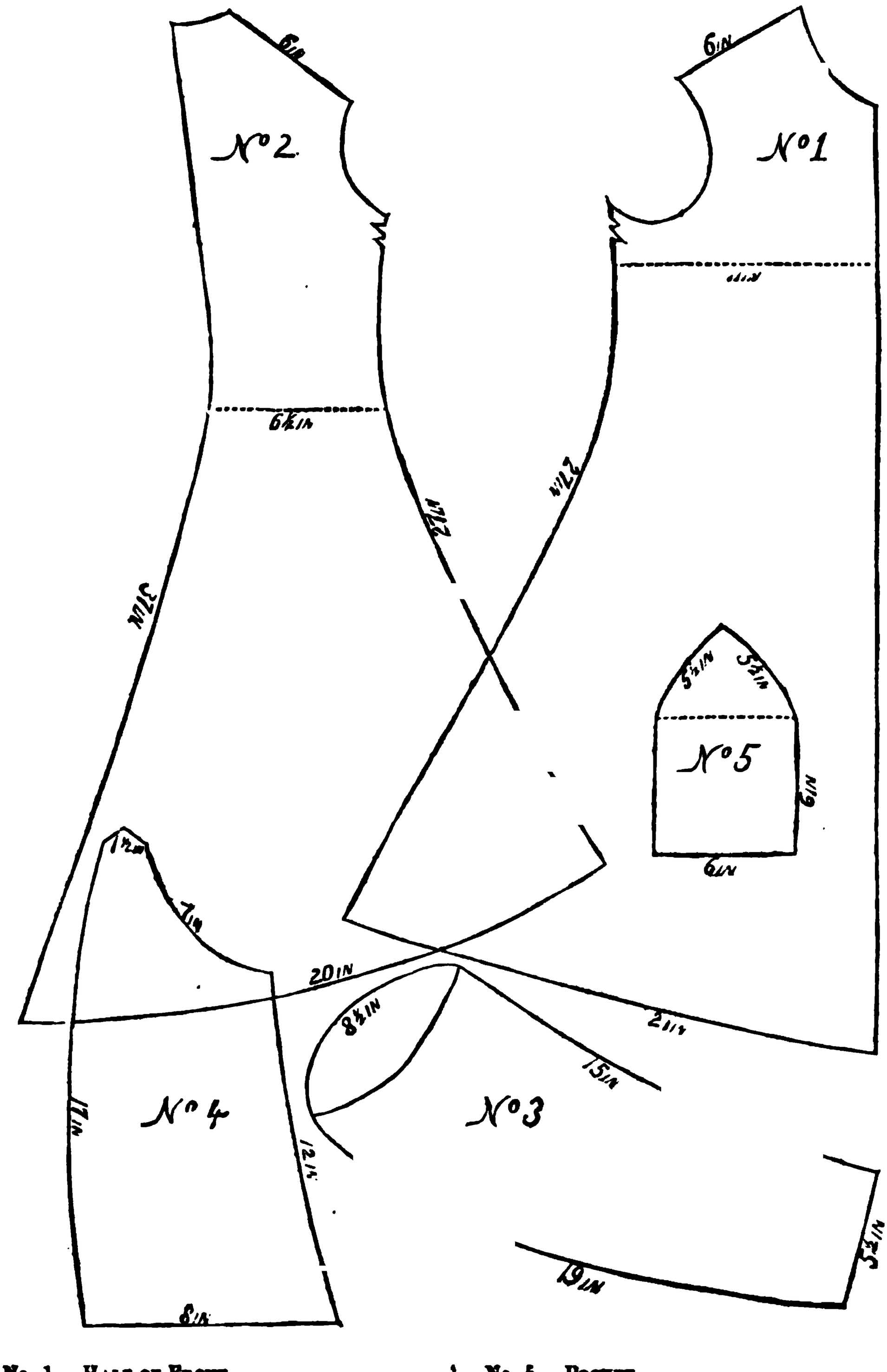


GIRL'S PALETOT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



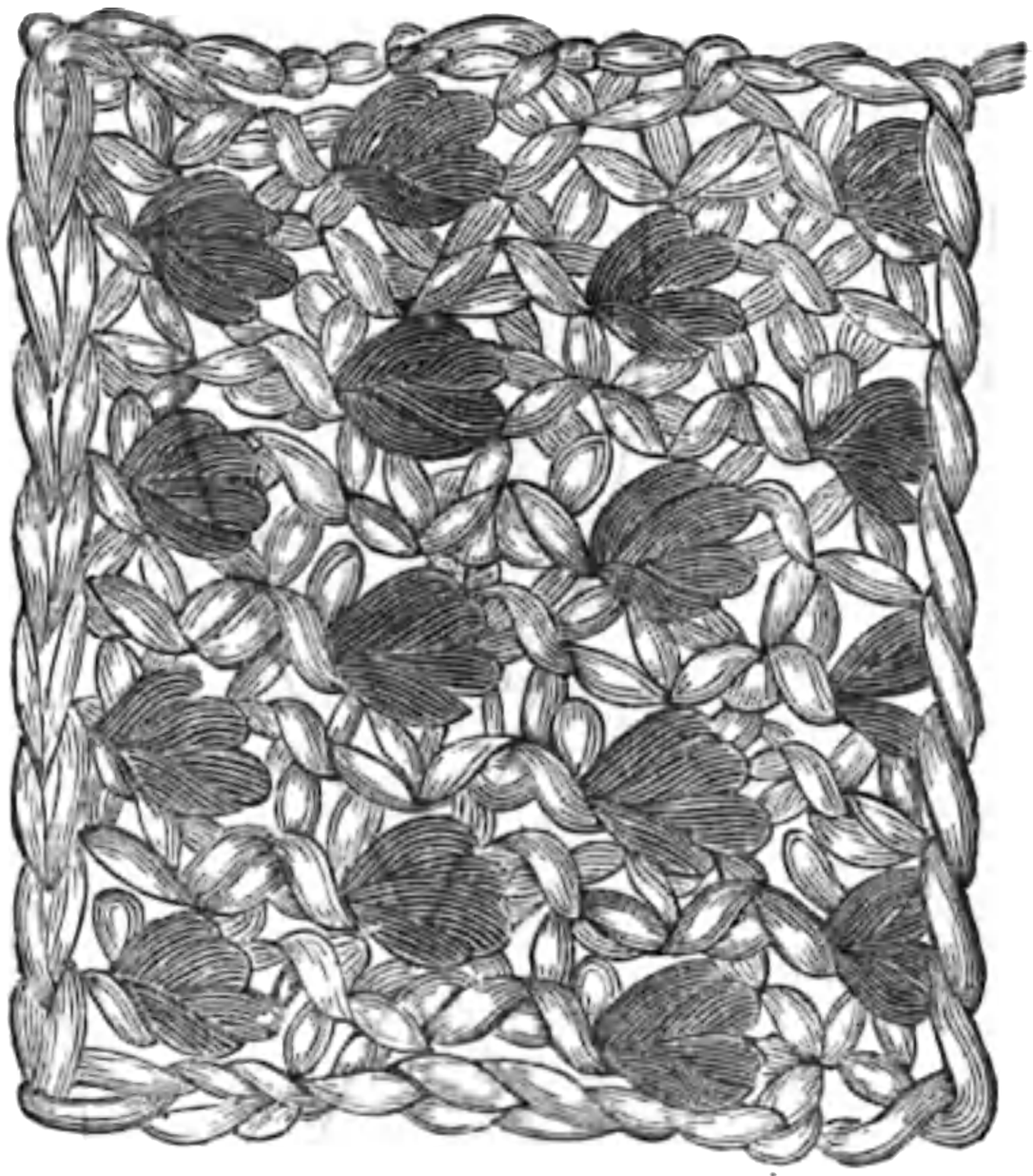
This paletot is intended for a girl between ten and twelve. It is somewhat in the Ulster style, and is made of either tweed or light cloth, and is bordered with fur. Cashmere may also be used with feather trimming. Our pattern consists of five pieces—one front, half of back, hood, pocket, and sleeve. The back is drawn into the figure by means of two pattes, which are fastened into the seam under the arm, and are buttoned in the centre. The paletot fastens in front, with a single row of buttons. The hood is lined with silk, and the envelope pocket is on the right only.



No. 1. Half of Front.
No. 2. Half of Back.
No. 3. Half of Sleeve.
No. 5. Pocket.
No. 4. Half of Hood.

POINT DE MOUCHES, CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



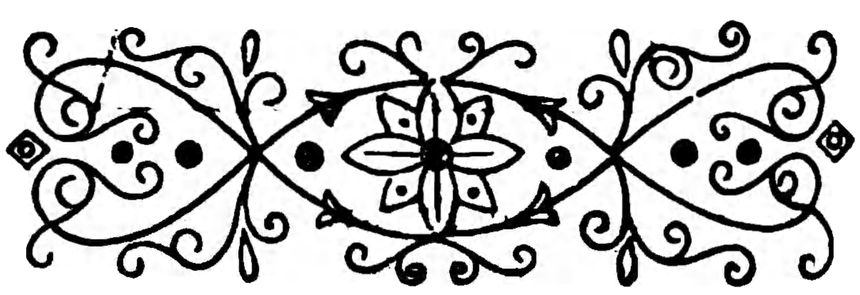
This stitch is worked with two colors throughout. The ground in white, the thick stitch in color. Make a chain of white with single Berlin wool, and a No. 8 tricotée hook, the width you require your stripe. Then join the two wools, the first stitch in white, take violet or colored wool in the needle, take up the next loop. The wool round the needle, take up the loop again, the loop round the needle, take up the wool a third time; the white wool round the needle, draw it through all the violet loops; then with the white wool round the needle take up the next loop, and finish this stitch with the violet wool. Work a "fly," or thick stitch in the next stitch, and repeat the two alternately throughout the row.

You work back plain in the usual way, using the wools alternately, and repeat the first row, taking care to put the violet stitch over the plain white of the previous row.

BORDERS, WORKED WITH COLORED SILKS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



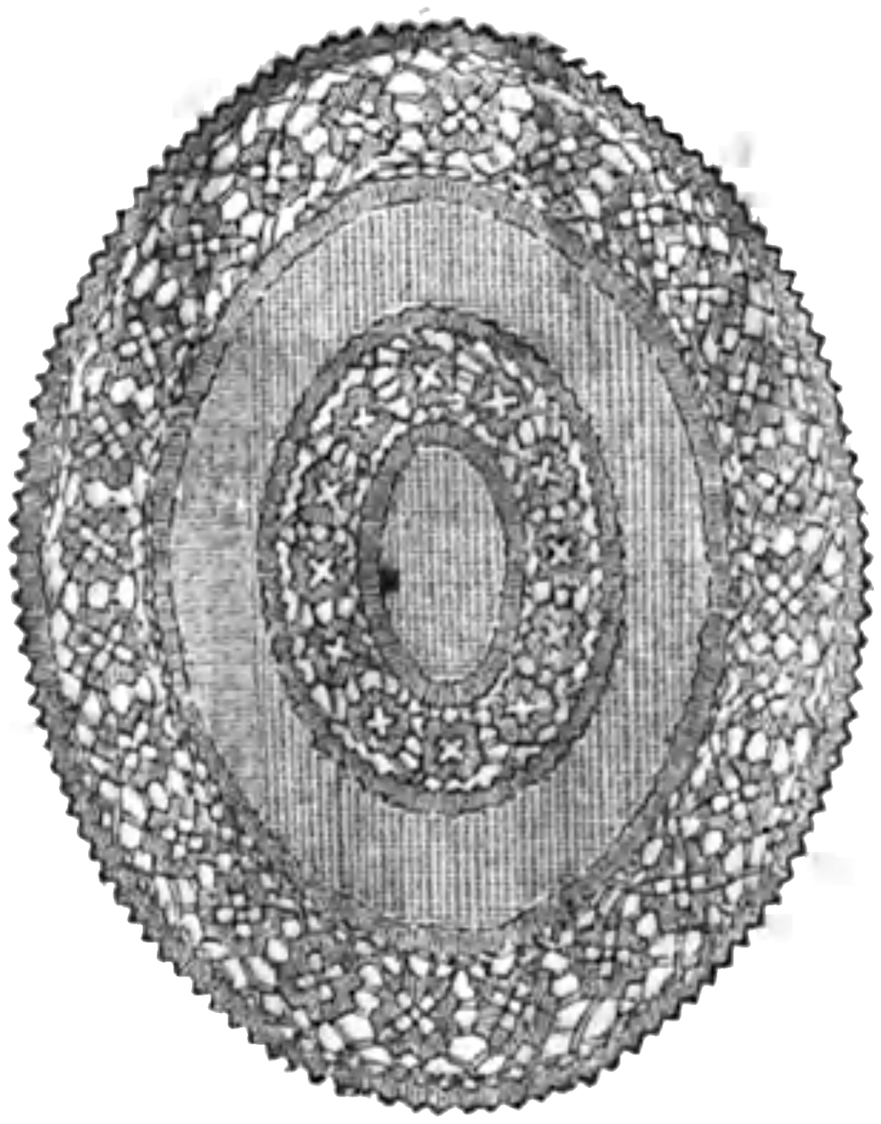


Either kid, cloth, cashmere, or linen may be used as the foundation for these pretty borders, which will be useful for many purposes.

They are worked in satin and back stitches, and with two shades of silk, and are both exceedingly effective.

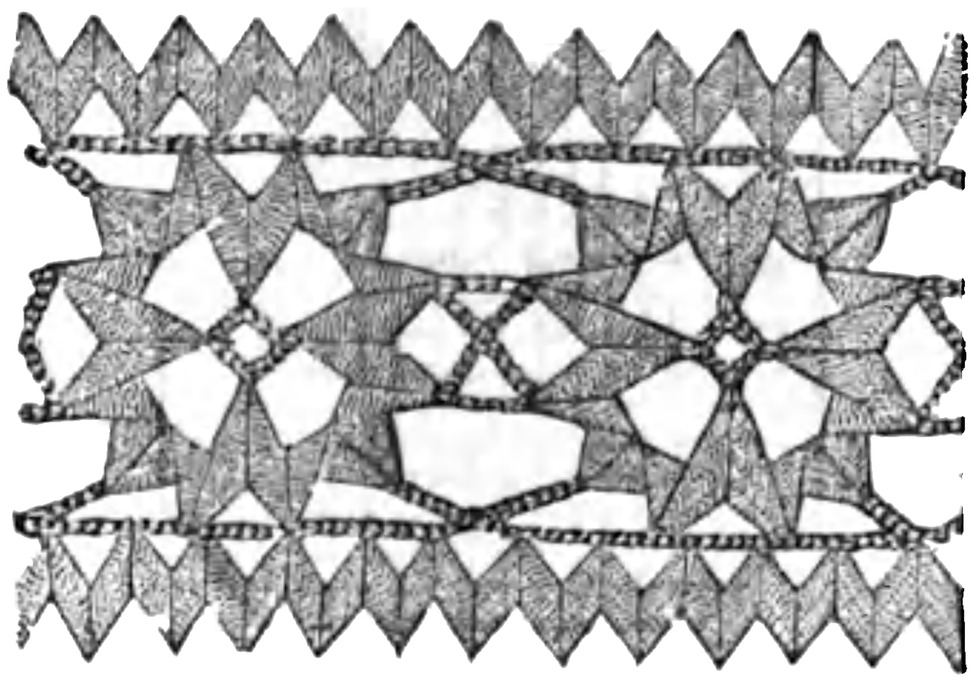
DISH D'OYLEY, WITH DETAIL OF BORDER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



The plain part of the d'Oyley is of Irish linen. The size can be varied to suit the dishes for which the d'Oyleys are required.

Materials: Waved braid, the size shown in the design, Evans' crochet-cotton, No. 80, steel crochet-hook.



Fold and sew into shape the stars to the exact form and size shown. Make as many as are needed for the d'Oyley.

For the centre of star, crochet one double in a point of braid, three chain; repeat three times more.

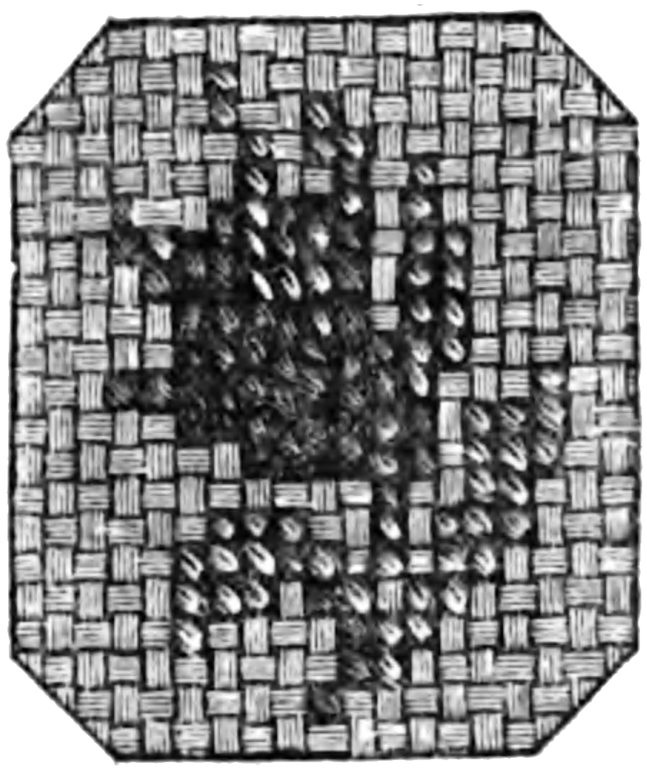
Cut out a paper of the size you wish the d'Oyley made, and place the star upon it at the distances shown. Place the edge braids on the paper, and work as follows, with the exception that you must accommodate the shape by more or less chain-stitches here and there, so as to make the work lie flat: One double in the right-hand short point of star that is folded over, four chain, one single into first point of edge braid, * four chain, one single in next point of edge braid, three chain, one single into a point of edge and next point of star together, four chain, one single into the next point of star and point of edge together, three chain, one single into the next point of edge braid, three chain, one single into next point of edge braid, nine chain, one single into short point of star, work across the back of this point and next point of star with a chain, then work to the top of second point, twist the cotton twice round the hook, insert the hook into the opposite point of next star. Work off the loops on the hook downward; work one single into the point of braid, nine chain, one single into the next point of braid, four chain, cross to next point of braid of second star, four chain, one single in the centre of last nine chain, three chain, one single into next point. Work at the back of next point the same as for last star, six chain, one single in the third of first nine chain, three chain, one single into the next point of edge braid. Repeat from * for the entire length. Work the other side of edge the same as last, omitting the work between the stars. After working the nine chain, work up the last six stitches with six single, six chain, cross to next star, work up with six single in successive stitches, then continue for the length.

WORK-BAG.

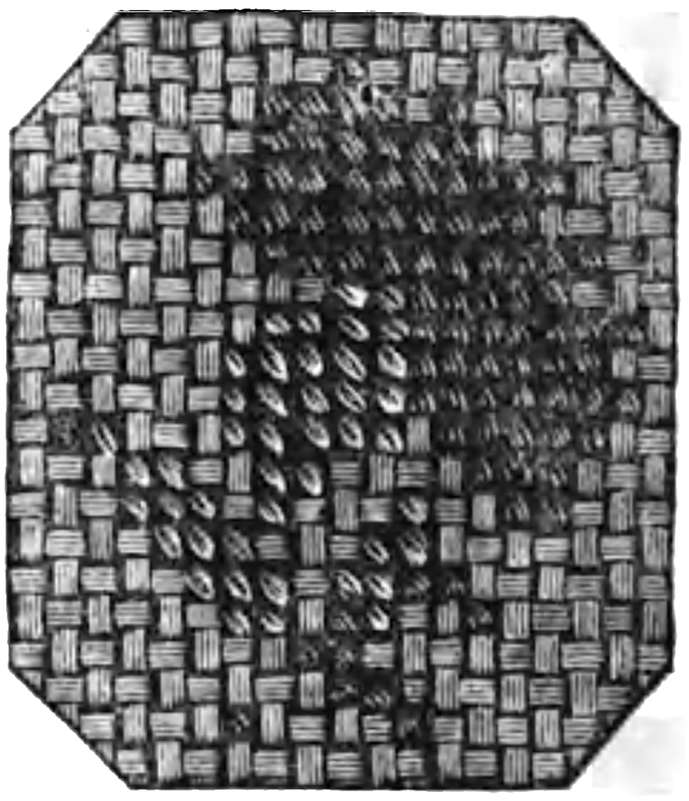
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This bag may be used for a carriage-bag, work-bag, etc. The stripes are of Java canvas, with

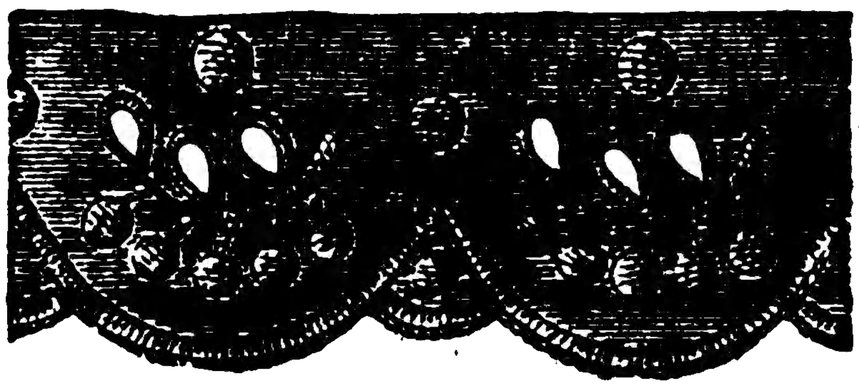


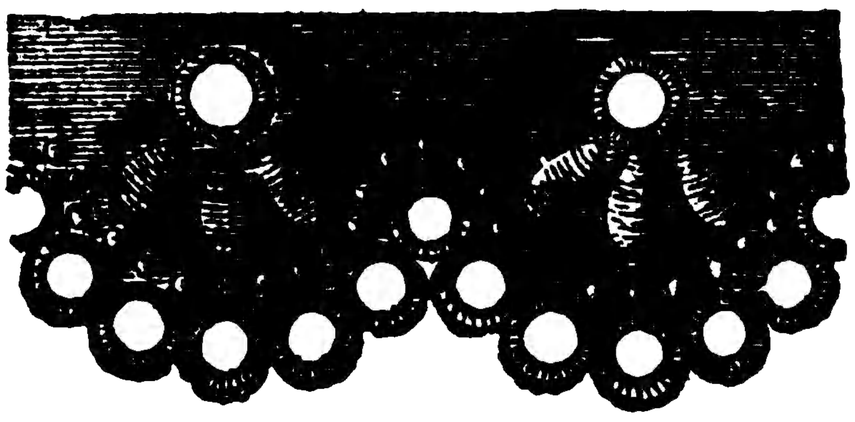
the designs shown, and worked alternately. These may be worked in wool or filoselle. The puffed stripes may be of velvet, silk, or satin. The joining of the stripes and the entire bag is



trimmed with a leaf-trimming of ribbon. The bag is neatly lined with silk.

EDGINGS IN EMBROIDERY.





TOBACCO-BAG—CROCHET.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.



MATERIALS: Gray and crimson purse-silk, mackintosh for lining, fine steel hook, narrow braid for strings.

Make the lining of the mackintosh first; sew the seams neatly together. Make a chain with the crimson silk sufficiently long to go round the bottom of the bag, join round, and work two rounds of trebles with the crimson silk.

3d Round (with gray silk double:) Crochet into every stitch.

4th and 5th Rounds (with the same color:) One single into every stitch.

6th Round: The same as 3d round.

7th and 8th Rounds: The same as 4th and 5th rounds.

9th Round: The same as 3d round.

10th and 11th Rounds: The same as 1st and 2d rounds.

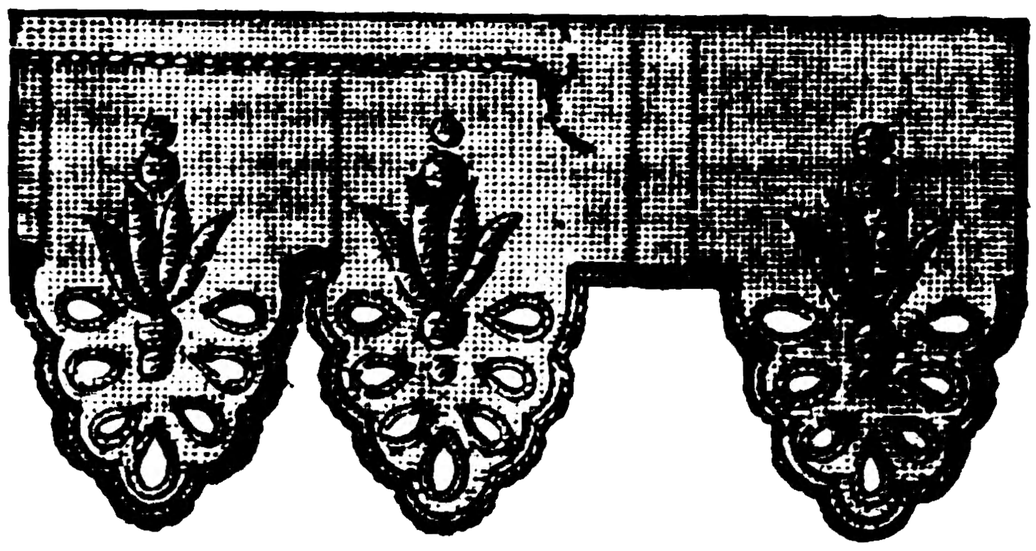
12th to 23d Rounds: The same as 3d to 9th rounds.

Then repeat from 1st round for the entire depth, finishing with the dark treble rows.

For the top edge, with gray silk, work one double, pass over one, six treble in the next, pass over one; repeat.

Run the string double through the treble rows at the top (see design,) and fasten at each end with a tassel made of silk. One or two colors may be used.

EDGING.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

RAG CARPETS.—The prettiest and newest way of using rags is to make them into rugs. These rag-carpet rugs, and carpets, are becoming quite the fashion again. They not only out-wear all others, but richer combinations of color, and more original ones, can be obtained, than in bought carpets generally. The ground for these is made of coarse canvas, known as "burlaps," such as is used for packing bags. The pattern is roughly outlined on the burlap, and the rags, which are cut into little bits about half an inch wide, (the length is of no consequence,) are drawn through the meshes of the canvas with a large crochet-needle on the wrong side, leaving loops to stand up on the right side. This, of course, forms loops on the wrong side also; but these are only just long enough to secure the rags. No fastening is needed, as they must be drawn through tightly enough to keep them in place without it. Every three or four meshes of the canvas will generally do; but practice will soon show the right distance. Sometimes the pile on the right side is cut, but oftener not. This is now quite a domestic branch of industry in New England, where the farmers' wives employ the long winter evenings in this work. It is also being introduced into charitable institutions. The work is not difficult to be learned. Some prefer a frame to stretch the burlaps on; others do it best without. The rugs are, many of them, really beautiful, and command a good price. The prettiest are those in Arabesque patterns, which resemble Persian mats. Of two now before us, one has a light-gray border, with a Greek pattern in a darker shade; the centre is deep-blue, with a Greek device in black in the middle; the other is blue, with a scarlet star in the middle, gray border, with smaller blue and scarlet stars. These are very simple but effective patterns. The taste and ingenuity of the worker can readily supply a variety of designs. These rugs must not be confounded with the old-fashioned rag-carpet, which was woven, and woven generally without reference to color.

PSYCHE WITH HER LAMP.—In our October number for 1875, we gave a beautiful steel-engraving, "Psyche And Vase," after a picture painted for the Emperor of Austria, by the celebrated artist, R. Beyschlag. The Emperor has since had a companion picture painted, by the same artist. This is the one which we engrave for this number. We referred, last year, to the story of Psyche as, perhaps, the most beautiful in all Pagan Mythology, and gave an outline of the incidents. We think we may say that no publication, in the United States, gives such steel engravings as "Peterson." For our November number we have, if possible, an even more beautiful one. Look out for it!

BE EARLY IN THE FIELD.—Do not lose a single day in securing your club subscribers for 1877! If you put it off, somebody else may get ahead of you. Write to us for a specimen copy to assist you: we send specimens for such purposes, *gratis*. "Peterson" has never been so good as it will be next year: Our motto is, "Always forward!"

THREE SUBSCRIBERS, at a dollar and sixty cents each, will entitle you to a copy, gratis, of the superb premium engraving for 1877, "The Surrender of Cornwallis." Similar pictures bring five dollars at retail stores. Yet for $4.80 you get not only this magnificent steel engraving, but also three copies of "Peterson" for 1877, and *postage paid at that*.

OUR "FLOWER-GARDEN" SERIES.—We begin, in this number, a series of articles on the "Flower-Garden," which have been expressly prepared for us, and which will be completed in twelve or fifteen articles. We commence them now, instead of with the January number, because this is the season of the year, when, if a flower-garden is desired, the first beginnings of it should be made. The author of these articles has, for many years, been raising flowers for his own pleasure. He is, therefore, better fitted for this particular task than a professional florist even, for while he has acquired all the knowledge of the latter, he knows better what comes within the wants and means of ordinary persons. The fault of books on flowers, written by professional florists, is that they assume everybody has large green-houses, and is prepared to spend mints of money. What has long been wanted is a series of short, pithy articles, for every-day use, adapted for each month in the year; and this want we believe that our "Flower-Garden," begun in this number, will at last supply.

PROMISES ALWAYS KEPT.—The old-established magazines are always the ones for which to subscribe. They have so much capital invested, they have such a reputation at stake, that they cannot afford to deceive the public. New enterprises have nothing to lose, if they fail, and hence they promise without limit, never really intending to keep the half of them. But the old established periodicals cannot afford to do this. They have a character to sustain, and what they promise, they must, they know, fulfill.

A NEW FASHION that promises to create a furor is to trim dresses from the throat to the hem of the skirt, together with the sleeves, pockets, revers, etc., with very small, round, flat metal buttons; these are set on in a series of four, five, or six rows. When they are selected of gilt or silver, they make the wearer look quite Oriental, and everything Oriental is now the rage.

FLOWERS MAY BE PRESERVED for many months by dipping them carefully, as soon as gathered, in perfectly limpid gum-water. After allowing them to drain for two or three minutes, arrange them in a vase. The gum forms a complete coating on the stems and petals, and preserves their shape and color long after they have become dry.

A GREAT OFFER.—For two dollars and a half we will send a copy of "Peterson" for 1877, and also a copy of the "SURRENDER OF LORD CORNWALLIS." This is a rare chance to get a five dollar picture and "the best of the lady's books" for little more than half the price of any other first-class magazine.

THESE ARE THE TIMES in which to *save a dollar* by subscribing for "Peterson's Magazine." Other first-class magazines are so much dearer, that even full-price subscribers get "Peterson" for from one to two dollars less than they can get others, while club-subscribers get it for even less.

OUR COLORED PATTERN for this month is to be worked on Java canvas in black These Tidy patterns are so popular that we are continually being asked for new ones.

NO MATTER WHAT OTHER PERIODICALS YOU TAKE, always take "Peterson." So say our exchanges almost universally.

OUR PREMIUM ENGRAVING FOR 1877.—It is our custom, as our old subscribers know, to engrave, every year, a large-sized steel plate, to be given as a premium to persons getting up clubs. These plates are in the highest style of art, and cost from one to two thousand dollars each. The impressions from them are such as sell, at retail, for five dollars. It is only our enormous edition which enables us to afford these expensive engravings. No other magazine can enter into competition with us, in this respect, because no other one has such a large circulation.

For 1877 we are engraving, "The Surrender of Cornwallis." This engraving will be of the same size as "Washington Parting From His Generals," and will be a match-picture to that, the most popular we have ever published. It is, on the whole, the finest we ever undertook. It contains portraits of Washington, Rochambeau, Lincoln, O'Hara, Lauzun, Knox, etc., etc. As a work of art, also it is unrivaled. Historical pictures are the highest in rank, and this is one of the best historical pictures ever painted. *No household in America should be without it.* To secure it get up a club for "Peterson" for 1877.

For clubs of larger size, an extra copy of the magazine will be given, in 1877, as usual, in addition to the premium engraving. We make this statement to prevent mistake. No other magazine offers *such really valuable* inducements in the way of premiums.

THE MONEY SPENT IN MAGAZINES, BOOKS, ETC., in a family, is returned twenty fold, in the increased refinement of its members, to say nothing of the pleasure and profit derived. Go into a household where no periodicals are taken, and then visit one where they are, and mark the difference. What dull hours have been brightened, what heartaches cured, by a bright, fresh magazine!

BACK NUMBERS OF THIS MAGAZINE can always be supplied by the publisher. If news-dealers say they cannot get them it is because they will not take the trouble to order them. In such cases, write to us, and we will furnish them.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Madame. By Frank Lee Benedict. 3 vols., 12 mo. London: Samuel Tinsley.—It was hardly a generation ago, when a great English writer asked, contemptuously, in London, "who reads an American book?" Yet here we have an American author going to England, with his novels, and English publishers competing with each other as to who shall print his works. Very few American authors, we own, have been as fortunate as Mr. Benedict in this respect; but this only makes his triumph the greater; this only proves how much more lasting his hold is on the public than that of most of his cotemporaries. Our old subscribers, who have been reading Mr. Benedict's stories in these pages for so many years, know his merits, and therefore we need say little now of this new fiction, than that it is quite equal to his best. In some particulars we think it even better than either "St. Simon's Niece," or "Miss Dorothy's Charge," probably the finest of his preceding fictions. There is a force, a freshness, a wit in Mr. Benedict that few rival: and then he does not run out; the fountain he draws from seems inexhaustible. It is a pleasure, occasionally, to get hold of a London novel, with its large type and thick paper; it is a real luxury; but then, alas! it is a luxury for which one has to pay. This novel sells, in England, for about eight dollars. When re-published here, it will sell, probably for one.

A Song of America, and Minor Lyrics. By V. Velde. 1 vol., 18 mo. New York: Hewsoon & Co.—A true poetic feeling pervades this little volume. The "Song of America," is particularly good. But many of the sonnets, and other minor poems, are worthy of all praise.

The Widow Seymour. By William H. S. Baker. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: J. A. Wagenseller.—The author of this novel has already distinguished himself by various essays on social subjects; and is further known as an active, and even enthusiastic worker in the cause of philanthropy and religion. In the book before us, he has sought to reach a larger audience, young as well as old, by making fiction subservient to moral teachings. He has not, however, violated probability in the least: the incidents all flow from each other quite naturally. In one of the chapters, we find a very animated description of a Hare and Hound party, at Germantown, near Philadelphia: in which numerous of our readers will recognize familiar events and scenes. The chapter, in fact, is a good specimen one; and whoever reads it, will turn back, and begin at the beginning; and having once done this, will read the story to the close.

At The Councillor's. By E. Marlitt. Translated from the German by Mrs. A. L. Wistar. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—Few of the German novelists are as popular as E. Marlitt. No translator even equals Mrs. Wistar. The present work might have been written in English, and in the purest English, for all that it betrays to the contrary. We are not sure that "At The Councillor's" is not superior to any other story by the same author except "The Old Mam'selle's Secret." It is a very seasonable book at this juncture, when so few really good fictions are offering. The volume is printed in that elegant manner which peculiarly distinguishes the publications of this house.

Francatelli's Modern Cook-Book. With Sixty-Two Illustrations. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a book which has become the standard one of its class. The author's celebrity in his profession is a guarantee of the excellence of the work. The pages abound in receipts for first-class dishes of all kinds. Every hotel, even of the smallest pretensions; every confectioner; every private family of means, ought to have a copy of this work. The volume, not only is crowded with explanatory illustrations, but contains six hundred pages of letter-press.

Our Behavior. A Manual of Etiquette and Dress of the Best American Society. By Mrs. E. B. Duffy. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada.: J. N. Stoddart & Co.—So far as a book on etiquette can teach good manners we can safely recommend this work. It has the additional merit, over most other works of the same class, that it recognizes the necessity, in America, of deviating from some of the maxims of politeness taught at royal courts and aristocratic circles in Europe. It is thoroughly sensible as well as generally reliable.

Comin' Thro' The Rye. A Novel. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—The earlier chapters of this novel, which describe the life of the children at Silverbridge Manor, are among the best of their kind we have ever read; but the later chapters, in which the author tries to be tragic, are failures, as they are but poor melo-drama at best. With care, an improved taste, and a more thorough knowledge of her own abilities, the author, however, will yet make a successful novelist.

Consuelo. By George Sand. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—The recent death of Madame Dudevant, better known under her assumed literary name of George Sand, has re-awakened interest in her works. We have, here, a new edition of what is, probably, the best of all her novels, and one that can be recommended as in no way objectionable. The sequel to it, "The Countess of Rudolstadt," is also in press.

Helen's Babies. By Their Latest Victim. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Loring.—The title-page of this little book professes to give an account of Helen's Babies, "their ways, innocent, crafty, angelic, impish, witching, and repulsive." We leave the reader to find out in what spirit the story is told. The book we think, will have a large sale.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.—If you are getting up a club tell those you ask what the newspapers all concur in saying of "Peterson." "No lady ought to be without this magazine," declares the Olney (Ill.) News, "it is *unquestionably the cheapest and best.*" Says the Kingston (Canada) Whig:—"There are a good many magazines of this class, but none that equals 'Peterson's' in the uniform goodness of its fashion-plates, engravings and stories." The Pendleton (W. V.) News says:—"Sparkling with good things; no lady should be without it." "The favorite of the ladies," says the Williamston (Ky.) Sentinel, "in this section, is 'Peterson.' The last number is a gem." The Painesville (O.) Journal says:—"Indispensable to every lady." The Lock-Haven (Pa.) Republican says:—"The most acceptable in the land: if our lady readers want a first-class magazine, they should secure 'Peterson's': the fashion-plates are superb, and the literary department full of the choicest gems." The Lynn (Mass.) Record says:—"The ladies are loud in its praise." The New Holland (Pa.) Clarion says:—"should find its way into every household." The Frankford (Pa.) Gazette says:—"Each succeeding issue is a step in advance of its predecessor."

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson'" has had, for twenty years, an average circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village, and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., for rms, etc., etc.

"LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH," for preserving the skin and beautifying the complexion, sustains its well-deserved popularity for removing Tan, Freckles, and all Blemishes from the skin. Sold by all druggists.

FRANK MILLER, SON & Co.'s Crown Dressing for Ladies' and Children's Shoes, is giving universal satisfaction. The shoe dealers represent its sale as very large, because of its fine gloss and color, and good effect upon the leather.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. X.—ACCIDENTS, ETC.—CONTINUED.

BRUISES.—Children, especially in the country, during the summer season, are, in their plays and rompings, very liable to bruises of their feet, (for they loathe to wear shoes constantly,) and less frequently to bruises about the face and eyes, from falls, or a cast ball.

In these simple cases it is only necessary to apply cold water, with or without spirits, or vinegar and salt, or even bits of ice in a bladder, if the injury is about the face or eyes. The common soap liniment of the shops, tincture of arnica, number six, the flowers of St. John's-wort steeped in olive oil, are all useful, and are found in many family cupboards, and are household remedies. The application of the last-named article, immediately after a blow has been received about the eye, will prevent that unsightly and abashed "black eye," so much dreaded.

WOUNDS.—The Yankee nation is proverbial for the love of the knife, and nearly every boy has one, and will whittle, and not unfrequently cut himself, too, when down goes the knife, and away he runs, crying, to alarm his mother.

But there is no occasion to be alarmed at the effusion of a little blood, unless it spouts in jets, indicating that an artery is divided or severed, then send for a surgeon without delay; but in either case press the lips of the wound, or cut closely together, and apply a *compress* wet with cold water, and bind it firmly to the part. [A *compress* is a piece of muslin, folded upon itself, so as to make several thicknesses.] If the wound has come in contact with the ground, and there be suspected any dirt, gravel, or other foreign substances, lodged in the wound, the part should be well washed or cleansed with a soft sponge and cold water. Then, to arrest the hemorrhage, or bleeding, it is only necessary to remember that a *compress*, with pressure, is the remedy, or proper dressing. No cobwebs are needed in the case!

PUNCTURED WOUNDS.—These may be made by thorns, bones, nails, tacks, hemlock, or other wooden splints, etc., the latter three being specially poisonous to most persons' flesh, probably, or partly, on account of their bruising the sensitive filaments of the nerves of the part, giving rise to great swelling, intense pain, and violent inflammation, which, if not arrested, not unfrequently terminates in tetanus, or lockjaw, or in destruction of the parts by gangrene and mortification.

Every punctured wound from these little articles is prone to take on a high inflammatory action of an erysipelatous character, and may lead to tetanus. Hence these accidents, though so apparently trivial, at first, in their appearance, should be watched with no little solicitude by parents; and I am no *alarmist*, as the reader who has followed me in this department, for the past five years, must admit, but I have witnessed too many painful cases, resulting from these simple injuries, not to exhort mothers by a word of caution.

Never be content, then, merely to remove the nail, tack, or splint, or the like, and abandon the wound or puncture, to take care of itself, as too trivial for further thought. If you do, in many instances your notice will be called to witness subsequent swelling, pain, and inflammation, which may require the original wound to be re-opened by the surgeon's knife.

If any portion of the substance remains in the flesh, it must be promptly removed by a surgeon, otherwise the mother may at once apply the "lye poultice," or turpentine, British oil, number six, or tincture arnica and laudanum, or even a compress dipped in hot water, either article selected to be repeated several times a day, till soreness or tenderness is gone.

It is true that, in many cases of this character, no bad results follow, even when neglected, but it is much the better and safer plan to make some local application to the part at once, and avoid the hazard of self-censure subsequently.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

BY E. E. REXFORD.

WORK FOR OCTOBER.

Care of Bulbs.—When dahlias have been cut down by frost, the tubers should be taken up, and got ready for storing away through the winter. Choose some sunny, warm day for this work. With a spade, carefully lift the whole bunch, and, after cutting off the top close to the ground, lay the tubers on a board, without trying to get out the soil which adheres among them. After they have laid for some hours, it will be dry enough to shake off without breaking the roots. It is a good plan to put them out in the sun for two or three days before putting them away. Some pack them in sand which has been thoroughly dried, and others use dry bran; but I succeed best by tying them together and hanging them up in a cellar where we keep potatoes. And others tell me that they have no trouble in keeping

them on their potato bins. Any cellar which is not damp enough to mold vegetables will keep them successfully, I think,

Gladioli should be treated in the same way, except that they do not require to be hung up, or packed in sand or bran. A paper bag is as good a thing to keep them in as anything I know of. If Madeira vines have been grown in the garden, and they are fine for covering old fences, stumps, or trellises, they can be lifted, and the whole mass of tubers, with the earth that adheres, can be packed into a box and set away in a cellar. There is no danger of losing them. Every little tuber will make a strong plant next spring.

Setting Out Tulips and Hyacinths.—Tulips and Hyacinths should be attended to now. Make your beds deep and rich, and have the manure well rotted. If there is any danger to be anticipated during the spring months from stagnant water, attend to drainage, for nothing else injures them so much as having to stand with their "feet in the water." Have your beds well pulverized, and rather higher in the centre than at the edge. Plant the bulbs about four inches under the soil, pressing it down snugly above them. I plant my hyacinths in circles, keeping each color by itself, and the effect is fine, as they all grow of very nearly the same height, and bloom at the same time. With tulips there is greater difference in height, and time of blossoming, and I generally mass them off, keeping their peculiarities in view. After you have planted your beds, and before hard frosts come, cover them with some sort of litter to the depth of two or three inches. This should be raked off early in spring, before the plants are up.

After they have blossomed, the tops will die. Annuals can be sowed on the beds, or plants be set out, between the bulbs, and in the fall, after these are out of the way, a good top-dressing of well-rotted manure can be forked in. The crocus, and scilla, and snowdrop, can be treated in the same way. These should all be planted in clumps, as they are so small that it requires massing to make a good effect with them.

HOUSEHOLD ART.

PAPERING ROOMS.—It has, heretofore, been the practice to paper rooms, from floor to ceiling, with the same kind of paper. Sometimes a narrow border was put at the top; and occasionally the border was put at the bottom also. The new fashion, however, or rather an old fashion revived, for it was thus our great-grandfathers treated their rooms when they could afford it, is to divide the wall horizontally into three portions, the upper division being called the frieze, which may vary in width with the size of the apartment, and the lower reaching three to five feet from the floor up, being called the dado: the intermediate portion, which represents the wall proper, is usually designated as the wall curtain or wall veil. In quite a number of old buildings still standing in our midst may be seen this arrangement in woodwork paneling, under which circumstances it has been designated as wainscoting: and in costly houses, where expense is not considered, the dado is now also made of wood, and is really a wainscoting.

The dado should be subordinate in treatment and color to the wall above it, not only because it should be regarded simply as a base course or plinth to the rest, but because it must be of a character that will serve as an effective background for the furniture, by which it is more or less broken up. A dado of wood for living rooms will always be regarded with favor, on account of harmonizing with the furniture and protecting the wall from being damaged by it. Above, the wall may be hung with almost anything, from tapestry to the commonest straw paper. Either may look well or ill, according as it is in keeping, or otherwise, with the adjoining objects and the size and position of the apartment. It should always be borne in mind that this position, which, in modern houses, is almost without exception assigned to framed pictures or engravings, should be hung or otherwise decorated in such a manner as not to sacrifice these more precious works of art, for it is rarely that a picture in a modern house can get the better of its too-often disadvantageous surroundings.

The frieze should be of a more distinctive character. Here representations of animals and plants, larger in detail than those below, or even a continuous subject or story, is quite allowable; for this, however, strong, clear outline and flat color, with little or no shading, or rendering of chiar oscuro, must be considered as the most legitimate treatment. No attempt at imitation of bas-relief or the picturesque should be attempted, for it must be borne in mind that true decoration is always suggestive rather than imitative. A very effective frieze decoration might be composed of a selection of silhouettes enlarged and produced in two shades of such tints as would balance or repeat those occurring in the carpet or furniture. Excellent frieze patterns, in paper, sold as wide borders, are now to be had at all first-class paper-hangers.

It is cheaper, in the long run, to paper your ceilings than to be annually calcoming them, much less painting them. Be careful, however, not to make your ceilings too dark in color. This is the prevailing fault at present. Our architects, misled by what is suitable for immense rooms, copy too much the style of decoration in vogue in European palaces, and use colors quite too dark for the comparatively small rooms of American houses. Recollect, the ceiling represents the sky, and should, like it, be light in tone, certainly very much lighter than the walls. An excellent paper for the ceiling is a light panel design in two tints, separated by an arrangement of mouldings which just hints at the construction which it masks. Or an effective decoration may be produced by crossing bands inclosing groups of olive and laurel.

THE TOILET.

A VERY CURIOUS INDUSTRY in Paris, and one that is more extensive than might be supposed from its nature, is that of paints, pencils, and powders for making up the complexion. Most of the great performers, such as Guerlain, Pirer, etc., have a back-room to their shops, specially devoted to this mysterious commerce. The ordinary method of daubing the face, first with a white paint, and then with rouge, finds no favor with the consummate artists who teach the use of these beautifying compounds. For whitening the skin, a preparation is shown that is composed of some insoluble powder in a liquid. The bottle must first be well shaken, and a very small quantity of its contents must then be taken on a fine old linen rag or bit of cotton, and rubbed round and round till the preparation has penetrated the skin thoroughly. This wash makes the complexion beautifully white without a trace of the flouriness of powder or ordinary paint. It is very costly, being sold at $12 for a small bottle-full. Next comes the rouge, which is also very costly, being valued at $18 for a box of the best quality. From this superfine article, the grades descend through different prices, till we reach the coarse sixty-cent rouge, which no well-bred beauty would condescend to use. Different shades of rouge are sold for different occasions. There is a shade for daylight, one for the theatre, one for the ball-room, one for the race-course, etc. Then we have a scarlet liquid, used for coloring the lips, and a black powder for blackening the edges of the eyelid. This last requires some dexterity in its use, as it must be put on as a powder, and then delicately "washed in" with a fine

linen rag and lukewarm water. Black and brown pencils are used for marking the arch of the eye heavy, and a pencil of delicatest blue comes for tracing the veins on the white surface of the painted skin.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

PUDDINGS FOR CHILDREN.

We vary our Cook-Book this month, by giving some receipts for puddings for children. Adults will also find them very simple, nourishing, and palatable.

In making puddings with milk and eggs, the milk must always be boiled, as this prevents curdling. Lump-sugar is now so cheap, that it may with advantage be substituted for raw in all delicate puddings. It is a good plan to boil the sugar with the milk, and then pour them on the eggs. Very slow baking is absolutely necessary for all puddings which have custard. If quickly baked, the custard is often mixed with the more solid portion of the pudding, and it is also rendered tough; whereas, if slowly baked, the custard, even when one egg is used, will be in considerable proportion to the other ingredients.

Whites of eggs make good puddings for children, and three whites should be calculated as one egg. The custard from whites of eggs is excellent, and only to be distinguished from that made with the yolks, added by its pale color.

Fried bread will be found not only an economical, but a nourishing and delicious accompaniment to stewed fruits, and there are very few children who will not eat it. By fried bread is not meant either bread sodden in grease, in the frying-pan, or bread unduly hardened in boiling fat, because in either case it is most unwholesome. Bread properly fried will be just crisp, and a golden brown on the outside, and not the least hard. If the fat is a proper temperature, bread, to be properly fried, will not require to be immersed in it for more than half a minute. Great care should be taken in flavoring puddings for children. Bought essences, as a rule, are objectionable, whilst flavorings may be easily and cheaply made at home by infusing lemon-peel, almonds, or vanilla, in spirit. A small quantity of either of these gives an agreeable flavor, and will be found harmless. The lemon-peel and almonds, when the liquor is poured off, will retain some flavor, and will be useful for several culinary purposes.

Rice Croquets.—Bake a quarter of a pound of best rice in a pint of milk until well swelled and dry. Whilst hot, beat in the yolks of two eggs, three ounces of sifted sugar, and a little grated lemon-peel, or any flavoring preferred. Spread this on a dish to the thickness of half an inch, and let it remain until cold; then put a few finely-sifted bread-crumbs on your hand; take as much of the rice as will heap a dessert-spoon, put it on the crumbs in your hand, and roll into the shape of an egg. Beat up an egg, white and yolk, dip the croquet into it, roll it in bread-crumbs, and put it in the wire basket. Repeat this process until all your rice is used, then fry the croquets in plenty of boiling fat. Clarified dripping answers well for frying these croquets; care must, however, be taken that the fat is the right temperature, which may readily be ascertained by plunging a piece of bread into the fat. If the bread browns instantly, the fat is ready. Dip in your wire basket containing the croquets, move about gently in the fat, and when they acquire, as they should do in less than a minute, a golden color, they are done. Put them on white paper, to absorb any fat clinging to them, sift sugar over them, and serve.

Indian Corn Flour Pudding.—This must not be confounded with corn-flour sold in packets, which, in some cases, is the starch of Indian corn or maize, deprived of much of its nutritive value by the process it undergoes to render it white and smooth. Indian corn flour is the finely-ground flour of maize, and is largely used in America. Dr. Pavy says: "Properly prepared, it furnishes a wholesome, digestible, and nutritious food." Like oat-meal, it requires to be thoroughly well boiled. Vanilla is the most suitable flavoring for this pudding, but any other may be used. Two ounces of Indian corn flour; mix smooth in a quarter of a pint of milk, and then stir it into three-quarters of a pint of boiling milk; sweeten and flavor. Put into a clean stew-pan, and stir over the fire until it becomes quite thick; beat in an egg, put the pudding into a buttered tart-dish, and bake very slowly for three-quarters of an hour.

Plain Rice Pudding.—Wash a quarter of a pound of best rice, put it in a pie-dish with a pint of new milk, and allow it to bake rather quickly for three-quarters of an hour. If the pudding is required to be moist, half a pint more milk must be allowed. A good, nourishing rice pudding may be made with a quarter of a pound of rice, a pint of milk, half a pint of water, and one ounce of finely-shred beef-suet. Sugar and flavoring may, if desired, be stirred into the pudding before sending to table. Children generally like rice thus cooked with sugar and lemon-juice, which should be added when served to them.

Sunday Pudding.—Boil a quarter of a pound of bread-crumbs in half a pint of milk; sweeten and flavor; and when the bread is thick, stir in the yolks of two eggs. Put the pudding into a buttered tart-dish, and bake slowly for three-quarters of an hour. Then spread over the top a layer of strawberry-jam, and on this the whites of the eggs, beaten, with a teaspoonful of sifted sugar, to a strong froth. Dip a knife in boiling water, and with it smooth over the whites. Put the pudding again into a moderate oven, until the top is a light golden brown. Serve immediately.

Sweet Sauce.—Mix a tablespoonful of flour, quite smooth, in four tablespoonfuls of water; then stir into it half a pint of boiling water; sugar or molasses to taste. Stir over the fire until the sauce boils, when, if allowed, an ounce of butter may be added, with a tablespoonful of lemon-juice. When sweetened with sugar, a little nutmeg or ground cinnamon may be used, instead of lemon-juice, if preferred. A tablespoonful of raspberry jam, or any fruit syrup, may be used to flavor the sauce, and is generally much liked.

Baked Custard Pudding.—Boil half a pint of milk, with sufficient lump-sugar to taste, and whip into it two eggs, the whites and yolks previously well beaten together; add flavoring to taste. Put the pudding into a pie-dish, and place it in another vessel half full of boiling water. Put into the oven, and bake gently for about half an hour; or, if more convenient, the pie-dish may be placed, in a stew-pan half filled with water, by the side of the fire, and allowed to cook slowly.

Boiled Rice with Sweet Sauce.—Wash the rice, throw into boiling water, and boil it with a pinch of salt, in plenty of water. It should be done in about twenty minutes, and this will readily be ascertained by rubbing a grain between the finger and thumb; if it crumbles, it is properly cooked. Drain the rice in a colander, pour over it a cup of cold water, and put it back into the sauce-pan. Let it stand a few minutes to dry, and serve.

Oat-Meal Pudding.—Mix two ounces of fine Scotch oatmeal in a quarter of a pint of milk; add to it a pint of boiling milk; sweeten to taste, and stir over the fire for ten minutes; then put in two ounces of sifted bread-crumbs. Stir until the mixture is stiff, then add one ounce of shred suet, and one or two well-beaten eggs; add a little lemon flavoring, or grated nutmeg. Put the pudding into a buttered dish, and bake slowly for an hour.

Sweet Maccaroni.—Break up a quarter of a pound of the best maccaroni into small lengths, and boil it in two quarts of water, with a large pinch of salt, until perfectly tender. Drain away the water; add to the maccaroni in the stew-pan a teacupful of milk and a quarter of a pound of sifted lump-sugar, and keep shaking over the fire until the milk is absorbed; add any flavoring, and serve. Stewed fruit may be served with the maccaroni.

Maccaroni Pudding.—Boil a quarter of a pound of maccaroni, as for rice pudding. When done, drain away the water, and put the maccaroni into a tart dish. Pour over it a custard made of two eggs, a pint of boiling milk, and sugar and flavoring to taste. Bake very slowly for an hour.

Rice Pudding Without Milk.—Bake a quarter of a pound of rice in a pint of water, with one ounce of finely-shred suet, or of butter. When done, add to it a quarter of a pint of water in which a dessertspoonful of flour has been boiled with one egg well beaten; sugar and flavoring to taste. Bake gently for three-quarters of an hour.

Rice Custard Pudding.—Bake the rice, as in the receipt for plain rice pudding. When done, add to it half a pint of milk, into which an egg or two, sugar to taste, and flavoring, have been whisked. Bake very gently for three-quarters of an hour.

Rice Milk.—Wash a quarter of a pound of rice; boil as directed in receipt for boiled rice; and having drained it, put it into a stew-pan with half a pint of new milk. Stir over the fire until the rice has absorbed the milk.

Semolina Pudding.—Boil two ounces of semolina in a pint of milk; sweeten and flavor; beat in an egg. Put the pudding into a buttered tart-dish, and bake for an hour in a slow oven.

PICKLES.

Tomato Catchup.—Boil half a bushel of tomatoes until they are soft; squeeze them through a fine wire sieve, and add one quart of vinegar, half a pint of salt, one ounce of cloves, two ounces of whole allspice, two ounces of ground cayenne pepper, a dessertspoonful of ground black pepper, and two heads of garlic, skinned and separated. Mix the whole together, and boil three hours. Bottle without straining it. On the top of each bottle pour a tablespoonful of sweet-oil; cork them closely, and seal them. The sweet-oil, by excluding the air, tends to preserve the catchup.

To Pickle Cauliflowers.—Pick one large or two or three small cauliflowers to pieces—that is, in branches. Throw away the leaves and the main stalk. Put a good handful of salt into a quart of water; let it boil, and put the branches in so that they will not be crowded. Let them get a little soft. Pick out with a fork, and drain in a colander. Put into bottles. Heat vinegar and pepper, or cloves, if you prefer, as you would for red cabbage, and pour over it in the bottles. When cold, cover up. It looks well, and eats crisp in the winter.

To Pickle Onions.—Peel the onions, and steep them in strong salt and water for four days, changing the water two or three times; wipe them dry; put them into scalding hot milk, and let them lie till cold; drain them, and dry each separately on a cloth; put them into jars, pour over them as much white wine vinegar, which has been boiled with some white peppers, as will cover them completely.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Tomato Eggs.—Stew six ripe tomatoes, and pass them through a sieve; add six eggs, half an onion, finely minced, quarter of a pound of ham, minced, and a litttle salt. Mix the whole thoroughly in a basin, put in a frying-pan on the fire, and keep stirring with a fork about ten minutes. Serve very hot, on fried toast, for a savory.

Gum Arabic Starch.—Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic, and pound it to powder. Next put it into a pitcher, and pour on it a pint or more of boiling water, according to the strength you desire; cover it, and let it set all night. In the morning, pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle; cork it and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum water, stirred into a pint of starch, made in the usual manner, will give lawns, white or printed, a look of newness, to which nothing else will restore them after washing. It is also good, much diluted, for thin, white muslin.

Yeast.—Boil mealy potatoes, peel and beat them fine; put them through a fine hair-sieve, weigh them, and put to them as much hot water as will make them of the consistence of small beer yeast. When nearly cold, add two ounces of brown sugar, and two ounces of yeast to every pound of potatoes. Set it near the fire till it begins to ferment. In twenty-four hours it is fit for use.

Another.—Boil one pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and a little salt, in two gallons of water, for an hour. When milkwarm, bottle, and cork it for use.

Egg Flip.—Boil a quart of mild ale, and pour it into a jug with a spout. In a similar jug beat up three eggs, with a quarter of a pound of loaf-sugar; add three wineglassfuls of brandy or gin, and a little nutmeg. When the ale is quite hot, but not boiling, pour it quickly into the jug that contains the egg, return it back to the other jug, and continue doing this until the whole is incorporated and smooth.

The Leaves of Geraniums are excellent for cuts where the skin is rubbed off, and other wounds of the same kind. One or two leaves must be bruised and applied to the part, and the wound will be cicatrised in a short time.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS OF BROWN SILK.—The under-skirt has four very scant flounces. The upper-skirt is trimmed with two ruffles of the material of the dress. The Hungarian jacket is of myrtle-green cloth, trimmed with a band of fur and very dark-green braid. It has a vest front, and long, open sleeves. Hat of myrtle-green felt, trimmed with a scarf and loop of silk.

FIG. II.—BRIDE'S DRESS OF WHITE MUSLIN, OVER A WHITE SILK UNDER-DRESS.—The back is made with a long, untrimmed train. The sides have a gathered trimming, separated by bands of white satin, and have large white satin bows. The apron front is trimmed with scant ruffles of white muslin and lace; close-fitting, pointed waist, with a bouquet of orange-blossom at the neck, tied with white satin ribbon. Long sleeves, trimmed with puffings of muslin and lace. Large tulle veil, and a bouquet of orange-blossoms just above the forehead.

FIG. III.—HOUSE-DRESS OF CARDINAL-RED SILK.—The skirt is trimmed with bias bands, put on diagonally, edged with narrow knife-plaitings. A large plaited pocket is on the left side. The close-fitting cuirass waist has three rows of buttons down the front. Close-fitting sleeves, with a bias band of the silk, edged with a narrow knife-plaiting ruffle at the hand.

FIG. IV.—HOUSE-DRESS OF BLACK VELVET.—The trained skirt is plain at the back, and gathered lengthwise in front. The blue cashmere over-skirt is composed of puffs, separated by bands of black velvet. It is square, and much longer in front than at the back, and is edged with white muslin embroidery. A fichu of white muslin, with black velvet bows.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS OF LIGHT-BLUE CAMEL'S-HAIR.—The under-skirt has a deep-plaited flounce. The upper-skirt has a band of dark-blue camel's-hair. Fawn-colored cloth mantle, trimmed with fur, and a row of heavy-tas-

sided fringe. Fawn-colored felt hat, with blue velvet trimming

FIG. VI.—NEW STYLE PALETOT OF BROWN CLOTH—FRONT.—It is loose and double-breasted, fastening with a double row of horn buttons. Round collar, trimmed with cordings of brown silk, and fastening in front with a brown ribbon bow.

FIG. VII.—NEW STYLE BROWN CLOTH PALETOT—BACK.—The back is half fitting, and below the waist there are six wide plaits of brown silk inserted, fastened down with a brown ribbon bow, tied in the same style as a lady's sash. Half-wide sleeves, with cuffs trimmed with brown silk.

FIGS. VIII. AND IX.—BACK AND FRONT OF A FALL MANTILLA, made of black cashmere, trimmed with black fringe, and cascades of black ribbon. The mantilla has very wide, square ends, which cross in front like a fichu, pass under the arm, and are buttoned together at the back, making a double cape there.

FIGS. X. AND XI.—FICHU—BACK AND FRONT—OF WHITE CHINA CREPE.—It has blue silk *revers* in front, embroidered in the corners, and is braided on the back with blue braid, and slightly embroidered about the braiding. Blue and white silk fringe.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We also give two of the newest of the many styles of pockets. The first hangs straight, by a steel chain, or a cord from the side. The second has a large rosette at the top, made of the material of the dress, and is trimmed with ribbon bows, and is put on the skirt of the dress rather low down and far back, in a slanting direction. Of the many styles of bonnets, we also give two of the newest. The first is of brown straw, of the Marie Stuart shape, with white lace quilled quite full, and blue ribbon in front, and field-flowers on the outside; and the second is of black straw, trimmed with black velvet ribbon on the outside, and with a roll of cream-colored silk, and bow of cream-colored ribbon in the face. Cream-colored lace strings.

Most of the dress-goods for out-of-door wear, later in the season, will be of dark colors; as browns, prunes, navy-blue, and blue-black, greens, etc. But for more dressy occasions, lighter shades of blue, brown, and prune, will be worn. Both silk and woolen goods are of these colors. The brocaded, damassée, and armure goods, continue to be fashionable, and stripes are still worn; sometimes the whole dress being composed of the striped material.; sometimes it only forms a part of the dress.

The woolen goods are most beautiful and stylish, and are much preferred, for ordinary wear, to silk, (without it is black silk, which is always popular,) for all except the most dressy occasions; and even then there is a combination of silk and camel's-hair, or cashmere. Many of the newest dresses are made with a long Polonaise or princess overdress, which has only a cording of silk, either of the color of the dress or of some pretty contrasting color. Others are more elaborately trimmed, but so much ornament has been worn lately, that it is a relief to see an exceedingly plain dress. The extreme simplicity is sometimes relieved by bows of ribbon or silk, of a contrasting color with the dress, and lined with another color. Thus a cream-colored cashmere has loops of blue silk lined with cardinal red silk. These two latter colors are now often combined with good effect.

The over-skirt and basque are still very much worn, and probably look better on very thin figures than the princess dress. In both cases, the over-dress is usually long, but so much depends on the individual taste, that we can write nothing down as an absolute fashion, except that all dresses are made very close and clinging, and so ungraceful.

Worsted laces, fringes, braids made only with silk or worsted, or with gold and silver threads, ribbons, and only simple cordings, are all used on the autumn dresses. Pockets still play a very important part in all dresses. They are generally very large, and very much trimmed.

For full wear, many of the Polonaise have one small cape, or two or three capes, one smaller than the other, the largest of which does not reach so low as the waist. This makes a pretty finish to a dress for a tall, thin person. If the dress is made with a basque, rather than with a Polonaise, the basque is long and close-fitting, and usually finished at the bottom with a cord only.

MANTLES of all kinds are worn; some a circular, drawn in a little at the back, and having a hood; some with long ends, crossed in front, or tied; but till the cold weather they will be only moderately long; then they will generally reach almost to the feet, and be half-tight fitting, many with large sleeves.

STRAW BONNETS for the autumn are profusely trimmed with currants, cherries, blackberries, and other small fruits. Felts are trimmed with broad bands and loops of silk, rings, etc.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A BOY.—The blouse is of brown Holland, with a navy-blue plastron on the front. It is buttoned down the entire length of the front, and is plaited at the back.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—Pale-blue cashmere, trimmed with white braid. The front is princess, and the braid at the back is laid on to simulate a paletot. There is a plaited skirt beneath the pockets, cuffs, and collar, all trimmed with braid.

FIG. III.—DRESS FOR A SMALL BOY OF NAVY-BLUE POPLIN, trimmed with crimson silk braid. Plaited blouse, with sleeveless paletot above, trimmed with braid and buttons.

FIG. IV.—DRESS FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—Pearl-gray cashmere, trimmed with Madeira embroidery. The skirt is bordered with a kilt-plaited flounce, headed with a narrow gathered flounce, edged with embroidery. Square tunic draped beneath a silk sash. Basque bodice trimmed to correspond.

FIG. V.—YOUNG GIRL'S DRESS OF GRAY MOHAIR.—The skirt has a knife-plaited ruffle, headed by a gray silk quilling. The jacket has a simulated waistcoat, fastened beneath ribbon bows. The back is short, and the sides are pointed.

NOTICES.

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☞ When the direction of a Magazine is to be changed, say at what post-office it was received, as well as the one it is to be sent to in future.

☞ Contributors, who wish to preserve their articles, must keep copies of them. We do not undertake to return manuscripts that we cannot use.

☞ No subscription received, at club prices, for less than a year. Club subscribers must begin with either the January or the July number.

☞ Back numbers for 1874, 1875, and 1876, may be had of the principal agents, or of the publisher.



TWO NAMES ON A TREE. [*See the Story.*]



THE INDIAN SLIPPER.



GO AWAY, GREEDY.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.





WATER-PROOF CLOAK MOURNING BONNET.



WINTER COAT. BLACK VELVET BONNET.

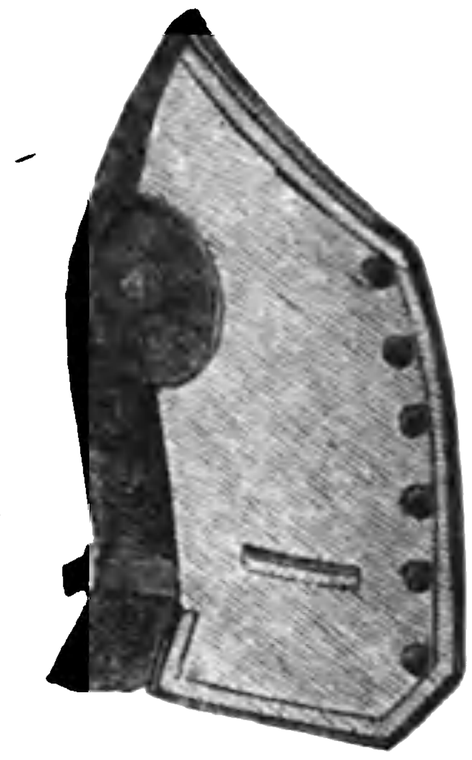


EVENING HEAD-DRESS DOUBLE MANTILLA.

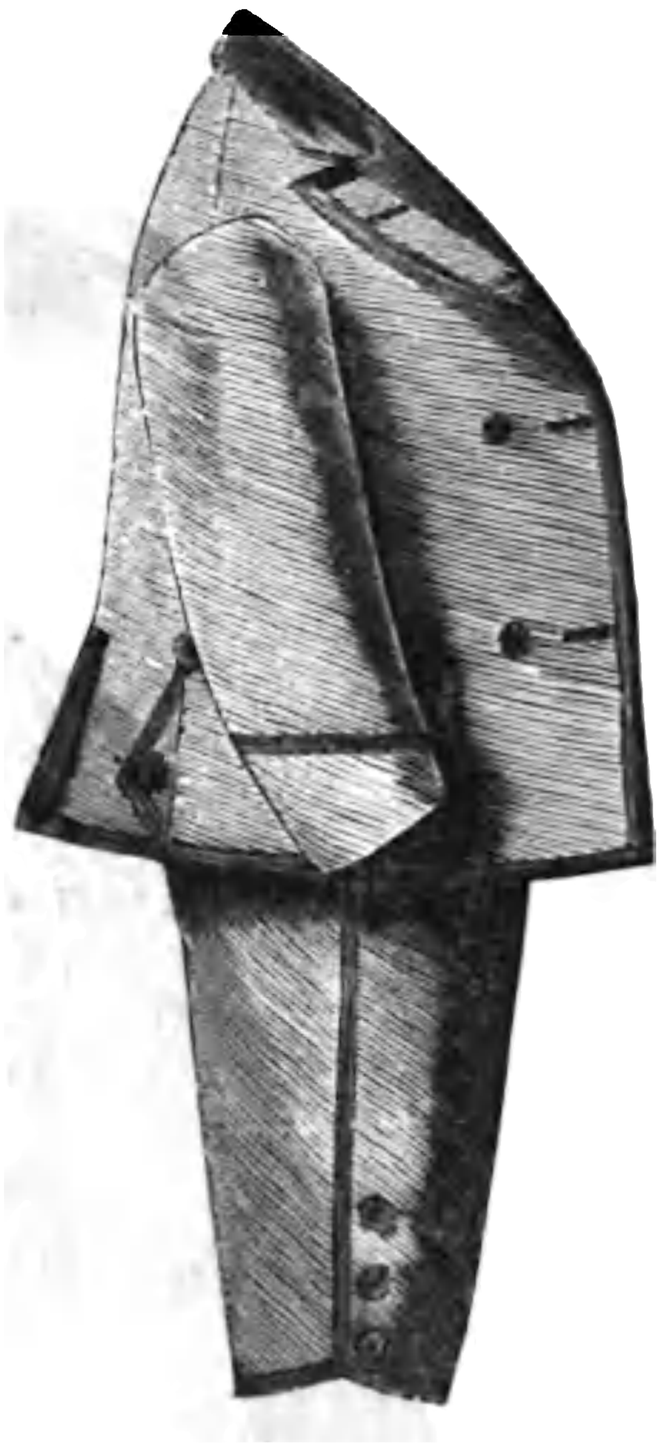
















WINTER SUITS FOR BOYS.—COATS, WAISTCOATS, ETC.



CHEMISES. NIGHT-DRESS. CHILD'S CLOAK, BACK AND FRONT.

I LOVE MY LOVE.

Words by C. MACKAY. **Music by C. PINSUTI.**

Allegretto Mod.

PIANO.

Fine.

1 What is the meaning of the song, That rings so clear and loud,
2 What is the meaning of thy thought, O mai-den fair and young,
3 O hap-py words, at beau-ty's feet, We sing them ere our prime,

p

Thou nightingale amid the copse, Thou lark above the cloud? Thou lark a - bove the
There is such pleasure in thine eyes, Such music on thy tongue, Such mu - sic on thy
And when the early summers pass, And care comes on with time, And care comes on with

un poco cres.

e leggiero. *p* *rf*

cloud? What says thy song thou joyous thrush Up in the walnut tree? What
tongue, There is such glo - ry on thy face What can the meaning be? There
time, Still be it ours in care's despite To join in chorus free, Still

p *molto legg.*

says thy song thou joyous thrush Up in the walnut tree? What says thy song?
is such glo - ry on thy face what can the meaning be? O maiden fair!
be it ours in care's despite To join in chorus free The happy words,

un poco cres. *cres.*

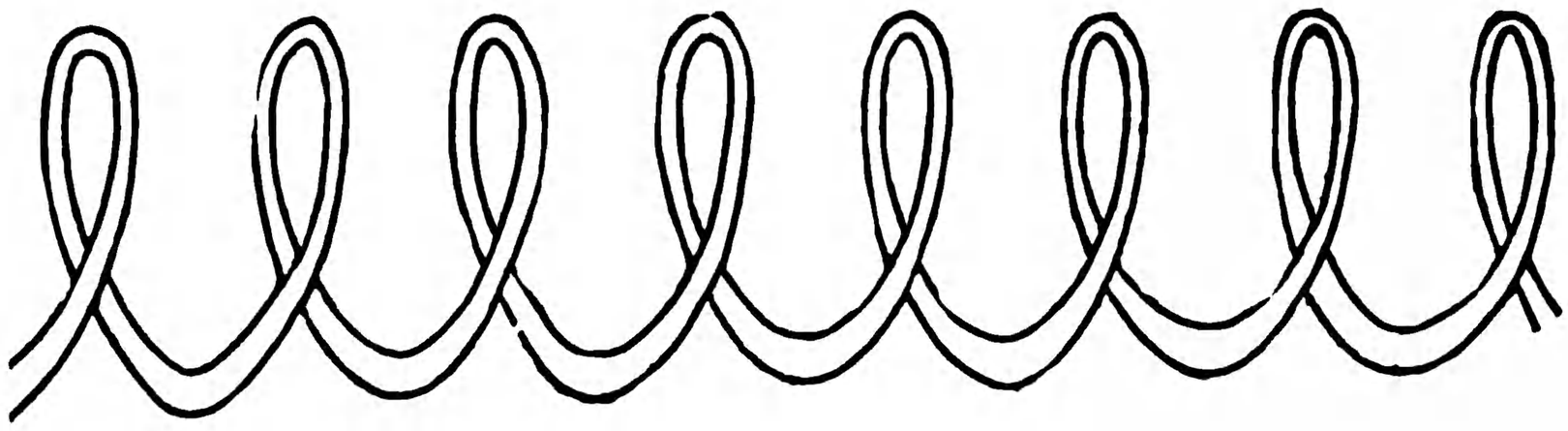
what says thy song?.....
O maid-en fair!.....
the hap - py words!.....

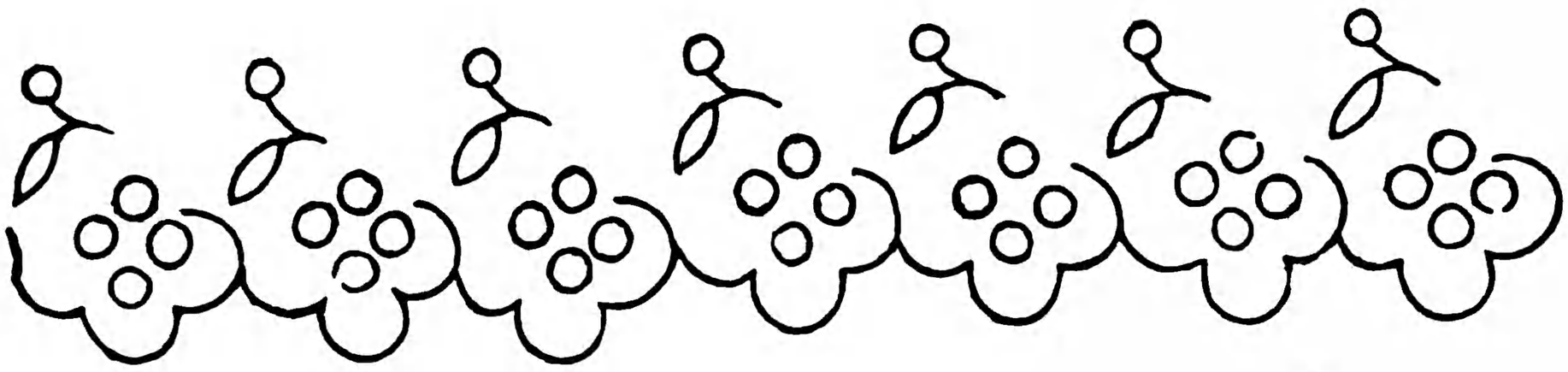
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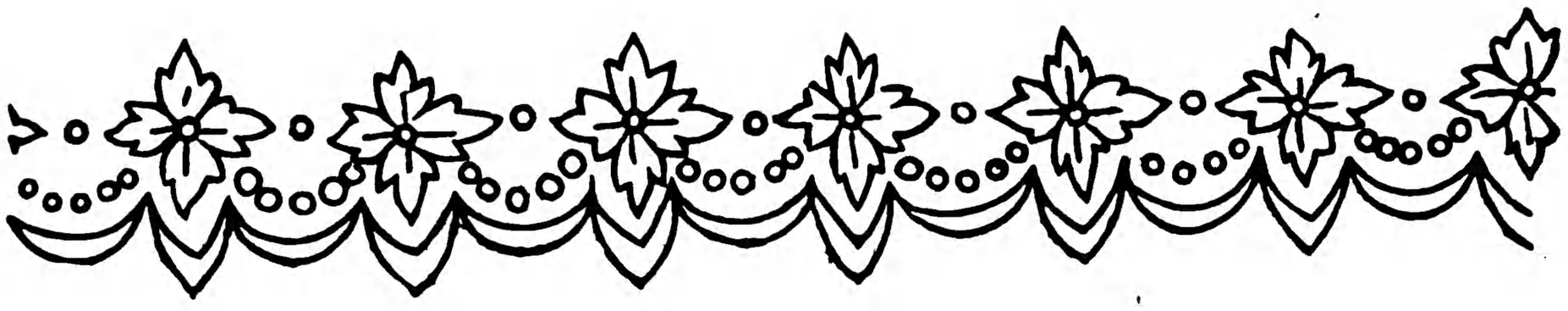
"I love my love, I love my love, be-cause I know my love loves me," I

love my love, "I love my love, be - cause I know my love loves me."

rall. *col canto.* *a tempo.* *D. S.*









EMBROIDERY PATTERNS. BRAIDING PATTERN.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXX. PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1876. No. 5.

TWO NAMES ON A TREE.

BY HELEN BROTHERTON.

"You are too harsh, Corinne, on your cousin. I am sure that Louise has noticed, more than once, your supercilious behavior toward her."

"Let her notice it, mamma," was Corinne Stanley's scornful answer, while the young lady's handsome dark eyes flashed imperiously. "For my part, I can't restrain my dislike to that girl."

"But she is a member of our family now, my dear, and should be treated as an equal."

"Even if she is, I object to her being called my equal. She is dependent on our kindness, an orphan, to whom we have charitably given shelter—nothing more."

"But she is your cousin, Corinne—the child of your dead father's dead sister."

"Who made a horribly low marriage, by the way," retorted the young lady, "if report speaks correctly. It is useless for you to scold, mamma. She is an out-and-out nuisance."

"You are shockingly wicked to call her so," exclaimed Mrs. Stanley, who, though what is termed a weak woman, was now and then roused to firmness, and really had a strong sense of justice. "There is nothing which you have asked Louisa to do, since she came to the house, that she refused, or even hesitated——"

"Nonsense, mamma; I know what you are going to say," Miss Stanley broke in, "Of course, Louise has arranged my hair for the opera, and for balls, whenever I have asked her. I don't know that I am particularly obliged to her for it. She is certainly well fed, and clothed, both at our expense; and this is ample payment for what is required at her hands. And now, please discontinue this argument. Apropos of the opera. Mr. Bronson sent word, when you were out, to know whether you and I desired to occupy his box this evening. I wrote an acceptance, feeling sure you would like to see 'Faust' again."

"Do you know, Corrinne," said her mother, eyeing her daughter keenly, "I consider the attions of Mr. Bronson most marked and devoted toward yourself?"

A faint color rose to the girl's cheek.

"Do you, mamma?" And a short, nervous laugh followed the words.

"He is very rich, is he not!"

"Worth about one hundred thousand a year, I believe."

"And you would marry him, if he asked you, Corinne?"

The young lady bit her lip. The sentence, "if he asked you," grated upon her ear. During the past two or three weeks, it had grown to be the ruling purpose of Corinne Stanley to become the wife of the wealthy and courted Mr. Bronson. She had resolved that no amount of steadfast endeavor should be lacking, on her part, to attain this objeet. For he was the prize for which all Fifth Avenue was contending, and therefore to be won, if possible. But he was also handsome, accomplished, chivalrous, a man that any woman might love for himself.

"How do you know that he has not already asked me, mamma?" said she, in answer to her mother's question. "He calls here very often, and you seldom interfere with our *tete-a-tetes*."

Then Corinne gave a musical little laugh, that left her mother in doubt as to whether she was serious or not. The truth was, she only hoped he would propose; he really had not done so as yet.

Meanwhile, on the afternoon of this conversation, pretty, blonde-haired Louise Lynn sat in her small, out-of-the-way chamber, on the third floor of Mrs. Stanley's residence on Fifth Avenue, and wondered what special reason Providence had for sending her into the world; and why, since she seemed to have been created to be snubbed, and despised, and trampled on, it would not be much better if her thoroughly useless existence came to a close altogether.

These were very wicked thoughts, of course. But then poor Louise had once known a life far different from her present one, and was excusable, perhaps, for thinking hardly of fate. Her's had, indeed, been an existence of quiet, domestic

happiness, until that dark eighteenth year, in which death followed upon death with such fearfulness, and she was made doubly an orphan, by the decease of her father immediately succeeding that of her mother. Then had come the knowledge of her father's insolvent condition, and her own utter destitution.

Silently to herself, while she looked out, that afternoon, upon the snowy pavements of the streets beneath her, and felt the cold of a rapidly-strengthening December wind sweep past the panes, and chill them more and more with every gust, silently to herself, I say, did Louise Lynn recall the handsome, genial face of one whom she had known and loved four years ago. It was the old, old story. They had exchanged passionate vows to each other. At her father's former country-seat their names were carved on the same tree: there they had sworn, with clasped hands, to be true to each other, forever. But the course of true love had run roughly. Her father, unwilling that Louise should become the wife of a poor man, had forbidden their meetings. And at last the lover had resolved to go and fight the world; and a final stolen meeting had taken place between them; and he went to California; and so it had all ended. If he had ever written to her, Louise had not received his letters.

Qute lost in her sad thoughts, she let the day slowly darken, until it had left her little room completely in shadow. At last, a servant knocked at the door, saying, "Dinner is served, Miss Lynn;" and Louise presently descended to the dining-room.

Mrs. Stanley and her daughter were already seated at table, when Louise entered the room. The face of Corinne wore a sort of angry scowl.

"Louise!" she exclaimed, "you have a horrid habit of coming down to dinner late. You almost always enter the dining-room, after soup has been served."

Louise volunteered no response, understanding how useless it would be. She seated herself, and, with the exception of a few words of excuse to Mrs. Stanley, said nothing, but finished her dinner, and left the dining-room.

She knew that her calm, patient silence had in no manner shamed or humbled the haughty, supercilious nature of her cousin Corinne. She knew that nothing could ever change that cousin's contemptuous, cruel treatment, nothing, except either her own absence, or that of Corinne, from Mrs. Stanley's house. It was very hard, poor Louise tearfully meditated, being called upon almost daily and hourly to bear the covert sneers and scoffs of one she felt to be her moral inferior. How a pair of manly, blue eyes, that she had once known and loved to gaze upon, would have flashed with indignation, in the old days of courtship, had she told that brave lover of her's any story of injustice and insolence like that which she could now tell.

"Oh, let me bid good-by to all hopeless longings," the girl at length murmured. "He cannot know—he is far, far away. He has, perhaps, forgot——"

Somehow she could not tell herself that he had forgotten her. And so she sat in her little chamber, and dreamed that he loved her still, very dearly, and that they would one day meet.

Again there came a knock at the door. This time a servant said, "Miss Corinne wishes, Miss Lynn, that you would come down stairs and arrange her hair. She is going to the opera."

Five minutes later, Louise stood meekly behind her cousin's chair, arranging Corinne's glossy tresses, as somehow only her nimble fingers could arrange them.

"You really would make a capital maid," Miss Stanley remarked, as she surveyed her costume, in an opposite mirror, when thoroughly dressed for the opera. "Marie," glancing toward her French *femme de chambre*, "will have to look out for her laurels. Here, Louise, just carry my white merino cloak down stairs, won't you, while I follow? I want you to pull out the folds of my dress, when I reach the drawing-room, so that these flounces may not look tumbled, as I receive Mr. Bronson."

"Certainly," Louise replied.

Miss Stanley and her cousin had been in the dining-room about five minutes, when the former glanced impatiently toward a clock on the mantle, exclaiming, "It is certainly very odd that Mr. Bronson doesn't make his appearance. He ought, undoubtedly, to be here by five minutes to eight o'clock; besides, 'Faust' is my favorite opera, and I don't want to miss a note of it, Mamma," to her mother, who had just entered, "isn't it strange that Mr. Bronson is so late?"

Just as Corinne finished speaking, a double knock sounded at the front door.

"That is he!" exclaimed the young lady. "I am so glad." Then, after a minute had elapsed, and the knock had again sounded, "What is the reason, mamma, that our door is not better attended to? The idea of Mr. Bronson being obliged to knock twice! It is scandalous!"

"I sent James on an errand, just after dinner," Mrs. Stanley said, "he ought to have been back."

"Oh, of course!" snapped Miss Corinne. Then, turning sharply toward her cousin, "Louise, go to the door."

But Louise stood as still as a statue.

"Do you hear me?" exclaimed Miss Stanley.

"Is my position in this house, Corinne, that of a mere servant?"

Louise spoke the words in tones which a faint, almost imperceptible quiver shook, otherwise her demeanor was perfectly calm.

"Yes," was the unhesitating answer. "You are merely a domestic servant—nothing more."

"Very well; in that case I will obey."

She left the room, with a stately step, though her wounded heart was beating passionately.

With a steady hand, too, she unfastened the hall-door.

A gentleman was standing outside.

"Are Mrs. and Miss Stanley at home?" he asked, politely.

His voice made poor Louise's heart beat quicker than ever.

"Ashton!" she exclaimed. "Can it be you?"

"Louise!"

The gentleman had caught her hands in both of his, and was gazing eagerly into her face. "Oh, Louise," he went on, in tremulous tones, "what miracle is this? I have sought for you, ever since my return; but to no purpose. At the house where you formerly lived, they knew nothing of you. And now, to find you here! I can scarcely believe my senses!"

"You could not have cared much for me," poor Louise said, through her tears, "because—because you have never written me a line since—since——"

"Written you, Louise? I wrote a dozen times."

"Then the letters miscarried, for I never received them. Ah! I know, my father's death—my change of address——"

But at this moment they were interrupted by the appearance of Corinne on the scene.

"For Heaven's sake, Louise, what is the meaning of all this?" she cried. "I was not aware," she added, scornfully, "that you aspired to know Mr. Bronson."

The angry speaker's face was livid with consternation and rage.

"Mr. Bronson!" ejaculated Louise, astonishment overcoming every other feeling.

"Yes! Mr. Bronson," said Corinne, mimicking her.

"What does this mean, Ashton?" asked Louise, turning to her lover.

"I am now known, dearest, as Mr. Bronson, after a distant uncle, whose fortune I inherited, and who wished me to take his name. The accession to this estate brought me back from California—to search for you—but in vain."

There was a moment's silence, and then Louise, as she looked at her cousin, said,

"And so your grand Mr. Bronson, Cousin Corinne, was, all the while, my dear old Ashton," and she proudly clung to his arm. She could not restrain a slight exultation in her tone.

"Yes, darling!" said Mr. Bronson, pressing her arm, "and I am sure your cousin will congratulate us. I certainly owe her much for having given a home to my treasure."

Did Corinne congratulate her cousin? She was obliged to do so outwardly, at least; for Louise and Mr. Bronson were married, a month later. But there are some smiles that mean frowns, and we fear Corinne's were such.

Louise was loyal enough never to betray how Corinne had treated her; and, after awhile, Corinne was glad enough to accept the hospitalities of her popular cousin, whether in town or in country.

For one of the first acts of Mr. Bronson, after discovering Louise, was to buy back her father's former country-seat; there he took Louise on her wedding-tour; and there he proudly showed her, in the Park, still legible, their TWO NAMES ON THE TREE.

THE AUTUMN-TIME.

BY MARY W. M'VICAR.

The Autumn-time, and mellow purple haze,
Is down the distant mountain-side unrolled,
And over woodlands wide, bravely unfurled,
Wave banners red and gold.

The gathered splendors of the passing year,
Fair fruit, and yellow grain, at Autumn's feet,
In plenteousness are laid; the glowing world
Looks perfect and complete.

The Autumn-time of life is near to me,
And where is all my store of golden sheaves?
Of gathered harvest teeming, I, alas!
Have only withered leaves.

Yet I have ever striven eagerly
To gain abundant fruitage, all for you,
Though unskilled hands have failed me, oh! believe
That my desire was true.

I meant to make, so far as in me lay,
Your Autumn-time fair as yon purple haze;
Have filled with deep and lasting, tender joy
The mellow golden days.

MY BLONDE WIG.

BY KATE VIRGINIA PEYTON.

"You will have to wear a wig!"

Dreadful words! I stood before the mirror, and surveyed myself. My head was as bare as a little pink-fisted baby's. I was just eighteen. This was my birthday. Nice anniversary, wasn't it?

I had been very sick with a fever. This was bad; but what followed was infinitely worse. I lost all of my hair! All, I say. Think of it, young girls, and tremble! If you are beautiful, stand before the mirror, and imagine yourself deprived of all your pet locks, the "glory of women!" But I was not beautiful, to begin with, even before this terrible misfortune. Neither was I ugly. I was just comely! A brunette, with brown eyes; a passably small mouth, with bright, scarlet lips; a clear, dark complexion; in short, a face to be neither vain of nor ashamed of. But of my hair I had been vain. It was my one beauty; long, glossy, thick as a Shetland pony's mane, lying on my head in great bronze-black waves, guiltless of crimping-pins, curl-papers, and all other capillary abominations. I had petted it and caressed it all my life.

No more brushings and braidings! No more Parisian coiffures! There I stood, bald as a superannuated octogenarian. I threw myself into a chair, and sobbed and cried in a tempest of grief. Then I took another peep into the truth-telling glass, and the tearful, woe-begone young face, surmounted by the bald pate, made such a ridiculous image, that I laughed myself into hysterics.

"Don't! Don't take on so, dear child!" said Aunty, soothingly. "It will grow again."

"I don't believe it will grow again," said I, rebelliously. "It don't look as if hair would grow on that head any more than it would on a rock. And oh, Auntie, if it does grow, it will nev-e-r be s-o p-r-e-t-t-y a-g-a-i-n!" I sobbed.

"There, there! Don't! He'll get you a wig in New York, and you must try to be resigned."

"Resigned! Resigned to being a picked chicken?" said I, willfully.

So I kept on fretting about my beautiful hair; and the more I fretted, the less did I get well. Poor Aunty! who was both mother and father to me, was at her wit's end. Finally she and the doctor held a grave consultation, and decided upon a voyage. Aunty had friends in Panama. "Would that do? She can stay till her hair grows."

"Just the very thing!" replied the Doctor. "It will be an entire change, and make her forget herself."

We packed our trunks, and started for New York, where I was to take the steamer for Aspinwall, under charge of the captain; for Aunty had a lawsuit on hand, involving nearly her entire fortune, and could not go. When we reached New York, I could scarcely wait to shake off the dust of travel, so great was my hurry to go to the hair-dressers and buy my wig.

We hurried down Broadway, and soon found the store we were seeking. What an array! Black wigs and brown! White whigs and gray! Enough to crown all the hairless people I had ever seen, it seemed to me. A slender girl, with a bright French face, and hair in the latest Parisian style, led me into a little room in the back part of the store, and placed me before a large mirror. I timidly removed my little cap, made of black silk and lace, with a coquettish scarlet bow at the side—no one but Aunty had ever seen me without it before—and the young girl with the faultless coiffure proceeded to try what art could do to help such an unfortunate.

First, it was a wig with short, stiff curls. I looked like a little black poodle dog. Then it was one with a braided back. I put it on, and the mirror reflected the portrait of my grandmother in her old-fashioned front-piece. Then another, of dead-black hair, no more like my lost locks than shadow is like sunshine.

"Dey do not suit Mees. She eez too—too—— Wat eez dat you do zay? Too *jeune*, too *charmant* for dese," said the pretty hair-dresser, sympathizingly. "I will yet find some one weeg dat zall make you so beautiful as before!" And she tripped lightly away.

I looked around, weary and discouraged, and noticed, just at my right, hanging on one of the frames, the loveliest head of blonde hair that I ever saw in my life. It was just prisoned sunshine. The front was a confusion of short, curling locks, like the tendrils of a vine; the back arranged in a low Grecian knot, with two or three great, loose curls carelessly falling from one side. Yielding to a sudden impulse, I seized

it, put it on my head, and clapped my hands for very joy. It was like the waving of a magician's wand. It was like a bit out of the Arabian Nights. The Princess had appeared. The effect of these sunny locks around my face was something wonderful. The tints of my clear, dark skin and scarlet lips were heightened, yet softened in a charming manner, while my brown eyes looked out under the light curls like two dusky stars.

I ceased to wonder that stately ladies in fair old Venice had anointed their raven hair with something, whose preparation, alas! is one of the "lost arts," and then sat out on their palace roofs to bleach it in the hot sunshine. I forgave all the odium that modern belles have brought upon us by their "hair-bleaching" efforts. They knew just how pretty they were going to be. I turned my head first on one side, and then on the other, lost in astonishment and admiration.

Just then the little French girl came back with something in her hands, at which I looked disdainfully. She scarcely recognized me for a moment; then, clasping her hands, with a theatrical, French air, walked around me, exclaiming,

"Oh, Mees, but you are varee beauti-ful! It is that you should always wear. A blonde weeg, is it not?"

I had not thought of it before, except as a by-play. Could I wear it?

"But," said I doubtfully, "I ought to wear black. Black is my color."

"Mees ought to be beauti-ful. That is the—— What eez it you Americans do say? Duty? Oh, yes!—the duty of a young lady. You do talk so much about duty. Now you can do your duty, and be beauti-ful. It is not that it is *disagréable* to be beauti-ful," she archly added.

"Beauti-ful!" my heart echoed. Yes, it is a happy thing to be that. Could I? I had always thought I should like to try it, and here was my opportunity. A swift vision flitted across my eyes. I imagined myself on the steamer, walking up and down the deck, with the sweet, vain consciousness that everybody was admiring me; on the street, in that far-off city, with strangers turning to look again, something as they did at Madame Recamier—a great way off from her triumph, of course, but with just a *soupçon* in my daily draught—and I enjoying it all, besides the sly consciousness that it was a nice little masquerade, an original comedy of my own invention. Yes, I would do it.

"Oh, Aunty!" said I, eagerly, "I am going away among strangers, and by the time I come back to the people I know, my hair will be long enough to take it off. I must have this. I won't wear any other. They make me so ugly."

I expected that Aunty would refuse, but she consented without a word, even when the pretty hair-dresser announced a price that made my hair—my wig, I mean—rise in horror.

"It eez that the blonde hair eez so *fashionable*. It makes Mees so *charmant*," she subtly added, "that the gentlemen, they will break their hearts all for her."

Aunty paid for the wig. I put the little cap in my pocket, arranged my hat on my marvelous new head, and, with another satisfied glance into the mirror, turned to go out into my new world with a very light heart.

"Adieu!" said the pretty hair-dresser. "It eez that Meés will soon come back, now, for her bridal coiffure."

The next day we went on board the steamer Granada, bound for Acapulco. She was a strong, well-built propeller, with a fine *salon*, comfortable little state-rooms, and just enough passengers to make it pleasant; plenty of room, and no crowd. Here I was introduced to Capt. Taylor, of whom I had only time to note that he had the fine, erect bearing of one trained in the Navy, of which, as I learned afterward, he was an officer; and that he was tall, and magnificent-looking, with a tawny beard; for very soon the last bell rang. Aunt gave me a hurried kiss, the steamer moved off into the stream, and I was left alone, and in tears.

I remembered, subsequently, that when the Captain's eyes turned to me, he gave a look of admiration; neither could I help seeing that he looked especially at my—hair, I was about to say—my wig. I had forgotten all about it, and blushed scarlet, as I remembered.

We soon passed the Narrows, and the broad Atlantic opened before us. A brisk wind came up, and the steamer rocked—"like a cradle on the deep." I suppose it may be poetic, but it was not very soothing. The Captain came along just then, saw me, and sat down by me courteously.

"You are not feeling well, I fear," he said. "With your pale face, and fair hair, you look like the ghost of a girl."

My hair again! I blushed scarlet, through all the green of my incipient sea-sickness.

"Let me take you to your room," he added, kindly. "You must lie down."

I took his arm, and tottered across the deck, and by the time we reached my state-room, I was very far gone, indeed. I dropped into the comfortable extension-chair, which Aunty's forethought had provided, limp as a doll with the

saw-dust all out. The Captain soon brought the stewardess to my aid, who proceeded to prepare me for my *robe-de-nuit* without ceremony. I was like wax in her hands; had no wishes, no preferences, no "ways." A woman with no "ways!" To this had the sea brought me so soon.

"Now," said she, cheerfully, "let me take down your hair, and you will be comfortable for the night."

"My hair!" Good Heavens! Must I let this woman take down my hair, and then go out and tell every lady on the steamer, and—and the Captain, that I wore a *wig*?

I clasped it frantically with both hands.

"Oh, no!" I cried. "I can't have it touched. My head aches so badly. I can't, indeed!"

"But you will be so much more comfortable," she persisted; then added, aggravatingly, "I should like to brush out such lovely hair as yours. The passengers were all talking about it as you passed through the cabin."

Were they? They would talk still more if I should let you brush it, I thought. But I said, politely,

"Never mind. I can't be comfortable, anyway. We will just let it go to-night." And I crept into my berth, and laid my lovely hair on my pillow.

"You had better leave your door unlocked, and I will come in every little while to see how you are. Do you want anything now?"

"No, nothing"—but peace, I added, mentally.

The stewardess disappeared, and I dozed off into a racking headache. Oh, how hot my head was! How oppressed under its tight covering! If I could only get it free. It seemed, to my feverish imagination, the sum of human bliss to have a perfectly bald head; then wet a towel in cold water, and lay all over it. But there was the stewardess, popping in and out every fifteen minutes! I slipped a few bits of ice under my wig, but they were like drops in a Sahara.

She will have to go to bed some time, I thought; and then—if I can only live till then.

About midnight the good woman informed me that Captain Taylor thought she had better stay with me, and sleep in the upper berth, as I was so ill.

Stay with me! She was like the Old Man in Sinbad, the Sailor. I protested against it desperately. "I should soon fall asleep," I said. "I should be all the better for the quiet. I was accustomed to being alone," etc.

The poor woman was so tired, and I so earnest, that she finally gave up, and left me. Then I crept out of my berth, to the door, locked it tight, and taking off my beautiful, abominable wig, dipped my bald head, luxuriously, again and again, in the basin of cold water; then wetting a towel, laid it over like a benediction, and crept back again to my pillow, comparatively happy. I laid my "lovely" locks up in the corner, where I could reach them instantly, in case the steamer caught fire, or the boiler burst, and soon fell asleep.

I awoke the afternoon of the second day. The interim I had spent eating bits of ice, and inveighing at all people so idiotic as to go to sea! Awoke, and wondered why I was in bed. There seemed to be no reason for it, so I crept out, put on a pretty white dress, arranged my beautiful hair again, with great enjoyment in the effect, adorned it with a blue ribbon, and tied a blue scarf around my neck. I had always longed to wear blue, and never could before. By this time I was tired. My feet trembled beneath me. The stewardess came in, put my little room in order, and opened the door wide, to let the sweet south wind blow in.

I sat before it, enjoying my freedom, when a tall shadow suddenly shut out the sun.

"Good morning, Miss Kitty," said the Captain, with a bright smile. "You look fresh as a dew-drop. You are well again?"

"Well!" said I, laughingly. "Was I ever sick?"

"You must have been pretending, I think," he answered, with a kindly smile. "You need nothing to complete the cure, but to go up on deck and breathe the fresh air. I will take you in a few minutes."

"But I can't walk much yet, Captain. My feet tremble under me."

"But you will have to go," said he, decidedly. "You know I am a kind of temporary uncle, or aunt, and wards must yield their guardians strict obedience."

He strolled on down the guards, and I saw him in the distant steerage, bowing to a poor Irish emigrant, with that courtesy which recognized the woman beneath the poverty. In about five minutes he returned. I donned my Leghorn sun-hat, with its long, blue gauze veil—blue again!—took his arm, and, without a remonstrance, was ready for a promenade on deck.

Oh, the sea and sky! How beautiful they were! How sweet the air, that I could not breathe enough of! How the waves dimpled and glistened in the sun! What a luxury to live!

"There! This is enough for the first time," said the Captain, after a few turns, as he stopped under an awning, where I found my chair, wraps, and books, all ready for me. "You see, I don't

intend to let you go down again this afternoon. How are you now, after this little walk?"

"Oh, I am all new!" I answered, eagerly. "As if I had just been made afresh, out of sea-air, and sunshine, and sea-green waves."

The Captain now left me. But when dinner was announced, he came for me himself.

After dinner—and nothing ever was so good as that first dinner at sea—he took a moonlight walk on deck with me, the soft south wind breathing upon us, with "healing in its wings;" the moon and stars looking down benignly. Merely to exist under this cloudless sky seemed a glorious boon.

The days that followed were full of delight. We had perfect weather. Among the passengers were many pleasant people, and with the proverbial ease of voyagers, we were soon familiar as old friends. We sang and danced; played games, and promenaded the deck. We were the busiest of idlers, and the days were never long enough. I could not help seeing the admiring eyes which followed me everywhere, and hearing, with crimson cheeks, the flattering comments on my brown eyes and fair hair.

The Captain—by virtue of his guardianship, he said—was always near me, when at his leisure; and, day by day, I drifted on unconsciously toward the "old, old story." Love buds and blossoms quickly under tropical skies; and before I suspected my danger, I had given a woman's most precious heritage unasked—I will not say unsought.

The day we went into Havana brought me a sudden, sharp awakening.

Shall I ever forget the first glimpse of that beautiful city? The lovely harbor, with its snowy sails, guarded by Castle Moro! The shining houses, light-blue and buff, pink and green, all the tints of the rainbow; the palms and cocoanuts painted against the still, bright skies; the pretty little boats, with gay awnings, rowed off toward the steamer, by brown-skinned Cubans in snowy white!

But this is not my story. We had gone on shore, to drive through the city, the Captain accompanying us. Some of our party, wishing to buy a few things, stopped at a store. I had just caught sight of a young Spanish Hebe, and declined to go in, preferring to watch "the human form divine." What a glorious creature she was, with her melting dark eyes, full of vitality as a tropical flower!

The Captain assisted the ladies to alight, and then returning, leaned carelessly against the door of the carriage, and admired with me.

"Isn't she lovely?" said I, with enthusiasm.

"Yes," he replied. "She is beautiful! Look at those glossy braids wound around her pretty head, again and again! They are genuine, too. They grew there. These Cubans have wonderful hair! It is a comfort to know that her maid doesn't pin it on. I hate cheating, and despise the one who cheats. A woman once deceived me so cruelly, that I can't bear to think that any woman I care for should wear even a false lock," said he, while a look of bitter remembrance hardened every line of his face.

The words pierced me like a dagger. I knew then that I loved him, and, with the sudden light, came the conviction that I had lost him—sold my birthright cheaper than Esau. How I anathematized the fair locks that hung over my forehead in such becoming confusion. I could have torn them off then, in the bright sunshine. But of what use? We must learn to "submit to the inevitable." So I drew a veil over my tell-tale face, and managed to smile and chat enough to be unnoticeable, until we returned to the steamer. Then I withdrew at once to my state-room for the night, under the convenient feminine plea of headache. I felt as if I must be alone with my misery. All night I tossed about in feverish unrest. Look at it as I would, there was no remedy. The thing was done. At last I reached a desperate resolve, to snatch the few brief days of happiness left me; to drink a full draught from the intoxicating cup held at my lips. No one should suspect my misery. Even if the Captain did care for me, and I could not help thinking that he did care a little, as soon as he found out my deceit, he would despise me.

The next morning I came out of my room the gayest of the gay. I put the skeleton of the future resolutely behind me.

We were sailing under tropical skies, and the glorious moonlight evenings were always spent on deck, in the balmy air, so warm and enfolding, that it seemed a luxury to live. To the Captain, the starry heavens were like a well-conned book. Pleased with my youthful thirst for strange knowledge, he would often trace out for me the figures which man's imagination has found outlined in the skies. With him I first saw Orion in his belted splendor; the brilliant Southern Cross, rising above the horizon, like an eternal promise; and Cassandra's Golden Hair, floating off into etherial space. What a glorious world I lived in! How quickly the heart has furnished the key to unlock all mysteries? How rich, and full of exquisite flavors, was the cup I drank, although I knew the bitterness hidden in the draught.

We landed at Aspinwall, and, with a pause

scarcely long enough to look at the low, fever-infested place, with its sad-faced Americans and jubilant natives, were hurried on board the cars, and slowly across the Isthmus, to the city of Panama. The transit was a gorgeous, tropical panorama. The rainy season had just closed, and vegetation was in its full luxuriance. Tall palm-trees waved their plume-like tops in the air; parasitic vines covered the trees they had ruined, with a stolen vigor. Strange flowers dazzled us with brilliant, unknown faces, and birds of shining plumage fluttered in and out among the branches like animated flowers. What a vigorous prodigality, that could waste so much, and still overflow with life!

Then Panama rose upon us, an old-world city, that might have been transported bodily from Spain. With its thick, lichen-covered green walls, its heavy architecture, it has no affinity with our garish New World.

Aunty's friends lived on one of the beautiful islands in Panama Bay. We soon embarked, and floated along on a great shimmering, waveless sea, a cloudless tropical sky above us, another far in the crystal depths below. Island after island rose boldly from the water, and towered high in the air, like floating palm-crowned hills. Every turn of the bow opened a more charming vista.

"I almost envy you the pleasure of seeing this for the first time," said the Captain, "though, travel-worn as I am, I never weary of Panama. It is one of the brightest pieces of Nature's handiwork. Here we are!" he exclaimed, and sprang out lightly as the boat swung against a little wharf.

We walked slowly up the broad, smooth road, to the only house on the island, a spacious, white villa, set in the midst of palm and cocoanut-trees, with broad, breezy verandas and swinging hammocks, all suspended by parterres of brilliant tropical flowers.

"What a place to spend one's honeymoon in!" said the Captain, reaching out as if to take my hand, then suddenly stopping, as a high, falsetto voice called out,

"Pretty Kitty! Pretty Kitty! Welcome, pretty Kitty Howard!" Then again, in long-drawn accents, "Pret—ty Kitty!"

We looked at the veranda in astonishment, for no one was there. My unique welcome seemed a voice, and "nothing more," until, glancing up toward the roof, we saw a bright purple-and-green parrot, swinging on his gilded perch, and calling out, at this *apropos* moment, the last lesson my friends had taught him.

"A good omen," said the Captain, as Mrs. Lathrop, a stately old lady, appeared at the open door, and received me with warm cordiality.

The next ten days were simply days of waiting; for, as the Captain took leave at the door, he said to me, in a low tone,

"I shall see you again, the day before I sail. I I think you must know what I would ask already."

I had the kindest, most considerate of hostesses, who excused all my restlessness, as the nervousness of a convalescent; and left me free to wander through the spacious rooms, with their cool, sea-green-tinted walls, to gather flowers in the beautiful garden, or to sit for hours under the shade of the palms, watching the water, the sea, the sky, and the ships.

The parrot, that had given me such a cordial welcome, and seemed a petted child in the house, followed me around like a familiar spirit, and often turned the current of my saddest forebodings; perching on my shoulder, peering into my face, and asking, with half-human intelligence,

"Pretty Kitty! What's the matter, pretty Kitty?"

The day came that was to end my hopes—my life, it seemed to me. I dressed myself carefully, like a victim for the altar, flowers in my hated hair, the wretched price I had paid for my love. Did not he hate cheating? And what was I but a piece of deception? Flowers on my beating heart! I heard the dip of the oars, the elastic, well-known step, the dear voice; and then my hand was in the Captain's, and his eyes were looking at me with unmistakable approval.

"They say you were ill once; but I don't believe it. You look like a daughter of the morning!"

My heart gave a great throb of pain at the thought of losing him. I was but a daughter of the morning in borrowed plumage. I looked up at him piteously.

"What, tears?" said he, tenderly. "I hope that is not a bad omen, when I have come to tell you that I love you, and ask you to be my wife. Do you think you could love a weather-beaten sailor like me? I was once so bitterly deceived by a woman, that I lost all faith in love. You have given me back my birthright. You will not take it from me?"

I struggled to speak. At last my voice found a broken utterance.

"I—I have deceived you, too."

"You? Impossible! You could not deceive!"

But his face grew stern, and the blue of his eyes changed into gray.

"Oh, I *have* deceived you. There is something you would never forgive—something that changes me—and we must part. It is so hard," I sobbed, "for I do love you."

"Tell me what it is. It must be something

very great, if I cannot forgive *you*. Tell me!" he said, entreatingly.

I summoned up my courage with desperation, put my trembling hands before my face, and stammered out the dreadful secret.

"I—I wear—a—*wig!*"

There! It was all over with. My heart stopped throbbing. I dropped my hands, and waited to hear my sentence. My cup of misery was full. In a moment it overflowed. There was a sudden flutter of wings, and the friendly parrot perched on my shoulder, peered into my face with his elfish eyes, and began his coaxing. "Pretty, pretty Kitty!" I took no notice of him, could not move, and, irritated at this unwonted lack of attention, he brushed his head against my cheek, beat his wings, and, I know not how it was—Fate, I suppose—his feet caught in the curls, and he gave a sudden angry pull. I felt as if an avalanche was falling over me, and there lay my wig, in shining waves of gold, upon the floor!

I had been wretched before, and now I was ridiculous; ridiculous before the man I loved. Was it not hard? I stood before him, a piteous-faced creature, with nothing on my head but the soft brown down with which Nature was fast covering it.

"Let me tell you a little story," said the Captain, gravely. Yes, gravely. Let it redound to the credit of his sex forevermore, that he did not even smile. "The day before I left New York, I went into a hair-dressers in Broadway, with an old friend. The store has two departments; one for ladies, the other for gentlemen. I went into the little room at the end, and stood there, my back toward the counter, with a large mirror just in front of me. The door between the two departments accidentally swung open, and I saw, reflected in the mirror, a pretty young girl trying on a blonde wig. She put her head first on one side, then on the other, like a bird looking at itself in the water. She was so bright and fresh, and admired herself with so much *naiveté;* she showed such an innocent, unaffected enjoyment in making herself so beautiful, such roguish pleasure in the little comedy she was going to play, that I could not help enjoying it all with her. I thought her altogether charming, and when she went away, felt that a bit of sunlight was gone.

"I could not forget the sweet young face, and kept wishing to see it again, and wondering, sadly, if this would be but the first lesson in deceit. You may imagine my pleasure when, that first day, on the steamer, I was introduced to you, and saw my vision again. I grew more and more interested when I saw that your nature was so innately true; that your beautiful locks gave you nothing but trouble. I used to watch you with thankfulness, as you crimsoned under the compliments showered on you. I made several allusions myself, just to be sure that deceit was foreign to your nature. Forgive me, darling. They were cruel. I know they hurt you keenly." And he put his strong arm around me. "You were very charming, even in that," said he, now smiling brightly at the golden locks lying at my feet; "but I never wanted a blonde-haired wife. I'm blonde enough myself, and I am glad this is just a temporary mask, put on for your own little comedy. My ideal has brown eyes and brown hair, just like yours. And now must we part, or is this my little wife?"

I laid my head on the Captain's shoulder, and, with a happy, happy heart, at this strange ending of all my troubles, vowed that I would never weave the "tangled web" of deceit again.

I thought I would destroy my tempting snare, but the Captain said "No;" for he never should have half known the innate truthfulness of his little brown-haired wife, had he never seen her masquerading under it. I think it will have to descend, as an heir-loom, with the other jewels, to a certain little two-year-old, upon whose head Nature has spread such sunny gleams, that she will never be tempted to try the effect of a pretty BLONDE WIG.

A SONG OF LIFE.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

I sing my song to such a time;
  What if we do not understand,
If it is but a simple rhyme,
  Or if it prove a palace grand?

So much, we say, is given to pride,
  So much to hope, or this to pain;
Our worldly knowledge is full wide,
  But who can make its wisdom plain?

I live my life, I bear my lot,
  Give smiles or tears, the common share,
I die, and then I am forgot,
  But 'tis the end of worldly care.

It is the tale repeated o'er;
  What if a blessing or a curse?
Much to ourselves, but little more.
  What weighs it in the universe?

JOSEY'S DOWER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

CHAPTER I.

Mrs. Norreys laid down the letter. "Girls," she said, and then she stopped, looking thoughtfully at her married daughter, Alice, who was lying on the sofa, a strong smell of ether about her, and her handkerchief laid on her forehead. Alice generally carried a pervading sense of ether and handkerchief with her, and people usually stopped, as her mother did, to consider how their words would affect her. "Girls, your uncle, Joseph Knox, is dead."

There was a pause of decent solemnity, but as even the widow herself had never seen the old man, there could be no grief in the case.

"I'm sure," sighed Alice, shifting the handkerchief to the other temple, "I don't know what difference it can make to us! Somebody else will collect your poor pittance of rent, and send it to you, mamma, and they will not be likely to accompany it with such cross-grained letters. I don't know why my father ever chose so ill-conditioned a person for trustee.

"Hush-h, Alice! '*De mortuis*' you know," afraid to trust her Latinity farther. "The letter is from his cousin, John Knox. He says the death was very sudden; in the night." Another pause, during which Alice took a couple of quinine pills out of a box. "His will——"

Alice turned sharply, the pills half-way to her mouth. Mary looked up, scissors in hand. Even Josey stopped trotting Alice's baby on her knee, and listened.

"'His will,' John says, we have all heard in substance before. There can be no doubt that the bulk of his property will go to endow an Art Gallery in his native town."

"The creature, I hear, did not know one picture from another," said Alice, snappishly. "Mamma, quinine is not half so effective with my neuralgia as it was. It does not touch the seat of the complaint. Everything fails me," the tears beginning to dribble over her pink, round cheeks. "The price of one picture in that Art Gallery would give George and me a start; and now I see nothing before us but the almshouse."

"Ah—h!" Josey's starts and growls were very like those of an ill-bred boy. "To hear an able-bodied man and woman talk of the almshouse—it is disgraceful!"

Alice only wept more profusely in the blank silence which followed. Mrs. Norreys hastened to interpose.

"There are some trifling legacies, John thinks, but cannot be certain until the will is read. 'I fear,' he says, 'my dear Mrs. Norreys, that your family will share my fate, and be left quite out in the cold.'"

"He might, at least, wait until the poor old man was under the sod, before he speculates on his share of the booty," Josey broke forth again.

Her mother made no answer. The gentle lady's conscience smote her sharply, for had she not been speculating in just suchwise ever since she opened the letter?

"Yes," said Alice, rising, "I think the letter is in very bad taste, indeed. Why should that fellow expect anything? Well, I must go home," sighing again. "George will be so despondent, when he hears the news. He always said, the deeper we got in debt, 'Never mind, your uncle, Joseph Knox will cut up well, that will set us straight again.' But I always told him Josephine was the only one of us that stood a chance there, being named for the old man."

Josey's dark face flushed angrily. "Absurd!" she muttered.

"You should be more respectful to your elder sister, my dear," said Mrs. Norreys, in a frightened quaver.

"And married sister, too," said Alice, drawing herself erect. "I think, as Mrs. Webb, at least, I deserve some respect. I'll just go to the pantry, mamma, and help myself to some bread. I felt too weak to bake to-nay."

"Certainly, my dear." But Mrs. Norreys cast a dismayed glance at her other daughters. It was Saturday night, and they had just finished the baking for the next week. Josey's arms ached still with kneading, and her face was burned red over the oven.

"Alice never leaves even half a loaf," she said, with a laugh, as that little lady swept out of the room.

"Poor Ally!" sighed Mrs. Norreys.

How many domestic storms that "Poor Ally" had calmed! Alice had always been the beauty and invalid of the Norreys girls.

"We can set rolls to-night," Mary remarked,

soothingly, as Alice departed, bread-basket on her arm.

"Oh, I don't begrudge my own sister the bread," cried Josey. "But I do think George Webb ought to be able to support himself, if not his family, and not live, like a pauper, on mamma. I told you that Alice was marrying a mustache and padded coat."

"Josey!"

"Yes, I know. I'm sorry to be so wicked. But I wish——. If we lived in a great city now, with an account in bank! Bread and suppers already cooked, sent in of the finest and best, and dresses of every kind and color, and concerts, and pictures, and the opera! All to be had for the signing of a check, just like the waving of a wand! No roasting over ovens then, or scrimping and saving every scrap, and turning shabby old skirts upside down, to save a penny! Oh, dear! If old Joseph Knox had only made me an heiress!"

"There is Dan Berkeley coming in the gate," said Mary, glancing up from her seam.

Mrs. Norreys rose in quite a flutter of pleasure. Years ago she had chosen the youngest boy of the Berkeleys, as her pet; and now, that he was a steady, grave young man, and the familiar house-friend, as the Germans have it, of the family, it was Mrs. Norreys still to whom his attention and all of his confidence was given. Very few days passed without a visit from Dan.

Mrs. Norreys called Josephine out into the hall, where she had gone to meet him. "Dan was out shooting, this morning, and has brought us these," holding out a bunch of partridges, "and I've asked him to stay to supper."

Josey took them, smiling and nodding. Anything which Dan Berkeley's hands had touched was somehow glorified, and set apart from common things by the touch, even if it were a dead bird. Not that Dan had taken any pains to make the hot-headed little girl his friend; he was her mother's companion, and seldom noticed her, even by an occasional grave, quiet scrutiny, in which she always felt there was an unspoken rebuke.

The Norreys kept no servant. In the absolute code of gentility, which was enforced in Hoodsville, this inexorable fact had lowered them in caste irretrievably. Our present concern with it is only to state that Josey, pinning on a check apron, broiled the birds deliciously for supper, made muffins, (as there was no bread,) and when all was ready, and the steaming coffee sent its first oderous whiff "on the boil" through the little kitchen, birds and muffins were placed on the table, the lamp turned up, and the check apron exchanged for a beruffled white one, in which poor, stupid Dan imagined the cooking had been done in some magical, white, fairy-like way.

Mrs. Norreys was delighted to see Dan's hearty appetite. "I know," she said, enthusiastically, when he was gone, "that although he supports the whole family, there is never enough for the boy to eat at home. The General must have his prime cuts, and Madam Berkeley her chocolate creams and syllabubs. They cost more than poor Dan can bring into the house. Yet there never was a man who less deserved to suffer, or to lack any good thing in this world. I consider him unquestionably the most steady-going, sensible, prudent——," etc., etc.

Mrs. Norreys always grew eager, and even garrulous, when praising her favorite. Mary, who carried on all outside dealings for the family in market or the grocery, consulted Dan as chief authority, when any difficulty arose. It was only Josey, who held no relation whatever to the square, solid, black-bearded young man who sat opposite to her now, looking down on her from such heights of wisdom and reserve, that she was guiltily conscious of her own youth, and foolishness, and propensity to giggle. Her very elbows fell out of place before him; the blood rushed to her face, and back again, in the most imbecile, unmeaning way, while he took no more notice of her than if she had been a tame kitten. Josey, before the supper was over, began to feel the angry tears rushing to her eyes. She was no child, to be thus set aside, and neglected! She was nearer Dan Berkeley's age than her mother or Mary. He could be gay and gallant with other girls; she had seen him with Netty Preston on the street only to-day, laughing, complimenting her, no doubt. He might at least be civil to her for her mother's sake.

Before they rose from the table, however, Josey's grief was suddenly changed into joy. A note was brought to Mrs. Norrey's, which she read once or twice, folding it up slowly when she had done.

"It is from my old friend, Mrs. Colonel Frazier; we were girls at school together. Dan, she intends to give a dinner to Judge Reynolds and the grand jury next week. An evening party, in fact to hold open house, and she says, 'wishes two or three of the young girls in town to go out to the Grange and assist her in receiving her guests.' That is, in fact, she wishes to chaperone them, and give them a great deal of pleasure. Lotty Frazier was always a kind creature! She asks me to allow Josephine to be one of them."

Josey drew a long breath of amazement and rapture. The Grange was the Arcadia of the

village, an invitation to which brought the guest within the charmed circle of the aristocracy. Now poor Josey had been, as we have seen, tabooed by the fashionable circle of Hoodsville. She was only bidden to the very large parties where "one has to ask everybody," as the young queens of society declared; parties where the chamber-carpets were lifted, and the table set up stairs, and the black barber, Joe, in a white apron, was hired to open the hall-door, and lame Sam, the fiddler, brought two assistants. But to the select "accidentals" and pic-nics, where the girls and lads of her own age met, *en petit comité*, and carried on so many delicious friendships and flirtations, and whispered profound secrets, Josey was never admitted.

Now, to spend a whole week with Mrs. Frazier, to be one of the family, to receive the Judge, and that bevy of exquisite, high-bred creatures who journeyed about with him as a grand jury, Josey felt that she was the beggar-girl upon whom King Cophetua had suddenly put the royal crown.

She was wakened out of her delight by Dan's portentous silence. Mrs. Norreys appealed to him.

"Had you heard of all these gayeties?"

"Yes. I was invited to the dinner and ball."

"You will go, of course? The Grange is like a bit of fairy-land, and Lottie Frazier the most loveable hostess. She would make a home out of a cabin. Josephine has never been there. It will all be new, and a surprise to her."

"You intend to allow her to go then?" said Dan, hastily.

"I—I think so. You know no objections?" said Mrs. Norreys, with her usual timid flurry, when opposed.

Josey turned on him half-fiercely, to find him looking at her, "like Rhadamanthus himself," as she told Mary, afterward.

"I do not know how much pleasure a young lady would find there," he said, gruffly. "I certainly shall not accept the invitation to dinner. The grand jury are a gang of hard-drinking, gambling young fellows, and it is disgusting to me to see the welcome they receive from women in every town, simply because they belong to the best families in the state, and are considered good *partis*."

"Oh, my dear boy, do not judge so harshly!" cried Mrs. Norreys.

"You have never seen, as I have, the young ladies singing, and dancing, and dressing for them, as slaves would before a merchant who came to buy. It is disgraceful." Dan pushed back his chair, hotly.

"I think it is disgraceful to hear any man libel women in that manner, who cannot defend themselves," cried Josey; and she added,

"And I shall certainly go, mamma, if you will permit me, and dress and dance with the other girls." Her eyes met Dan's at the moment. Was he laughing at her? Why should this Rhadamanthus sit breathless, waiting for her to speak? She took fresh courage. "And, as for the grand jury, I've seen them driving into town, and they seemed to me most refined."

"They are *admirable Crichtons*, no doubt, in the eyes of women." Dan rose, and took up his hat. "I shall assuredly not visit the Grange next week, Mrs. Norreys. No, I cannot stay longer, now. Thanks," and he was gone.

"Disagreeable, priggish creature!" cried Josey.

"I do not understand Daniel, to-night," her mother said, mildly shaking her head. "If he valued some one young woman more, he would be less harsh in his judgment of them all."

"He values only himself! To begrudge me this little bit of pleasure, when I have so little! But I may really go, mamma?"

"What," said Mary, rising, to give effect to her words, "what has she to wear?"

There was a dreadful silence. "What, indeed?" said Mrs. Norreys at last, in accents of despair.

But Josey only groaned.

CHAPTER II.

I AM conscious, here, of the meagre paucity of my materials. Here was a whole village full of people, hero and heroines, in the foreground, who were rejoiced, and enraged, and driven to despair, by the want of a new gown, or an invitation to a dinner, while their admission into the society of the *crême de la crême*, consisting of the doctors, 'squires, and two shopkeepers' families, or their inability to keep a maid-of-all-work, moulded their lives into happiness or wretchedness. Other histories record murders, and bigamies, and the rise and fall of master passions in the human heart, and thus give, no doubt, accurate pictures of human life, in its ordinary aspect. Ours is less ambitious.

Our poor Josey had a brown merino, for winter, and a white muslin, for summer, the remainder were calicoes. The muslin had been "done up" innumerable times, and how could one wear a merino in July? Young women in other places, as we find from these aforesaid histories, are as sentimental leopards, preying upon men as the natural sustenance of their emotions, or as the timid do who hide in the covert. But Josey

panted to go out and meet these Philistines of the grand jury. She had never had even a boy-lover, never had been complimented, or flirted with. She had no thought of love or marriage. But to be gazed upon just once with that passionate, lingering regard which the young men in the choir bestowed on Netty Preston! To hear one whisper of those delicious nothings which other girls listened to daily! If they came from these dangerous, vicious jurymen, the peril made it more enrapturing. But who was going to bestow passionate glances on a merino, or washed Swiss-mull?

In all such recorded cases, there is a trunk-full of marvelous brocades and old point lace, that comes miraculously to light in the garret, and insures certain triumphs to the beautiful wearer. But there were never any such denouements in Hoodville.

Josey packed her muslin and calico wrappers, and wore her merino, and set off ignobly, to Mrs. Frazier's. That lady regarded her scanty wardrobe with concealed dismay, and thought of giving her one of her own pretty silks. "But the Norreys are proud, and that inquisitive Preston girl knows every gown I own," she said, and that ended the matter.

Netty Preston and the two Benkards were there, bringing trunks full of finery. The first day Colonel Frazier drove them about the farm, and they romped with the children in the evening. The next morning Judge Reynolds and his suite of dashing young men came out to call. Netty and the other girls were in full dress, and high spirits. Josey disappeared into the garden Now even the Prestons and Benkards of the world are not so black as they are painted. If Josey had brought a rival trunk of purple and fine linen to match their own, they would have snubbed, yea, trampled her under foot. As it was, they rapped at her door while she was preparing for the grand dinner, and Netty insisted on "doing her hair," and Fanny Benkard cut the brown merino square in the neck, "to show your pretty throat," and by some magic snips and pins made the sleeves open, and low quilled in some soft, white frill, and put a crimson geranium in Josey's hair and breast. Perhaps they did not greatly improve Josey's looks in the matter of hair or merino, but they certainly softened the smile on her face, and brightened her eyes before they left her.

Mrs. Frazier found time to run in and pat her on the shoulder, and kiss her between her frantic rushes to the kitchen, and pantry, and dressing-room.

"You're looking very nicely, my dear! I ought to have looked after you sooner, but I have the meats on my mind now. The dessert is quite safe, the creams turned out beau—tifully. I've just been drilling Billy, the cow-boy, for the last time. He is to help wait, you know. Do pin this scarf, dear. There comes another carriage up the drive, and I am not half ready. Who's that on foot? Young Berkeley—I think."

"He said he would not come," ventured Josey.

"Nonsense! You might as soon keep flies from honey, as Dan Berkeley away from any house that holds Netty Preston. Put a hair-pin in my cap, that's a good girl."

"Is he——? I did not know——"

"In love with her? I did not say that. But the Prestons are a wealthy family, and Netty will have a little sum of her own, and—that poor Dan! How he has drudged to keep up that father and mother of his with their rusty, old gentility! He has literally borne the yoke in his youth, and bids fair to carry it until middle age. Nobody could blame him if he tried to lighten it with a little money, and a lovely wife, to boot."

"She is lovely," said Josey.

"Well, come down, my dear. You can wait in the dining-room, until I take a peep at my sugar-rock. I spun it myself, every thread! And then I'll take you into the drawing-room."

For some reason, Josey was hardly conscious of what passed around her, until she found herself seated between two of the renowned jurymen. She was so dull and homely a companion that, after a few polite speeches, they left her unnoticed, to watch Netty Preston and Dan at her leisure. No sober, grim rebuke in his face, now! He could laugh, and fling back jest for jest, with the saucy little beauty. What did it matter to Josey, she asked herself, again and again? He never had treated her but otherwise than as a child unworthy of notice.

And yet——

When the dinner was over, the girls disappeared to put on their pretty, gaudy robes for the ball. Josey also went to her room. The sky was clouding over; a few heavy drops fell. Josey had a maddening sense of stifling, of a dead weight in her chest. She had been so healthy and happy a girl that she was frightened at herself. What strange pain of soul was this coming to her? This intolerable sense of loneliness? Were not her mother, Mary, waiting for her? She could not go down to the ball-room. She put on her water-proof, and stole down the back stairs to the outer-door, passed the crowd of carriages with their trampling horses, out into the rain. She caught sight of Netty

Preston in a lower window, like a vision of airy loveliness. Dan Berkeley was beside her.

There was a little arbor, into which Josey ran. The roof kept her from being wet; but there was a certain comfort in the sense of her outcast condition. She was out in the night and cold alone, for the first time in her life. She crouched on a bench, crying comfortably. From the house came the sounds of music and dancing.

An hour passed. Suddenly there was a heavy step on the tan-bark path, a dark figure came in. Truth compels the statement that this figure was unromantically sheltered by an umbrella.

"Josephine!"

"Is—is it you, Mr. Berkeley?"

"It is I—Dan. Josey? What is it?" taking her by the wrists. "Poor, little thing!"

It seemed to Josey that the hands that held hers, trembled like her own.

"Oh! it's nothing. I was home-sick. I believe I had—had no dress, and so I was miserable, like a baby." She stood up, trying to gain the door.

"Stay. Sit down beside me. I must speak to you, Josey. I can bear this no longer."

"What have you to bear? You are a man. You have all you wish."

"I have not—*you*. Is it possible you have not known that I have loved you always? Did you not understand that I would have kept you out of the sight of any other man? Yet I could not ask you to marry me. I ought not to ask it now. I have others to work for. I live like a pauper, and my wife must do the same."

"Oh, I shouldn't mind how you lived a bit, if," with a happy little laugh, "if you really would want me to marry you."

"God knows I want it."

"Don't look so haggard, or anxious then. I thought—they told me—it was Netty Preston."

"Nonsense! I won't have such foolish fancies worrying my—my little wife." And Josey felt herself held tight to his breast, and kissed on her warm, red lips. "Now, you must go to your room, my darling."

CHAPTER III.

THE next morning Miss Josey Norreys' miserable cold was the subject of pity from the whole party at breakfast. "So unfortunate, that you could not even come down for a few moments to look at the dancers!" said Mrs. Frazier. Whereupon Josey blushed, like a damask rose, but made no answer.

Luckily, Mr. Dan Berkeley came out, after breakfast-time, with a buggy, and was polite enough to offer to drive Miss Norreys home.

He was graver than Josey thought fitting, under the circumstances, but she could have no doubt of his love for her.

"You are thinking of how we shall manage to live!" she cried, triumphantly.

"Yes. If I had not thought of that, I should have told you my secret long ago."

"It will come right," she said, "I know it will come right."

When they reached the house, a solemn family council was waiting for them.

A second letter had been received from John Knox. The bulk of the old man's property had been left to the Art Gallery, but three several legacies were set aside for his three nieces. The first consisted of certain shares, yielding a comfortable income in the Hoodville bank; the second a house and lot in the village; and the third a half-dozen acres at the foot of a hill in the neighborhood.

"Of no possible value whatever," sobbed Alice, "as all that falls to my share in life turns out to be. Quite unimproved, and marshy, green, oily pools standing over it."

"Is the land left to you, Ally?" said Josey, tenderly. She felt her heart soften and warm to every human creature to-day.

"It will fall to me, of course. You are to have the first choice, Mary the second, and I am to put up with what is left. A little money would have been such a help to George and me! But we and the children seem to be destined to starvation! If we had the bank-stock, we could go West. The luck is always yours, Josephine."

Now, by all precedent in the ways and habits of heroines, there should have been a mighty struggle in Josey's mind. She ought to have considered that the money would enable her to go dowered to her lover. She ought to have weighed her great love against pity for her sister, before taking the martyr's part. But she did not take five minutes to decide. Her big, affectionate eyes grew bright with tears as she looked at Alice.

"You ought not to think I could be so selfish, Ally, as to take the money when you need it. Even if—even if I should marry, we are young and strong, and can work. No, indeed, I will not choose first."

Alice, for once, sat erect, a flush coming to her cheek.

"You will give up your chance. But I don't see that helps the case much. Mary still has a choice before me."

Mary took off her thimble deliberately, and pushed the basket aside. "Must the letter go at once, containing our decision, mother?" she said.

"Yes, my dear."

Mary gave a solemn, bitter cough, and turned to Alice.

"I will give up my right of choice to you on one condition," she said, slowly. "It is that George Webb takes the money to go West, and there provide for his family."

"Oh, yes, indeed, Mary! We'll promise that, or anything you choose."

"Very well. Then I take the house and lot in the village, mamma. It will be a home for you and Josey, and she cannot give it away," and Mary picked up her work, and threaded her needle.

"Then the acres of marsh are mine," cried Josey. She slid along the sofa to her mother's side, and said, softly, "I'll give them away very soon—to Dan."

"My darling!" Her mother's arms were thrown about her, and the two foolish creatures sobbed and laughed together, after the habit of that kind of women. Mary said nothing, but a tear or two dropped upon the stockings.

"Well, upon my word!" said Mrs. Webb, when utterance came to her, "How did that solemn prig ever find words to propose to you?"

"I don't know," said Josey. After a while, with a bewildered look, she added, "Indeed, I am not sure, mamma, whether I proposed first, or Dan. But it was all the same."

Doubtless the experienced reader has guessed, long ago, the end of the story. How the Webbs went West, where ague and hard work cured both their complaints and laziness; how Mary married a well-to-do, kindly Methodist minister; and how the greasy marsh, in a year or two, when the secret of oil was discovered, became a veritable mine of gold to its owners, out of which they, and Mrs. Norreys, and the ancient Berkeleys lived with all the splendor, and none of the squabbles of Irish kings.

NOT TEACHING: BEING TAUGHT.

BY ONLIE A. SNOW.

I came to teach this rural school,
  My heart with precept all aglow;
  Ah! did I dream it e'er would know
Another object, save a rule.

Except the objects that I taught,
  To better mind, and soul, and heart;
  Objects of science and of art,
With knowledge and with goodness fraught.

I did not dream that I should find
  A pupil here—ah, well!—like you;
With looks so sweet, and eyes so blue,
  With soul so pure, and heart so kind.

I did not dream that I should know
  A pupil that I could not teach;
  One that my precept would not reach,
All on account of love's soft flow.

I've heard it said, and it is true,
  That when you try to teach a dove,
  You'll fail; and deeply fall in love.
I found a dove when I found you.

And is my finding all in vain?
  While I to teach so hard have sought,
  And found that I have but been taught,
Is there no way your love to gain?

Can you not love a loving heart,
  Although it has no wealth to bring—
Though 'tis not ruled by riches' king?
  Must it possess a golden art?

Oh, do not leave this incomplete,
  But answer it, I humbly pray;
  And if you have no other way,
Just smile on me: *'twill be life's sweet.*

FORGIVENESS.

BY VICTOR SMITH.

Forgive, though thy proud heart rebels,
And thought of wrong thy bosom swells;
Though wronged thou art, still thou canst live,
And freely, graciously forgive.

Forgive! Prove not rebellious still!
Control thy anger, curb thy will.
No thought of vengeance should there be;
Forgiveness should be full and free.

Forgive, forgive, as thou wouldst see
Forgiveness meted out to thee.

Let love and mercy have full sway,
And thou wilt never rue the day.

We often err, and go astray
From out the narrow, chosen way;
And we have need to be forgiven,
While struggling on our way to Heaven.

And if we then would mercy ask,
Why should it be to us a task
Hard to perform, while here we live
To gladly, cheerfully forgive.

A BIT OF OLD LACE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THEY met first in a sufficiently romantic fashion, though the incident would not be new enough to warrant me in making a dramatic scene of it. She had gone out in a sail-boat, with little Giovannino to manage it, because old Nello was absent, and she too impatient to await his return. Giovannino was afraid of nothing, and his great brown eyes shone like stars at the joyous idea of being master, for once, of the barque, quite satisfied that the Signorina would keep her word, and stand between him and any blame from his grandfather.

But the Signorina and little Giovannino were well punished for their naughtiness. They had got away out opposite the rocky shores of Capri, when a sudden wind swept up from the open sea, and made the beautiful Sorrento Bay so rough that the skill of an experienced mariner was necessary.

The Signorina and Giovannino both knew the sail must be shifted. He tried to do it; she let go the rudder, and went to his aid. A fresh puff of the blast nearly capsized the boat; another, and it was going over. Just then, a six-oared barque from Capri, which they had been too busy to notice, succeeded in reaching them, and the one passenger plunged unhesitatingly into the sea, and caught the young lady, as the capsizing of the boat sent her flying into the water. The sailors dragged them both into the boat, and saved little Giovannino themselves, though without liking the trouble to indulge in a ducking on his account.

The lady was not more than two minutes in the water, so she was quite herself when pulled into the boat. She neither fainted nor screamed. Her first question was to ask if Giovannino was safe, in voluble Italian. Once certain of that, she ordered the men to secure the sail-boat; easy enough to do, as it had righted itself, after capsizing its burden.

All these matters having been well attended to, she had leisure to turn toward the person who had saved her. She looked to the other end of the boat, and, instead of a sailor, as she expected, saw a figure, dripping wet, but looking more like a sea-god, in modern dress, than a common Neapolitan fisherman. He was staring at her with all his might and main It only needed one glance to show that he was an Englishman.

"I thank you so much!" she cried, in her native tongue. "I am so sorry you got a wetting. But, oh, how funny we both do look!"

She burst out laughing, and he laughed, too, though a good deal dazed by the beautiful vision seated opposite him. She had lost her hat; her long hair was streaming over her shoulders, and her pretty gray and blue costume was ruined; but she looked more beautiful in her disorder than most women could have managed to do under the most favorable circumstances.

Fortunately, when they reached the shore she found her shawl, which she had forgotten to put in the boat; so she draped that about her from head to foot, and became more picturesque than ever. She sent Giovannino home, bade him avoid his grandfather till she had appeased the old man, paid the rowers more lavishly than she ought to have done, and then was ready to remember the gentleman who stood by rather helpless, owing to an ignorance of the soft, Southern tongue, very common among his countrymen of every degree.

"I thank you," she said, over again; but brief as the words were, her face made them eloquent.

He stammered something; knew he was making an idiot of himself, and stopped, thereby proving that he was a sensible man.

"I must run as fast as I can up the cliffs," she added, "that will keep me from getting cold."

She ran—she did it well, too—and he ran, also. When they reached the top, he said,

"I hope you have not far to go?"

"Oh, no! Just yonder, to the Tasso," she answered, a little breathless, after her exertions.

"I am stopping there, too," he said.

She was wringing her beautiful hair again, and only nodded, as a sign she heard him. They hurried on together. Fortunately, among the few listeners about the entrance, the lady thought there was no one to recognize her. She got to her rooms, and he to his, and both hoped the adventure would remain a secret.

That evening the Signorina and her mother were out on the cliffs with a party of friends. She saw "her preserver" again, and one of their party knew him. Another moment, and these two young people were made acquainted, according to the laws of civilization. Miss Coventry and Sir Hugh Douglas.

But, alas! just as they had found an opportunity to congratulate one another that their adventure was unknown, (Sir Hugh was mightily delighted at the idea of there being a secret between them, for he was already much deeper in love than he had been in the water,) up rushed some miscreant of a mutual acquaintance, and blurted out the whole story before everybody.

Nina Coventry was well scolded by her mother for her wicked daring, and Sir Hugh duly thanked. Then the mother, and the rest of the women, remembered to be frightened, and gasped, and ejaculated, as if Nina had still been in danger of drowning. Then they kissed her, and everybody shook Sir Hugh's hand, and all felt well acquainted at once.

Sir Hugh had only reached Sorrento the night before, and when he arrived had intended to make a very short stay. But, the old proverb, "man proposes," etc., proved as true in his case as in most others. It was the last week in April when he came, and when the last week in May arrived he was there still. He had been in the East that winter; had come from Malta to Naples; and was anxiously expected in London by his august mother, to pass the season. But he did not appear, sending letters full of love and excuses instead. Augusta McIvor, a distant connection of Lady Douglas, was the first to enlighten the mother's mind as to the probable cause of his delay. Somebody wrote Miss McIvor a long account of the hair-breadth escape Sir Hugh had run, in saving the life of the famous American beauty, Miss Coventry.

Lady Douglas had a slight opinion of Americans. She had a vague idea that they were all rebels, and had done something which had offended old King George, of pleasant memory. She was miserable at the idea of Hugh's "making a fool of himself over a mushroom," and wrote him so. He wrote back that she need have no fear, delicately hinted that the fair Augusta had better mind her own business, and added information in regard to the young American's titled English relatives, which consoled the old Scotch woman. She learned, too, from other sources, that Miss Coventry was one of the greatest heiresses of the day. Now, the Douglases were not rich, and the mother had always said that Hugh must marry money. So she remained quiescent to Augusta McIvor's wrath and trouble; for that young woman had long meant to be Sir Hugh's wife herself.

It was July. Mrs. Coventry had been ordered to Schwalbach. Lady Douglas was not well. Fate and the physicians ordered her also to Schwalbach. Sir Hugh went to bring her over, and, to her unfeigned delight, told her that he was engaged to Miss Coventry.

Augusta McIvor had learned the fact before. In June she departed for the Continent with a married sister. Sir Hugh was obliged to remain some weeks in England. The Coventrys halted for a time at Basle, before going on to the Baths.

One lovely June evening, Nina Coventry was sitting on the famous balcony of the Three Kings, looking down across the Rhine, and dreaming of the new happiness which had brightened her life into such glorious perfection. Suddenly up fluttered her mother, in great agitation. She had been out to walk, had lost her way, had been assaulted by a dog, and had no doubt she should have been eaten at two mouthfuls had not a young lady heroically driven the brute away.

"Who was she?" Nina asked, when her mother had grown calm again.

"I don't know. I was so frightened, I forgot to ask her name; but she is stopping in the house. I should like to thank her again."

"We will try and find her," said Nina.

"Oh, there she is now!" cried Mrs. Coventry.

Nina looked, and saw moving toward them an elegant, graceful young lady of perhaps four-and-twenty. Her eyes were a trifle too keen; the face would have looked a little hard, had not its brilliant coloring softened it. It was an odd, secretive, obstinate face to the few people in the world who could read character; but most persons considered it handsome, and its possessor a charming woman.

Nina rose, and went to meet her, saying, in her pretty way,

"I thank you so much! Mamma tells me you saved her from a real danger."

"I don't think the dog would bite," the other answered, smiling graciously. "But I am glad I happened to be there."

"Poor mamma has usually strong enough nerves," Nina added; "but she is ill this summer, and——"

She was interrupted by the approach of their courier with some letters. He addressed her by her name.

"What did he call you?" cried the stranger, with a charming eagerness, as the man moved away.

"My name is Nina Coventry," the American replied.

The stranger gave a little cry of astonishment and delight.

"Please to let me kiss you this minute!" she exclaimed. "Why, I am Hugh's cousin. You must have heard him speak of Augusta McIvor? How glad I am to meet you!"

Mrs. Coventry sat looking at them, too far off to hear their words, and now she was astonished to see the two embrace heartily, and began to think she must indeed have been in danger, for Nina to be so very demonstrative in her expressions of gratitude.

Nina did recollect her name, though Hugh had never said much about this relative, and anybody connected with him deserved a cordial welcome. In a few minutes they were chatting as gayly as possible; then the married sister, Mrs. Hertford, came out; a little, round, roly-poly woman, who spent her life eating chocolate bon-bons, and being tyrannized over by Augusta. Nina left the two together for awhile, and ran off to read Hugh's letter.

"I knew what your mysterious errand meant," whispered Augusta, when she came back, and kissed her again. In those twenty minutes of Nina's absence, Miss McIvor had completely charmed Nina's mother. Augusta McIvor was the most adroit flatterer I ever met; one of the quickest to perceive peoples' weaknesses, a faculty of adaptation almost unequalled, as unscrupulous as the devil, and just as determined as he to carry out her plans. . . . . .

She had come to Basle because she knew Nina was there. She had made out the mother and daughter that morning; had been heroic in regard to the dog, because she recognized Mrs. Coventry. She meant to become intimate with Nina before Hugh and his betrothed met again, and she succeeded. They all spent a week at Basle, then Augusta and her sister accompanied them to Schwalbach; Nina and her mother thought entirely owing to their own persuasions.

Yet, charming as she was, Nina at first felt a sort of repulsion toward this relative of Hugh's. She was ashamed of the feeling, and rushed into a friendship because of it, and then almost forgot those unpleasant warnings Nature gives us all when we meet people whom we ought to avoid—warnings which we all neglect, just as Nina did.

A few days after they reached Schwalbach, Sir Hugh and his mother arrived. Hugh dashed off to find his idol, and, later in the day, brought Lady Douglas to greet her future daughter-in-law. Now, old Lady Douglas was prouder than Lucifer, stiffer than a ramrod, uglier than any but a Scotchwoman can be, seeming to have so many more bones than most people, that she looked as if she had those of all her ancestors added to her own anatomy. But she was kind and good, when you got below the crust of pride that lay over her heart, and as just and truthful a woman as ever lived. She was delighted with Hugh's choice, charmed with sweet, little Mrs. Coventry, and softened and beamed as nobody ever saw her do before. She had never petted even her adored son, but she petted Nina; and Nina, usually rather stately, was as kittenish as a child with her. She went raving mad over the girl's beauty the moment she set eyes on her. Then, too, Nina was wonderfuly cultivated, and talked only as an American woman can; as witty as a French play without its coarseness, and as sensible as an English novel, without its heaviness.

Before three days had gone, Lady Douglas said to her son,

"My dear boy, I used to think the girl who married you would be the most fortunate human being that ever lived. I have changed my mind a little. It is the man who is to have Nina Coventry for his wife, that will deserve to be so called."

Hugh kissed her, and vowed there were just two perfect women in the world; one an elderly Scotch lady, and the other a young American.

Hugh was a man who deserved to be loved. Handsome, clever, energetic, and a heart of gold. He was twenty-six, had been in the army, seen some service, but it was agreed now that he was to sell out, live on his noble old estate in Scotland, try for Parliament, and become what Nina laughingly called "a tiresome and respectable member of society."

Schwalbach is the oddest, most picturesque, most uncomfortable place in the world, but our party enjoyed their stay there. The elder ladies improved rapidly in health; the young people found some acquaintances; and the days flew like a dream. Augusta McIvor was the prime mover in all their expeditions and pleasures. Hugh had been a little sorry to find her there, but she was so devoted to Nina, that he rather grew to like her for the first time in his life.

"I never used to think she had much heart," he said to Nina; "but I misjudged her."

"Indeed, you did," replied Nina. "We must both be very fond of her, to make amends."

And day after day Augusta worked herself more and more closely into their confidence; wheedled Lady Douglas, and made love to Mrs. Coventry, and was as bright, and amiable, and delightful, as a girl could be. Then, night after night, she sat in her room, sometimes weeping, in a sort of icy despair, made up of rage and disappointment; sometimes revolving in her mind plots so diabolical, that I do not exaggerate when I say that the possibility of murder found a place among them. She had loved Hugh Douglas from childhood; had always believed that she should

at last succeed in becoming his wife; and now this girl had come between!

The weeks went by. Hugh and his mother had been clamorous for an early day to be set for the marriage; but when letters came from Nina's guardian in America, he reminded Mrs. Coventry of a fact which both she and Nina had forgotten, if they ever had really known it. By the terms of her father's will, Nina was not permitted to marry until she should be twenty-one. They must wait until next May for that. Then Mrs. Coventry remembered that in her husband's family there had been several early marriages, which had proved disastrous enough. This accounted for the stipulation in the dead man's testament. Nina was in no haste to renounce the pleasantness of her engaged state. Hugh was too happy to be more than outrageously impatient. Lady Douglas hid her disappointment for fear of annoying her two darlings, and Augusta McIvor exulted in the depths of her soul; mourned with Hugh's mother, teased Hugh, scolded Nina for not caring, and said to herself, over and over,

"Nine months! Nine whole months! I'll find some means, if I go down into the bottomless pit to reach it."

September and October were spent in Paris. Mrs. Coventry was ordered south for her health. Hugh could not lose sight of his betrothed. Lady Douglas had no mind to go back to Scotland alone. Augusta said that she and her sister had meant to stay abroad till spring; had, from the first, intended to winter in Italy. But Nice was advised for Mrs. Coventry, and they all persuaded Augusta and Mrs. Hertford to go there instead of Rome, and Augusta yielded.

Of course, being a woman, Lady Douglas discovered that she had left at home untold things she needed. So, before leaving Paris, two heavy boxes were sent on to her; and when she found how much they weighed, and cost for expressage, her canny Scotch soul was filled with dismay. Mrs. Coventry was filled with dismay, too, but hers rose from a different feeling. Her lavish American soul was astounded that any feminine creature could get on with so little luggage. Even counting the newly-arrived trunks, Lady Douglas had only five, whereas she never stirred on the shortest journey without nine, and so long a trip as that to Nice demanded at least double the number. But out of one of these old trunks, so hideous that Mrs. Coventry would rather have died than use them, Lady Douglas produced marvelous presents for her beloved Nina; things which all the money in the world could not have bought.

She would have given the girl every rag she owned, and all the jewels left in the Douglas family, if Nina would have taken them; but Nina stoutly refused.

"You blessed old mother!" said she, "I have more jewelry now than I can take care of. I wouldn't have those things on my conscience for the world."

But Lady Douglas made her at least accept a few ornaments, valuable more for their antiquity and history than anything else; and Nina liked them because each had a story. She was fond of coaxing Lady Douglas into relating anecdotes of the dead-and-gone men and women whose name she was to bear, and nothing pleased the old soul more than to do it. One day, in turning out her stores of lace, when Nina and Augusta were in her drawing-room, she was delighted by the sight of one bit which she knew would steal Nina's heart.

"Look at that!" said she.

Nina fairly shrieked with ecstasy.

"There are not three bits of lace like that in the world," said Lady Douglas. "It is almost worth its weight in diamonds."

Both girls were as speechless before it as if they had been a couple of Hindoos, and the lace their heathen god. Augusta had been allowed to look at it a few times in her life, and once in an age Lady Douglas had worn it; and always, when thinking of being Hugh's wife, that bit of lace had floated before Augusta's fancy.

It was scarcely a yard in length, not more than a finger in width, yet, as the old woman said, it was almost worth its weight in diamonds. It was a bit of *point d'Alençon*, but of a peculiar sort. The art of making that kind has been lost for hundreds of years; and even in the days when it was made, could scarcely be found outside the treasures of a royal bride.

Hugh came in while they were still examining the lace. He asked his mother to tell Nina its history. First the old lady made Nina remark that one end of the lace was unevenly cut, and that in three different places there were some brown stains. Then she told its story.

As many hundred years ago as Anne of Austria was young and beautiful, had this lace been made. In the very last interview she ever held with George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, he begged for some mementoes of her; something that she had worn. Anne asked for his dagger. She ripped a portion of the lace which decorated the front of her robe, cut it loose with the poniard, and gave it to him, saying,

"It is just enough to make a *jabot*.

"And a *jabot* will be close to my heart," he answered.

The beautiful queen never responded when her adorer made such speeches. She floated silently away from his presence; from first to last more like a dream of heaven to the brave Duke than a creature of mortal mould. But the lace remained in Buckingham's hand, still warm from its contact with the pure bosom against which it had lain.

When George Villiers lay dying, from the thrust of a hired assassin's dagger, a woman presented herself in the chamber. It was Lady Ellen Douglas, who had loved him for years, and had remained single for his sake, and he knew it. She had borne reproach, and the weight of evil tongues, too; but no matter. No matter now, even if she deserved the burthen. She has been beyond our judgment too many centuries for us worms to pronounce sentence.

The lace lay just above his heart, sealed up in a silken packet. He drew it forth himself, and put it in her hand.

"You are the woman who has loved me the truest," he said. "You ought to have the dearest relic I possessed."

So he died, and they buried him; and the wonderful bit of lace which had fluttered above Anne of Austria's bosom, that had lain next Buckingham's heart when he was dying, and been stained with his blood, became an heir-loom in the succeeding generations of the Douglases.

"My dear," said the old Scotchwoman, as she finished the tale, "never has a Douglas been married since, but this lace lay over the bride's heart; and never has there been a Douglas's wife but was true to her vows. Take you it now, and take with it your mother's blessing."

Her manner and her voice made the closing words so solemn, that Nina could not have dreamed of refusing. Lady Douglas had turned her back to hide her emotion. Hugh seized the lace, and laughingly wreathed it about Nina's head. The old woman turned as he did it, and snatched the lace off, exclaiming,

"No, no! What have you done? It has never touched the bride's head till the wedding-day. Oh, Hugh, Hugh, it is a bad omen!"

Iron-nerved woman as she was, she burst into tears. They could only try to soothe her, and Hugh had three minds to tear the beastly old bit of lace—that was what he called it in his fright—for having caused such confusion.

Lady Douglas was first to compose herself. No mortal had ever seen her cry before, unless it might have been her nurse.

"I am a withered fool," said she. "I forgot that omens are powerless where a fairy queen is concerned. Kneel down here, darling, and let me put the lace in your hair again. Now look at her, Hugh."

This was just before the party was setting out for Nice. The next day Nina spoke to Hugh, begging that he would persuade his mother to keep the treasure until their wedding-day. Hugh said the request would only pain the old lady. Then Nina begged him to leave it in some bank-safe, and he laughed.

"Whoever would choose that to steal, out of all your possessions? You, that have more jewels than Aladdin, and more fine things than his wife. Nonsense! Don't be a dear little goose! The whole thing is nonsense, and my own opinion is, the lace is a humbug."

Nina lectured him well for his irreverence, but she kept the relic, locked it in the most hidden drawer of her jewel-case, and made Augusta stand by while she did it, to be sure the treasure was there.

If you have ever been driven nearly mad—and, God help us, most of us have some time, from one cause or another—you will remember that, after bearing well enough the great blows, it was a trifle which upset you at last. Augusta McIvor had borne losing Hugh, had hated Nina, had envied her beauty, her wealth; but she had kept her reason. The sight of the lace, and the scene which accompanied its showing, drove her mad. I have said that to Lady Douglas, and I believe it still. I believe that she was mad.

Now I set out to tell you the history of a bit of old point. So, having told you the story of its past, I must go on to its present, and skip the details in the lives of the human beings connected with it.

I shall only tell you that the winter in Nice was a very gay one; but when March came, Lady Douglas, though loving Nina as dearly as ever, was afraid that she was too fond of excitement, and had American ideas in regard to the freedom permissible to young girls and married women, and Lady Douglas had a fear that American theories would not be proper.

On her side, Nina doated on Lady Douglas, but had a fear that she was overbearing, and looked down a little on her son's future wife, and was daily irritating herself by fancied slights.

Sir Hugh was madly jealous, though he would not admit it, and he and Nina quarreled sometimes, only to love each other with a greater devotedness after.

Augusta McIvor was the friend and confidant of each in turn, and everybody liked and trusted her more and more.

One morning Lady Douglas received a note from Nina. She was delighted, for she had been

cross with her pet the day before. When she read it—she had to do that three times before she comprehended its meaning—she wished she had died, and been buried ere the morning dawned. Nina had made a blunder. Into the envelope she had addressed to Lady Douglas, she had put a letter to one of the most infamous men, though a Russian prince, and well received, that all Nice contained. The note upbraided him for making love to her, but promised to meet him that night at a masked ball, to be given at the Circle Massena.

Hugh, who had just left Augusta, and had been driven out of his senses by her trying to persuade him that he ought to make matters smoother between his mother and his affianced, came in, and found the old lady as near hysterics as a bony Scotchwoman could go. He saw the note was in Nina's writing, and read it. He got back what he thought was composure, and so terrified his mother by his manner that she held her peace, as he bade. He went to the ball, masked. He saw Nina on the Prince's arm; he recognized her by the knot of ribbon on her shoulder, which had been described in the note. He tried to get close to her. The pair escaped. He lost them.

The next morning he burst like a whirlwind into Nina's house. She was equal to the whirlwind. The more he reproached, the less she was able to understand. The more he demanded an explanation, the dumber and prouder she grew.

"Go!" she cried, at last. "If a word would set all straight, I would not speak it! If the safety of your soul and mine depended on a motion of my hand, I would not stir a finger! I hate, I loathe you! Let it all end. Go!"

A day passed. On the next, she prepared to send back his presents. Augusta had made her a stolen visit, and helped to complicate matters, if that was possible. When she had gone, Nina went into her bed-room, opened her writing-desk and jewel-caskets, to seek for every line he had ever written, every gift he had ever bestowed. They were all there—letters and presents—all except the priceless bit of lace; that was not to be found. She hunted everywhere; she thought she must go crazy; she tried to think. Once, only, since coming to Nice, had she taken out the lace, at Augusta's request, to show it to a couple of their young lady friends.

The lace was gone! These three were beyond suspicion. The bit of point must have been stolen by some person in the house, who had learned that the treasure was in her possession. She could not tell her mother. She waited till the next day. She went to Lady Douglas's hotel. The old lady refused to see her. She would not send for Hugh. She waited and watched for Lady Douglas; followed her to the old chateau hill, and told her story. Lady Douglas listened to the end, looked her full in the face, and said,

"The lace has been worn over the breast of many a Douglas's wife; never one dishonored it. Keep it; your hands have touched it. Keep it; it may be fit now for a thief to own, but not to come back to us."

And she was gone. When the next day came, the mother and son had left Nice, accompanied by their two relatives. Nina Coventry learned that nothing can kill. She had lived not only to have her heart broken, but to suffer the lowest degradation which can befal the commonest creature—to be considered a thief.

A year and a half went by. She was in Switzerland with her mother. They had just arrived at Interlachen. She had heard that Sir Hugh was engaged to be married to Augusta McIvor. The news was true, but she had not learned how the matter came about.

The facts were these. Augusta had despaired of success; a fortunate tumble from her horse, when he was riding with her, gave her a pretext to talk like a deranged person. She told the whole story of her love to him, seeming to think she was alone. A few weeks after, he asked her to be his wife. He was a heart-broken man; and if he could make any human creature happy, he should feel that his blighted life was of a little use.

That evening, when she reached the hotel, Nina heard groans and cries from the room next her's. She was informed that an English girl had that day arrived, and was very ill—alone, except for her servant, because the lady who accompanied her had stopped at Thun. Nina went at once to the chamber, and found herself face to face with Augusta. There had been no trouble between them; Augusta had believed in her to the last. She must not behave like a fiend because Hugh Douglas had chosen her for his wife.

Augusta knew her, and was too ill and suffering to think of anything or anybody but herself. She told Nina she had left Mrs. Hertford at Thun, and came on to Interlachen, expecting to find that Sir Hugh and his mother had reached there. They might come at any moment; but in the meantime she was alone, for the doctor had pronounced her illness an infectious fever, and her maid had run away, and the servants of the hotel had not come near her, and the nurse the doctor had promised to send had not arrived.

Augusta was already a little wandering, but she managed to talk connectedly. Nina sent

again for the doctor. He came at once. The nurse could not arrive that night. He left medicines, and Nina sat down to watch over her. She would not let her mother share the vigil, for Mrs. Coventry was still far from strong. The last intelligible words Augusta spoke were to ask her to take some keys she would find in a satchel, open a dressing-case, and send a letter to England, which lay in it—a business-letter, that ought to go the next day. Before she had fairly concluded her explanation, she went into a sort of spasm, and Nina was too busy to remember the letter.

She was left alone with the sick woman till toward midnight.

Augusta had fallen into a troubled sleep. The doctor had been back twice in the course of the evening, and said there was nothing more to be done for the present; if she could sleep, so much the better.

The door opened softly, and Nina saw Lady Douglas and Sir Hugh. Often, in a crisis where we should expect to feel most, we are too stunned to feel at all. That was the way with Nina now. She put up her hand to impose silence, and whispered—

"No noise! Don't speak. The doctor says this sleep is of vital importance."

A few inaudible words were exchanged between Sir Hugh and his mother; then he crept out of the room. Lady Douglas approached the bed; she had aged greatly. She did not look at Nina, but somehow the girl knew that she was about to tell her that her services were no longer required. With her disengaged hand she pointed toward the one Augusta still grasped in her sleep.

"I can't go yet," she said; "I am afraid to awaken her."

The old woman turned her back. Nina knew that she was weeping, but thought it was from fright and anxiety for Augusta, but Lady Douglas was weeping at sight of her broken idol.

The two sat in the sleeper's chamber for full an hour, without uttering a word. Once, in the meantime, Augusta roused up enough to swallow some medicine; then slept again. Nina's hand was free, now. She suddenly remembered the letter. She went to the table where the satchel lay, and took the keys, glided up to Lady Douglas's chair, and whispered,

"There is a letter in the dressing-case—a business letter—that Augusta wished me to send. Will you take it out?"

The old woman hardened her heart. She was ashamed of her own emotion at meeting this girl, and answered,

"If she bade you do it, I have no concern in the matter."

Nina looked her full in the face, with a cold pride, that was harder than her insolent haughtiness, and said,

"You are right. I should no more have hesitated to obey her wishes than I did to help her when I found her here deserted and alone."

She crossed the room. Two boxes were on the table. She opened the nearest, so agitated, though she tried to be calm, that she hardly knew what she was doing. She had opened the wrong one. It was a dressing-case. As she was closing it, she touched the spring of an inner lid. It fell open. A little packet, folded in sheer muslin, dropped out. Nina was holding the famous bit of old point in her hands.

She could not stir. She uttered a faint cry, but did not know it. She thought she heard a step behind her. Her reason came back. She turned, but Lady Douglas was seated in her chair. Nina put the lace in her pocket, locked the desk, opened the dressing-case, found the letter, and was leaving the room, when Augusta roused up and called her name.

All night these two women watched by the sick girl's bed. At daylight the nurse and Mrs. Hertford arrived from Thun. As Nina was crossing the corridor, to go to her room, she met Sir Hugh.

"I wish to speak to you," said she, before he could make a sign. "Please to go into that room." She saw an open door. "I will come to you in a moment."

He bowed; she passed on. She went to her chamber, waited long enough, so that it should seem she had gone to search for something, and returned. He was waiting in the little salon. The curtains were half drawn; the gray dawn struggled through, making a faint light in the room. She walked up to him, held out a tiny packet, and said,

"I have found the lace that Lady Douglas accused me of stealing. Take it, and take my best wishes with it."

She was turning to go, when out from the darkness rushed Lady Douglas, and fell at her feet.

"Forgive me!" she cried, "or I think I shall die! Hugh, she found the lace in Augusta's dressing-case. I saw her when she found it.

Before Hugh could stir, before Nina could raise the old woman, in rushed Mrs. Hertford.

"Quick!" she cried. "Come quick! Augusta is dying!"

The three followed her into the room without knowing how they got there. The sick girl was

not dying, but raving in a wild delirium. Mrs. Hertford had borne all she could, and so fainted away; the best thing she could do, for so she escaped the confession of her sister's shame.

Augusta recognized Nina, and believed herself alone with her.

"I don't want to tell!" she cried. "I must, I must! I am dying! I wrote the letter! I met the Prince! I stole the lace! I have it somewhere. I wanted it so. Afterward, I was always trying to get it back to you. I knew you would send it home. Don't tell Hugh. I loved him. I did it all for his sake. Oh, forgive! Oh——"

Her voice died in a gasp; she fell back on the pillow. They thought her dead at first; but she did not die; she recovered. The three stayed till she was beyond danger, then left without a word. When she was able to rise, her sister said,

"Lady Douglas left a message for you—such an odd one—to look in your dressing-case. She must have put some present there for you. I hope it was money."

Augusta sent her out of the room; managed to reach the table; opened the box; touched the spring of the inner lid. She understood the whole.

To-day Nina is Sir Hugh's happy wife, and the Dowager Lady Douglas the happiest old woman in England. Augusta has become a Plymouth Sister. Human nature likes extremes. And at a London ball last May, I saw our beautiful Nina with Anne of Austria's bit of point fastened to the front of her dress by a star of diamonds.

THE MORNING OF JOY.

BY THEO. D. C. MILLER, M. D.

Do you long for the brightness
  Of sunshine at morn,
When the gray streaks of daylight
  The fair sky adorn?
You must keep the heart loving,
  And never destroy,
By the dark night of weeping,
  The morning of joy.

Keep your heart, in its sunshine,
  As pure and as bright
As the diamond, whose sparkle
  Gives bliss to the light!
Let your roses bloom ever,
  And naught can alloy,
But the dark night of weeping,
  Your morning of joy.

You may take all the blessings
  That come in your way,
And your life will grow better
  And brighter each day.
Then, with bliss all around you,
  No gloom will annoy,
With no dark night of weeping,
  Your morning of joy.

It will come to your waiting,
  That City so bright,
With its jasper walls shining
  In God's holy light.
Then the bliss of the happy
  Will ever destroy
All the dark nights of weeping,
  With mornings of joy.

THE EVENING'S HUSH.

BY ROSE GERANIUM.

This world is so full of blessings,
  Life is so sweet;
And I bend my soul in rapture,
  Low at his feet.

For His love is the best love,
  Fervent and wise,
Sending us all things blessed
  Under the skies.

Heart, let us wait together—
  Patiently trust;
Buriems of blossoming grasses
  Spring from the dust.

Spring from the dust and darkness,
  Each in its hour;
Life hath its time for shadow,
  Bud-time and flower.

Somewhere, above its by-ways,
  If it be best,
Love shall bear perfect fruitage,
  Bringing us rest.

Yet his love is the best love,
  Fervent and wise;
Sending us all things blessed
  Under the skies!

MISS CRESPIGNY'S "ABSURD FLIRTATION."

BY FANNIE HODGSON BURNETT.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 263.

CHAPTER VII.

EMULATING the example of the Misses Tregarthyn, Pen'yllan had put on its best dress to grace the occasion of the arrival of the visitors. As they drove from the little railway-station, Lisbeth was of the opinion that she had never seen the sea so blue, and cool, and sparkling, the sands so silver white, or the village so picturesque. The truth was, the sight of it quite subdued her, and invested her with one of her softest and most charitable moods.

"I did not know it was so pretty," she said. "I believe we shall enjoy ourselves, Georgy."

Georgy was enraptured. Everything pleased her. The sea, the beach, the sky, the quaint, white cottages, the bare-legged children, the old Welsh women in their steeple hats and woolen petticoats. The up-hill streets of the village were delightful; the little band-box of a railway station was incomparable. She had been rather pale and tired during the journey, but as soon as she set her feet upon the platform at Pen'yllan, her pallor and fatigue disappeared. The fresh breeze from the sea tinged her cheeks, and made her eyes sparkle, and she was in the best of good spirits.

"I never saw such a dear little place in my life," she said, delightedly. "Enjoy ourselves, Lisbeth? Why, as you know, I feel just as I used to when we were all children, and went to the sea-side with mamma and the nurses, and dug caves in the sand with wooden spades, and built forts, and looked for shells. I am going to make friends with those little urchins on the beach to-morrow, and ask them to play with me."

Behold the Tregarthyn household, arrayed in all its modest splendor, when the carriage drove up to the garden-gate. Behold the neatest of young handmaidens, brisk, and blue-eyed, and the smallest of pages standing ready to assist with the boxes, and admire the young ladies with an exceeding admiration. Behold, also, the three Misses Tregarthyn, in the trimmest of "company" dresses, and in such a state of affectionate tremor and excitement, that they kissed their dear Lisbeth on the tip of the nose by one consent, instead of bestowing their delighted caresses upon her lips.

"So very happy to see you, my love," said Miss Clarissa, squeezing Georgy's hand, as she led the way into the parlor. "Our dear Lisbeth's friend, I hope you are not tired, and that you left your mamma and papa quite well. Our dear Lisbeth is so tenderly attached to your mamma and papa, that if such a thing were possible, we should be quite jealous."

"They are quite as much attached to her, I can assure you," answered Georgy, in her pretty, earnest way. "Indeed, we all are, Miss Clarissa. Everybody is fond of Lisbeth." And thereby rendered her position as favorite secure at once.

Indeed, she found her way to the heart of the spinster household in an incredibly short space of time. Miss Millicent, and Miss Hetty, and Miss Clarissa, were charmed with her. Her pretty face and figure, her girlish gayety, her readiness to admire and enjoy everything, were attractions enough to enchant any spinster trio, even if she had not possessed that still greater charm of being Lisbeth's dearest friend.

The two girls shared Lisbeth's old room together; a cool nest of a place, with white draperies, and quaint ornaments, and all the child Lisbeth's treasures, of land and sea, still kept in their original places.

"It looks exactly as it did when I went away with Mrs. Despard," said Lisbeth, glancing round, with a half sigh, which meant she scarce knew what. "I gathered that sea-weed when I was fourteen, and I was always engaged in difficulties with the cooks, because I would bring in more shells than I wanted, and leave piles of them in the kitchen. Aunt Clarissa sent one woman away because we had a row, and she said I was 'a imperent young minx, allus litterin' the place with my rubbidge.' How the dear old souls did spoil me. If I had brought a whale into the drawing-room, they would have regretted, but never resented it. I had my own way often enough when I ought to have had my ears boxed."

"You must have been very happy in their loving you so," said Georgy, who had drawn a low, rude wicker chair to the open window, and was enjoying the moonlight and the sea.

"You would have been," returned Lisbeth,

drawing up chair number two. "And you would have behaved yourself better than I did. I was an ill-conditioned young person, even in those days:"

They were both silent for awhile after this. There was a lovely view from the window, and all was so still that neither cared to stir for a few moments. Then the thoughtfulness on Georgy's face attracted Lisbeth's attention.

"I should like to know," she said, "what you are thinking about?"

The girl drew a positively ecstatic little sigh.

"I was thinking how sweet and quiet everything looked," she said, innocently; "and how much happier I am."

"Happier?" exclaimed Lisbeth. "When were you unhappy, Georgy?"

The surprise in her tone brought Georgy to a recognition of what her words had unconsciously implied. She found herself blushing, and wondering at her own simplicity. She had not meant to say so much. She could not comprehend why she should have said anything of that kind at all.

"It is strange enough to hear that you can be made happier than you always seem to be," said Lisbeth. "You speak as if——" And then her quick eye taking in the girl's trepidation, she stopped short. "You never had a trouble, Georgy?" she added, in a voice very few of her friends would have known; it was so soft a one.

"No," said Georgy. "Oh, no, Lisbeth! Not a trouble, exactly; not a trouble at all, indeed; only——" And suddenly she turned her bright, appealing eyes to Lisbeth's face. "I don't know why I said it," she said. "It was nothing real, Lisbeth, or else I am sure you would have known. But it—— Well, I might have had a trouble, and I was saved from it, and I am glad, and—thankful." And, to Miss Crespigny's surprise, she bent forward, and kissed her softly on the cheek.

Lisbeth asked her no questions. She was not fond of asking questions, and she was a young person of delicacy and tact, when she was in an affectionate mood. She was too partial to Georgy to wish to force her into telling her little secrets. But a certain thought flashed through her mind, as she sat with her eyes resting on the sea.

"She is the sort of girl," she said, sharply, to herself, "who would be likely to have no trouble but a love trouble. Who has been making love to her, or rather, who, among all her admirers, would be likely to touch her heart?"

But this mental problem was by no means easy to solve. There were so many men who admired Georgy Esmond, and such a large proportion of them were men whom any girl might have loved.

It was one of Lisbeth's chief wonders, that Georgy, who was so soft of heart, and ready with affection, should have held her own so long against so agreeable a multitude of adorers. Certainly, if she had lived through any little romance, she had kept her secret well. She did not look like a love-lorn young lady when she came down, the next morning, fresh and rosy, and prepared to explore Pen'yllan in all its fastnesses. It was positively exhilarating to see her; and the Misses Tregarthyn were delighted beyond bounds. She made a pilgrimage through half the up-and-down-hill little streets in the village, and, before dinner, had managed to drag Lisbeth a mile along the shore, against a stiff breeze, which blew their long, loose hair about, and tinted their cheeks brilliantly. Lisbeth followed her, with a sort of amused wonder at her enthusiasm, mingled with a certain discontent at her own indifference. It was she who ought to have been in raptures, and she was not in raptures at all. Had she no natural feeling whatever? Any other woman would have felt a sentimental tenderness for the place, which had been her earliest home.

They had found a comfortable nook behind a cluster of sheltering rocks, and were sitting on the sand, when Lisbeth arrived at this stage of thought. The place was an old haunt of hers, and Hector Anstruthers had often followed her there in their boy and girl days; and the sight of the familiar stretch of sea and sand irritated her somehow. She picked up a shell, and sent it skimming away toward the water, with an impatient gesture.

"Georgy," she said, "I should like to know what you see in Pen'yllan to please you so."

"Everything," said Georgy. "And then, somehow, I seem to know it. I think its chief attraction is, that you lived here so long."

Lisbeth picked up another shell, and sent it skimming after the other.

"What a girl you are!" she said. "It is always your love and your heart that are touched. You are all heart. You love people, and you love everything that belongs to them; their homes, their belongings, their relations. It is not so with me; it never was. You are like what Hector Anstruthers was, when I first knew him. Bah!" with a shrug of her shoulders. "How fond the foolish fellow was of Aunt Hetty, and Aunt Millicent, and Aunt Clarissa."

Her tongue had slipped, just as Georgy's had done the night before. For the moment she forgot herself entirely, and only remembered that old sentimental affection of her boyish lovers; that affection for her spinster relatives, which,

in the past, had impressed her as being half troublesome and half absurd.

Georgy turned to her, taking sudden courage.

"Lisbeth," she said, "you never told me much about your acquaintance with Hector Anstruthers. I wonder how it was. You knew him very well, it seems."

"I wish," broke out Lisbeth, almost angrily, "that I had never known him at all."

The faithful heart, beating in the breast of the girl at her side, leaped nervously.

"It was Lisbeth," said she to herself. "It was Lisbeth."

"I wish," repeated Lisbeth, frowning at the sea, "that I had never seen him."

"Why?" was Georgy's quiet question.

"Because—because it was a bad thing for us both," in greater impatience than ever.

Georgy looked up at her, a trifle sadly.

"Why, again?" she ventured, in her soft voice. She could not help it.

But for a moment Lisbeth did not answer. She had risen, and stood leaning against the rock, a queer look on her face, a queer darkening in her eyes. At length she broke into a little, hard laugh, as if she meant to defy herself to be emotional.

"How horror-stricken you would be, if I were to tell you why," she said.

"Does that mean," Georgy put it to her, "that you were unkind to him?"

"It means," was her strange reply—"it means that it was I who ruined his life forever."

She made the confession fairly, in spite of herself. And she was emotional—vehement. She could not stand that innocent Georgy, and her beliefs, any longer. She had been slowly approaching this mood for months, and now every inner and outer influence seemed to combine against her natural stubborn secretiveness. Perhaps Pen'yllan, the sea, the shore, the sky, helped her on to the end. At any rate, she must tell the truth this once, and hear what that innocent Georgy would say to it.

"I ruined his life for him," she repeated. "I broke his faith. I believe I am to blame for every evil change the last few years have wrought in him. I, myself—Lisbeth. Do you hear, Georgy?"

The face under Georgy's straw hat was rather pale, but it was not horror-stricken.

"You were too young," she faltered, "to understand."

"Too young?" echoed Lisbeth. "I never was young in my life. I was born old. I was born a woman, and I was born cold and hard. That was it. If I had been like other girls, he would have touched my heart, after he had touched my vanity, or he might even have touched my heart first. You would have loved him with all your soul. Are you willing to hear the whole history, Georgy?"

"Quite willing. Only," and she raised her face with a bright, resolute, affectionate look, "you cannot make me think harshly of you. So, don't try, Lisbeth."

Lisbeth regarded her with an entirely new expression, which had, nevertheless, a shade of her old wonder in it.

"I really do not believe I could," she said. "You are very hard to deal with; at least, I find it hard to deal with you. You are a new experience. If there was just a little flavor of insincerity or uncharitableness in you, if you would be false to your beliefs now and then, I should know what to do; but, as it is, you are perplexing. Notwithstanding, here comes the story."

She put her hands behind her, and bracing herself against the rock, told it from beginning to end, in her coolest, most daring way, even with a half-defiant air. If she had been telling some one else's story, she could not have been more caustic and unsparing, more determined to soften no harsh outline, or smooth over anything. She set the girl Lisbeth before her listener, just as Lisbeth Crespigny at seventeen had been. Selfish, callous, shallow, and deep, at once; restless, ungrateful, a half-ripe coquette, who, notwithstanding her crudeness, was yet far too ripe for her age. She pictured the honest, boyish young fellow, who had fallen victim to her immature fascinations, simply because he was too guileless and romantic to see in any woman anything but a goddess. She described his sincerity, his unselfish willingness to bear her caprices, and see no wrong in them; his lavish affection for everything and every one who shared his love for her; his readiness to believe, his tardiness to doubt, and see her as she really was; the open-hearted faith which had made the awakening so much harder to bear, when it forced itself upon him at last. She left out the recital of no petty wrong she had done him, and no small tyranny or indignity she had made him feel. She told the whole story, in fact, as she saw it now; not as she had seen it in that shallow, self-ruled girlhood; and when she had touched upon everything, and ended with that last scene in the garden, among Aunt Clarissa's roses, she stopped.

And there was a silence.

Georgy's eye-lashes were wet, and so were her cheeks. A tear or so stained her pink cravat. It was so sorrowful. Poor Hector again! And then, of course, poor Lisbeth! By her own

showing, Lisbeth deserved no pity; but the warm young heart gave her pity enough, and to spare, Something had been wrong somewhere. Indeed, it seemed as if everything had been wrong, but—— Poor Lisbeth! She was so fond of Lisbeth herself, and mamma was so fond of her, and the Misses Tregarthyn. So many people were fond of Lisbeth.

And then Lisbeth's voice startled her. A new voice, tremulous and odd, as if her mood was a sore and restive one.

"You are crying, of course, Georgy? I knew you would."

"I have been crying."

Pause enough to allow of a struggle, and then—

"Well, since you are crying, I suppose I may cry, too. It is queer enough that I should cry, but——" And to Georgy's amazement and trouble, Lisbeth put her hand up on the rough rock, and laid her face against it.

"Lisbeth!" cried the girl.

"Wait a moment," said Lisbeth. "I don't know what has come over me. It is a new thing for me. I—I——"

It was a new thing, indeed, and it did not last very long. When she raised her head, and turned again, her eye-lashes were wet, too, and she was even pale.

"Ah, Lisbeth!" said Georgy, pitying her, "you are sorry."

Lisbeth smiled, faintly.

"I never was sorry before for anything I had done; never, in my life," she answered. "I have had a theory that people should take care of themselves, as I did. But now—— Well, I suppose I am sorry—for Hector Anstruthers; and perhaps a little for myself. No one will offer me such an unreasoning love again. Very few women are offered such a love once; but I always got more than my share of everything. It is my way. I suppose I was born under a lucky star. Georgy, what do you think of me now?"

Georgy got up, and kissed her, in a most earnest fashion.

"What?" cried Lisbeth, with a dubious smile. "You can't be moral, and improving, and sanctimonious, even now. Think what an eloquent lecture you might read me! I have sometimes thought I was merely created to point a moral, or adorn a tale! See how reckless I am, after all. You ought to be down on me, Georgy. It is your duty, as a well-trained young woman of the period."

"Then," said Georgy, "I can't do my duty. You are so different from other people. How can I pretend to understand what has made you do the things that other people are not tempted to do? And then you know how fond I am of you, Lisbeth."

"You are a good, pure little soul!" cried Lisbeth, her pale face flushing excitedly. "And the world is a thousand times better for your being in it. I am better, myself, and Heaven knows I need something to make me better. Here, let me take hold of your hand, and let us go home."

And as they turned homeward, on the beach, hand-in-hand, like a couple of children, Georgy saw that there were tears in the inconsistent creature's eyes again.

CHAPTER VIII.

They did not say much upon the subject after this. That wise young woman, Miss Esmond, felt that it was a subject of far too delicate a nature to be lightly touched upon. It had been Lisbeth's secret so long, that, even after this confidence, she could not help regarding it as Lisbeth's secret still. Perhaps she felt in private that there were certain little confidences of her own, which she would scarcely be willing even for Lisbeth to refer to, as if they were her own property. For instance, that accidental confession, made in the bed-room, on the first night they had spent in it together. How glad she had been that Lisbeth had let it pass, as if she had not noticed it very particularly. But though the subject was not discussed, is it to be supposed that it was not brought to mind at all, but was buried in oblivion? Certainly not. While that terse young woman, Miss Esmond, said little, she thought much, and deeply. She had constantly before her a problem, which she was very anxious to work out, by even her beloved Lisbeth, and that princely individual, Mr. Hector Anstruthers, who had been unfortunate in their affairs of the heart. Was it not possible that these two interesting beings might be brought to, might be induced to—well, not to put too fine a point upon it—to think better of each other, and the unfortunate past, and the world generally? Would it not be dreadful to think that so much poetic material had been lost? That these two, who might have been so happy, should drift entirely apart, and leave their romance incomplete, as the most unsatisfactory of novels? Probably, having sensibly, even if with a little pang, given up that bud of a romance of her own; the girl felt the need of some loving plot to occupy her mind; and if so, it was quite natural; and very charming, that she should turn to her friend. Hector would make his appearance one of these fine days, and then, perhaps,

Pen'yllan, and its old familiar scenes, would soften his heart, as she had an idea they had softened Lisbeth's. Surely, old memories would touch him tenderly, and make him more ready to forgive his injuries. In fact, Miss Georgy painted for herself some very pretty mental pictures, in which the figures of Lisbeth and her ex-lover were always the prominent features. Lisbeth in the trysting-place, the sea-breeze blowing her beautiful hair about, and coloring her pale face, that queer mist of tears in her mysterious eyes. Lisbeth, in one of her soft moods, making those strange, restive, unexpected speeches, which were so fascinating, because so unlooked-for, and Hector Anstruthers standing by, and listening. Such interesting little scenes as these she imagined, and, having imagined them, positively drew some sort of consolation from their phantom existence.

In the meantime, however, she made herself very agreeable and attractive to her hostesses, and enjoyed Pen'yllan very much, in a girlish way. She explored the tiny village, and the rude shore. She made friends with fishermen, and their wives, and sturdy children. She won admiration on every side by her pretty interest in everything appertaining to the Pen'yllanites. She took long walks on the sands, and brought home shells, and sea-weed, and pebbles, with such honest delight in any trifling rarity as made Lisbeth look on and feel restless, and the Misses Tregarthyn grow young again, unitedly.

"I wish, my dear," said Miss Clarissa to Lisbeth, "that you enjoyed yourself as much; but—but I am afraid you do not. I am afraid you find Pen'yllan rather dull."

"I never found Pen'yllan so pleasant in my life before, but you know I am not like Georgy," said Lisbeth. "Pen'yllan is all right, Aunt Clarissa, and I enjoy myself here more than I should anywhere else."

"I am glad to hear you say that, my love," Miss Clarissa faltered. "Sometimes, do you know, I have really fancied that you were not quite—quite happy?"

Lisbeth got up from her chair, and came to the window, her incomprehensible eyes reaching far out to sea.

"Happy!" she echoed, absently. "Is anybody happy? What a conundrum to answer! As for me, I give it up."

She gave up a good many things during these weeks at Pen'yllan. She was wont to be fond of a certain cool class of metaphysics of her own, but somehow things of that order seemed to slip from her grasp. She was not so sure of herself as she had been—not so obstinately complacent. Indeed, she had never been so ill satisfied and out of patience with Lisbeth Crespigny in her life.

In the course of a week or so, Hector Anstruthers came, as he promised he would. One quiet afternoon, Miss Millicent, who was sitting at the window, looked out into the garden, with a sudden expression of surprise.

"Sister Clarissa!" she exclaimed, "Miss Esmond, there is a gentleman coming up the walk; a young gentleman, and really a very handsome one. Do either of you know him? Dear me, his face seems very familiar. It can't be——"

Georgy ran to the window, and the next minute was waving her kind little hand to the individual in question, and smiling, and nodding her head.

"You ought to know him, Miss Tregarthyn," she said. "It is Mr. Hector Anstruthers."

"Oh!" broke forth Miss Clarissa, in some distress.

"And Lisbeth is here! I do hope, Sister Millicent——"

"He saw Lisbeth very often when she was at home," explained Georgy, feeling very guilty, and extremely fearful of committing herself. "I know Lisbeth did not like him very well at first, but he was one of Mrs. Despard's favorites, and—he is a sort of cousin of mine."

It was a great relief to the Misses Tregarthyn, this piece of news. They remembered various unpleasant little episodes of the past too well, to have confronted serenely the responsibility of bringing their dear Lisbeth face to face with this young man again. Indeed, Miss Millicent had turned pale, and Miss Clarissa had lost her breath, at the mere thought of it. They had hardly recovered themselves, when the visitor was handed into the room. But, of course, what Miss Esmond said must be correct, and, under such circumstances, how delightful it would be to welcome this genius and hero to Pen'yllan once more.

They had heard wondrous reports of his career from chance visitors, even though the beloved Lisbeth had been so reticent. They had heard of his good fortune, his good looks, his talent, his popularity, and remembering the fair-haired, blue-eyed young fellow, whom Lisbeth had snubbed so persistently, they had wondered among themselves if all they heard could possibly be true. But here was the admirable Crichton to speak for himself, and so changed was his appearance, so imposing his air, so amiable his condescension, that each gentle spinster owned in secret that really, after all, it seemed probable that rumor, for once, had not exagge-

rated. And it is not to be denied that Mr. Hector Anstruthers was shown to an advantage upon this occasion. On his way from the small band-box of a station, he had been reminded of many a little incident in that far distant past, which had somehow or other warmed his heart toward these good, simple souls. They had been true and kind, at least. They had never failed him from first to last; they had pitied and tried to comfort him when his fool's paradise had been so rudely broken into. He remembered how Miss Clarissa had stolen down into the garden, that last, bitter night, and finding him lying full length, face downward, upon the dewy grass, among the roses, had bent over him, and put her timid hand upon his shoulder, and cried silently, as she tried to find words with which she could console him, and still be loyal to her faithful affection for that wretched girl. He remembered, too, how fiercely he had answered her, like a passionate young cub as he was; telling her to leave him alone, and let him fight it out with himself and the devil, for he had had enough of women. She had not been offended, good, little Miss Clarissa, though she had been dreadfully shocked and troubled. She had cried more than ever, and patted his sleeve, and begged him to think of his dear mother, and forgive—forgive; ending by sobbing into her dainty handkerchief.

So, when he entered the pretty parlor, and saw this kind friend standing near Georgy, a trifle tremulous and agitated at the sudden sight of him, everything but his memory of what a true, generous little soul she was, slipped out of his mind, and he actually blushed with pleasure.

"My dear Miss Clarissa!" he said; and, with a sudden frank boyishness, such as Georgy had never seen him give way to before, he put one strong young arm about her, and kissed her withered cheek twice.

"My dear boy!" said Miss Clarissa. A moment before she had been on the verge of making him her best bow, and calling him "Mr. Anstruthers." "How pleasant it is to see you! How pleasant it is!"

The brightest of sweet smiles dimpled Miss Georgy's mouth. How good, and honest, and unaffected he was, after all! How kind at heart! How she wished that Lisbeth could have seen him just then. Indeed, she found it necessary to hold herself very bravely in check for a moment or so, for fear she should be tempted to give way to any weak impulse of feeling; he seemed so worthy to be admired and loved.

But Lisbeth was not in the house. No one knew where she was, exactly. Lately she had indulged in the habit of taking even longer walks than Georgy's, and often lonely ones. Sometimes, in the morning, or afternoon, they would miss her for an hour or so, and she would come back rather fagged, and well blown about, and at such times it always appeared that she had been for a walk.

"For the good of my health," she once said to Georgy. "I find it benefits me, physically and morally. Pen'yllan is a queer place, and is productive of queer effects upon people."

Among other things, Georgy discovered that she, too, sometimes talked to the children who played upon the sands, and that she had her favorites, to whom she had once or twice even condescended to tell certain tales of fairies and mermaids. When Georgy mentioned this discovery, she laughed and colored, as if half-ashamed of herself, and explained the matter in her usual style.

"The fact is," she said, "I do it as a sort of penance. When I was a girl, and lived here, the children were afraid of me, and it was no wonder. I used to concoct horrible eerie tales about the devil-fish, to frighten them, and I rather enjoyed my reputation as a sort of hob-goblin creature, who had an uncaring knowledge of the terrors of the sea. Some of them used to delight me by screaming, and running away, when they caught sight of me; and now I have arrived at years of discretion, I feel as if I ought to do something to retrieve myself with this second generation. Poor little imps! Their lives are not too easy."

She was away, indulging in one of these walks this afternoon.

"We could find her somewhere on the shore, I know," said Georgy, in answer to Miss Tregarthyn's inquiry. "She is fond of the shore, and always goes there for her strolls. If Hector is equal to a sea-breeze, and a mile or so of sand, after his journey, he might even go in search of her."

And it having been proved satisfactorily that Hector was not only equal to such exertion, but anxious to enjoy it, after an hour's chat with Miss Millicent, and Miss Clarissa, and Miss Hetty, Georgy ran up stairs for her hat, and returning to the parlor, took charge of the expedition.

It really seemed to be one of the peculiarities of Pen'yllan to be on its good behaviour at opportune times.

"It is bluer than ever, to-day," said Georgy, nodding at her friend, the sea, as they strolled toward it. "And the crests of the little waves are whiter, and the sea-gulls are in a better temper than they usually are, and more satisfied with their lot."

She had never looked brighter or more attractive herself, and this was her companion's mental comment. The many resplendent young swains who admired Miss Georgy Esmond, as she appeared in London ball-rooms, would surely have become more hopelessly enamored than ever, had they seen her with the Pen'yllan robes on her checks, and the sparkle of the sunlit-sea in her eyes.

"Where is there another creature like her?" said Hector Anstruthers to himself. "Where is there another creature as fresh, as good, as natural and unspotted?"

He had thought of her very often of late, and indeed had been quite eager to make his visit to Pen'yllan, for no other reason, he told himself, than because he should see her there, and hear her sweet, young voice again. And now he had come, and she had welcomed him, and they were walking over the sands, side by side. And yet—and yet—— Was it possible that he felt restless and dissatisfied with his own emotions? Was it possible that the rapture he had tried to imagine, in London, was not so rapturous here, in Pen'yllan? Could it be that, after all, he was still only admiring her affectionately, in a brotherly way, as he had always done—admiring and reverencing her, gently, as the dearest, prettiest, truest girl he had ever known? Long ago, when, at the time of that old folly, he remembered a certain tremulous bliss he had experienced when he had been permitted to spend an hour with the beloved object, he remembered the absolute pangs of joy with which one glance from certain great, cruel, dark eyes had filled him; he remembered how the sound of a girlish voice had possessed the power to set every drop of blood in his veins beating. He was as calm as ever he had been in his life, as he strolled on with Georgy Esmond; he could meet her bright eyes without even the poor mockery of a tremor. He had felt nothing but cruel pleasure even when he grasped her soft hand in greeting. Would it always be thus? Was it best that it should be so? Perhaps! And yet, in the depths of his heart lay a strange yearning for just one touch of the old delirium—just one pang of the old, bitter-sweet pain.

"There!" exclaimed Georgy, ending his reverie for him. "There she is, standing on the rocks. Don't you see that dark-blue ribbon, fluttering?"

It was curious enough that his heart should give such a startled bound, when his eyes fell upon the place to which Georgy directed his attention. But then, again, perhaps, it was no wonder, considering how familiar the scene before him was. Years ago he had been wont to come to this very spot, and find a slight figure standing in that very nook of rocks; a slight girl's figure, clad in a close-fitting suit of sailor-blue, a cloud of blown-about hair falling to the waist, and dark-blue ribbons fluttering from a rough-and-ready little sailor-hat of straw. And there was the very figure, and the very accompaniments; the dress, the abundant tossed-about hair, the fluttering ribbon, the sea, the sky the shore. He was so silent, for a moment, that Georgy spoke to him again, after a quick glance at his changed expression.

"Don't you see that it is Lisbeth?" she said, laughing. "She is very quiet, but she is alive, nevertheless. We shall reach her in a minute. She is watching the gulls, I think. I thought we should find her here. This is our favorite resting-place."

Lisbeth was evidently either watching something, or in a very thoughtful mood. She did not move, or even appear to be conscious of any approaching presence, until Georgy called to her, "Lisbeth! Lisbeth!" and then she looked round with a start.

"What!" she said. "Is it you two? How you startled me! You came like ghosts! And Mr. Anstruthers," glancing at Hector, "looks like one. He is so pale!"

"I have seen a ghost," was his reply.

"I am glad to hear it," said Lisbeth, coolly. "Ghosts make a place interesting."

She is so like herself, so self-possessed, and wholly Lisbeth-like, that she wakens him completely from the sort of stupor into which he had for a moment fallen. She holds out her hand for him to shake, and she favors him with an unmoved, not too enthusiastic smile. She is polite, and reasonably hospitable, in her greeting, but she does not seem to be overwhelmed with the power of her emotions.

"Sit down," she says, "and let us rest a while. We have plenty of time to reach home before dinner; and if we had'nt, it would not matter much. My aunts are used to being kept waiting. They are too amiable to be iron-hearted about rules."

So they sit down, and then, despite the reality of her manner, Anstruthers finds himself in a dream again. As Lisbeth talks, her voice carries him back to the past. Unconsciously she has fallen into an attitude which is as familiar as all the rest; her hands folded on her knees, her face turned seaward. The scent of the sea is in the air; the sound of its murmurs in his ears. The color on the usually clear, pale cheek is the color he used to admire with such lover-like ex-

travagance—a pure pink tint, bright and rare. She seems to have gone back to her seventeen years, and he has gone back with her.

When at last they rise to return, he is wandering in this dream still, and he is very silent as they walk home. As they enter the garden-gate, they see Miss Clarissa standing at the window, watching out for them, just as she had used to do, to Lisbeth's frequent irritation, in the olden days. And Lisbeth, pausing at the gate, gathers a large red rose.

"The roses are in bloom," she says, "just as they were when I went away with Mrs. Despard. I could almost persuade myself that I had never been away at all."

CHAPTER IX.

That velvet-leaved, red rose was placed carelessly in her hair, when she came down stairs, after dressing for dinner, and its heavy fragrance floated about her. She wore one of her prettiest dresses, looked her best, and was in a good humor; and accordingly the Misses Tregarthyn were restored to perfect peace of mind, and rendered happy. It was plain, they thought, that Miss Esmond had been right, and there was no need for fear. How the spinster trio enjoyed themselves that evening, to be sure!

"You used to sing some very pretty songs for us, my love," said Miss Clarissa. "I wonder if you remember the one Hector was so fond of? Something very sweet, about drinking to somebody with your eyes, and he would not ask for wine. I really forget the rest.

Lisbeth, who was turning over a pile of her old music, looked up at Anstruthers with a civil, wicked smile.

"Did I sing, 'Drink to me only?'" she said. "And was it a favorite of yours? I wonder if it is here? How nice that Aunt Clarissa should remind us of it!"

She drew out the yellow old sheet from under the rest of the music in a minute more, her smile not without a touch of venomous amusement. How she had loathed it a few years ago!

"I wonder if I could sing it," she said; and, prompted by some daring demon, she sat down at the piano, and sang it from beginning to end. But, by the time she had struck the last chord, her mood changed. She got up, with a little frown, and she did not look at Anstruthers at all.

"Bah!" she said. "What nonsense it is!" And she pushed the poor, old faded sheet impatiently aside.

Anstruthers moved a step forward, and laid his hand upon it.

"Will you give it to me?" he asked, with a suppressed force in his manner, quite new.

"Why?" she demanded, indifferently.

"For a whim's sake," he answered. "There is no accounting for tastes. Perhaps I may fancy that I should like to learn it."

She raised her eyebrows, and gave her shoulders a puzzled little shrug.

"You are welcome to it," she commented. "It is not an article of value."

"Thanks," rather sardonically; and he folded the sheet, and slipped it into his pocket.

Their life at Pen'yllan was scarcely exciting; but notwithstanding this, they found it by no means unenjoyable, even now, when the first week or so had accustomed them to it. They took long stretches of walks; they sunned themselves on the sands; they sailed, and rowed, and read, and studied each other in secret. Georgy, who studied Lisbeth and Anstruthers by turns, found that she made more progress with the latter than the former. Lisbeth, never easy to read, was even more incomprehensible than usual. She shared all their amusements, and was prolific in plans to add to them, but her manner toward her ex-adorer was merely reasonably civil and hospitable, and certainly did not encourage comment. To her friend it was a manner simply inscrutable.

"Can she care at all?" wondered Georgy. "She does not look as if she had ever been sorry in her life; and yet she cried that day."

With Anstruthers it was different. He could not pursue the even tenor of his way without feeling sometimes a sting. At first he controlled himself pretty well, and held his own against circumstances, even almost calmly. Then the stings came only at rare intervals, but afterward he experienced them more frequently. He was not so callous, after all, and he found it more difficult to conceal his restlessness when some old memory rushed upon him with sudden force. Such memories began to bring bitter, rebellious moods with them, and once or twice such moods revealed themselves in bitter speeches. Sometimes he was silent, and half gloomy, sometimes recklessly gay. But at all times he held to Georgy as his safeguard. Whatever his mood might be, he drew comfort from her presence. She gave him a sense of security. That kind, little hand of her's held him back from many an indiscretion. Surely, the day was drawing near when he could open his heart to her, and ask her to let the kind young hand be his safeguard forever. He was sorely tempted many a day, but somehow it always ended in "Not yet! Not quite yet!" But his tender admiration for her

showed itself so undisguisedly, in every action, that the Misses Tregarthyn looked on delighted.

"I am sure that there is an understanding between them," observed Miss Millicent.

Miss Hetty shook her head in a comfortable, approving fashion.

"Ah, yes, indeed!" she said. "One can easily see that. What do you think, my dear?" This was to Lisbeth, who was sitting reading.

Lisbeth shut her book suddenly, and, getting up, came to the window.

"What is it you are saying?" she demanded, in the manner of one who had just awakened from a sleep, or a drowsy reverie. "I don't think I heard you."

"We were speaking," said Miss Millicent, "of our young friends in the garden. Sister Hetty thinks, with me, that Hector is very fond of Miss Esmond."

Lisbeth looked out into the garden, where the two stood together, Georgy blushing and smiling, as fresh and flower-like herself, as any of Miss Clarissa's many blossoms, Hector talking to her eagerly, his eyes full of pleasure in her beauty and youth.

"Fond of her?" she said, abstractedly. "Who is not fond of her?"

"But," suggested Miss Hetty, "we mean fond of her in—in a different way."

She had laid her hand on Lisbeth's shoulder, and, as she spoke, she thought she felt a slight start; but the girl's voice was steady enough when she spoke the next minute.

"Oh!" she said, laughing a little, "you mean that he is in love with her. I have no doubt you are right, though—though I had scarcely thought of that. Men are always in love with somebody; and if he is in love with Georgy, it does him great credit. I did not think he had the good taste."

But the fact was, that the idea was something like a new light dawning in upon her. Actually she had been so blind as not to think of this. And it had been before her eyes day after day!

"You have been an idiot," was her unceremonious, mental comment upon her own stupidity. "You have thought so much of yourself, that you have seen nothing. It is Hector Anstruthers who has touched her heart. She doubted either herself, or him, when she was 'not so happy.' And this is the end of it—the end of it. Good!"

Perhaps she was relieved, and felt more comfortable, for she had never been more amusing, and full of sport, than she appeared when she joined the couple in the garden.

The twilight had been falling when she left the house; and when the soft dusk came on, they still loitered in the garden. The air was warm, and balmy. Miss Clarissa's flower-beds breathed forth perfume; the murmur of the waves upon the beach crept up to them; the moon rose in the sky, solemn, watchful, and silver-clear.

"Who would care to go back to earth, and parlors?" said Georgy. "This is Arcadia—silent, odorous, and sweet. Let us stay, Lisbeth."

So they sauntered here and there until they were tired, and then they found a resting-place, under a laburnum-tree; and Anstruthers, flinging himself upon the grass, lay at full length, his hands clasped under his head, watching Lisbeth, in newly-stirred bitterness and discontent.

Discontent? Ah! what discontent it was! What bitterness! To-night it reached its climax. Was he a man, indeed, or had he gone back to boyhood, and to that old folly upon which his youth had been wrecked? Moonlight was very becoming to Lisbeth. It gave her colorless face the white of a lily-leaf, and her great eyes a new depth and shadow. She looked her best, just now, as she had a habit of looking her best, at all inopportune and dangerous times.

Georgy, leaning, in a luxury of quiet dreaming, against the trunk of the laburnum, broke in upon his mental plaints, by speaking to her friend.

"Sing, Lisbeth," she said. "You look as if you were in a singing mood."

Lisbeth smiled, a faint smile, not unlike moonlight. She was in a singing mood, but she was in a fantastic, half-melancholy mood, too. Perhaps this was why she chose a rather melancholy song. She folded her hands upon her knees, in that favorite fashion of her's, the fashion Anstruthers remembered so well, and began.

"All that I had to give I gave—
Good-bye!
Yet Love lies silent in the grave,
And that I lost, which most I crave,
Good-bye! Good-bye! Good-bye!

"May I turn your burning eyes away!
Good-bye!
It comes to this—this bitter day,
That you and I can only say
Good-bye! Good-bye! Good-bye!

"The rest lies buried with the past!
Good-bye!
The golden days, that sped so fast,
The golden days, too bright to last;
Good-bye! Good-bye! Good-bye!

"The fairest rose blooms but a day,
Good-bye!
The fairest Spring must end with May,
And you and I can only say
Good-bye! Good-bye! Good-bye!"

"Ah, Lisbeth!" cried Georgy, when she stopped. "What a sad thing! I never heard you sing it before."

"No," answered Lisbeth. "I don't think anybody ever heard me sing it before. It is an imitation of a little German song I have heard, or read, somewhere. I can't remember where, indeed. I can remember nothing, but that the refrain of 'Good-bye' haunted me; and the words I have just sung grew out of it."

Anstruthers said nothing. He had watched her face, as she sung, and had almost lost control over himself, as he was often on the verge of doing lately. What a consummate actress the girl was! The mournful little song had fallen from lips, as sweetly and sadly as if both words and music welled from a tender, tried, soft heart. An innocent girl of sixteen might have sung just such a song, in just such a voice, if she had lost her lover. Once he had positively been amazed by the fancy that the large, mellow, dark eyes were full of tears.

He had been quiet enough before, but after the song was ended, he did not utter a word, but lay silent upon the grass until their return to the house.

Georgy rose first, and then Lisbeth and himself. But Georgy, going on before them, left them a moment together, and as they crossed the lawn, Lisbeth paused, and bending over a bed of lilies to gather a closed white bud, sang, in a low tone, as if half-unconsciously, the last verse.

"The fairest rose blooms but a day,
Good-bye!
The fairest Spring must end with May,
And you and I can only say,
Good-bye! Good-bye! Good-bye!"

When she stood upright, she found herself confronting a face, so pale and agitated, that she drew back a little.

"I wish to God," he broke out, "I wish to God that you were a better woman!"

She looked up at him for a second, with a smile, cold, and strange, and bitter.

"I wish to God I was!" she said, and, without another word, turned from him and walked away, flinging her closed lilies upon the dewy grass.

CHAPTER X.

When, the next day, at noon, they strolled out upon the lawn, the lilies were lying there, their waxen petals browning and withering in the hot sun. Georgy stooped, and picked one up.

"What a pity!" she said. "They would have been so pretty to day. I wonder who gathered them."

Lisbeth regarded the poor little brown bud with a queer smile.

"I gathered them," she said. "It does seem a pity, too—almost cruel, doesn't it? But that is always the way with people. They gather their buds first, and sympathize with them afterward." Then she held out her hand. "Give it to me," she said; and when Georgy handed the wilted thing to her, she took it, still half smiling in that queer way. "Yes," she commented. "It might have been very sweet to-day. It was useless cruelty to kill it so early. It will never be a flower now. You see, Georgy, my dear," drily, "how I pity my bud—afterward! Draw a moral from me, and never gather your flowers too soon. They might be very sweet to-morrow."

She had not often talked in this light, satiric way of late, but Georgy observed that she began to fall into the habit again after this. She had odd moods, and was not quite so frank as her young admirer liked to see her. And something also struck Georgy as peculiar, too. She found herself left alone with Hector much oftener. In their walks, and sails, and sauntering in the garden, Lisbeth's joining them became the exception, instead of the rule, as it had been heretofore. It seemed always by chance that she failed to accompany them, but it came to the same thing in the end.

Georgy pondered over the matter in private, with much anxiety. She really began to feel as if something strange had happened. Had there been a new quarrel? Hector was more fitful and moody than ever. Sometimes he looked so miserable and pale, that she was a little frightened. When he talked, he was bitter; and when he was silent, his silence was tragical. But he was as fond of her as ever he had been. Nay, he even seemed fonder of her, and more anxious to be near her, at all times.

"I am not a very amusing companion. Georgy, my dear," he would say, "but you will bear with me, I know. You are my hope and safeguard, Georgy. If you would not bear with me, who would?"

She often wondered at his way of speaking of her, as his safeguard. Indeed, he not only called her his safeguard, but showed, by his manner, that he flew to her as a sort of refuge. Once, when they had been sitting together in silence, for some time, he suddenly seized her hand, and kissed it, passionately and desperately.

"Georgy," he said, "if I were to come to you, some day, and ask you to save me from a great danger, would you try to do as I asked you?"

She did not draw her hand away, but let it rest in his, as she answered him, with a quiet, half-sad smile,

"I would not refuse to try to help any one in the world, who was in danger—even a person

I was not fond of," she said. "And you know we have been friends all our lives, Hector."

"But if I were to ask a great gift of you," he persisted, "a great gift, of which I was not worthy, but which was the only thing that could save me from ruin?"

"You must ask me first," she said, and then, though it was done very gently, she did take her hand away.

Having coolly laid her plans for leaving the two to enjoy themselves, Lisbeth retired upon her laurels, with the intention of finding amusements of her own. She had entertained herself before, easily enough, why not again? Naturally, as they had fallen in love with each other, they would not want her; even Georgy would not want her. And it was quite natural that they should have fallen in love. They were the sort of people to do it. And Georgy would make a charming wife, and, if her husband proved a tyrant, would still go down upon her knees and adore him, and thank Heaven for her prince's affection, and his perfections, to the end of her innocent days. As for herself, it was no business of her's, when she had done her duty toward her friend. The best thing she could do, would be to leave them alone, and she left them alone, and gave them every opportunity to be lover-like, if they had chosen.

But one day, Miss Clarissa, looking up from her sewing, started, quite nervously, at the sudden impression made upon her of something new in her dear Lisbeth's appearance.

"My dear Lisbeth!" she exclaimed, "how pale and ill you look!"

"I am always pale," said Lisbeth.

"But, my love," protested Miss Clarissa, "you are pale, to-day, in a different way. You must be suffering. Dear! dear! How careless in us not to have remarked it before! I almost believe—nay, indeed, I am sure—that you look thin, actually thin!"

"I am always thin," said Lisbeth.

But Miss Clarissa was not to be consoled by any such coolness of manner. When she looked again more closely, she was quite sure that she was right, that her dear Lisbeth showed unmistakeable signs of being in a dreadful state of health. She fell into a positive condition of tremor and remorse. She had been neglected; they had been heartlessly careless, not to see before that she was not strong. It must be attended to at once And really, if Lisbeth had not been very decided, it is not at all unlikely that she would have been put to bed, and dosed, and wept over by all three spinsters at once.

"I hope it is not that Pen'yllan does not agree with you," faltered Miss Hetty. "We always thought the air very fresh and bracing, but you certainly do not look like yourself, Lisbeth."

And the truth was, that she did not look like herself. Much as she might protest against the assertion, she was thinner and paler than usual.

"I am not ill," she said, "whether I look ill or not. I never was better in my life. I have not slept very well, of late; that is all. And I must beg you to let me have my own way about it, Aunt Clarissa. It is all nonsense. Don't fuss over me, I implore you. You will spoil Georgy's love-story for her, and make Mr. Anstruthers uncomfortable. Men hate fuss of any kind. Leave me alone, when they are in the house, and I will take all the medicine you choose to give me in private, though it is all nonsense, I assure you."

But was it nonsense? Alas! I must confess, though it is with extreme reluctance, that the time came when the invincible was beaten, and felt that she was. It was not nonsense.

One afternoon, after sitting at her bed-room window for an hour, persuading herself that she was reading, while Georgy and Anstruthers enjoyed a *tete-a-tete* in the garden below, she suddenly closed her book, and, rising from her chair, began to dress to go out.

She was down stairs, and out upon the beach, in five minutes; and, once away from the house, she began to walk furiously. She looked neither to right nor left, as she went. She was not in the humor to have her attention distracted from her thoughts by any beauty of sea, or sky, or shore. She saw the yellow sand before her, and that was all. She reached the old trysting-place, among the rocks, before she stopped. Once there, she gave herself time to breathe, and, standing still, looked back at the ground over which she had come. There was a worn-out expression in her face, such as the three Misses Tregarthyn had never yet seen, even when they thought her at her worst. And yet, in a minute more, she smiled with actual grimness.

"I am being punished now," she said, aloud. "I am being punished now for everything I have ever done in my life. Now I begin to understand."

There was humiliation enough in her soul then to have made her grovel in the sand at her feet, if she had been prone to heroics or drama. Yes, she was beginning to understand. It was her turn now. Oh, to have come to this! To have learned this!

It was characteristic of her peculiar nature—an unfortunate nature at this time, passing through a new experience, and battling fiercely against it—that when, immediately afterward, the tears began to fill her eyes, and roll down her cheeks, they were the bitter, bitter tears of

passionate mortification and anger. She could almost have killed herself, for very self-contempt and shame.

"What reason is there in it?" she said. "None. What has brought me to it? Nothing. Is he as worthy now as he was then? No! Isn't it sheer madness? Yes, it is."

She spoke truly, too. There was no reason in it. It was madness. He had done nothing to touch her heart, had made no effort to reach it. And yet he had reached, and touched it. It would not have been like her, to love a man because he was good, because he had made love to her; indeed, because of anything. Her actions were generally without any cause but her own peremptory fancies; and here some strange, sudden caprice of emotion had been too much for her. How she had suffered since she discovered her weakness, no one but herself would ever know. She had writhed under it, burned under it, loathed it, and yet been conquered by it. Almost every blade of Pen'yllan grass reminded her of some wrong she had done to the kindly, impetuous young fellow, who had loved her in the past. Almost every grain of Pen'yllan sand taunted her with some wanton selfishness, or cruelty, which must be remembered by the man who could have nothing but dislike for her in the present.

"I should be grateful now," she cried, bitterly. "Yes! Grateful for a tithe of what I once had under foot. This is eating dirt with a vengeance."

She might well frighten Miss Clarissa with her pallor and wretched looks. The intensity of her misery and humiliation was wearing her out, and robbing her of sleep and appetite. She wanted to leave Pen'yllan, but how could she suggest it? Georgy was so happy, she told herself, with a vindictive pleasure in her pain, that it would be a pity to disturb her.

She walked up and down the beach for half an hour before she returned home; and when she went her way, she was so tired as to be fairly exhausted. At the side-door, by which she entered the house, she met Georgy, who held an open letter in her hand.

"Who from?" asked Lisbeth, for lack of something to say.

"Mamma," was the girl's answer. "She wonders when we are going home; but I am enjoying Pen'yllan so much——"

She paused, and blushed. Just lately it had occurred to her that it might be possible that Lisbeth misunderstood her relation to Hector, and something in Lisbeth's face made her stop and blush in this opportune manner.

"The weather is so lovely," she ended, "that I don't think I want to go yet."

Lisbeth smiled, but her smile was a wan, abstracted sort of affair.

"No," she said. "We won't go yet. Pen'yllan is doing both of us good; and it is doing Mr. Anstruthers good, too. We won't go yet. Tell Mrs. Esmond so, Georgy."

And then she carried her wan, absent smile up stairs.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

HAND AND GLOVE.

BY BENNETT H. BELLMAN.

A RELIC? No! 'Tis not a faded flower,
Or lock of some fair maiden's flowing tresses,
Which I now cherish with such fond remembrance,
And sweet caresses.

To me 'tis fairer far than any flower,
As here I hold it up before your view;
'Tis not a ribbon, miniature—oh, no!
Nor billet-doux.

'Tis but a faded lavender kid glove,
One that was worn by Evelina Ray,
When I first met her at the fancy ball,
At Cunningham's, in May.

She was my partner, and we danced quadrilles,
And waltzes, to the strains of Strauss, entrancing,
Until we, both of us, had grown fatigued,
And tired of dancing.

We walked into the garden, 'mid the flowers,
And heard the nightingale sing soft and sweet,
And on a rustic bench we sat us down,
I at her feet.

And then I suddenly became romantic;
I clasped her beautiful white hand in mine!
Indeed, I think I must have grown quite frantic,
Through love or wine.

I made all kinds of solemn protestations,
And madly vowed that, by the moon above her,
If she had no objections, and would let me,
How I would love her.

I pleaded thus: that she should leave some pledge
If, in the future, I might win her love!
How shy she looked, as from me then she fled,
But left—her glove!

Some months have passed since then. To-morrow night
I'll take it to her, at her aunt's, good Miss Blitsit;
Will tell her all, and then request she'll give
The hand that fits it.

HOW SEREPTA CARRIED THE MEETIN'-HOUSE.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

I TOLD Josiah I didn't believe we should have a better time, in the hull year, to visit Elder Philander Simmons'es wife, she that was Serepta Smith. Her mother died when she was a infant babe, and she lived with mother and me quite a spell. We brought her up on a bottle. We thought a sight on her, and I hadn't seen her sense the mornin' she was married, a goin' on seven yeers.

Josiah kinder hung back about goin', but finally he giv in. And we sot sail Tuesdy mornin', a little before sunrise; and we arriv' at the village where Elder Simmons preached, when the sun was about an hour and a half high.

We enquired at the tavren, where Elder Simmons lived, and they told us it was down a new road jest laid out; their house was the only one in it. And purty soon we come in sight of the house; it was smallish, but comfortable-lookin'.

But as we approached the dwellin', we see a awful long string of men a prominadin' down the street, towards the house; there was a sight on 'em. And I says to Josiah,

"Is this a funerel precession of men, Josiah Allen, or is it war-times?"

Josiah said, "there had been a Convention to the villege that day, and he guessed these men was delegates, a goin' to the minister's, to stay all night."

And, come to look at 'em agin, they was peacible-lookin' critters, and most all of 'em had satchel-bags in their hands. But how all of 'em was a goin' to stay in that house was a mystery to me, unless they had poles for 'em to roost on, or hung 'em up on nails in the wall. And I spoke up to Josiah, and says I,

"Our room will be better than our company here, Josiah. Less go back to the villege for to-night."

"Wall," says he, "bime-by. Less go in, and tell Serepta we've come."

Says I, "I guess it won't be much of a treat to her, to tell her anybody else has come, if she has got to take care of this hull drove of men." Says I, "Less go back to the tavren."

"Wall," says he, "bime-by. Less go in, and tell Serepta we've come."

I argued that it wouldn't be no treat to Serepta; but howsumever we went in, and she was awful tickled to see us. She always did think a sight of her Aunt Samantha. I 'spose one thing was, because I helped bring her up on a bottle.

She was as purty as a doll when she was married, with a round, rosy face, and big blue eyes, that had a sort of a timid, scareful look to 'em. She was a gentle, babyish sort of a girl, but a master hand to do jest what she thought was her duty; and though she knew enough, anybody could make her think the moon was made of green cheese, she was that yielding, and easy influenced, and innocent-hearted.

I thought a sight on her, and I says so to Elder Simmons, the day they was married. It was when the apple-trees was all blowed out; the air was sweet with 'em. He was a good man, but deep-learnt, and dretful absent-minded. He says to me, says he,

"Serepta is jest as sweet as an apple-blossom."

His eyes was kinder set on the apple-trees out in the yard, as he spoke.

"Yes," says I, "and jest as tender." Says I, "The sweetest posys are the easiest nipped by the frost; and nothin' looks more pitiful than a apple-blow, after the frost has got holt of it." Says I, "Keep the frost of unkindness, and neglect, and hard usage, from our little apple-blow, that you have picked to-day, and one wearin' off on your heart; and may God bless you, Brother Simmons," says I. (He was of the Methodist perswasion.)

There wasn't hardly a dry eye in my head, as I said this, nor in his'en. I thought a sight on her, and so did he. He thought enough on her, I always said; but he was dretful absent-minded, and deep-learnt.

I hadn't laid eyes on 'em sense, though I had heard from 'em a number of times. She had to work awful hard, I'd heard, and he was so absent-minded, it took a sight of her time to get him headed right. He'd go down suller lots of times, and bring up aginst the pork-barell, when he thought he was a going up into his study; and get her stockin's and clothes on, thinkin' they was his'en, and so fourth.

And then I'd hearn that she had the care of the meetin'-house on her hands; had to sort of carry them eetin'-house; lived in a place where they thought the minister's wife belonged to 'em.

Howsumever, I didn't know nothin' only by hearsay, till I arriv at her dwelling; then I knew by sight, and not by ear.

As I first looked on Serepta'ses face, I couldn't help thinkin' what I said to Elder Simmens the mornin' she was married. For never did an apple-blow show more signs of frost, after a untimely storm, than did the face of Serepta Simmens, she that was Serepta Smith. Her cheeks was as white and thin as the apple-blow, blown down on the frosty ground; and her eyes had the old timid, scareful look; and under that, hull loads of care, and anxiety, and weariness; and over all her face was the old look I remembered so well, only a hundred times stronger, of wantin' to do jest right, and jest as everybody wanted her to.

As I said, she was awful tickled to see me; but she was so full of care, and anxiety, and hard work, that she couldn't hardly speak to us. She hadn't no girl, and was tryin' to get supper for that drove we see ahead of us. Her childern was a follerin' her round; her husband needin' headin' off every minnit or two. He was that absent-minded, I declare I never was sorryer for anybody than I was for Serepta.

And then, right on top of her other sufferin's, every time she would come into the settin'-room, one tall minister, with long, yeller whiskers, would tackle her on the subject of religion; tryin' to get her to relate her experience right there, and tellin' of her hisen. That seemed to wear on her most of anything. Wantin' to use him well, and knowin' her supper was a spilin', and her infant babe demandin' her attention, and every minute or two heerin' her husband fumblin' away in the suller-way, or buttery, needin' to be sot right and headed off.

Truly, in the words of the Sammist, there is a time and a place for all things; and it seems as if he might have known better, but he was one of the herd that will talk; and there he sat, a pullin' his old yeller whiskers, and holdin' her tight by the reins of her good manners, urgin' her to tell her experience, and exhortin' her.

I declare I'd been glad to have had holt of his old yeller whiskers myself, and I'll bet he'd a felt it if I had. I was that out of patience with him.

Finally, I up and spoke, and says,

"Sit right down, Serepta, and have a good talk. What is vittles, compared to instructive and edifyin' conversation?" says I. "I wuddent try to get a mite of supper to-night."

Knowin' what I do know, divin' deep into the hites and depths of men's nature as I have done, I knew that broke Serepta's chains. She wasn't exhorted any more. She had time to get their supperses. And I laid to and helped her all I could; and I got two of the infant babies asleep, and giv the two boys some candy, and headed the Deacon off once or twice, and closed her borders all I could.

But she was dretful worried where to put 'em to bed. How to get seventeen men into three beds, without layin' 'em on top of each other, was a wearin' on her. And she was determined to have Josiah and me stay, too. She said she was used to havin' jest such a house-full, and she should get along.

But I was firm with her, though mild; and I says to her, in tones that showed my mind was made up, and couldn't be turned, says I,

"Serepta, I hain't a goin' to sleep on the buttery shelves, nor I don't want you to." Says I, "Josiah and me will get a night's lodgin' to the tavren, and to-morrow, when the crowd gets thinned out a little, we will come back and make out our visit."

She told us not to go; she said there was a corner of the parlor floor that wasn't occupied, and she had blankets enough, and she could make us comfortable.

But says I, calmly, and kindly,

"Hang on to the corner for yourself, if you can; Josiah and me has made up our minds we are going to the tavren."

Says Josiah—for he seemed to think it would comfort her—

"We'll come back, Serepta; we'll come back bimeby."

The next day we arrove again at Serepta's dwelling. She had jest got the last man started off, and she was a tusslin' with two colporters, and a agent for a Bible society, and a track peddler; and two wimmen sat by, ready to grapple her as soon as she started 'em off. She hadn't had time to wash a dish, nor sweep a mite, and her childern wasn't dressed, and I heard one of the wimmen pinch the other one, and say, "that for a minister's wife, that ort to be a pattern to the church, such housekeepin' was shameful."

"Yes," says the other one. "When a man gits a hundred and 50 dollars a year and a donation, jest for talkin' a little while now and then, his wife ort to feel herself obleeged to have her house look as slick and fine every minute."

And jest at that minute the Bible agent says to her,

"Of course, as a minister's wife, and a helper in Israel, you are willin' to bear our burdens."

And she said she was, and she meant it, too.

It was all I could do to keep my peace, but I cum naturally close quartered, so kep still.

Serepta didn't hear the wimmen, for she was a tryin', with that anxious face of hern, to do jest right by all on 'em, and hear every word the colporters had to say, and to try to do jest right by the agent and track-peddler.

So I carried the infant children out into Serepta's room, and washed and dressed 'em—their feet was like frogs—and then I lay holt and put on her dish-water, and bilt a fire over it.

When I went back agin into the settin'-room, the men was gone, and the women had tackled her. The woman with a mould on her nose, and specs on, was a talkin'. They wanted her to jine a new society they had got up—the Marthas.

Serepta's face looked awful troubled, her mind soarin' off, I know, out into the kitchen, amongst the dishes that wasn't washed, and her infant babes, and I could see she was a listhin' whether she could hear anything of her husband, whether he needed headin' off, or anything.

But she wanted to do jest right, and she told 'em so. "She would jine it," she said, "if the Church thought it was her duty, though, as she belonged to fourteen different societies now, she didn't know really when she could get time——"

"Time!" says the gloomy woman, with hair a growin' on her neck, sumthin' like whiskers, and who seemed to be along for company. "I guess there is time enough in the world to do duties," and she quoted a verse of poetry, in a deep, funcrel voice.

"Go to the aunt, thou sluggerd, consider her ways, and be wise."

Serepta's face turned as red as blood, but she didn't answer back. Serepta Simmons is a Christin; I believe it as much as I believe I am Josiah Allen's wife. But I spoke right up, and says I,

"Been seekin' after information as a private individual, and a woman that has got a mishun, too, I 'ask, what are the Marthas expected to do?"

Says the woman with specs, "They are expected to be cumbered all the time with cares. They are expected to be ready any time, day or night, to do anything the public good demands of 'em. To give all their time, their treasure, if they have got any, and all the energies of their mind and body, to the public good. They are expected to be cumbered."

Then I spoke up agin, and says I,

"Agin I ask you, as a friend, hain't it hard on 'em? Hain't it pretty rough on the Marthas?"

She said it was, but she was proud to be one of 'em, she was proud to be cumbered, and she said, lookin' at Serepta, awful searchin', and sharp-like,

"If a certain person that ort to be a patten to the church, and a bright and shinin' light, wouldn't put their name down, there was weaker vessels that it would be apt to break into; it would be apt to make divisions and sizms."

Agin the gloomy-looking woman, with the whiskers, spoke out in that sepulkral voice of hern, for poetry seemed to be her forte,

"Go to the aunt, thou sluggerd."

This hurt Serepta, I see, and she was just about to put her name down, when another woman opened the door and marched in.

I noticed that none of 'em didn't knock; they seemed to think the minister's house belonged to 'em, as well as he and his wife, and they had a perfect right to stream in any minute. It madded me, for I say that if home means anything, it means a place where one can find rest and repose; and I say, and I contend for it, that I had just as leves have anybody steal anything else from me as to steal all my time. There probably hain't a woman standin' on feet at the present time that is more hospitable, and gladder to see her friends, than Samantha Allen, late Smith.

And I am a firm believer in visitin' back and forth occasionally, and neighborin' considerable, merely to borrow and lend clothes-pins, tea, bluin'-bags, etc., and in times of trouble standin' by 'em like a rock, and so fourth. The bible says. "Iren sharpeneth iren, so does a man the countenance of his friend." But what I am a bewarin' folks of, is of sharpenin' that iren so uncommon sharp that it will cut friendship right into in the middle, or keep a sharpenin it; will even get such a awful sharp pint on it that before you know it, it will break right off so blunt that you can't never get no ege on it agin.

We ort to respect and reverence each other's individuality, (that is a awful big word, but I have got it all right, for I looked it out in Thomas Jefferson's big Dictionary, to see jest what it meant, and spelt it all out as I went along; it is all right, nobody need to be afraid to say it jest as I have got it down.)

Because a man or woman gits overcome, they hadn't ort to make a convenience of their friend, and inflict themselves and their gossip onto a loving man or woman who don't get lonesome. Good land! If anybody lays holt of life as they ort to, they hain't no time to be lonesome. Now Serepta Simmons set the neighbors the pattern of stayin' to home some of the time, and they know it would be a comfort to her soul to have 'em foller her example. But they wouldn't

they streamed in on her all the time without knocking', at all hours of the day or night; before breakfast, and after bedtime; inflictin' their gossip on her, and collectin' all they could to retail to other folk's houses; watchin' every move she made, and commentin' on it in public, catchin' every little word she dropped in answer to their gossipin' remarks, and addin' and swellin' out that little word till it wouldn' know itself, it was so different, and then repeatin' it on the housetops, (as it were).

I declare it muddled me to see a likely woman so imposed on, and I told Josiah they ort to be learnt better, be they who they may, friend or foe, Jew or Gentile; for I says to him, says I,

"I had rather have folks steal pork right out the pork-barrel, than to steal my time so."

But as I was a sayin', this woman come right in without knockin', as independent as you please, and as she sot down, she looked all round the house, so's to remember how everything looked, so's to tell it agin, though Serepta wern't no more to blame than a babe two or three hours old, for her work not bein' done up.

I see she sort o' glared at the woman with specs, and the woman with specs glared back at her, and I knew in a minute she was gettin' up a opposition society. And as it turned out, she wanted Serepta to head the list of the Weeping Marys, a opposite party to the Cumberrin' Marthas.

Serepta looked as if she would sink. But I spoke right up, and says I,

"Mam, I am of a investigatin' turn of mind, and am collectin' informations on a tower. And may I ask, as a private individual, what job have the Weeping Marys got before 'em? What are they expected to tackle?" says I.

Says she, "They are expected to spend the hull of their time, day and night, in learnin', pryin' into doctorins, layin' plans for educatin' the female Fellahs of Cairo, ameleratin' the condition of heathen and African gorillas."

Says I, "In the case that Serepta finds 'em, what chance would Ebenezer run to get anything to eat, or Serepta, or the children?"

"Eat?" says she, coldly. "What is eatin' compared to a knowledge of the doctorins, and the condition of the heathen?"

But says I, in reasonable tones, "As folks are made now, they have got to eat in order to keep alive; and vittles have got to be cooked, and it takes time to do it."

Before she could answer back a word, the gloomy-lookin' woman with her whiskers spoke out again, for truly that tone of poetry seemed to be her strong point,

"Go to the aunt——"

But I interrupted of her, and says, I calmly, but pretty firmly,

"You have advised Serepta several times to go to her aunt and be wise—and I motion that she falls in with your advice. I am the aunt you probably have got on your mind, and I lay out to have her follow my advice, and be wise as you have urged her to in a handso me way. Now my advice is to go to drive up her work, and I advise you all to clear out and give her a chance to wash her dishes," for truly the dinner hour was approaching.

They acted mad, and started up and went. Serepta's face was white as a white sheet, she was that skairt; but I keep pretty cool and considerable firm, for I see that Serepta needed a friend. I laid to and helped her do up her work, and get her dinner. And she owned up to me that her work wouldn't seem to be nothin' if she could have her time to herself some. I see plain that she was a caryin' the hull meetin'-house on her back, though she didn't say so, I could see she darsent say her soul was her own for feer of offendin' the flock.

HIS AND OURS.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

She came, and all the world was full
  Of sudden promise, as in Spring.
When close upon some morning dull,
  The birds come north on weary wing;
And all at once the sun looks out
  Thro' misty curtains, parted wide:
The dreary fog is put to rout,
  The swelling buds on every side
Grow round and sweet; and all the air
Is full of life and light so fair.

She came, and hopes that once we had,
  And one by one dropped with a sigh,
As mourning mothers, pale and sad,
  Put little unworn garments by;
Came back in robes of gold and rose.
  With all their old bewitching grace,
And half life's cares, and all its woes,
  Were lost when looking on her face.
We whispered, humbly, "God's to bless,
But ours to train for usefulness."

THE DAYS OF SEVENTY-SIX.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 282.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

More than a year had passed before Rhoda Clyde could redeem her inconsiderate promise, and return to Philadelphia. Mr. Kingsford had found too many attractions in the grandeur and social life of New York, when in the hands of the British, for any wish to return to Philadelphia while that city was the seat of what he sneeringly called a Rebel Congress.

But when, at last, the Congress had fled, and the streets of Philadelphia blazed with the scarlet of English soldiery; when the Royal flag streamed over Independence Hall, and our half-starved forces shivered the winter away at Valley Forge, Kingsford came triumphantly back to his mansion on the Delaware, and at once threw it open to such hospitality as had marked his career in New York.

With him, beautiful as ever, brightened in her marvelous wit and graceful assurance, came Rhoda Clyde, who was, in fact, the mistress of his household; for Mrs. Kingsford was still in delicate health, and Grace shrank from offering hospitality to the bitter foes of her country.

So, Rhoda Clyde presided at the mansion on the Delaware, proudly and graciously as she had done in New York; and to this house Major Andre came a favored guest, quite unmindful that the girl's heart was full of bitterness toward him, and that even then his destiny was vaguely included in her combinations.

War has swift changes. Once more we find the Quaker City given up to the patriots, and Benedict Arnold was spoken of as its possible military commander. This was the event Rhoda had hoped for, prayed for, and was ready to hail with secret exultation. All her old wild love for this man returned, with the jealousy, the bitterness, and tinge of hate, that forever made this grand passion of her life a feverish joy and a burning pain.

"I will yet be military commander of Philadelphia," he had once said to her, proudly. And now the prophecy was to be fulfilled!

Nor was this all. The danger that Arnold had run in order to see her in the very midst of his enemies, was a homage to her wounded vanity, and from that time the one passion of her life held full sway in her nature. With this sudden outburst of the old flame, came the quenching of her love for Major Andre. Having given her heart back to the will of that other strong man, was it likely that the graces of education, and all the gentle trials that spring out of high culture, should have the power to control her long?

Rhoda almost despised herself for the weakness that she had called love, and even her present dislike of the young man partook of a faint contempt. How could she, for one moment, have compared his elegant high breeding, and poetic temperament, with the power and strength of Arnold; a man who had never yet proved himself second to the bravest, or humble to the proudest. And this man had loved her! Nay, faithless as he seemed, he loved her yet!

"He could slay his enemies, and laugh as he trampled them under the hoofs of his war-horse," she said, with exultation. "He once thrust me aside, from the path of his ambition, because of the demands of social distinction. But even his strong will has failed to wrench the love that was mine from his heart. There, in the depths of his soul, he is faithful yet. Why should I care for this girl, this fair-faced tory? She is but a stepping-stone to his greatness. I may not be his wife, but I will have such influence over him as no wife ever had—the influence of a brain and will that shall match his own; of a love that shall satisfy itself by making him great."

Arnold to become military commander of Philadelphia! How improbable all this had seemed when it was first suggested. It was a year after that the battle of Saratoga was fought, and the field won by his fiery heroism. Up to that time his struggles against his enemies, in and about Congress, were more harassing than battle strife had ever been, to his daring nature. In one year, notwithstanding his bravery, notwithstanding his wounds, and the wild dash of his actions, five major-generals had superseded Arnold, an act of injustice that he had protested against in vain. How like a boast, then, might this challenge for Rhoda Clyde to meet him when he was military governor of Philadelphia, have seemed to any one who was not possessed of a supreme knowledge of his indomitable energies! This know-

ledge had inspired the girl to believe in him.

"He will accomplish this, as he has accomplished greater things," she whispered to herself, proudly. "Then I may share his triumphs, inspire them, perhaps; at any rate, be near him, and know, in my soul, that no one is nearer."

Thus, burning with impatience, and keenly watching the progress of events, Rhoda Clyde spent many a restless month waiting for what would have seemed to every one else an impossibility, if her hopes had been breathed to another. But she gave no sign of the unwholesome ambition that burned within her. With the British she was, to all seeming, more loyal than ever.

If the invitation of Arnold had been wild and audacious, when made, how impossible did it seem, when Congress was frightened ignominiously out of Philadelphia, and Howe's forces filled the city with blazing scarlet, triumphal banners, and victorious battalions.

Then, and not till then, did Mr. Kingsford, as we have said, return to his home on the Delaware. Rhoda became the leader of social life there, as she had been in New York. No one dreamed of the underweb of ambition that she was weaving all the time. She alone saw how steadily Arnold was clearing his path toward the command that had seemed impossible. Already, by his daring at Saratoga and Danbury, he had forced Congress into awarding him a rank no one had earned more bravely. After conjuring justice from Congress, he was now sharing the bitter privations of the army at Valley Forge, inspiring the men by his own endurance and courage, keeping up military discipline, aiding the commander-in-chief with all his energies, and instilling hope wherever he went. Did Rhoda see anything of this man during the winter that was so bleak with him, so brilliant with her?

In those days old Nelse and his wife had gone back to their cabin, on the Wissahickon, for the love of independence grew strong within the old slave, when he once more found himself among familiar scenes, and he returned to his old, half-wandering life with a new stock of importance, which Sally shared to the utmost.

During his life in New York, Nelse had been the recipient of many a half crown and golden guinea, which had been carefully hoarded out of his helpmate's knowledge. And now, when the Wissahickon was frozen over, and the trees that sheltered his cabin were ablaze with diamond icicles, he unconsciously imbibed a grand commercial idea from some seemingly careless word the young mistress, Rhoda, had dropped. While the fish were chained up, and beyond his reach, he opened a new avenue of trade which was well adapted to his shrewd cunning, and character for good-natured honesty; a trade of which Nelse himself did not quite understand the danger.

One scene in the cabin, on the river's bank, at this season, will be enough to explain the nature of that old darkey's enterprise. It was deep in the winter—a bitter, cold winter. Old Sally was sitting before the huge fire-place, in which a great heap of pine-knots burned with a bright flame. Those pine-knots lighted up the cabin in all its corners; danced over the string of dried apples that hung overhead; shot in and out of the links of dried pumpkin that wandered in a great golden chain from one great beam to another; and gave a warm, golden glow to the old negress herself, as she sat, with a towel across her lap, spreading out dainty bits of lace before the blaze, clapping them softly between her dark palms. or smoothing the pattern with her fingers, to which a faint coating of starch clung with transparent whiteness.

"Golly, how der ice does rattle on der ruff! Seems orful lonesome on der ole man out in de cole, widout no bussom friend ter tie on his comforter. But he will do it; all I can say, he will do it. Purty time ob life for dat ole fool darkey to turn pedlar, and be trampin' about, night an' day, wid a pack on his shoulders; an' what for, I want ter know, what am it all 'bout? Hush, now! Dat am some one slumpin' through de snow-crust. 'Spect its him, I does."

Here Sally hung her laces on the back of a splint-bottomed chair, and, lifting the wooden latch, looked out upon the river, now a solid sheet of crystal, on which the sun was shining brightly.

She saw this through the narrow opening of the door, and upon that winding sheet of ice a young girl, with skates on her feet, gliding upward with noiseless swiftness, like a bird upon the wing, a splendid tropical bird, whose bright shadow gave a scarlet tinge to the ice over which it flew.

"Her' agin," muttered Sally, almost closing the door, as if seized by an impulse to shut that beautiful creature out. "Sartin as you lives, dat ole darkey 'll be here 'fore dat fire buns out. Dat young missis allers comes jest afore or jest arter dat ole man, and I'd like ter know der reason why. Thar!"

Sally shut the door, pulled in the latch-string with a jerk, and, sitting down by the fire, began to even and pull her lace articles with unusual diligence.

"Let her knock," she muttered, drowning the

faint noise at the door with a fierce clapping of the wet lace between her hands. "Let her knock. I isn't a gwoin to know noffin 'bout it. Didn't come to see me nohow."

Meantime Rhoda Clyde stood on the rude door-step, with her skates in one hand, looking out upon the scene, which was one blaze of silvery light. The pure snow lay all around her, white as a carpet of swans-down. The great trees rose up the high banks, laden with myriads of ice-gems, and shot through and through with sunshine, till the woods seemed to have been swept with a great storm of diamonds, that bent down their branches, and rolled like hail on the misted whiteness underneath. Here and there a giant pine or full-leaved hemlock dragged the rich greenness of its foliage into the snow, which sometimes lay in wreaths among the pine needles, and fell in showers when the wind shook them. Below her, like a vast mirror, ran the Wissahickon, murmuring softly under its crystal armor, here and there heaping into a fantastic filigree of ice, where the water found soft cushions of moss on its banks, and clustered over it in a network of diamonds.

Rhoda was scarcely conscious that her knock was not yet attended to, so completely was she entranced by the beauty of this scene. Indeed, she made a splendid picture, standing there, uplifted from the river, with her hood turned back, till its dusky velvet was half-concealed by the scarlet silk of the lining, and a scarf of the same warm color fell loosely from her neck, fluttering in the wind, which swept her garments as she stood the picturesque object of that winter landscape.

All at once the girl started, and the warm color in her face grew brighter, for she heard footsteps approaching.

"Now I shall hear, now I shall hear!" she thought, leaping from the door-stone with a swiftness that sunk her boots deep into the snow of a foot-path, over which the tall form of Uncle Nelse was seen toiling upward with a pack upon his shoulders.

"Oh, the good old soul! What a weary journey he has made! Ah, now he sees me! How the old fellow brightens, and stands up erect under his pack! Taller, too! I really think he has grown taller."

All at once Rhoda stood motionless in the path, her face flushed, her eyes dilating; the breath scarcely parting her lips.

The man with the pack came close to her, and a smile, such as never beamed over Uncle Nelse's face, made the heart leap in her bosom.

"Rhoda!"

The girl turned white as the snow around her. Then the color swept back to her face, and through her parted lips came a burst of laughter.

"You! You, and in that dress! So like the old fellow, too. I should not have known you—indeed I should not—but for the voice."

"I took no pains to disguise myself from you," said the dark-hued pedlar, seizing the girl's hands, which she held out in the unconscious eagerness of welcome, "but others have been sufficiently deceived. I have passed so far without molestation."

"But the danger, the awful danger!"

"I wished to see you, and I have come," was the smiling reply. "When a man takes his life in his hand, that he may feast his eyes on the face of one woman for a single half hour, she can scarcely doubt her power over him."

"Was it only for that you came?" questioned the girl, with wistfully doubtful eyes. "Oh, if I could believe it!"

"You never will believe that I have loved you, still love you, beyond all other women."

"How can I? How can I?" cried Rhoda, and her voice came forth in a plaintive cry.

The man was about to throw one arm around her there, with the bright sunshine streaming all around them, but she stepped back, frightened, for, with a quick glance, she had seen Sally's dusky face at the little four-paned window, peering out, suspiciously.

There was, indeed, some danger, for Sally was greatly aroused, and was muttering,

"Thar it am agin. The young missis, which isn't no missis of ourn, anyhow, comin' up here ebbery time that 'ere fool darkey gits hum, in deceptin' him right afore de face and eyes ob his connuberal wife, jist as if she warn't nowhar. What has white folks got ter do wid a 'spectable married colored pusson anyhow?"

As Sally muttered her discontent, after this fashion, at the window, debating within herself whether she should put the latch-string out or not, she was astonished to see that tall form settle the pack in its place with a lift of the broad shoulders, and turn up a path which led around the back of the cabin, followed by the young lady, who seemed quite careless that she was wading through the snow ankle-deep.

There was a single pane of glass in the back of the room, forming a tiny window, to which Sally ran, holding her breath with astonishment. But when she got there, both the pedlar and the lady had disappeared, and some deep tracks in the snow alone rewarded her curiosity.

"What am it all 'bout? Lord a massy, what does Miss Reder want?" cried the old woman. "'Tain't as if it was one ob dem topping yaller

gals down at the house, case white folks am 'bove sich actions. But if a man hab secrets, who should he unbuzzum hisself to, afore his own lubbin wife, as nebber speaks on 'em, 'cept ter dem friends as am sure nebber ter dervulge nothin' to nobody. Now, sure as yer live, suthing as brings trouble to dis ole woman is a gwoin on, and I'se bound ter find out de 'ticulars afore I sleeps. Thar!"

Then Sally took down a dingy woolen shawl from its nail behind the door, threw it over her head, and went out in search of her husband.

Meantime, the seeming pedlar strode through the snow along the face of the hill, and Rhoda sprang lightly along the tracks he left, heedless of the cold, heedless of everything that might have incommoded her at another time. The coming of that man had secured her a half hour of exquisite happiness, and every drop of blood in her veins kindled at the thought.

At last Arnold paused behind a great hemlock-tree, whose branches swooped down to the snow like a huge tent, and flung his heavy pack to the ground.

"Sit down, fair lady," he said, reaching forth his hand with a smile, as if he were about to lead her to a seat in some ball-room. "I have nothing better to offer you than this, as yet."

As yet! What did he mean?

The color flashed into Rhoda's face as she asked this question.

Arnold placed himself by her side, took her hand in his, and held it firmly.

"I may have bought this indulgence with my life," he said, in reckless haste. "Still, letters are both dangerous and unsatisfactory. Yours, dear, as they are, unsettled me. They seem to have a double meaning, or withhold some hidden idea. I cannot read your heart through them."

"How should you? I cannot read it myself."

"You urge me to action. You seem eager that I should do battle against the very cause that goes with your own interest. With your whole life cast among the adherents of the king, you glory in their defeat."

"Because defeat for them brings power to you. Because——"

"Well, why do you hesitate?"

"No matter; I am always talking at random. But to you power should be a natural sequence to the bravest acts this revolution has witnessed."

Arnold's eye kindled, and his face flashed.

"Yes," he said. "Such as they are, I have forced the American Congress to acknowledge them. My enemies were bitter and strong, but I had them on their knees before the people. Another move, and they will be at my feet."

"Hating you with venomous envy still?"

"Of course," answered Arnold, with a scornful laugh. "There is no kinship between things that creep and things that fly. They hate me, and some day I shall trample over them."

"Not that! Not that! Power can be used for a better purpose. Wait till you hold the destiny of this country in your hand. The time will come."

Arnold gazed eagerly into the girl's face. It had grown unusually pale.

"And then?"

"Ah, then, act as the occasion demands. Be made the king of a nation you have wrested from England's king, or a coroneted and richly endowed earl among the great men to whom you have brought back a rebel colony. They could not conquer while your sword was in the way."

The man gazed steadily into that pale, grave face, first in wonder, then with a swift flash of admiration.

"Rhoda Clyde, I am as brave as most men; my enemies say, more unscrupulous than any, but your words make even me shrink away from you."

"Because they strike you for the first time; because I think of all the good that may befall you, and see more clearly than another how the greatness you thirst for can be made certain."

Arnold moved impatiently on his seat.

"One cannot resent such suggestions from a woman," he said. But from that moment his brow clouded over with thoughts that never wholly left his brain until their evil work was accomplished.

Rhoda looked up, surprised. She had expected an outburst of proud scorn, reproaches—anything but that cloud of thought which proved how deeply, and, alas! how fatally, the poison of her suggestion might work, if she had but understood it.

"These people, whom you have fought for, bled for, striven for, what have they done in acknowledgement of such devotion?" she said. "Given you a war-horse, in exchange for many others shot down under you; caviled over every attempt at promotion; derided the valor that saved them from destruction; followed it with whispers of suspicion."

"Enough! Enough!" Arnold broke in. "Even so. I have wrested justice from them; have forced a recognition before the people. In that my strength lies. If you could go up to the camp that I have just left, and hear the poor, hungry, half-frozen soldiers shout a welcome

when I appear, this thought would seem hideous to you, as it does to me."

This was said earnestly, honestly. But when Arnold saw the color flash up to Rhoda's face, he added, with a smile,

"But what should a woman know of a soldier's honor?"

Much more was said between those two, which served to deepen the impression Rhoda had already made, but she was too lofty for any farther direct argument with that fierce nature, and the conversation drifted into a quieter channel.

"You are running a great risk... Promise me that you will not attempt to come again without warning me," said Rhoda, earnestly. "I can hardly tell whether I am most rejoiced or terrified; but the danger is awful."

"In that lies the charm of most adventure; otherwise I might not have been tempted to personate our old go-between, who, by the way, makes his trips across the lines wonderfully profitable."

"He is a shrewd old fellow," said Rhoda, laughing. "But, where is he now?"

"Safe, in camp; trembling, I dare say, for the fate of his pack, while you are only troubled about the bearer. But never fear, both will be safe enough. The old man is too well known in both armies to meet with much hindrance, and my disguise is tolerably complete. In fact, I am half tempted to try its effect upon the old woman, whom Nelse seemed to hold in especial fear, having such 'piercing eyes,' he said."

"There she comes now," said Rhoda, starting up in dire alarm. "Great Heavens! what are we to do? She has the eyes of a hawk!"

"Do? Why, report in good order," answered Arnold, swinging the pack over his shoulders, from which the snow fell in showers, as he moved down to a hollow, choked up with young pine-trees. Under this shelter he disappeared, while Rhoda stood up, cold and pale, ready to receive the old woman.

"Whar' am he? Where am dat ole darkey now, I axes yer, Miss Rhoder? What has yer done wid him?"

"With Nelse? Oh, he has gone back to the city. Just came up to make sure that everything was going right, and went off again."

"Bin to his own hum, and nebber come in, when de wife ob his buzzum was a waitin' for him," exclaimed Sally, fluttering out her old gray shawl like the wings of a bat. "I's 'stonished, I is!"

Rhoda laughed.

"When the wife of one's bosom pulls in the latch-string, and refuses to answer a knock at her cabin-door, how is a poor, overloaded husband to get in?" she said.

Sally dropped her extended arms, and the bat's wings shrunk into an old shawl again.

"Der latch-string? Dat am der trufe, Miss Rhoder. Dis ole woman did give it a jerk inside; but how was she ter know he was a comin' 'sept he allers does 'bout de time I sees you forehand?"

Again Rhoda laughed outright, and her fine eyes flashed with fun.

"Well, well, Sally," she said, at last. "That is all natural enough. I generally find something in the old man's pack that our servants like."

"Does yer? Dem yaller gals must chur lots o' 'baccer, and drink more rum 'en is good for 'em, if dey get anything out ob my ole man's pack; for dat's 'bout all I ebber found in it when he goes or comes. De only difference is, dat wooden table is allers chock full when he goesout, and empty as a last year's bird's-nest when he comes hum. I's 'zamined inter his stock ebbery time, and dem's de articles."

Again Rhoda laughed, and colored a little. She had no other answer ready for the old woman just then. Sally grew impatient at this, and folding her shawl tightly around her, said, severely,

"Perhaps, Miss Rhoder, yer can tell a pusson when dat ole fool darkey means ter give up trade, and settle down in his connuberal home agin."

"I don't know at all, Sally; but so long as he is making money, what do you care?"

"Miss Rhoder," answered Sally, with great dignity, "was yer ebber a widder, wid de husband ob your buzzum runnin 'bout loose, and you left ter hum wid de snow tree feet deep all 'bout yer, an' noffen' but de wind ob hebben to talk ter? 'Cause, if yer has, de heart in yer buzzum is stun, when yer 'courage my ole man ter trapse off on his tradin'—'scursions, as he calls 'em."

"Encourage him, Sally? How should I, only for your sake? If Nelse has taken a fancy to build a new cabin, of nicely hewn logs, with two rooms and a brick chimney, for his wife, am I to discourage him when the dear old woman was almost a nurse to me."

"Oh, Miss Rhoder!"

"If he wants to match that shawl with a red and green gown, such as no servant in our house ever had, am I to scold him out of the idea?"

"Oh, Miss Rhoda, I nebber will pull in de latch-string agin' when I sees yer comin."

"And you will not torment Nelse with questions about his business?"

"Nebber! Nebber!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

ANOTHER year passed, in which Rhoda Clyde increased her influence over Mrs. Kingsford, and more completely established her position as a brilliant leader of society in the circles she had embellished so gracefully in New York. While Mrs. Kingsford and Grace retired from all gay scenes, with a shrinking sensitiveness which she encouraged in them, but complained of, feelingly, to the master of the house, the girl became there, as she had been, in New York, the actual mistress of the mansion. This determined seclusion, in which both mother and child sympathized, was very distasteful to Kingsford, whose wish to match his daughter and her wealth with some English nobleman, was the proudest ambition of his life.

Grace understood all this, and recoiled from it in absolute horror. In the loyalty of her love for Barringford, she persistently withdrew herself from the gay world, and in the same degree from her father's approval.

As I have said, this seclusion made Rhoda Clyde the mistress of the establishment, while Grace gave herself up to patient waiting, and the gentle mother still indulged her invalid habits. Notwithstanding this arrangement, Rhoda felt that her position was a precarious one. She would gladly have brought the lovers together, and, by one grand act of disobedience, secured one eternal alienation of father and child by a stolen marriage; but with all her pretended sympathy and supreme craft, she found it impossible to force the idea upon the girl, whose sense of honor was strong, and unconquerable as her love.

Thus, as I have said, another year drifted into the war, and this orphan girl, the waif and protegé of the household in which she had received the most generous charity, became the dispenser of its grand hospitality, and the centre of one of the most aristocratic circles outside of a throne. With her social blandishments, the fair Clyde mingled a certain influence in the ardent politics of the times. With feminine tact she had ingratiated herself into the confidence of the Howes on her first appearance in New York. That influence had spread to Sir Henry Clinton, whose quick intelligence detected something more promising in the girl than a mere leader of fashion. By degrees this astute general learned, he scarcely knew how, the idea that had fired her brain, though he could but guess at the motives that prompted it.

With crafty people the best means of concealment is perfect candor. Following the evil in themselves, they cannot be induced to believe an honest truth. With wise and good men it is always the road to success. This the shrewd intellect of Rhoda Clyde understood; therefore, she was frank with those persons in so far as she understood herself. At any rate, these men saw in her a means of communication with the opposing army which might become of great importance. Thus it happened that old Nelse was allowed to pass the British lines unmolested, with his small supply of rum and tobacco, while he was received into the American camp through the equally complacent interest of Arnold. For the first time in her life, Rhoda had hinted at the thoughts that possessed her, when this man, with a rash love of adventure, came in disguise to the Wissahickon cabin. But she could scarcely determine with what spirit he had received the evil hint she had thrown out, and in her letters had not dared to allude to the subject, but with her it grew and throve into a settled purpose. It came at last—the power that Rhoda Clyde had thirsted for. The British were swept from Philadelphia. The new flag, with its thirteen stars and stripes, floated over Independence Hall, where Congress was once more assembled.

Soon after this, as if to curse the girl and the man she loved, with their own wishes, Arnold was made Military Governor of Philadelphia, and took up his honors with a spirit and dash that, better than anything else, bespoke the arrogant meanness of a character in which the great bravery of a hero sought no better result than an imitation of the aristocratic habits he had pretended to scorn. Was Rhoda Clyde satisfied with this, or had she over-estimated her strength when she so ardently longed for an accession of power, that she could only share imperfectly and in secret? Was it possible that a nature like hers should content itself with such husks as these? What, after all, was a consciousness of secret influence, when the woman she hated with terrible loathing, received all the actual glory and homage of the lofty position Arnold had obtained?

Certainly the bitter curse of her own wishes was upon Rhoda Clyde.

There is a noble house, still imposing as a residence, on the banks of the Schuylkill, which, in the days of the Revolution, must have been palatial in its position and appointments. The view from its windows is unsurpassed in the neighborhood of any city. Broad lawns slope to the river's bank, and sweep from the front entrance down to a fine wooded level, with a rich greenness that bespeaks great taste and care. In the Park, a few splendid forest trees, saplings, perhaps, when the house was erected, grace its decay with tender shadows. Out-houses for domes-

tics, and all the appurtenances of a noble household, still speak of former grandeur far superior to the house at Mount Vernon, where George Washington lived and died.

In this house Benedict Arnold set up his little court, and established himself with a degree of splendor which was looked upon with secret scorn by the proud tory families that still kept their homes in sullen silence, and with regret by his friends, while the gibes and sneers of his foes were frequent and terribly bitter, for the popularity his great heroism had won with the army was more than outbalanced by the hate and envy that his supreme arrogance engendered.

In those days the most prominent tories of the country were to be found in the Quaker City During the British occupation they had reigned triumphant there. It was like having the brightest part of King George's court in their midst but now, when Congress had come back, and the city was under Federal rule, these people became haughtily quiescent, and adapted themselves to the new order of things all the more readily, because the Military Governor, from his ostentatious pride and former associations, was naturally thrown into their midst. Wedded to the daughter of a prominent tory, herself a royalist to the bottom of her heart, claiming intimate friendship with one of the brightest and most beautiful leaders in this wide aristocratic circle, how was it to be otherwise?

To some degree, Arnold had kept his promise with Rhoda Clyde, and made her his chosen friend and counsellor in all his ambitious projects. Her keen wit, her cool, plotting foresight, the passionate devotion with which she threw herself into his cause, to say nothing of the old love, which, for a time, seemed to merge itself into ambition, was even more powerful with him than the ties which in most cases would have antagonized these two persons with permanent enemies. On the contrary, the first act of Arnold's official life was to renew his old associations with the Kingsford family, and thus secure unquestioned access to the lady who, for the time at least, presided there. Thus, at his own hearthstone, and with the woman whose intellectual power over him was supreme, Arnold commenced his career, under worse than tory influences. Is it wonderful, then, that this house on the banks of the Schuylkill should have been thronged with the adherents of King George, or that the very atmosphere this man breathed and loved should have demoralizing contagion in it? Was it strange, either, that the duties of this man should clash with the interests of his bosom friends, and thus sting them into secret enmity? Or that his own party, seeing him thus surrounded, should become distrustful and indignant?

This man was brave beyond question, even blindly rash at times; but never, in his most reckless charge on fortress or battle-field, had he so blindly rushed upon danger as he was doing when he established his government in the very heart of an arch enemy's camp. If he had loved the breath of battle, more keenly still did he feel the homage, the flattery and seeming devotion with which these dangerous friends surrounded him, from the very first. His vanity, coarse and strong as his valor, was kept at fever heat by their adulation and enticements. The cold looks of his friends in Congress, the sullen silence of the populace, as he dashed by them in his gorgeously illuminated carriage, drawn by six blood horses, and followed by mounted outriders in conspicuous livery, only brought a defiant smile to his lips, or a careless nod, if some partisan hailed his approach with a shout.

There was double danger in all this display, hidden danger, that the haughty man never gave himself the trouble to anticipate. That danger lay with Rhoda Clyde, who soon became dissatisfied with the barren role of confidential friend to a man who had become so completely engrossed with his own greatness, that she seemed no longer necessary to that or him.

Thus, while Arnold's popularity was waning with the people, the passionate interest this girl had felt in him became slowly embittered; to this was added a burning jealousy of the woman who shared his greatness; and out of that sprung a vague idea, so terrible that it took place but slowly, even in her heated brain. But each new pang of envy, each sting of jealous wrath, acted upon this idea as heat gives venom to vipers.

If ruin came to this man, the woman he had married should share it. If supreme power, such as she had foreshadowed, fell upon him, that young creature would no longer exist. In either case, her own vengeance or ambition would be secured.

The first dawn of this awful thought came to Rhoda during a three-day's festival at Mount Pleasant, the stately mansion which Arnold had chosen as most nearly approaching the magnificence of a European palace, and where he had made preparations for receiving the French Minister, Monsieur Girard, with the splendor that European kings award to the representatives of brother monarchs.

These preparations were almost regal in their sumptuousness. The house, with all its display

of French furniture and oriental draperies, was thrown open, from basement to roof, garlanded with flowers. It reverberated with music that swept up from the grounds—broad, noble grounds, that sloped down to the Schuylkill in one direction, and stretched away to the deep, green woods in front. The rich grass of the lawns was mowed to velvety softness, and where the elms and maples cast their coolest shadows, garden-chairs were grouped, and bouqueting-tables spread, snow-white, among the greenness. Between the houses and the river stood a great drooping willow, and under it a fountain rose from a thick carpet of blooming violets, itself a temple of woven wild-flowers, from base to apex, that seemed to imbibe an exquisite freshness from a storm of water-drops that shot up from it, and fell back, in a bell-like tinkle, soft as the perfume they mingled with.

As the gorgeously-draped boats that came and went up and down the river, gave up their groups of men in uniform, with epaulettes on their shoulders, and delicately-laced ruffles on their bosoms; of ladies, gleaming with satin, fluttering with lace, and all aglow with pleasure, they always turned away to this fountain, and saw, beaming with surprise, that the drops were ruby-tinted and amber-hued wine, that rained there from morning to night, and many a brave officer seized one of the crystal cups from among the violets, and held the ruddy drink to the lips that smiled on him as they grew redder from the bright draught.

For three days this revel went on, and each day the broad lawns were scattered with brilliant groups, some dancing on the crisp turf to strains of hidden music; some conversing in the garden-chairs, and others roaming about and filling the air with that sweetest of all sounds, a high-bred woman's laughter.

Among these groups, going from one to another, now finding partners for the dancers, now sweeping across the lawn, and dealing out wine from the fountain, went two ladies, the fairest of all that gay crowd. In another direction, walking proudly by the guest this display was intended to honor, strode the stately host, wearing upon the shoulder of his blue and buff uniform one of three golden epaulettes, sent to Washington from France, that he might give them to the honest officers of his army. Washington had awarded the first to Benedict Arnold, who wore this badge of his prowess, in the presence of the Ambassador, with more just pride than most monarchs can feel for an inherited crown.

The two ladies, so lovely, yet so unlike, were Arnold's wife, and the girl who had become her bosom friend, Rhoda Clyde; the once graceful, gay, full of fresh, beautiful life, flitting from group to group, as birds fly from one blossoming thicket to another, beaming with hospitality; the other wildly brilliant, carrying a form of gayety wherever she went, or sitting alone under some embowering tree, and watching the fair mistress of the mansion with sinister and gloomy eyes, like a serpent hiding its venom under flowers.

On the last of these three nights the mansion and the river broke out in a blaze of light. Every boat was illuminated upon the water, every tree bent under a fruitage of colored lights. The wine fountain shot a whirlwind of broken gems into the air; each tree seemed to conceal its own military band. The farewell dance was a miracle of abounding joyousness. Then the moon went down, the lamps disappeared like a host of crushed jewels, and a fleet of shadowy boats swept down the Schuylkill, bearing the gay crowd homeward.

Among the last that left the house that night was Rhoda Clyde, who came down from the house leaning upon the arm of her host, who was so elated by the success of his entertainment, that he did not remark how silent she seemed, and how darkly her brow was clouded.

"Good-night," he said, helping her into the boat.

She did not answer him, but drew her cold hand from his clasp and sat down, breathing hard through her shut teeth. Then it was that the terrible thought I have hinted at took growth in her soul.

In bitter contrast with all this was a scene that took place at an old mansion in Morristown, so soon after this, that it seemed marvelous that even hate and the most cruel injustice, could follow in so short a time. Charges had been made against him before Congress; trivial charges, unworthy of investigation, unjustly reported, and that should be remembered by just men when the treason of this man is mentioned; a decision that placed Washington in a position almost as cruel as the humiliation heaped upon a man he held in generous favor so long as human friendship was possible.

In that fine old mansion at Morristown, one day, all the principal generals of the army were assembled to witness the terrible humiliation imposed by Congress on the hero of Quebec and Saratoga.

In a large, wainscotted room, flooded with the crimson of a wood-fire, half burned out between two ponderous brass andirons, stood circle of

American officers in full uniform, each man with a sword, more or less used, by his side. Standing within the red light of the fire, stood an officer in the prime of life, a broad-chested, tall man, on whose strong, stern features the fire-light quivered fitfully. In front of him, with a look of pain in his eyes, as if his grand heart rejected the duty that enforced his speech, stood the commander-in-chief. He hesitated, and a faint quiver of sympathy stirred his features, as Arnold drew the sword that had won the battle of Saratoga, and leaned upon it, as if to relieve the pain of a wound Congress seemed to have forgotten.

Then Washington spoke, and, in words of generous eulogy, of all that was grand in the man, rebuked him with absolute tenderness, that was, in fact, a reproach to those of his arch-enemies, who stood by to feast upon the proud man's shame.

That night Rhoda Clyde stood in the window of a little summer parlor in Mrs. Kingsford's dwelling, which overlooked the highway. She knew of the disgrace that was that day to be heaped upon Arnold, and her soul was full of passionate sympathy, for well she understood that the shame of this cruel reprimand would be worse than death to him.

"He will come," she thought, searching the road with her burning eyes. "His triumphs are for her, but now, when his soul is writhing in his bosom, it will turn to me. 'Ah, I thought so!"

Rhoda had scarcely time to reach the steps, for she was too deeply excited for restraint of any kind, when Arnold dashed up to the door, and, leaping from his horse, had the ponderous knocker in his hand, when Rhoda stood before him, pale, eager, and trembling under the stormy agitation that shook her from head to foot.

Her small hand was almost crushed in his, as he led her into the nearest room. Once there, he turned his burning eyes on hers, and a bitter laugh broke from him.

"You know—you know!"

"Yes, I know. But did he—did Washington join in with the rest?"

"No! a thousand times no! I wish he had, for then there would be nothing but gall in my heart; as it is, I could almost cry with gratitude for his tenderness."

"Still, he did it," said Rhoda, fiercely, "and expects you to fight side by side with your dastardly accusers, after flinging you at their feet."

"Does he?" hissed Arnold, through his shut teeth.

Rhoda caught her breath. This was the spirit of rebellion she had hoped for.

"It is not in human nature to forgive them, or him," she said, more gently.

"If I could! There is worse yet, I tell you, Rhoda Clyde. The very rabble I have given my blood for, join in with my foes. They pelted me with stones as I rode through the city, not an hour ago."

"With stones? You?"

"And followed me with vile hooting."

Rhoda held his burning hand, close, half a minute, before she spoke.

"Wait," she said. "Revenge is best eaten cold. Washington is still your friend."

"Well, well!"

"Ask him to give you the command of West Point," she whispered.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

PLEADING.

BY JENNIE WREN.

Oh, my darling, listen to me!
Do not turn your face away!
I will clasp your hand so tightly,
Though you treat my pleading lightly,
You must hear me, you must stay.
Hear me, oh, my darling, hear me!
For the great love you have spurned
Will not silent be, but slowly
It will tell you feelings holy,
It has by your teaching learned.

You have seemed to me, your lover,
Sitting at your feet the while,
Pure and lovely as the dawning,
As it ripens into morning,
Welcomed by earth's smile;
And your tears, so few and holy,
You have wept in silence sweet,
Seemed to me like dew, delicious,
Diamond-like, and clear and precious,
For the purest rainbow meet.

Tighter let me clasp your fingers;
One more word, and you may go:
This great love that I still cherish,
Will not weaken, cannot perish,
But shall grow, and grow, and grow.
Till the end comes, sweetly, calmly,
Death will come, or soon, or late,
It will be my greatest pleasure,
Ever bright to keep my treasure,
Never tarnish it by hate.

God in Heaven, look upon us,
Us two, standing here to-night.
Hear Thou my heart's great petition:
Work in her a deep contrition.

Darling, you may go; good-night.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

First, this month, we give a demi-saison costume of gray beige. The skirt is made quite narrow,



only two and three-quarter yards in width, and rather more than to touch. It is trimmed with two side-plaited flounces, six inches deep; plain polanaise, with three rows of stitching on the edge, and a large pocket on the left side. There is a wide silk sash cut from the piece. (and not a ribbon,) which commences at the sides, in the style now fashionable for children's costumes, and which loops up the draperies of the polonaise at the back. The pocket is ornamented with two rows of ribbon, coat-shaped sleeves, with revers, two small silk buttons on the outside of the cuff. The entire front of the Polonaise is trimmed with three rows of these small, silk buttons. Eighteen to twenty yards of beige will be required for this costume. Can be bought at from twenty-five to fifty cents per yard.

Next is a peignoir, or morning robe of either cashmere or flannel. The front is trimmed at



each side with a plaiting of the material, or silk, having a quilting of embroidered or plain muslin in the centre; it is fastened down the front, with rows of ribbon to match. The sleeves, which are slightly open and rounded, are trimmed to match the front. There is a pocket at the left side, also ornamented with plaiting, and rows to match. There are three tucks ornamenting the back breadths, which are piped with silk, to match the rows; this is entirely optional. Ten to twelve yards of flannel, or seven yards of cash-

mere will be required; eight yards of ribbon for bows. An old evening silk skirt might be utilized for plaitings, bows, etc.; purchasing the flannel or cashmere to correspond.

Next is a costume for a miss of ten to twelve years. The dress is suitable to be made in any



wool material. This model is of pale-gray cashmere, with kiltings of blue silk, with bows of blue ribbon, but it would look equally well in serge, bege, mohair, or any of the pretty, solid-colored woolen fabrics. The under-skirt has first a gathered flounce of the material, five inches wide, then a kilted plaiting four inches, another gathered flounce three inches. the fourth inch forming the heading. The polonaise is trimmed with the plaiting; it is cut in square tabs in front, and the back has one full breadth, cut long enough to loop into a pretty puff. The coat-sleeves have a cuff, with a double plaiting at the wrist, and a gathered ruffle to head the cuff. The Polonaise buttons down the front, to within about a quarter of a yard of the edge, where it is cut off, as may be seen, and the plaited trimming begins Bows of ribbon ornament the skirt of polonaise, pocket, cuffs, and one is added at the back of the waist. The plaiting may be either of the same kind of material, only dark-blue, garnet, olive-green, or any pretty contrasting solid color, or, as was suggested in the costume above, an old silk skirt makes beautiful kilt plaitings for trimming.

Walking-dress for a little girl of three or four years, is of piqué, made in a polonaise, and



trimmed with braid and embroidery. The fleecy piqué is quite warm enough for winter use, but if preferred, the dress can be made of serge, or merino, at a trifling cost. A broad sash is tied at the back. If made of white piqué, wear over a scarlet or dark-blue merino petticoat, allowing the depth of hem of petticoat to show. Sash, of course, to match the under-skirt.

Next is a paletot, for a boy of four to six years, of tartan plaid cheviot cloth. It is double-



breasted, and the edge bound with black velvet, or black mohair braid; pockets also bound to match. Collar of velvet; buttons of velvet, or bombazine.

We give, next, a warm winter over-coat for a boy a sort of an Ulster coat. It is made of



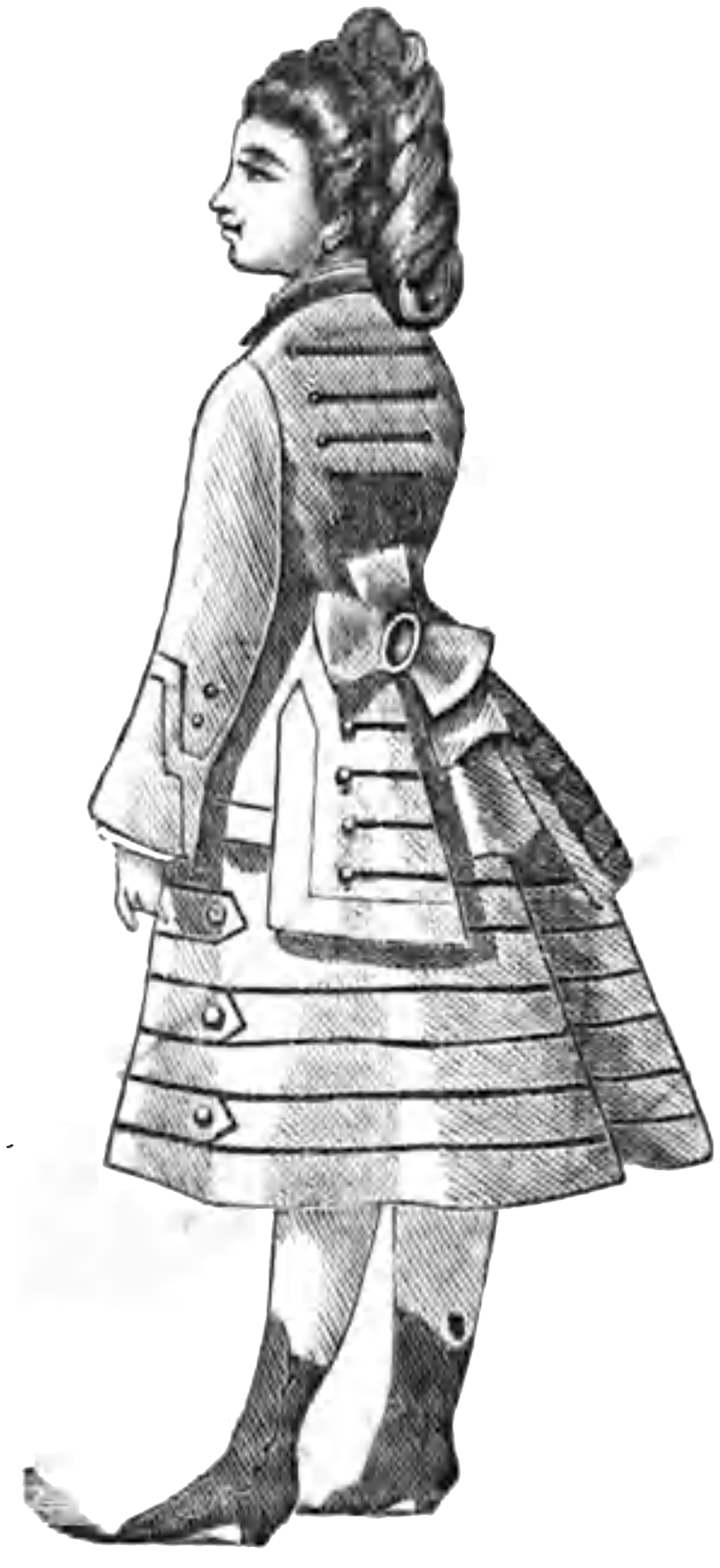
rough, thick cloth, buttons at the side, and has innumerable pockets, stitched on with the sewing-machine. It may be trimmed with real fur of any description, or with the imitation Astrachan. The coat is loose at the back, and confined at the waist by the belt. This is a boy's coat. But it is now quite fashionable for little girls to wear water-proof and other coats of this precise cut, only with fewer pockets. These coats are considered very stylish, either for boys or girls, for cold weather.

We also give two designs for chemise, and one for night-dress for little girls, made of long-cloth and Hamburg edging. These are in the front of the number.

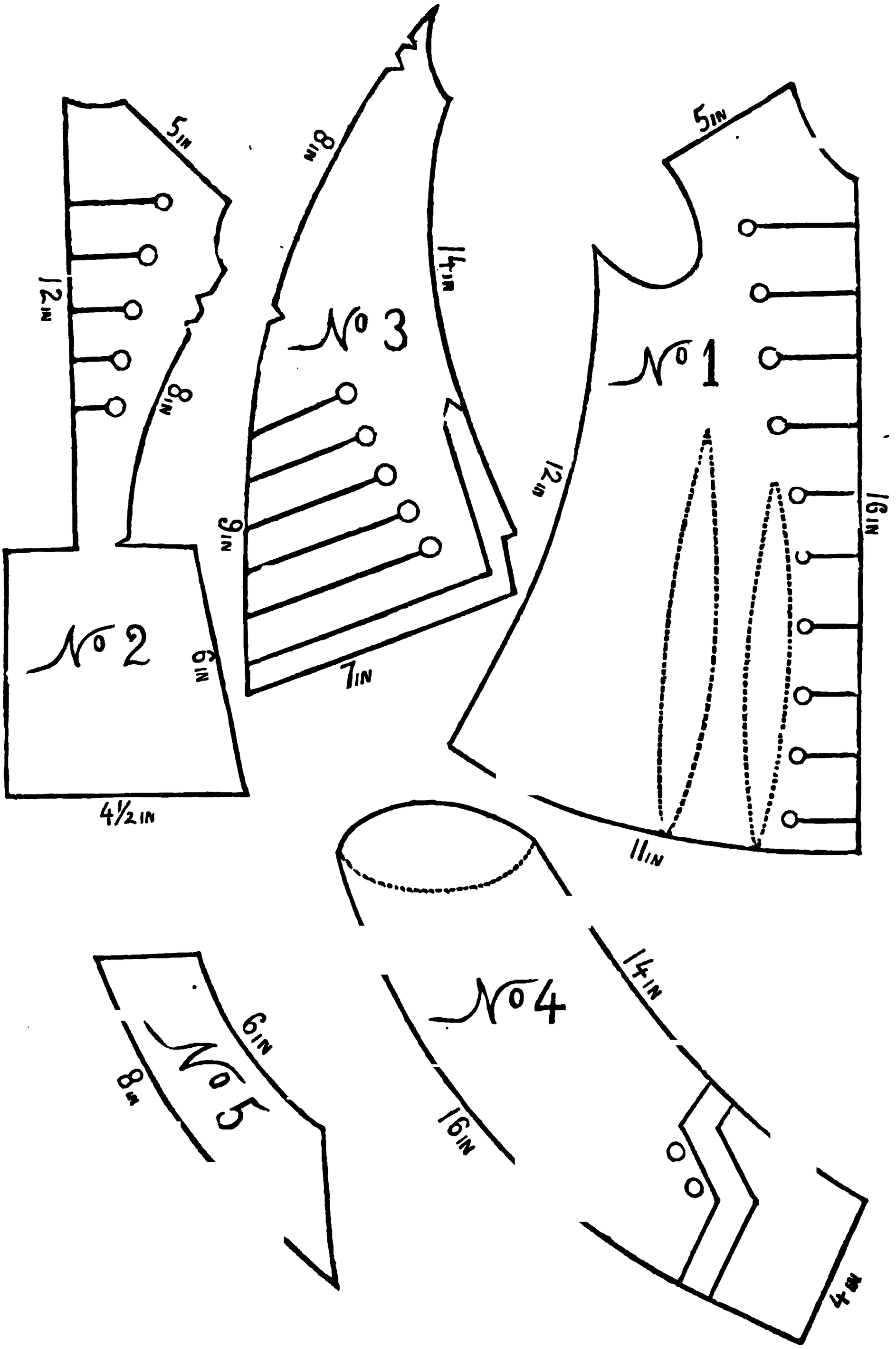
Also, in the front of the number, a baby's cloak, made of white serge, cloth, cashmere, or merino, and either braided or unbraided with silk or wool. The cloak fastens with a double row of buttons, and has a cape, with a gypsy hood above. The edge round the cape is done in buttonhole stitch. We give the back and front view.

PAELTOT FOR A MISS OF EIGHT TO TEN YEARS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



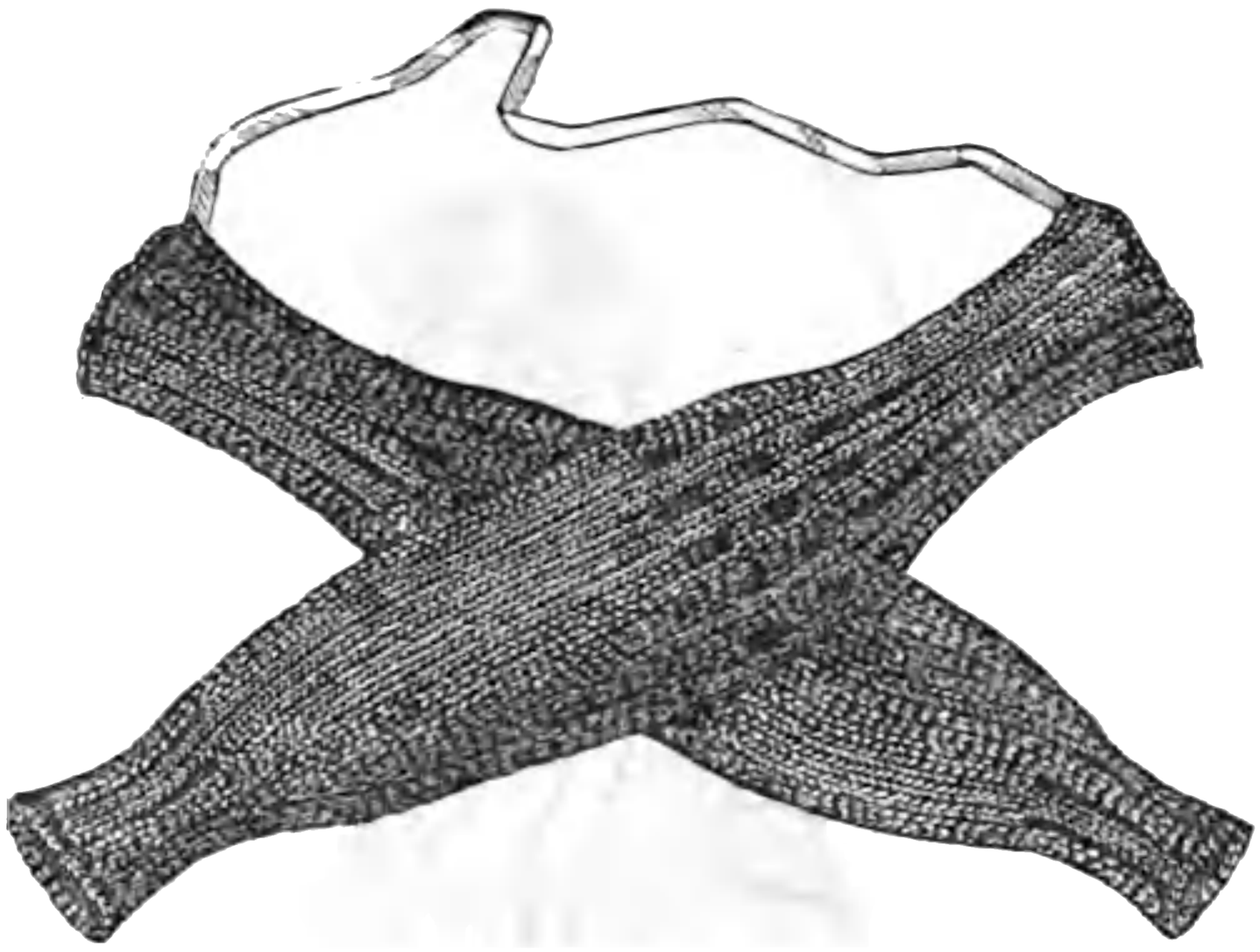
We give, this month, as particularly appropriate, a pattern, with diagram, of a Paletot for a Miss of from eight to ten years of age. This pretty affair can be made of poplin, or cashmere. The diagram, by which to cut it out, is given below. Cut a paper pattern of the right size, (the sizes are marked in inches on each piece,) and try it on, before cutting into the stuff.



No. 1. HALF OF FRONT.
No. 2. HALF OF BACK.
No. 3. HALF OF SIDE BACK.
No. 4. HALF OF SLEEVE.
No. 5. HALF OF COLLAR.
This is a very pretty paletot.

KNITTED SLEEVES.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Materials for a pair: 5 oz single Berlin wool of any dark color; four steel pins, No. 14.

Cast on 120 stitches on three pins, forty on each pin.

1st Round: Knit two, purl two.

Repeat this round fifty-nine times more.

61st to 70th Rounds: Plain knitting.

71st to 80th Rounds: Knit two, purl two alternately.

81st to 90th Rounds: Plain knitting.

91st to 100th Rounds: Knit two, purl two alternately.

101st to 226th Rounds: Plain knitting, with the exception of the seam for back of sleeve, which is made in every third round by knitting a stitch at the back instead of the front, as usual, and the decrease, which is made by knitting two together (that is, after working two stitches from the seam, you knit the third and fourth stitches together, and knit the third and fourth stitches together before the seam at the finish of the round).

The decrease is made in the 107th, 115th, 123d, 131st, 139th, 147th, 155th, 163d, and 171st rounds. Eight plain rounds between.

In 179th Round: After decreasing two on each side of seam, knit two together three times more at equal distances in the round.

180th to 188th Rounds: Plain knitting.

189th Round: The same as 179th round.

190th to 200th Rounds: Plain knitting.

201st Round: The same as 179th round.

202d to 209th Rounds: Plain knitting.

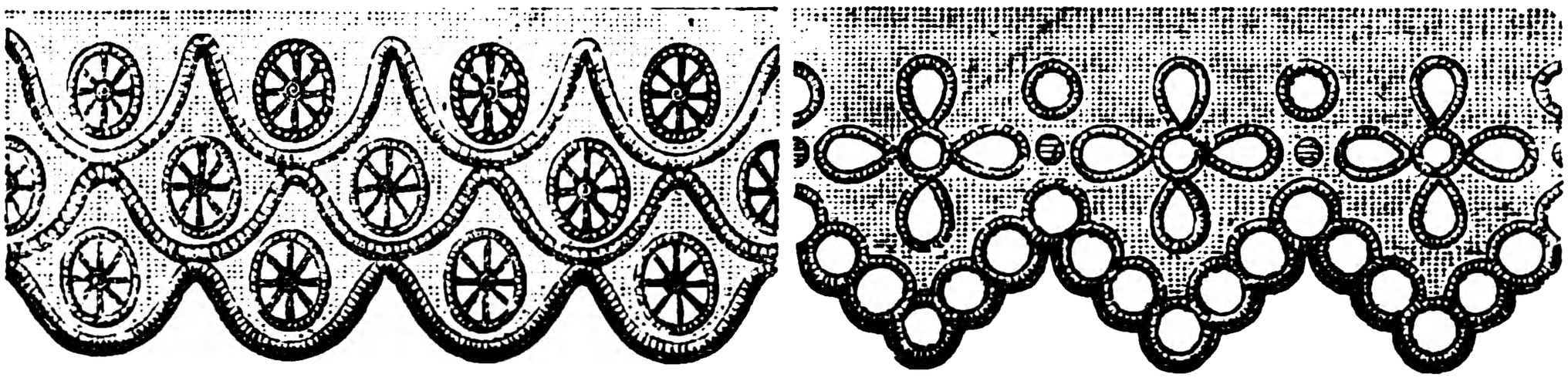
210th Round: The same as 179th round.

211th to 219th Rounds: Plain knitting.

220th to 244th Rounds: Knit two, purl two. Cast off.

Knit the other sleeve to correspond. Sew on a strap on the top of both sleeves. This strap is worn across the back, as shown in No. 1.

EDGINGS FOR UNDER-LINEN.



KNITTED SHAWL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We have had so many inquiries in our work-table columns for knitted shawls of a simple pattern in wools, that we think this will be acceptable to many of our subscribers. It is knitted in stripes of two colors, in fine wool. There are two or three qualities of the Scotch yarn, and the coarser kinds are not so suitable for the shawl; the superfine should be selected. There are thirteen stripes in the shawl, each five inches wide; seven stripes are plain knitted, six of them are vandyked. For these use No. 8 needles, and cast on 40 stitches.

1st Row—Knit 12, slip 1, knit 2 together, draw the slipped stitch over the knitted; knit 12, make a stitch by knitting one on the wool before the next stitch; knit the next stitch, and make one between it and the following; knit 12.

2d Row—Plain knitting, repeat these two rows throughout. The fringe is made of balls, in two shades, to match the shawl.

FLANNEL SKIRT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



White flannel, ornamented with rows of machine stitching, in either silk or wool. Between the rows there is a diamond pattern worked in the same stitch.

KNITTED UNDER-CAP FOR ELDERLY LADIES.

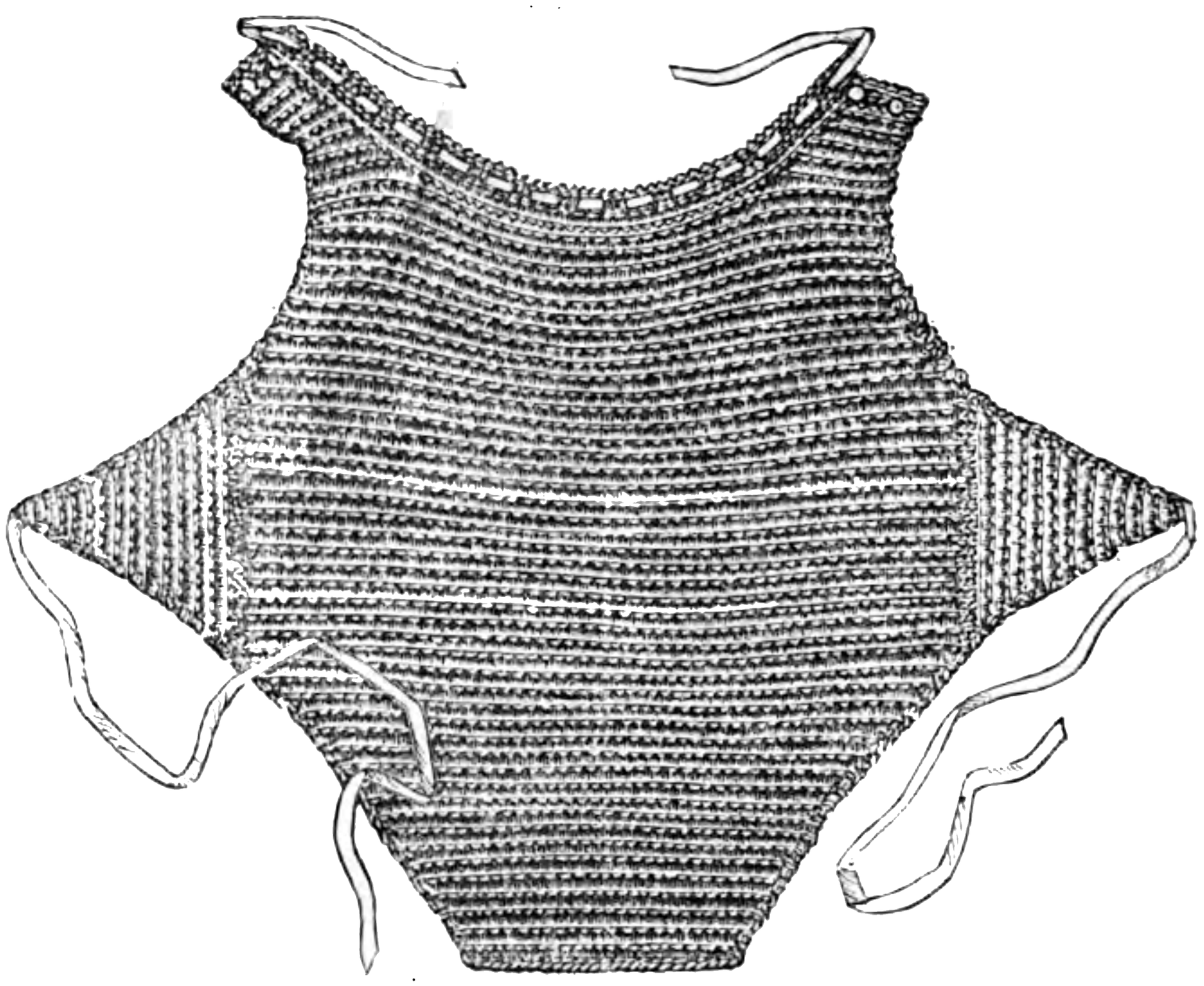
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS, etc.—Brown single Berlin wool and fine steel pins. Cast on 8 stitches, close into a circle, and knit as follows:—1st round: Plain. 2nd round: Alternately cotton forward and knit 1. 3rd round: Knitted. Every round with an uneven number is knitted plain. 4th round: Cotton forward, knit 2. The 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, and 26 rounds, like the 4th, increasing by 1 stitch in every round. From the 27th to the 42nd rounds, inclusive, knit without increase or decrease; then leave 30 stitches for the back of the cap, and knit to and fro along the remaining 82 stitches, 36 rows to appear knitted on the right side. Then take up the side stitches and knit 6 rounds in a ribbed pattern (knit 2, purl 2) for the outside edge of the cap. Cast off and fasten the wool.

CHEST-WARMER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS—A quarter of a pound of single scarlet Berlin wool; three pins, No. 10 (bell-gauge).

Cast on twenty-three stitches. The entire work consists of plain knitting, worked in rows backwards and forwards. For the increase, knit the first and last stitch of each alternate row at the back and front, until you have worked thirty-two rows.

Now work twenty-eight rows without increase.

Now work eight rows, decreasing on each side in each alternate row, by knitting two stiches together.

Work fourteen rows without decrease.

You have now reached as far as the throat; knit off the sides separately. This is done by knitting twelve stitches on one side, then leaving the remaining stitches on the left pin, and knitting off the twelve stitches with the third pin; upon these twelve stitches knit ten rows, decreasing at the throat by knitting two together in each alternate row. The outer edge is kept straight; cast off.

Work all the stitches on the second pin, and, in the next, knit twelve stitches, and knit them off with the third pin, as described for first side. When the second side is finished, cast off. Pick up the stitches on the top, and knit them off with those of the middle.

At the corner of the button-hole side, pick up three stitches in one (see design). Knit four plain rows across the top.

5th Row: Knit two, make one, knit two together. Repeat.

6th and 7th Rows: Plain knitting; cast off. A string is run through the row of holes atthe top.

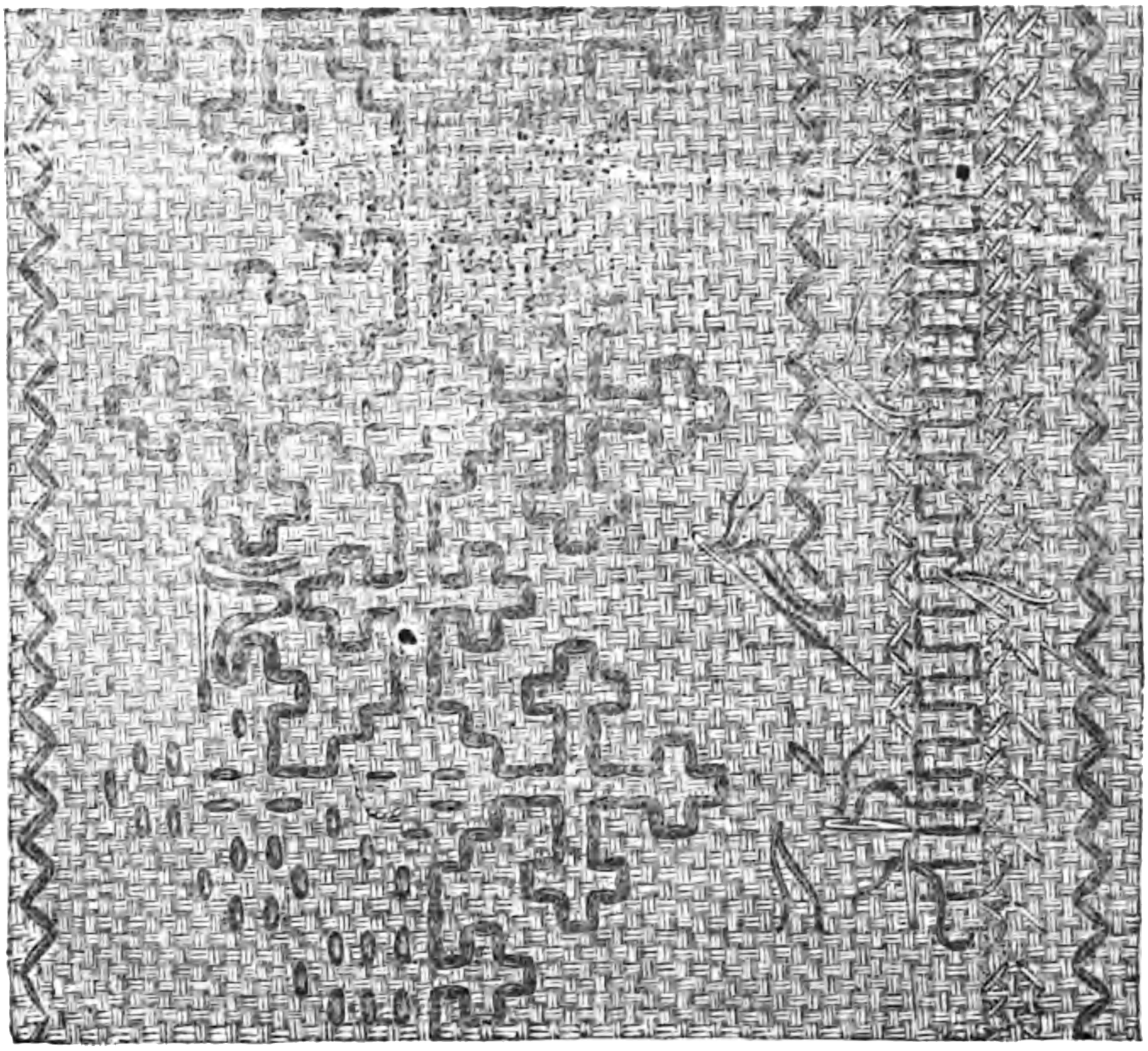
For the side straps, pick up the stitches of the sides of the twenty-eight plain rows. Knit in rows, backwards and forwards, decreasing in every alternate row by knitting two together at the beginning and end of the row. Sew on strings to the end of the strap.

TABLE-COVER OF JAVA CANVAS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give the detail below. It may be worked in cotton or wool of the ingrain colors, on white or coru canvas. The design looks well in scarlet and black Andalusian wool. The fringe is knotted through the hem, and is composed of equal parts of the two colors used in the embroidery.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1877.—We call attention to our Prospectus for 1877, to be found on the last page of the cover. We claim, there, that this Magazine is *both better and cheaper* than any periodical of its kind. Our enormous edition, exceeding that of any lady's book in the world, enables us to offer "Peterson" at these unprecedently low rates; for we find, by experience, that a small profit on a large circulation is more remunerative than a large profit on a small one.

It will be seen that *the prices for the large clubs are reduced to meet the times.* As a rule, one subscriber less, at the same price, secures the same premiums as this year; and one more subscriber, at the lower price. Thus, for seven subscribers, at $1.57 each, ($11.00 in all,) we send an extra copy and a "Cornwallis," as premiums: heretofore it has taken eight, at $1.57, ($12.50 in all.) Or for $1.60 each, ($9.60 in all,) we send six copies, with both an extra copy and an engraving, as premiums: heretofore it required $1.70 each, ($8.50) for five subscribers. We send eight copies at $1.50 each, ($12.00,) and an extra copy for premium: heretofore it took ten copies, at $1.50, ($15.00 in all,) to earn the same premium. We make these reductions in order to stimulate the getting up of large clubs.

In the meantime, the magazine *will be greatly improved* in 1877, as announced in the Prospectus: more reading given, more embellishments, ets., etc., so as to make it better worthy of patronage than ever. The novels and stories for next year will be particularly fine. As for our colored fashion-plates, they will be unrivaled.

NOW IS THE TIME TO GET UP CLUBS. Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merits are fairly presented. The best way to present these merits is to exhibit a number. We invite comparison. *Be the first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for.

LADIES, IN THE MORNING, at home, now wear the hair in a large net made of silk braid, and ornamented with two bows, one at the top of the head, the other toward the bottom of the net, so as to confine the hair as a Louis XV. catogan; hence the name "Catogan nets." This style of hair-dressing obviates the necessity of wearing any false hair, and rests that of natural growth.

TWO ENGRAVINGS FOR A CLUB.—It will be seen, from our new Prospectus, that when persons get up clubs, and become entitled to an extra copy of the Magazine, they can have, instead of it, *if they prefer*, two of our premium engravings for 1877, or the "Cornwallis," and any former one, or two of any of our former ones.

WORTH THRICE ITS PRICE.—A lady writes, "I can't do without 'Peterson.' It is worth thrice its price. Its stories are the best, its fashions the most beautiful, and its steel engravings unrivaled. I enclose two dollars, to renew my subscription."

OUR REDUCTIONS TO CLUBS.—We offer, for 1877, as will be seen, five copies for $8.00, with an extra copy of the magazine for a premium, to the person who gets up the club. We do this to oblige those who do not want an engraving. We will still send, however, if desired, both an extra copy and our engraving, (as we did for 1876,) for a club of five and $8.50. Also, for $12.50, we will send eight copies and both an extra copy and the premium engraving. But, if both these premiums are desired, the best plan will be to get six at $1.60, ($9.60 in all,) or seven at $1.57, ($11.00 in all,) or nine at $1.50, ($13.50 in all.) Either of these clubs is much cheaper than those of 1876. For instance, we offer, for 1877, both an extra copy and the "Cornwallis," for a club of six, ($9.60.) For this year, it took $10.20, (six at $1.70 each) to earn the same premiums. So of the other and the larger clubs.

GERANIUMS IN WINTER.—A subscriber asks us, "What is the best way to keep geraniums during winter, without a green-house?" We answer, to take them up at the end of October, and cut most of the branches off, and to trim the long roots. Have ready a common brown earthen pan, with plenty of broken flower-pot at the bottom, to make a thorough drainage. Fill this with a mixture of mould and sand, and plant the geraniums in it as close together as possible. After well watering, place the pan in a partially dark place. The geraniums will only require watering about twice during the winter. In the spring, about the beginning of April, (depending something on how far north or south you live,) they must be taken up and potted separately, and kept in a pit, or in a warm room. The shoots which they make during the winter will form nice cuttings if raised under a hand-glass.

OAT-MEAL is the almost universal food for children in England, and is considered one reason why they are so healthy. It is good, also, for nervous people, especially for delicate women, and for dyspeptics. It is exceedingly nourishing. The Scotch peasantry, who live chiefly on it, are the strongest in the world. It can be eaten with syrup and butter, as hasty-pudding, or with cream and sugar, like rice. It is especially good for young mothers, upon whose nervous forces too great a demand has been made. Oat-meal requires to be cooked slowly, and the water should be boiling hot when it is stirred in.

"IT INTERESTS ALL."—A lady sends a club, already, for 1877, and says: "I have doubled my list, as you see, since last year. The truth is, that everybody says it combines more merits than any other: fashions, stories, steel engravings, work-table patterns, flower-garden, etc., etc. Other magazines interest only one kind of persons: Peterson's interests all; it is, in fact, a family friend."

THE INDIAN SLIPPER, our colored pattern for this number, is after an East Indian design, and hence its name. No other magazine gives these costly and elegant patterns. We publish this one, in the present number, in order that ladies may have time to work it before Christmas, as the slipper will make a charming present for that occasion.

OUR COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATES cost ten thousand dollars, every year, more than if they were lithographed, as in other magazines. But our motto is to give the best, no matter what it costs.

OUR PREMIUM ENGRAVING FOR 1877.—It is our custom, as our old subscribers know, to engrave, every year, a large-sized steel plate, for framing, at a cost of from one to two thousand dollars, as a premium for getting up certain of our clubs. Many persons, we find, prefer such a premium, even to an extra copy of the magazine; while others wish to earn both an extra copy and an engraving for framing. The plate for next year will be the most costly, and we think, also, the best we have ever engraved. The subject is the "Surrender of Cornwallis." The engraving is of the same size as "Washington's Adieu to His Generals," (27 inches by 20,) and is a match-picture to that, the most popular we have hitherto published. "The Surrender of Cornwallis" contains portraits of Washington, Rochambeau, Lincoln, O'Hara, Lauzun, Knox, etc., etc. As a work of art, it is unrivaled. Historical pictures are the highest in rank, and this is one of the best ever painted. It won the medal in the Paris Salon of 1875. *No household in America should be without it.* The easiest way to secure it is to get up a club for "Peterson" for 1877.

THE MOST STYLISH SHOES for evening wear are made of pale-blue or pearl-gray kid; they are cut open in front, and the kid heel is covered with either gold or silver, very finely worked. The stockings always match the shoes. Pale-blue and pink shoes can be worn with white dresses, but, in our opinion, the best of all shoes are the black satin ones, made with bars across the instep, and worn with black open-worked silk stockings. Buckles are often worn on evening shoes, particularly those made of Rhine crystal, of coral, and of turquoises, the buckles being of fancy shape, and the shoes either light-colored faille or black satin.

MEASURES, ETC., IN THE BIBLE.—A day's journey was thirty-three and one-fifth miles. A Sabbath-day's journey was about an English mile. A cubit is twenty-two inches, nearly. A shekel of silver was about fifty cents. A shekel of gold was $8.09. A talent of silver was $538.32. A talent of gold was $13,809. A piece of silver, or a penny, was thirteen cents. A mite was less than a quarter of a cent.

WAISTBANDS AND SASHES, made of gros-grain, again are coming into favor, and they are always fastened with a buckle; the bands, which are very narrow, are worn above the basque bodice, and fastened with a Louis XV. buckle in Rhine crystal.

NO OTHER LADY'S BOOK has such contributors as Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. F. Hodgson Burnett, Marietta Holley, the author of "Josiah Allen's Wife," etc., etc. The stories in "Peterson" are *conceded to be the best.*

HOW TO DRESS WELL, is what everybody should know. No lady can know how to dress well, unless she takes "Peterson," now universally acknowledged to be the supreme authority in matters of fashion and taste.

STOCKINGS ARE very varied. But in every case they should match the toilet worn at the time. Stripes going across the leg are again in favor, the perpendicular lines being considered ungraceful.

SAVE A DOLLAR by subscribing to "Peterson." Other lady's books charge three, or four dollars, for what, on the whole, is greatly inferior.

OLD-FASHIONED APRONS, with braces, are becoming popular. They give quite a *piquant* air to the wearer, if she is young, and especially if she is pretty.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Daniel Deronda. By George Eliot. 2 vols., 12mo. New York: Harper & Bros.—On the whole, this novel is unsatisfactory. Such, at least, is the opinion of the best English critics. An enthusiastic reviewer, in New York, has, indeed, compared George Eliot to Shakspeare, placing her above all other English writers, since his time, whether in prose or in poetry. He even defends the unsatisfactory character of the present story, by saying that Shakspeare's dramas, as a rule, end unsatisfactorily, also. We would be the last to deny the genius of George Eliot. But extravagant praise does more harm than good. The critics, who make these wild assertions, are generally little better than mere book-worms, with small knowledge of human nature, and hardly any at all of life: they live in a purely literary set, till their taste becomes meretricious: and they are the very last people to be able to predict what will live, because they are the last to recognize the broad humanity without which no book can survive. They are the critics, for example, who put Hawthorne before Scott. In spite of its many high qualities, "Daniel Doronda," we fear, will be one of the least permanently successful of George Eliot's novels.

The Lord of Rochefort. By Mrs. C. A. Warfield. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a new novel, from the pen of the authoress of "The Household of Bouverie," a work which, when it first appeared, made a very great sensation, and which, since then, has passed through several editions. Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, the veteran critic, pronounces the present story one of the best produced during the last twenty years. "Originality of design," he says, "perfectness of execution, accurate character-drawing, clever construction of plot, and good local coloring, are its leading features." We quote this opinion, and give its authority, because we have not yet had time to read the book for ourselves. The story includes some powerful scenes in Paris, during the Reign of Terror, and virtually closes with the fall of Robespierre. Among the characters is the celebrated Count of Cagliostro. The volume is handsomely printed, on thick paper, with clear type, and is bound with taste.

Phœbe Junior. By Mrs. Oliphant. 1 vol., 8vo. New York: American News Company.—We have here some of our old friends again, whom we knew first in "Salem Chapel," etc., etc. Mrs. Oliphant, like Anthony Trollope, has this peculiarity of introducing and re-introducing, in successive novels, her more favorite characters; and it is a practice which, if not carried too far, has much to recommend it. The present novel is hardly one of this writer's best; but it is very much better than most recent fictions.

Zeriah Throop's Experiment. By Mrs. A. T. Whitney. 1 vol. 16 mo. Boston: Loring.—There is no American writer, who, in her peculiar line, excels, or even rivals, Mrs. Whitney. Nor does even English literature furnish anything, in its way, better than "The Gayworthys," or "Hitherto." The present story, though not so good as the two novels just named, is very charmingly told. The edition is a cheap one, in harmony with the times.

California Notes. By Charles B. Terrill. 1 vol., 24mo. San Francisco: Edward Bosqui & Co.—This is the first of a series of volumes on California, and will be found useful alike to the tourist and the resident. San Francisco, the gold mines, the Yosemite, etc., are among the subjects discussed.

Snowed Up. By Harry Castleman. 1 vol., 16 mo. Philada.: Porter & Coates.—A book for young people, one of the "Frank Nelson Series." It is well written, and freely illustrated. The author is already favorably known for his "Gunboat Series," and "Rocky Mountain Series."

The Countess of Rudolstadt. By George Sand. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada.: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is the conclusion of "Consuelo." Together, the two books make one of the best stories ever written, and quite the best of George Sand.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

WHAT THE NEWSPAPERS SAY.—If you are canvassing for a club, it will be as well to show your friends what is said of "Peterson," especially by the newspapers. Editors, as a rule, see all the magazines, and therefore, when they discriminate in favor of one, it is real praise. Says the Warsaw (N. Y.) Democrat, in noticing our last number, "It combines more, and for a less price, than any other, and is therefore the *magazine for the times*." Says the Dover (N. H.) Enquirer: "Good as the stories have always been in 'Peterson,' they seem to us, this year, better than ever." The Monroe (La.) Intelligencer says: "Its fashions alone are worth the subscription price." Says the Foreston (Ill.) Herald, "We do not see how any lady can do without this magazine." Says the Lynn (Mass.) Reporter, "No magazine of its class sustains its high reputation better." Says the Lawrenceville (Ill.) Herald: "The colored steel fashion-plates are especially beautiful." The Edgerton (Wis.) Independent says: "Noted for its fine steel engravings, themselves worth the price of subscription." Says the Valley (Pa.) Record: "The fashion plates are superb; 'Peterson' *gets better and better: and it always keeps its promises*." The Lapeer (Mich.) Democrat says, "The best ladies' journal of the day: it is foolish for others to attempt to compete with it." The Lake Mills (Iowa) Herald says, "The *best as well as cheapest* ladies' magazine." We receive scores of similar notices, every month, but these are sufficient to show what is said of "Peterson." Now get up your clubs.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson'" has had, for twenty years, an average circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village, and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., for terms, etc., etc.

BACK NUMBERS OF THIS MAGAZINE can always be supplied by the publisher. If news-dealers say they cannot get them, it is because they will not take the trouble to order them. In such cases, write to us, and we will furnish them, postage free.

ALL LADIES indorse the use of Laird's "Bloom of Youth" as the best Toilet preparation for preserving the skin and beautifying the complexion. Sold at all Druggists.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. XI.—ACCIDENTS, ETC.—CONTINUED.

In concluding my remarks in reference to injuries received in the fleshy part of the thumb, or hand especially, from splints or other substances, which are followed by intense swelling and inflammation of an erysipelatous character, arising, perhaps, from the wounding of the lymphatics of the part, as manifested by red or inflamed lines or streaks extending up the fore-arm, and even involving the glands in the arm-pit, I deem it advisable to say to the mother, or family physician, that such cases are most successfully treated by a cooling physic of Rochelle or Epsom salts, painting the entire inflamed part with tincture of iodine, then covering it with a poultice of elm and flaxseed, and encircling the arm with a strip of blistering plaster, two inches wide, immediately above the active inflammation. The iodine must be repeated at least once in twenty-four hours, and the poultice kept moist. The further progress of the disease is invariably arrested.

FOREIGN BODIES IN THE NASAL CAVITIES.—Children sometimes are prone to a foolish habit of pushing up the nose such substances as peas, grains of corn, cherry-stones, pellets of pepper, etc. Inflammation and swelling sooner or later follow such introduction, which arrests the mother's attention. Prompt measures must be resorted to by her, which, if not successful, a physician, with a suitable instrument—the "ear-pick" is the best—must be called.

A pinch of snuff, or any substance that will cause sneezing, may first be resorted to, and will often cause the expulsion of the foreign body, especially if the opposite nostril is compressed during the act of sneezing, so as to cause the main expulsive force to pass through the closed nostril. If this fails, let the mother close the opposite nostril by pressure of her fingers, and then applying her mouth to that of the child's, blow with *force*, and the current of air thus produced, and confined to the one nostril, will often dislodge the body.

Any grain or seed will soon swell, excite inflammation, and become impacted. Hence the importance of prompt removal. Mothers should not attempt their remedy by any instrument, as a large observation only shows that the *substance* is almost invariably pushed further back, giving the surgeon increased trouble.

FOREIGN BODIES IN THE EAR.—Similar substances to those placed in the nostrils, are often inserted into the ear, by children at play, or in solitary habit. And it is astonishing how perverse children addicted to the habit ofttime become. Persuasion and the *rod* alike fail, at least for a time, and the child abandons the habit, at length, voluntarily.

Beans, peas, grains of corn, cherry-stones, and the like, can generally be washed out by the mother, if she possess a good four or six-ounce syringe, with a long nozzle—the ear being gently pulled upward, backward, and slightly forward, in order to straighten the tube, by a third person, before the contents of the syringe is discharged into the ear. Tepid water may be used for the removal of small bodies, and those not affected by water. It is apparent, however, that any prolonged effort to remove grains or seeds by the use of the syringe and warm water, would be highly injudicious, as they would, by absorbing moisture, soon swell, and render abstraction still more difficult when the physician or surgeon was called. He alone can remove them, with a little instrument known as the "ear-pick." Insects, however, the mother can generally very readily dislodge from the ear, with the aid of the syringe, used as above recommended, or destroy them by filling the external ear with tepid olive or sweet oil, or warm water, into which a little spirits of camphor has been poured. Slight deafness frequently occurs in children, from accumulations of wax; and whenever the child complains of its ears being "stopped," the mother should examine the ear, pulling it outwards, and backwards, and upwards in a strong light, and syringe the ear with warm water, to which soap and a little ether have been added, or simply a little baking-soda, which will assist in dissolving and removing the wax. Often, however, the little instrument above mentioned is the better and more prompt means of relief. If the ear-tube is tender to the touch, a little warm water, laudanum, and sugar-of-lead, may be used to soothe the irritation.

ETIQUETTE, MANNERS, ETC.

GOOD MANNERS are the unspoken language of good nature and kindly feeling. Every nation has a few little conventionalities, peculiar to itself, and which all well-bred people should follow; but in the abstract, good manners are only the flowering-out of those benevolent affections, which have their roots deep in the human heart. Love, sympathy and tenderness are intrinsically graceful, gentle and courteous, and, did they always reign within us, we should have no need to study rules of politeness. It is the selfishness which, in some form or other, clings so closely to most of us, that makes us rude, uncourteous and ill-mannered. The more

deeply it is engraven on the heart, the more palpably will it be written in the demeanor. The little sacrifices continually made, from kind feeling and good-will, have quite a different flavor from those dictated by policy or fashion. The former are natural, easy, genial and spontaneous; they claim no merit, and expect no reward. The latter are forced, mechanical and artificial, aiming not to gratify others, but to be recognized and applauded themselves.

The best method, then, of cultivating good manners, is to cherish kindly sympathies. The foundations once laid, the structure will soon arise. The root planted and nurtured, the flowers will blossom of themselves. How to lay this foundation, and to plant this root, is a problem which deserves careful study. Selfishness cannot be eradicated by a mere effort of the will, nor benevolent impulses be implanted by a single determination. Slowly and gradually, if at all, must the work progress. Perhaps the best practical means to employ, is the constant practice of self-denial in little things. To give up a comfortable seat, or an hour's pleasure; to answer a bitter remark with a pleasant and cheery word; to extend a hearty welcome or an encouraging sympathy to those who need them; to pay respect to the aged, to help the feeble, to take a cordial interest in others, even when burdened with our own cares, are all little things, and each may, at times, require more effort than the result seems to warrant; but they constitute much of the happiness of life, and, if persevered in, they will conquer selfish indulgence. and gradually the effort will merge into an impulse, which it will be our delight to follow.

Children, especially, should be trained to make small sacrifices for the comfort of others, continually and cheerfully. This may be done by careful and judicious parents, without any harsh or compulsory measures, especially if they themselves set the example. A habit thus acquired in early life is invaluable, and the good manners which flow naturally and gracefully from such a source, are so attractive and winning, that none can resist their genial influence.

THE FLOWER-GARDEN.

BY EBEN E.. REXFORD.

Protecting Roses and Tender Shrubs.—When settled winter begins to make its appearance, all the tender roses and shrubs should be laid down and covered with soda. I find soda much better than anything else I ever tried. They do not bruise the wood, and mice will not work among them. Covered in this way, I have wintered tender noisette China roses. Flowering almonds, wistarias, and many kinds of shrubs and vines, which stand our winters quite well without any covering, do so much better for a little protection, that it is well worth while to take the trouble to give it to them.

Geraniums, that have been used as bedding plants, can be wintered over if taken up before hard frosts, and the most of the top cut off. Hang them up in the cellar, or stow away the roots in an old box, filling in between them with earth, which is quite dry. Pansies should have a good covering of dead leaves or straw. Japan lilies, and dicentra, or bleeding heart, should have a lot of manure thrown around their roots. This is not absolutely necessary, but it answers the two-fold purpose of protection and food.

House-Plants.—Persons having plants to winter in the house should take care to see that there is no chance for frost to get in. There are apt to be little cracks about the window-frame, and between the sashes, and it requires but a small place for the cold to creep in at, on a keen winter night, to kill all your plants, or at least to spoil them for the season. A good, thick coat or two of paint over the window-casings will stop many little crevices; and a strip of paper pasted over the sashes, and all cracks too large to be stopped with paint, will be effectual. Of course your sash must be glazed well, and the putty must not be allowed to become loose, and fall off in patches here and there. If your plants are on a stand, or table with castors, it is an easy matter to wheel them out a little way from the window. A thick paper curtain, which can be let down at night, affords a great deal of protection against frost, if you can have a close wooden shutter, which will fit the outside of the window snugly, and the doors are tolerably close and snug in their frames. I think most plants can be wintered well without any extra precautions of keeping fire. But it would be better to put in a big chunk of wood on going to bed, or some extra coal, than to run any risk. Most houses are made so close that but little cold can get in around the doors and windows. In houses not built after this pattern, newspapers thrown over the plants, and pinned about them, will keep off frost very well.

DINNER-PARTIES.

Dinner for Eighty Persons.—A lady asks us for a bill of fare, where there is company at dinner; and something nice, yet not too expensive, is desired. We give one, accordingly:

Vermicelli Soup.
Boiled Cod, with Oyster Sauce.
Boiled Potatoes.
Roast Loin of Beef.
Broiled Sweet Potatoes.
Chicken Stewed *a la Creole*,
Lobster Salad.
Pancakes with Peaches.

Chicken a la Creole.—Cut up two large chickens; put the pieces in a sauce-pan with butter; fry them. When brown, take most of the butter off; add two chopped onions; fry again to cook the onions. Take the skin and seeds out of eight tomatoes: cut and put them with the chicken, together, with half a green pepper chopped fine, a teacupful of thick, brown gravy, and the same quantity of beef broth. Season well. Let the whole boil slowly for half an hour, and serve with plain boiled rice in a separate dish.

For Pancakes with Peaches.—Make a batter with four ounces of flour, two ounces of sugar, two ounces of melted butter, three eggs and their yolks. Mix well. Put some butter in a frying-pan, and fry them on both sides, of a light-brown color. Put them on the table, spread some stewed peaches on them, then roll them. Put some fine sugar over them, and glaze them with a red-hot "salamander," which is simply a round, flat piece of iron fixed to an iron handle. With the round piece, heated red-hot, you glaze the surface of any dish, after dredging it with sugar or bread-crumbs. If no "salamander" is at hand, a kitchen-shovel may be used, the broad end being made red-hot.

This bill of fare is one prepared by Monsieur Delice, one of the most famous of our French cooks. It is simple, yet perfect.

HOUSEKEEPING DEPARTMENT.

Your Carpets, etc.—The affinity of carpets for dirt, is really remarkable. It may be safely assumed that every carpet which has lain upon a floor during the summer months is dangerously dirty, and that without reference to the question whether or not the room in which it lies has been used. Every carpet in the house should be taken up and beaten, once a year, until no dust remains in it. The task is a sore one for unaided women's hands, but civilization has come to their aid with carpet-beating machinery,

which does the work better than any hand-applied switches can do it; and the beginning of wise house-cleaning now, is the delivery of all the carpets to the messengers of the machine owners, where such can be had.

Blankets, and bed-quilts and bed-comforters, (where persons are still unwise enough to use the quilts and comforters, instead of the more healthful blankets,) should be sent to the wash-tubs at once, whether they seem to be soiled or not. If they have been used, they have taken upon themselves the exhalations of the human bodies that have slept under them, and they need the purification of soap, water, and sunlight.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS.

Roast Pigeons.—They should be quite fresh, as the flavor passes off in a day or two. When cleaned ready for roasting, prepare some stuffing of bread-crumbs, and about three oysters to each bird, a spoonful of butter, and a little salt and nutmeg. Mix these well together, and fill the belly of the bird. They must be well basted with melted butter, and require thirty minutes' careful cooking. When full-grown, and in the autumn, they are best. For a sauce, take the gravy that runs from them, thicken with a very little flour and chopped parsley. Serve hot. The bird is in perfection when it has just done growing.

Spiced Beef.—Make a brine with half a pound of salt, half an ounce of saltpetre, half a pound of sugar, thirty cloves, as many allspice and black pepper-corns. Crack the spice, and put it on to boil for a few minutes in a pint of water. When cold, pour it over a piece of beef of about ten pounds. Turn it every day for a fortnight. When wanted for use, put the beef into a deep pan with the brine, a little water, and about one pound of suet. Bake it till tender. Let it get cold in the brine.

Sheep's-Head.—Clean the head well, boil it two hours, remove the bones; egg and bread-crumb the meat. Boil the brains in a piece of muslin a quarter of an hour; chop with a little parsley and onion. Serve round the head. The tongue may be boiled and served in the dish or separately; or the tongue and brains may be sent in one dish, and the meat served with gravy.

VEGETABLES.

Red Cabbage.—1. Wash, trim, and cut up a large cabbage into five or six slices. Put them into boiling water for a quarter of an hour, then stew them gently in broth till quite tender. Drain, and serve with reduced brown gravy, flavored with a dash of lemon-juice or vinegar. If very small, they may be dressed whole in the same manner.

2. *A Flemish Recipe.*—Wash and trim a cabbage; put it into a sauce-pan, with sufficient cold water to cover it; let it come gradually to the boil, then add four or five apples, peeled, cored, and quartered; a small piece of butter, pepper and salt. Stew gently till quite tender; strain; add to the liquor a thickening of butter and flour, a teaspoonful of vinegar, and one of currant or gooseberry-jelly. Dish the cabbage with the apples round it, and the same sauce over.

Onion Sauce.—Parboil some onions a few minutes, mince them roughly, and put them into a saucepan, with plenty of butter, a pinch of sugar, and pepper and salt to taste. Let them cook slowly, so that they do not take color, and add a tablespoonful of flour. When they are quite tender, pass them through a hair-sieve. Dilute the onion pulp with sufficient milk to make the sauce of the desired consistency; add a tablespoonful of grated cheese. Stir well, and make it hot, and serve.

Cold Brisket of Beef.—Put the brisket in salt for a few days; bind it up with tape into a round; lay it in a stew-pan with plenty of water, and stew gently for six or seven hours, with some fried vegetables, and a little spice. While still hot, put it to press under heavy weights. It can be garnished with tufts of scraped horse-radish, and small heaps of red pickled cabbage.

DESSERTS.

Bread and Butter Pudding.—Butter your pie-dish well, and strew the bottom with currants and candied peel; then place alternate layers of bread and butter in rather thin slices, and the peel and currants, until the dish is nearly full, observing to have currants at the top; then pour over, slowly and equally, a custard of sweetened milk and two or three eggs, flavored to taste, and bake in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes.

Souffle Pudding.—Put six ounces of corn-flour into a stew-pan, with eight ounces of pounded loaf-sugar. Mix these smoothly together; add four ounces of fresh butter, and a few drops of essence of vanilla. Stir briskly over the fire until it boils, and then work in vigorously six yolks of eggs, and the six whites, whisked into a firm froth. They are to be slightly incorporated with the butter, which must be poured into a buttered dish.

Italian Cream.—Put a gill of good fresh cream, two eggs, three spoonfuls of powdered sugar, and a little orange-flower water, into a pan, and whip them up together. When the cream is sufficiently thick, put it into a deep dish with plenty of powdered sugar; set it on hot ashes, cover it, and lay hot ashes on the top, which must be renewed until the cream is done enough, then let it cool and serve it.

Indian Chuppatees.—Two pounds of flour, one ounce of butter, a pinch of salt. Rub together, and mix with a little cold water. Do not make it moist. Dip a cloth in hot water, and wrap it up for ten minutes; then knead it, and let it lie ten minutes more. Make it into balls the size of a walnut, roll it very thin, and bake in a hot oven. Prick them with a fork before putting them in.

CAKES.

To Make French Bread and Rolls.—Take a pint and a half of milk; make it quite warm; half a pint of small-beer yeast; add sufficient flour to make it as thick as butter; put it into a pan, cover it over, and keep it warm. When it has risen as high as it will, add a quarter of a pint of warm water and half an ounce of salt; mix them well together. Rub into it a little flour and two ounces of butter. Then make your dough, not quite so stiff as for your bread. Let it stand for three-quarters of an hour, and it will be ready to make into rolls, etc. Let them stand till they have risen, and bake them in a quick oven.

Tea-Cakes.—Rub a quarter of a pound of butter into a quart of dried flour; then beat up two eggs with two teaspoonfuls of sifted sugar, and two teaspoonfuls of yeast. Pour this mixture into the middle of the flour, adding a pint of warm milk as you mix it. Beat it up with the hand until it comes off without sticking, and set it to rise, before the fire, covered with a cloth. After an hour, make it up into cakes about an inch thick. Set them on tin plates to rise, before the fire, for ten minutes, and then bake in a slow oven.

SANITARY.

Barley Water.—Wash and pick one ounce of pearl barley; pour over it one teacupful of water, and let it boil for ten minutes. Drain it, and pour over it three teacupfuls of boiling water. Set it over the fire, and boil it down one-half. Strain it through a hair-sieve or piece of muslin. Gum-arabic is sometimes dissolved in it. The liquid, sweetened to the taste, forms a very agreeable drink.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

FIG. I.—EVENING DRESS OF LIGHT-BLUE SILK, trimmed with plaitings of the silk, and a puffing of the same; the train is quite plain. There is a sash-bow, with wide ends at the back, which, like the front, are trimmed with a deep, rich fringe, of various colors. The waist of the dress is of a Pompadour striped silk, and is made in a coat-shape; the sleeves are half-long, with crépe lisse ruffles; crépe lisse fichu inside of the waist in front.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE-DRESS OF BLACK SILK.—Large dolman mantle of heavy mitrailleuse silk, trimmed with fringe and ribbon. Black velvet bonnet, ornamented with oats.

FIG. III.—MORNING DRESS, MARIE LOUISE BLUE CASHMERE.—The under-skirt is of blue silk, with a knife-plaiting around the bottom; the cashmere over-dress is trimmed with a bias band of plaid silk, gold-colored braid; the over-dress is of the polonaise-shape, and slightly caught up in the back.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS OF STONE-COLORED CAMEL'S-HAIR.—The petticoat is of silk, of the same color, and has a deep, side-plaited ruffle; the camel's hair over-skirt buttons down the front, and is slightly caught up at the back; the jacket is heavily wadded, double-breasted, has two rows of buttons down the front, and has the collar and trimming of the cuffs of velvet, of a darker shade. Velvet hat, of the color of the collar, trimmed with a blue ostrich plume.

FIG. V.—DINNER-DRESS OF BLUE SILK, worn over a plain-blue velvet train under-skirt. The over-dress is arranged in plaits in front, and edged with blue fringe; cuirass waist, open in front, with a blue crépe-de-chine fichu; high ruff of crépe lisse

FIG. VI.—WATER-PROOF CLOAK, OR ULSTER COAT, (it can be made of any heavy material that is preferred,) trimmed with broad braid, to match the coat in color, if it is light, or with black braid, if the water-proof is dark-blue, black, &c.

FIG. VII.—WINTER COAT OF DARK-GRAY CLOTH, trimmed with a band of brown fur, and having a trimming of brown down the whole length, on the left side. The pocket is of brown silk, with a band of fur on the top. This coat is half-fitting at the back; it is very stylish made of heavy, black, corded silk.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We also give a great assortment of various articles needed for general use. The morning bonnet is of crépe, and the trimming is also of crépe; it is arranged loosely around the front of the bonnet, and terminates in a cluster of loops. The strings correspond. The black velvet bonnet has the brim turned up in front, and is bordered with gold braid. Upon the top there is a gathering of the new écru lace, which is mixed with a torsade of silk. Tips of black ostrich-feathers and a gold buckle.

The double mantilla is made of heavy chestnut-brown cloth, cut in deep scallops, headed by a narrow braid of a darker brown, and pointed by a dark-brown fringe. The fall sacque is of dark-green cloth, with wide sleeves, which have an ornamentation in black braid. It is finished with black Astrachan fur and ornamental gimp trimming.

The head-dresses are of the most popular styles of arranging the hair; though, whatever is the most becoming way should always be adopted.

We also give a great variety of styles for boys' clothing. The first is a Scotch suit of tweed; the skirt is kilt-plaited, and attached to the waistcoat (of which we give an illustration) at the back; the jacket is trimmed with braid, either black or to match the tweed; horn buttons. The next suit is of gray cloth; the trowsers are short, and ornamented at the knee with braid and three buttons; the jacket has revers, and the waistcoat is slightly open at the neck. The next suit is of dark-blue cloth, trimmed with black braid; the jacket is round in front, and has a round collar; trowsers loose at the knee; the waistcoat has two pockets.

No decided change has taken place in the make of dresses. Skirts are still ridiculously close-clinging; the ultra-fashionable people wear only one petticoat, buttoned on to a tight-fitting yoke. Under-skirts are still a good deal trimmed; cuirass waists are very much worn, and the whole appearance of the figure is to be made as slender as possible. The very newest styles have but little looping or drapery, though, for more dressy occasions, the drapery is more used. The Polonaise, or Princess dress, divides the favor with the upper-skirt and cuirass waist. Long waists are universal, and for the house, trains, or at least demi-trains, are worn. The principal changes are in the trimmings; all kinds of braids are used, as well as juniper laces, fringes, pipings of silk, side plaitings, buttons, or whatever may suit the purse or taste. Cardinal-red will be much used with almost any color, but it looks particularly well with dark-blue or black.

IN MANTLES, DOLMANS, JACKETS, etc., there is the greatest variety. For winter, the long, half-fitting, or even loose cloak or paletot, will be popular, though closer-fitting and shorter paletots or jackets will be just as much worn by those who fancy them. Braid, buttons and fringe will trim them, and bands of feathers and black juniper lace will be used on the most elegant.

BONNETS are all close-fitting, the aureole, or round-spreading brim being still worn by those to whom it is the most becoming; but it is not so new as the closer-fitting bonnet. The *bébé*, or lady-bonnet, which is very close-fitting, is also very fashionable, but is really best suited for round, youthful faces. This has a soft cap-crown. No space is left under the brim of these bonnets for trimming. A plain facing and a cap ruche is all that can be put in, but many flowers or feathers are used for the outside.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—COSTUME FOR A GIRL.—The paletot is of heavy brown cloth; it is half-fitting at the back, has large square pockets, and three large, brown horn-buttons on the back seam.

FIG. II.—FRONT VIEW OF THE COSTUME FIG. I.—The front is straight, and has two rows of brown horn buttons.

FIG. III.—COSTUME OF BLUE INDIAN CASHMERE.—The pockets and cuffs are of dark-blue velvet; the front is of the Princess shape, is double-breasted, and fastened with a double row of pearl buttons; the sash is of cream-colored foulard.

NOTICES.

☞ IN REMITTING, for "Peterson's Magazine," name, at the top of your letter, your post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a post-office order on Philadelphia. If a post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on New York, or Philadelphia, deducting the exchange: if a draft cannot be had, send greenbacks or notes of National banks, and register your letter. Be particular to address to CHARLES J. PETERSON, No 306 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

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☞ When the direction of a Magazine is to be changed, say at what post-office it was received, as well as the one it is to be sent to in future.

☞ Contributors, who wish to preserve their articles, must keep copies of them. We do not undertake to return manuscripts that we cannot use.

☞ No subscription received, at club prices, for less than a year. Club subscribers must begin with either the January or the July number.

☞ Back numbers for 1874, 1875, and 1876, may be had of the principal agents, or of the publisher.

tance, barely enough to keep the old grandmother's hearth warm, and her pot boiling.

She toiled on, until the white highway merged into a green foot-path, and down in a little ravine, at the foot of the vine-hills, a tiny thatched cottage could be seen. This was Ninetta's home.

The door of the hut was open, and an old woman came out, shading her eyes with her hand. Seeing the girl approaching, she cried out, shrilly,

"Run, Ninetta! Run, child! The grandmere is dying!"

Ninetta flew like a bird. In one corner of the small cottage, in a rush-bottomed chair, sat an old woman, her yellow, wrinkled face distorted with the agony of death.

Ninetta fell at her feet, with a sobbing cry. This aged creature was all the mother the girl could recollect. She was old, and ugly, and cross. She had made Ninetta's young life a servitude of toil, without the reward of love or praise; but despite all this, the girl loved her, partly because it was her nature to love, and partly because of that clinging tenacity begotten by long association. Seeing her drifting away from her now, across the chill river of death, she cried, wildly,

"Oh, grandmere, I am here! I am rich. I have sold all my flowers. You must not die."

The glazing eyes opened, faintly. Something almost akin to tenderness looked out of their solemn depths.

"Too late!" she gasped. "My hour has come. But you have been a good child, Ninetta, and you shall have your reward. I won't carry the secret to the grave with me, child. You are no kith or kin of mine. I am not your grandmother. I've no time to tell the story now; but you'll find it in the little box there, where I keep my crucifix and rosary. I confessed it all to the good pastor, and he had it written down an hour ago."

The hoarse voice sunk to a feeble whisper; a convulsive throb heaved the panting breast.

"Ah, I was wicked, Ninetta! Forgive me."

Ninetta caught the drooping head to her bosom, and covered the withered face with tears and kisses.

"Oh, grandmere, there is nothing to forgive!" she cried. "I love you. Don't, don't leave me!"

But death is stronger even than love. Before the sun sank behind the vine-hills, grandmere was dead, and Ninetta was desolate.

II.

It was two months later, and breakfast was just over at Pevensey Grange, one of those noble old mansions which abound in the west of England. The autumn morning was frosty, and a cheerful fire burned in the grate. Lady Pevensey sat before it, and a handsome young man lounged against the mantel-piece.

"Another letter from Gwendoline," she said, running her eyes over a dainty sheet; "and she asks for you, Arthur. My dear boy, you are treating her shamefully. I'm sure she expects you to propose, after all the hints I've thrown out. And why don't you, sir? You can't do better. I thought you was sure to do it, till you made that trip to France two months ago. Gwendoline's a beauty, and an heiress, and she's fond of you. What more can you ask?"

Lord Aylesford tossed aside his newspaper.

"Nothing more. Lady Gwendoline is perfection. The only trouble is, I don't love her."

Lady Pevensey laughed. The young peer was a distant kinsman of hers, and more, a dear, adopted son, and, woman-like, she was all anxiety in regard to his matrimonial prospects.

"Don't love her? Well, you're an odd boy, Arthur. I should like to know whom you do love?"

"I'll tell you, then. A myth, a dream; a creature I saw two months ago, and cannot for my life forget."

Lady Pevensey laughed outright.

"Nonsense! Who was she? I didn't dream you were so silly, Arthur. Is it her face you paint so incessantly?"

The young man flushed, and strode out of the room in silence. He made his way up to his studio, in the north turret of the old baronial mansion, for he was an amateur artist, and one of no inconsiderable merit. His studio was a large apartment, and it was literally strewn with paintings, but in almost every recent piece the same face was shadowed forth. A lovely face; sweet, fresh, innocent; with eyes as soft and brown as the eyes of a gazelle.

"I can't forget her," he said, removing the cover from a life-size portrait. "I never shall forget her while I live. It is incomprehensible."

The portrait was Ninetta's, just as she appeared that late summer morn, standing under the awning of the market-place, with her flower-basket on her arm. Lord Aylesford looked at the lovely vision, his eyes growing misty and tender.

"It is unprecedented, I know, in this selfish, calculating nineteenth century, to fall in love with a woman's face at first sight," he muttered; "but I can't forget her, and never shall, I fear."

He sat down, with the canvas before him, his eyes still fixed upon it.

"She did not wish to take what she thought too much for her flowers, which is not like a

mere French peasant. The more I think about it, the more I am convinced some mystery attaches to her. Her disappearance was so singular. When she did not return, the next day, as she had promised, and I sought to learn something about her, all I could ascertain was, that she lived at a remote village, with her grandmother; and when I went down to the village, I found that the grandmother was dead, and that the girl had disappeared, no one knew where. The village pastor, who, it was said, knew the most about them, had left also, on a long vacation. Poor child! I wonder where she is."

He rose, put away the canvas, lit a cigar, and walked to the door.

"Pshaw!" he said. "I am a sentimental fool. I will shake off this glamour by a walk in the Park; and to-morrow go up to London, and propose for Lady Gwendoline."

III.

The next evening, as Lady Pevensey sat dozing, after her solitary dinner, for Lord Aylesford had gone up to London, she was roused by the sound of carriage-wheels, on the drive, before the great hall-door.

"Please, my lady," said the footman, entering, "there is a gentleman and girl outside, who ask to see you."

"A gentleman and girl? What can they want with me?" said Lady Pevensey. "But show them in, James."

A venerable clergyman, unmistakably French, with a shrinking girl, veiled closely, leaning on his arm, entered the drawing-room a moment after.

"Have I the honor of addressing Lady Pevensey," asked the clergyman, with a low bow, and in excellent English.

"I am Lady Pevensey," was the reply. "But I live so much out of the world, that I transact no business. I leave it all to my steward. Perhaps you really wish to see him. A great sorrow, many years ago——"

"Ah! it is so, then," interrupted the stranger. "And that great sorrow! Ninetta, my child, come forward."

Lady Pevensey rose to her feet. Something in the child's figure, some inscrutable instinct, made her breath come quick, her limbs tremble. She rose, but she had to catch at her chair to avoid falling, and she sat down again, her heart throbbing violently.

"Remove your veil, child," continued the old man, "and go kneel, and ask your mother's blessing.

"My lady, you recognize the face? The daughter, stolen so many years ago, and thought to be in her grave, is before you. I bring the proofs. The good God be thanked! She that was was lost, is found; she that was dead, is alive again."

As he spoke, Ninetta advanced, and fell on her knees before Lady Pevensey, who, leaning forward, pushed back the hair from the girl's face, and gazed earnestly into it,

"It is, it is!" she cried. "They are his eyes, his smile. Oh, merciful Father! After all these years, after all these years!" And she clasped Ninetta to her heart.

The old pastor's eyes were wet also. He turned aside for a moment, till the emotion of mother and daughter had partly subsided, and then came forward again.

"It was almost in the last extremity, and under the seal of confession," he said, "that the old peasant woman, with whom this dear child lived, and who called herself Ninetta's grandmother, revealed to me that she had stolen the little one, more than sixteen years ago, when her daughter was with a gipsey lover in England, and that Lady Pevensey, of Pevensey Grange, was her mother. The object, at first, was to get a reward, but the police was put on their track so hotly, that they fled to France, and afterwards, when the man returned, and opened negotiations for a ransom, he was caught in an ambush, and resisting arrest, was killed. From that hour the woman vowed that Ninetta should never be given up; and when she died, a year or two after, she made her mother take an oath to the same effect. Here, my lady, is a locket, that was around the child's neck when she was stolen."

"It is the same!" cried Lady Pevensey. "It opens by a secret spring, and inside should be a miniature of my late husband. See!"

She fumbled, with trembling fingers, for a moment, and then the lid flew back, revealing the handsome face of a man in the prime of life. What little of the dress was seen, represented the costume of about twenty years before.

"Great and merciful are Thy ways, O Lord God!" exclaimed the clergyman, reverently, "and past finding out."

"I always suspected there was some mystery about the child," he said, after awhile. "When I first knew her, she was about three years old, lisped English as well as French; and it was this, combined with her fair skin and pretty manners, that made me think she was not the woman's daughter. But this was always denied. I took great interest in her always, and, as she grew up, did what I could to educate her. I understand

English, as you see; for my mother was from England, and I kept the child's knowledge of it fresh, by constant reading and conversation. But that was all I could do for her; for we parish clergymen in France are poor, as you know. She had to earn her living, dear child, by hard work, as a common peasant. But I suggested that she should raise flowers, and sell them, as less laborious than any other pursuit. But I have other proofs, beside the locket. I have been, for nearly two months, in London, with a great lawyer, getting them all together. I have, too, a dress which Ninetta wore when she was stolen, and the dying declaration, duly attested, of the old woman, whose conscience, at the last, made her disregard her wicked oath, and reveal the truth. I would not, you see, come to you till I was sure."

"Oh, my darling, my long lost child!" cried Lady Pevensey, as he concluded. "Little did I think, when I awoke this morning, that God had such a blessing in store for me, before night."

Just then the door opened, and, unannounced, Lord Aylesford entered. At first, he did not see, in the twilight, the strangers.

"I've changed my mind," he said, gayly, "and am back again, like a bad penny. I did not even see the Lady Gwendoline. I went halfway to London, and then took the return train. I feel as if there was some mysterious power drawing me——"

Here he stopped abruptly, for by this time he had come near the fire, which revealed the group at its side. He recognized Ninetta.

He put his hand to his brow.

"Am I dreaming?" he cried. "Is this, indeed, Ninetta? What does it all mean?"

"Mean!" exclaimed Lady Pevensey, bursting into hysterical tears. "It means, Arthur, that this is my lost child."

As she spoke, she clasped Ninetta again to her heart, and looked up at Lord Aylesford in triumphant joy.

A month later, and Lord Aylesford and Lady Pevensey were again alone. The young man's face was radiant, for he had just returned from a walk with Ninetta.

"My dear Lady Pevensey," he said, mischievously, "I'm going to London in the noon train. Would it be well, do you think, to hunt up Lady Gwendoline, and make that long-deferred proposal?"

Lady Pevensey gayly gave him a blow with her jeweled fan.

"Do it at your peril!" she said. "I've other and better prospects for you now. I've a daughter of my own to dispose of; and you are the very best match I know."

And as soon as the season came and went, and Ninetta had been duly presented to the London world, the happy marriage was celebrated, and Ninetta became Lord Aylesford's bride.

A MEMORY.

BY ANNIE E. DOTY.

The leafless trees, in clear-cut chis'lings fine,
Of bough and twig, were limned against the air;
Amidst them stood, in sombre, bold outline,
A yew-tree here and there.

And last year's wreaths on sculptured urns were hung,
And leafless vines about the shafts did twine;
And marbles whitely shone the hills among,
And glittered in sunshine.

The skies were deep, and smiling overhead;
In the far west a rosy cloud there lay.
Beyond the silent "City of the Dead,"
We saw the gleaming bay.

And we had stood beside a grave new made,
With saddened breath our yearning hearts had said,
The while the clods were smoothed and flowers were laid,
"Peace, peace unto the dead!"

We turned and went our way, past columns tall,
And sculptured marble, mute as voiceless prayer.
A dreamy silence brooded over all,
And slept upon the air.

And as the wind stirred in the trees around,
And seemed a requiem chanted, evermore,
It rose and fell in rhythmic pulse of sound,
Like waves upon the shore.

We lingered last before a stone where deeds
Were not inscribed, nor praise of life well spent;
The world is better that he lived; he needs
No other monument.

He sleepeth well who broken-hearted died!
Earth well may take him to her breast again,
And give to him the rest in life denied,
That life so full of pain.

We came out in the busy world again,
Went on our way, took up our unknown fate;
The tranquil hour, that held more joy than pain,
We left behind the gate.

Since then I know not what of peace or strife,
Or what of happiness has come to thee;
I know the rain has fallen in my life,
And tears have come to me.

I know not what the coming years may hold,
But whatsoe'er of bliss or woe betide,
So long as mem'ry can the scene enfold,
That hour shall with me bide.

COALS OF FIRE.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

The Countess de Castro was dying. People—that is to say, her relatives and immediate heirs—were so hard-hearted as to say it was time; for the Countess had passed her seventy-fifth birthday by some months, and had been a hopeless paralytic for over ten years past.

She was dying in the odor of sanctity. Her enemies, and even the Countess de Castro had a few, said that people who can stir neither hand nor foot, can very well earn a reputation, even for exemplary piety. Others said, more charitably, that there was no cause for anybody to grieve over her approaching demise, for that it was rare that any one was so well prepared to take her departure. They talked of the money she had given in charity, of her holy conversation, of her resignation, of her Christian example.

The Countess inhabited an antique hotel in Paris. It was her own by right of inheritance, for she had been, in her youth, a great heiress—Madamoiselle de St. Yvon, of Keriodec, in Brittany. She had been celebrated for her intellect and strength of character, and in her youth she had refused to marry, with a persistency rare in a French damsel of rank. It was reported that Louis XVIII. had sued to her in person, on behalf of one of the greatest of the Legitimist nobles of France, but in vain. She was over fifty years of age, when Parisian society was startled by the announcement of her marriage with the young Count de Castro, who numbered scarce half her own age, and who was notorious for his extravagance and his profligacy. But he was handsome as a picture, and possessed a winning tongue and a graceful address. And so the ill-matched pair were wedded, and took up their residence in the grand old hotel, in the Faubourg St. Germain. There the Countess gave stately balls, whereat all the gentlemen wore white lilies in their button-holes, and the ladies looped their tresses and their draperies with the same flower, and where a giddy young marquise was pitilessly snubbed by the hostess, because she came to the festival in question, wearing a dress trimmed with bouquets of the obnoxious Bonaparte violets. There were state dinner-parties given, also, whereat the guests were all old and dried up, and the ladies wore garments of antique fashion, scorning the mode that followed the lead of a parvenu Empress. But these formal festivities soon ceased, and it was whispered abroad that the Count de Castro was rapidly winning high favor at the Court of Napoleon III.

Of course, such a rumor meant that he had quarreled with his elderly wife; and that portion, at least, of the report, was true. They led but a cat-and-dog's life of it, in that grand old hotel beyond the Seine. The Count was fast and frivolous, the Countess jealous and severe. He wanted money beyond the income secured to him by the terms of the marriage contract, and she refused to comply with his demands. Stories got abroad of fearful scenes between the pair. Their daily lives had long been as widely parted as possible, Madame going continually to church, while Monsieur frequented balls, and operas, and theatres. This kind of thing went on for some years. At last matters reached a crisis. The Count lost heavily at cards, at the Jockey Club, one evening, and confided to a friend that other claims were weighing upon him. There was a house at Burgival for which he owed, and the furniture, also, had never been paid for. And so the fashionable world was not much surprised when the Count de Castro disappeared, one fine morning, leaving all his debts, whether of honor or dishonor, unpaid behind him.

Madame de Castro behaved remarkably well at this conjuncture, as everybody remarked. She paid the Count's debts, to the uttermost farthing, and was seen in her usual places of resort a trifle paler, sterner, and stiffer-looking than before, but otherwise wearing an unchanged and placid aspect. One only circumstance revealed how deeply she mourned for her vanished spouse. She caused the suite of apartments wherein she had dwelt with the Count to be closed up, and transferred her abode to the other wing of the hotel. But the servants averred, that after nightfall their mistress would occasionally enter the locked-up rooms, and remain there for a space, as if to mourn for her husband's absence in solitude and secrecy. Few who knew the grave, stern Countess, would have fancied her capable of any such romantic action; but the story got noised abroad, nevertheless, and spread a sentimental halo about the deserted wife, prosaic and severe as her age and aspect might be.

The Count never returned. Occasionally, vague rumors were current of his appearance in







NEW STYLE UNDER-SKIRT. GIRL'S DRESS. BOY'S ULSTER.







WATER-PROOF DRESS. NEW-FASHIONED NET FOR HAIR. CHILD'S HOOD.

REITER GALOP.

F. ZIKOFF, Op. 21.

As published by SEP. WINNER'S SON, 1003 Spring Garden street, Philadelphia.

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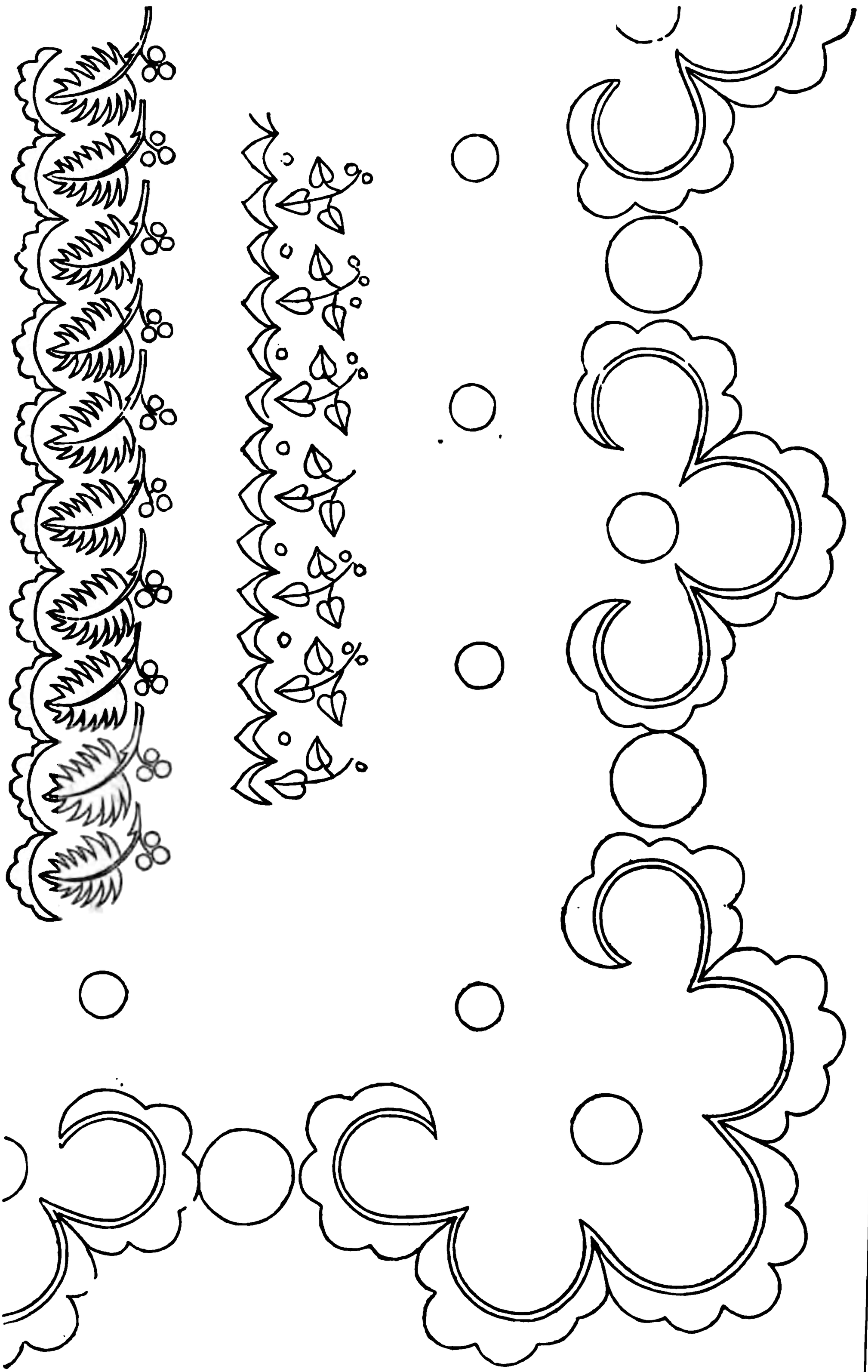
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CORNER OF INFANT'S BLANKET, IN SILK EMBROIDERY. EMBROIDERIES.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXX. PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1876. NO. 6.

THE FLOWER-GIRL.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

I.

"PLEASE, buy some flowers, sir!"

The person, thus addressed, was a gentleman about thirty, and evidently an English traveler.

The speaker was a young girl of great beauty, though plainly, and even poorly dressed. She stood in a little nook, under one of the brown awnings of the quaint old market-place, in the antique French town. A basket of fresh blossoms hung upon her round, bare arms, and a bunch of lilies was in her hand.

All about her clattered the thrifty old dames, intent upon selling their fruits and sweet herbs, each one eager to make the best bargain. Overhead towered the ancient arches of the old French town; and, beyond, all aglow with the glory of the summer morning, lay the green vales and purple hills of the sunny Burgundian vine country.

The stranger turned and looked back. He had that rare thing, an artist soul, and it thrilled with keen delight at sight of the lithe, graceful figure, and the fair, innocent face.

"I'll buy a bunch of flowers. Yes, all in your basket, if you say so," he said, retracing his steps to the shaded corner.

The flower-girl's delicate cheeks flushed, and her great brown eyes, soft and tender as a gazelle's, looked at him full of delighted wonder.

"All, sir? Would you really buy all? Oh! I should be so glad, for poor grandmere is very ill, and the road is long and dusty when the sun is high."

The pathetic words went straight to the hearer's heart.

"I will buy them, every one," he said, taking the bunch of lilies, and setting it in his buttonhole. "Now give me the rest."

She gathered them up with eager hands; little knots of heart's-ease, violets, and daisies, and now and then a cluster of moss rose-buds, and more lilies.

The stranger received them with a smile, and then drew forth a handful of gold and silver pieces, and showered them into the empty basket.

"To-morrow I will buy you out again," he said. "Now tell me your name."

"My name is Ninetta," she answered. "But I cannot take so much money. All the flowers in my garden are not worth it. Oh, here is gold!" and she gave a little cry. "Pray, pray, sir, take it back! I did not ask you for charity."

"Nay, my beautiful Ninetta, I shall not take it back; sweet blossoms are worth ten times as much. Bring me as many more again at this hour to-morrow." And before she could utter another word, he was gone.

Ninetta took up her basket, and poured the shining coins into her lap.

"I did not ask him for charity," she murmured, as she counted them over, a vivid red in her cheeks, a flash in her gazelle eyes. "I'll only keep the worth of my flowers. He shall take the rest back to-morrow."

"Hold your tongue, you little fool!" cried an old dame, shrilly, "and be thankful for what you get. It's your pretty face that brings you in the extra coins."

Ninetta threw up her graceful head, and left the market-place in haughty silence.

"Only look at her!" chuckled the dame, sorting over her fruits, "No grand lady could put on finer airs."

Meanwhile Ninetta made her way out of the quaint old town, and struck into the white, dusty highway, just as the noon-bells were ringing. On and away she hurried, her eyes kindling with the thought of her late adventure, her pretty cheeks all pink with excitement.

Summer in, and summer out, through all the brief years of her young life, she had trudged along this dusty road, carrying the produce of her little garden to market; all for a mere pit-

tance, barely enough to keep the old grandmother's hearth warm, and her pot boiling.

She toiled on, until the white highway merged into a green foot-path, and down in a little ravine, at the foot of the vine-hills, a tiny thatched cottage could be seen. This was Ninetta's home.

The door of the hut was open, and an old woman came out, shading her eyes with her hand. Seeing the girl approaching, she cried out, shrilly,

"Run, Ninetta! Run, child! The grandmere is dying!"

Ninetta flew like a bird. In one corner of the small cottage, in a rush-bottomed chair, sat an old woman, her yellow, wrinkled face distorted with the agony of death.

Ninetta fell at her feet, with a sobbing cry. This aged creature was all the mother the girl could recollect. She was old, and ugly, and cross. She had made Ninetta's young life a servitude of toil, without the reward of love or praise; but despite all this, the girl loved her, partly because it was her nature to love, and partly because of that clinging tenacity begotten by long association. Seeing her drifting away from her now, across the chill river of death, she cried, wildly,

"Oh, grandmere, I am here! I am rich. I have sold all my flowers. You must not die."

The glazing eyes opened, faintly. Something almost akin to tenderness looked out of their solemn depths.

"Too late!" she gasped. "My hour has come. But you have been a good child, Ninetta, and you shall have your reward. I won't carry the secret to the grave with me, child. You are no kith or kin of mine. I am not your grandmother. I've no time to tell the story now; but you'll find it in the little box there, where I keep my crucifix and rosary. I confessed it all to the good pastor, and he had it written down an hour ago."

The hoarse voice sunk to a feeble whisper; a convulsive throb heaved the panting breast.

"Ah, I was wicked, Ninetta! Forgive me."

Ninetta caught the drooping head to her bosom, and covered the withered face with tears and kisses.

"Oh, grandmere, there is nothing to forgive!" she cried. "I love you. Don't, don't leave me!"

But death is stronger even than love. Before the sun sank behind the vine-hills, grandmere was dead, and Ninetta was desolate.

II.

It was two months later, and breakfast was just over at Pevensey Grange, one of those noble old mansions which abound in the west of England. The autumn morning was frosty, and a cheerful fire burned in the grate. Lady Pevensey sat before it, and a handsome young man lounged against the mantel-piece.

"Another letter from Gwendoline," she said, running her eyes over a dainty sheet; "and she asks for you, Arthur. My dear boy, you are treating her shamefully. I'm sure she expects you to propose, after all the hints I've thrown out. And why don't you, sir? You can't do better. I thought you was sure to do it, till you made that trip to France two months ago. Gwendoline's a beauty, and an heiress, and she's fond of you. What more can you ask?"

Lord Aylesford tossed aside his newspaper.

"Nothing more. Lady Gwendoline is perfection. The only trouble is, I don't love her."

Lady Pevensey laughed. The young peer was a distant kinsman of hers, and more, a dear, adopted son, and, woman-like, she was all anxiety in regard to his matrimonial prospects.

"Don't love her? Well, you're an odd boy, Arthur. I should like to know whom you do love?"

"I'll tell you, then. A myth, a dream; a creature I saw two months ago, and cannot for my life forget."

Lady Pevensey laughed outright.

"Nonsense! Who was she? I didn't dream you were so silly, Arthur. Is it her face you paint so incessantly?"

The young man flushed, and strode out of the room in silence. He made his way up to his studio, in the north turret of the old baronial mansion, for he was an amateur artist, and one of no inconsiderable merit. His studio was a large apartment, and it was literally strewn with paintings, but in almost every recent piece the same face was shadowed forth. A lovely face; sweet, fresh, innocent; with eyes as soft and brown as the eyes of a gazelle.

"I can't forget her," he said, removing the cover from a life-size portrait. "I never shall forget her while I live. It is incomprehensible."

The portrait was Ninetta's, just as she appeared that late summer morn, standing under the awning of the market-place, with her flower-basket on her arm. Lord Aylesford looked at the lovely vision, his eyes growing misty and tender.

"It is unprecedented, I know, in this selfish, calculating nineteenth century, to fall in love with a woman's face at first sight," he muttered; "but I can't forget her, and never shall, I fear."

He sat down, with the canvas before him, his eyes still fixed upon it.

"She did not wish to take what she thought too much for her flowers, which is not like a

mere French peasant. The more I think about it, the more I am convinced some mystery attaches to her. Her disappearance was so singular. When she did not return, the next day, as she had promised, and I sought to learn something about her, all I could ascertain was, that she lived at a remote village, with her grandmother; and when I went down to the village, I found that the grandmother was dead, and that the girl had disappeared, no one knew where. The village pastor, who, it was said, knew the most about them, had left also, on a long vacation. Poor child! I wonder where she is."

He rose, put away the canvas, lit a cigar, and walked to the door.

"Pshaw!" he said. "I am a sentimental fool. I will shake off this glamour by a walk in the Park; and to-morrow go up to London, and propose for Lady Gwendoline."

III.

The next evening, as Lady Pevensey sat dozing, after her solitary dinner, for Lord Aylesford had gone up to London, she was roused by the sound of carriage-wheels, on the drive, before the great hall-door.

"Please, my lady," said the footman, entering, "there is a gentleman and girl outside, who ask to see you."

"A gentleman and girl? What can they want with me?" said Lady Pevensey. "But show them in, James."

A venerable clergyman, unmistakably French, with a shrinking girl, veiled closely, leaning on his arm, entered the drawing-room a moment after.

"Have I the honor of addressing Lady Pevensey," asked the clergyman, with a low bow, and in excellent English.

"I am Lady Pevensey," was the reply. "But I live so much out of the world, that I transact no business. I leave it all to my steward. Perhaps you really wish to see him. A great sorrow, many years ago——"

"Ah! it is so, then," interrupted the stranger. "And that great sorrow! Ninetta, my child, come forward."

Lady Pevensey rose to her feet. Something in the child's figure, some inscrutable instinct, made her breath come quick, her limbs tremble. She rose, but she had to catch at her chair to avoid falling, and she sat down again, her heart throbbing violently.

"Remove your veil, child." continued the old man, "and go kneel, and ask your mother's blessing.

"My lady, you recognize the face? The daughter, stolen so many years ago, and thought to be in her grave, is before you. I bring the proofs. The good God be thanked! She that was was lost, is found; she that was dead, is alive again."

As he spoke, Ninetta advanced, and fell on her knees before Lady Pevensey, who, leaning forward, pushed back the hair from the girl's face, and gazed earnestly into it,

"It is, it is!" she cried. "They are his eyes, his smile. Oh, merciful Father! After all these years, after all these years!" And she clasped Ninetta to her heart.

The old pastor's eyes were wet also. He turned aside for a moment, till the emotion of mother and daughter had partly subsided, and then came forward again.

"It was almost in the last extremity, and under the seal of confession," he said, "that the old peasant woman, with whom this dear child lived, and who called herself Ninetta's grandmother, revealed to me that she had stolen the little one, more than sixteen years ago, when her daughter was with a gipsey lover in England, and that Lady Pevensey, of Pevensey Grange, was her mother. The object, at first, was to get a reward, but the police was put on their track so hotly, that they fled to France, and afterwards, when the man returned, and opened negotiations for a ransom, he was caught in an ambush, and resisting arrest, was killed. From that hour the woman vowed that Ninetta should never be given up; and when she died, a year or two after, she made her mother take an oath to the same effect. Here, my lady, is a locket, that was around the child's neck when she was stolen."

"It is the same!" cried Lady Pevensey. "It opens by a secret spring, and inside should be a miniature of my late husband. See!"

She fumbled, with trembling fingers, for a moment, and then the lid flew back, revealing the handsome face of a man in the prime of life. What little of the dress was seen, represented the costume of about twenty years before.

"Great and merciful are Thy ways, O Lord God!" exclaimed the clergyman, reverently, "and past finding out."

"I always suspected there was some mystery about the child," he said, after awhile. "When I first knew her, she was about three years old, lisped English as well as French; and it was this, combined with her fair skin and pretty manners, that made me think she was not the woman's daughter. But this was always denied. I took great interest in her always, and, as she grew up, did what I could to educate her. I understand

English, as you see; for my mother was from England, and I kept the child's knowledge of it fresh, by constant reading and conversation. But that was all I could do for her; for we parish clergymen in France are poor, as you know. She had to earn her living, dear child, by hard work, as a common peasant. But I suggested that she should raise flowers, and sell them, as less laborious than any other pursuit. But I have other proofs, beside the locket. I have been, for nearly two months, in London, with a great lawyer, getting them all together. I have, too, a dress which Ninetta wore when she was stolen, and the dying declaration, duly attested, of the old woman, whose conscience, at the last, made her disregard her wicked oath, and reveal the truth. I would not, you see, come to you till I was sure."

"Oh, my darling, my long lost child!" cried Lady Pevensey, as he concluded. "Little did I think, when I awoke this morning, that God had such a blessing in store for me, before night."

Just then the door opened, and, unannounced, Lord Aylesford entered. At first, he did not see, in the twilight, the strangers.

"I've changed my mind," he said, gayly, "and am back again, like a bad penny. I did not even see the Lady Gwendoline. I went halfway to London, and then took the return train. I feel as if there was some mysterious power drawing me——"

Here he stopped abruptly, for by this time he had come near the fire, which revealed the group at its side. He recognized Ninetta.

He put his hand to his brow.

"Am I dreaming?" he cried. "Is this, indeed, Ninetta? What does it all mean?"

"Mean!" exclaimed Lady Pevensey, bursting into hysterical tears. "It means, Arthur, that this is my lost child."

As she spoke, she clasped Ninetta again to her heart, and looked up at Lord Aylesford in triumphant joy.

A month later, and Lord Aylesford and Lady Pevensey were again alone. The young man's face was radiant, for he had just returned from a walk with Ninetta.

"My dear Lady Pevensey," he said, mischievously, "I'm going to London in the noon train. Would it be well, do you think, to hunt up Lady Gwendoline, and make that long-deferred proposal?"

Lady Pevensey gayly gave him a blow with her jeweled fan.

"Do it at your peril!" she said. "I've other and better prospects for you now. I've a daughter of my own to dispose of; and you are the very best match I know."

And as soon as the season came and went, and Ninetta had been duly presented to the London world, the happy marriage was celebrated, and Ninetta became Lord Aylesford's bride.

A MEMORY.

BY ANNIE E. DOTY.

The leafless trees, in clear-cut chis'lings fine,
Of bough and twig, were limned against the air;
Amidst them stood, in sombre, bold outline,
A yew-tree here and there.

And last year's wreaths on sculptured urns were hung,
And leafless vines about the shafts did twine;
And marbles whitely shone the hills among,
And glittered in sunshine.

The skies were deep, and smiling overhead;
In the far west a rosy cloud there lay.
Beyond the silent "City of the Dead,"
We saw the gleaming bay.

And we had stood beside a grave new made,
With saddened breath our yearning hearts had said,
The while the clods were smoothed and flowers were laid,
"Peace, peace unto the dead!"

We turned and went our way, past columns tall,
And sculptured marble, mute as voiceless prayer.
A dreamy silence brooded over all,
And slept upon the air.

And as the wind stirred in the trees around,
And seemed a requiem chanted, evermore,
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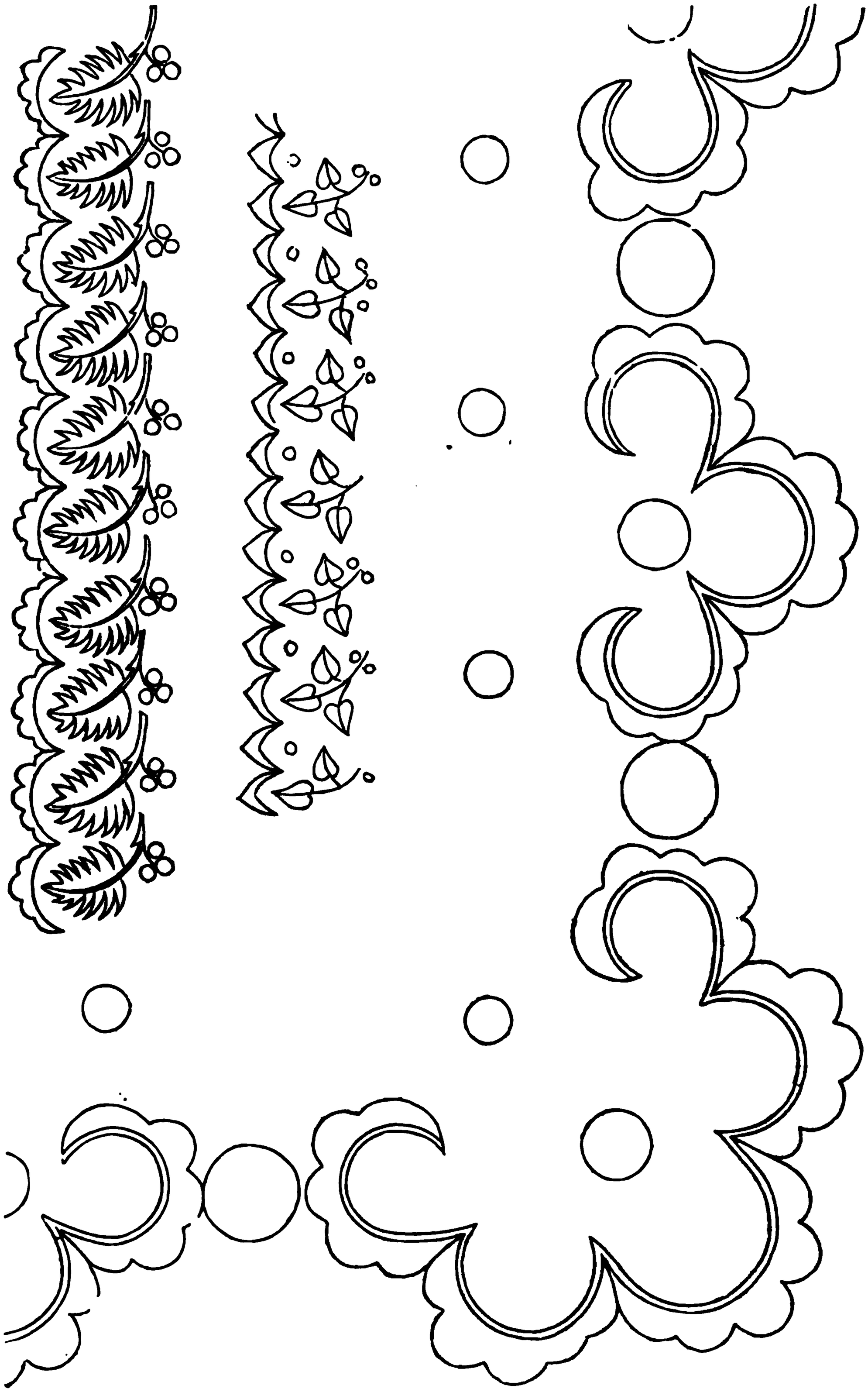
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"I will buy them, every one," he said, taking the bunch of lilies, and setting it in his button-hole. "Now give me the rest."

She gathered them up with eager hands; little knots of heart's-ease, violets, and daisies, and now and then a cluster of moss rose-buds, and more lilies.

The stranger received them with a smile, and then drew forth a handful of gold and silver pieces, and showered them into the empty basket.

"To-morrow I will buy you out again," he said. "Now tell me your name."

"My name is Ninetta," she answered. "But I cannot take so much money. All the flowers in my garden are not worth it. Oh, here is gold!" and she gave a little cry. "Pray, pray, sir, take it back! I did not ask you for charity."

"Nay, my beautiful Ninetta, I shall not take it back; sweet blossoms are worth ten times as much. Bring me as many more again at this hour to-morrow." And before she could utter another word, he was gone.

Ninetta took up her basket, and poured the shining coins into her lap.

"I did not ask him for charity," she murmured, as she counted them over, a vivid red in her cheeks, a flash in her gazelle eyes. "I'll only keep the worth of my flowers. He shall take the rest back to-morrow."

"Hold your tongue, you little fool!" cried an old dame, shrilly, "and be thankful for what you get. It's your pretty face that brings you in the extra coins."

Ninetta threw up her graceful head, and left the market-place in haughty silence.

"Only look at her!" chuckled the dame, sorting over her fruits, "No grand lady could put on finer airs."

Meanwhile Ninetta made her way out of the quaint old town, and struck into the white, dusty highway, just as the noon-bells were ringing. On and away she hurried, her eyes kindling with the thought of her late adventure, her pretty cheeks all pink with excitement.

Summer in, and summer out, through all the brief years of her young life, she had trudged along this dusty road, carrying the produce of her little garden to market; all for a mere pit-

tance, barely enough to keep the old grandmother's hearth warm, and her pot boiling.

She toiled on, until the white highway merged into a green foot-path, and down in a little ravine, at the foot of the vine-hills, a tiny thatched cottage could be seen. This was Ninetta's home.

The door of the hut was open, and an old woman came out, shading her eyes with her hand. Seeing the girl approaching, she cried out, shrilly,

"Run, Ninetta! Run, child! The grandmere is dying!"

Ninetta flew like a bird. In one corner of the small cottage, in a rush-bottomed chair, sat an old woman, her yellow, wrinkled face distorted with the agony of death.

Ninetta fell at her feet, with a sobbing cry. This aged creature was all the mother the girl could recollect. She was old, and ugly, and cross. She had made Ninetta's young life a servitude of toil, without the reward of love or praise; but despite all this, the girl loved her, partly because it was her nature to love, and partly because of that clinging tenacity begotten by long association. Seeing her drifting away from her now, across the chill river of death, she cried, wildly,

"Oh, grandmere, I am here! I am rich. I have sold all my flowers. You must not die."

The glazing eyes opened, faintly. Something almost akin to tenderness looked out of their solemn depths.

"Too late!" she gasped. "My hour has come. But you have been a good child, Ninetta, and you shall have your reward. I won't carry the secret to the grave with me, child. You are no kith or kin of mine. I am not your grandmother. I've no time to tell the story now; but you'll find it in the little box there, where I keep my crucifix and rosary. I confessed it all to the good pastor, and he had it written down an hour ago."

The hoarse voice sunk to a feeble whisper; a convulsive throb heaved the panting breast.

"Ah, I was wicked, Ninetta! Forgive me."

Ninetta caught the drooping head to her bosom, and covered the withered face with tears and kisses.

"Oh, grandmere, there is nothing to forgive!" she cried. "I love you. Don't, don't leave me!"

But death is stronger even than love. Before the sun sank behind the vine-hills, grandmere was dead, and Ninetta was desolate.

II.

It was two months later, and breakfast was just over at Pevensey Grange, one of those noble old mansions which abound in the west of England. The autumn morning was frosty, and a cheerful fire burned in the grate. Lady Pevensey sat before it, and a handsome young man lounged against the mantel-piece.

"Another letter from Gwendoline," she said, running her eyes over a dainty sheet; "and she asks for you, Arthur. My dear boy, you are treating her shamefully. I'm sure she expects you to propose, after all the hints I've thrown out. And why don't you, sir? You can't do better. I thought you was sure to do it, till you made that trip to France two months ago. Gwendoline's a beauty, and an heiress, and she's fond of you. What more can you ask?"

Lord Aylesford tossed aside his newspaper.

"Nothing more. Lady Gwendoline is perfection. The only trouble is, I don't love her."

Lady Pevensey laughed. The young peer was a distant kinsman of hers, and more, a dear, adopted son, and, woman-like, she was all anxiety in regard to his matrimonial prospects.

"Don't love her? Well, you're an odd boy, Arthur. I should like to know whom you do love?"

"I'll tell you, then. A myth, a dream; a creature I saw two months ago, and cannot for my life forget."

Lady Pevensey laughed outright.

"Nonsense! Who was she? I didn't dream you were so silly, Arthur. Is it her face you paint so incessantly?"

The young man flushed, and strode out of the room in silence. He made his way up to his studio, in the north turret of the old baronial mansion, for he was an amateur artist, and one of no inconsiderable merit. His studio was a large apartment, and it was literally strewn with paintings, but in almost every recent piece the same face was shadowed forth. A lovely face; sweet, fresh, innocent; with eyes as soft and brown as the eyes of a gazelle.

"I can't forget her," he said, removing the cover from a life-size portrait. "I never shall forget her while I live. It is incomprehensible."

The portrait was Ninetta's, just as she appeared that late summer morn, standing under the awning of the market-place, with her flower-basket on her arm. Lord Aylesford looked at the lovely vision, his eyes growing misty and tender.

"It is unprecedented, I know, in this selfish, calculating nineteenth century, to fall in love with a woman's face at first sight," he muttered; "but I can't forget her, and never shall, I fear."

He sat down, with the canvas before him, his eyes still fixed upon it.

"She did not wish to take what she thought too much for her flowers, which is not like a

mere French peasant. The more I think about it, the more I am convinced some mystery attaches to her. Her disappearance was so singular. When she did not return, the next day, as she had promised, and I sought to learn something about her, all I could ascertain was, that she lived at a remote village, with her grandmother; and when I went down to the village, I found that the grandmother was dead, and that the girl had disappeared, no one knew where. The village pastor, who, it was said, knew the most about them, had left also, on a long vacation. Poor child! I wonder where she is."

He rose, put away the canvas, lit a cigar, and walked to the door.

"Pshaw!" he said. "I am a sentimental fool. I will shake off this glamour by a walk in the Park; and to-morrow go up to London, and propose for Lady Gwendoline."

III.

The next evening, as Lady Pevensey sat dozing, after her solitary dinner, for Lord Aylesford had gone up to London, she was roused by the sound of carriage-wheels, on the drive, before the great hall-door.

"Please, my lady," said the footman, entering, "there is a gentleman and girl outside, who ask to see you."

"A gentleman and girl? What can they want with me?" said Lady Pevensey. "But show them in, James."

A venerable clergyman, unmistakably French, with a shrinking girl, veiled closely, leaning on his arm, entered the drawing-room a moment after.

"Have I the honor of addressing Lady Pevensey," asked the clergyman, with a low bow, and in excellent English.

"I am Lady Pevensey," was the reply. "But I live so much out of the world, that I transact no business. I leave it all to my steward. Perhaps you really wish to see him. A great sorrow, many years ago——"

"Ah! it is so, then," interrupted the stranger. "And that great sorrow! Ninetta, my child, come forward."

Lady Pevensey rose to her feet. Something in the child's figure, some inscrutable instinct, made her breath come quick, her limbs tremble. She rose, but she had to catch at her chair to avoid falling, and she sat down again, her heart throbbing violently.

"Remove your veil, child," continued the old man, "and go kneel, and ask your mother's blessing.

"My lady, you recognize the face? The daughter, stolen so many years ago, and thought to be in her grave, is before you. I bring the proofs. The good God be thanked! She that was was lost, is found; she that was dead, is alive again."

As he spoke, Ninetta advanced, and fell on her knees before Lady Pevensey, who, leaning forward, pushed back the hair from the girl's face, and gazed earnestly into it,

"It is, it is!" she cried. "They are his eyes, his smile. Oh, merciful Father! After all these years, after all these years!" And she clasped Ninetta to her heart.

The old pastor's eyes were wet also. He turned aside for a moment, till the emotion of mother and daughter had partly subsided, and then came forward again.

"It was almost in the last extremity, and under the seal of confession," he said, "that the old peasant woman, with whom this dear child lived, and who called herself Ninetta's grandmother, revealed to me that she had stolen the little one, more than sixteen years ago, when her daughter was with a gipsey lover in England, and that Lady Pevensey, of Pevensey Grange, was her mother. The object, at first, was to get a reward, but the police was put on their track so hotly, that they fled to France, and afterwards, when the man returned, and opened negotiations for a ransom, he was caught in an ambush, and resisting arrest, was killed. From that hour the woman vowed that Ninetta should never be given up; and when she died, a year or two after, she made her mother take an oath to the same effect. Here, my lady, is a locket, that was around the child's neck when she was stolen."

"It is the same!" cried Lady Pevensey. "It opens by a secret spring, and inside should be a miniature of my late husband. See!"

She fumbled, with trembling fingers, for a moment, and then the lid flew back, revealing the handsome face of a man in the prime of life. What little of the dress was seen, represented the costume of about twenty years before.

"Great and merciful are Thy ways, O Lord God!" exclaimed the clergyman, reverently, "and past finding out."

"I always suspected there was some mystery about the child," he said, after awhile. "When I first knew her, she was about three years old, lisped English as well as French; and it was this, combined with her fair skin and pretty manners, that made me think she was not the woman's daughter. But this was always denied. I took great interest in her always, and, as she grew up, did what I could to educate her. I understand

English, as you see; for my mother was from England, and I kept the child's knowledge of it fresh, by constant reading and conversation. But that was all I could do for her; for we parish clergymen in France are poor, as you know. She had to earn her living, dear child, by hard work, as a common peasant. But I suggested that she should raise flowers, and sell them, as less laborious than any other pursuit. But I have other proofs, beside the locket. I have been, for nearly two months, in London, with a great lawyer, getting them all together. I have, too, a dress which Ninetta wore when she was stolen, and the dying declaration, duly attested, of the old woman, whose conscience, at the last, made her disregard her wicked oath, and reveal the truth. I would not, you see, come to you till I was sure."

"Oh, my darling, my long lost child!" cried Lady Pevensey, as he concluded. "Little did I think, when I awoke this morning, that God had such a blessing in store for me, before night."

Just then the door opened, and, unannounced, Lord Aylesford entered. At first, he did not see, in the twilight, the strangers.

"I've changed my mind," he said, gayly, "and am back again, like a bad penny. I did not even see the Lady Gwendoline. I went halfway to London, and then took the return train. I feel as if there was some mysterious power drawing me——"

Here he stopped abruptly, for by this time he had come near the fire, which revealed the group at its side. He recognized Ninetta.

He put his hand to his brow.

"Am I dreaming?" he cried. "Is this, indeed, Ninetta? What does it all mean?"

"Mean!" exclaimed Lady Pevensey, bursting into hysterical tears. "It means, Arthur, that this is my lost child."

As she spoke, she clasped Ninetta again to her heart, and looked up at Lord Aylesford in triumphant joy.

A month later, and Lord Aylesford and Lady Pevensey were again alone. The young man's face was radiant, for he had just returned from a walk with Ninetta.

"My dear Lady Pevensey," he said, mischievously, "I'm going to London in the noon train. Would it be well, do you think, to hunt up Lady Gwendoline, and make that long-deferred proposal?"

Lady Pevensey gayly gave him a blow with her jeweled fan.

"Do it at your peril!" she said. "I've other and better prospects for you now. I've a daughter of my own to dispose of; and you are the very best match I know."

And as soon as the season came and went, and Ninetta had been duly presented to the London world, the happy marriage was celebrated, and Ninetta became Lord Aylesford's bride.

A MEMORY.

BY ANNIE E. DOTY.

THE leafless trees, in clear-cut chis'lings fine,
Of bough and twig, were limned against the air;
Amidst them stood, in sombre, bold outline,
A yew-tree here and there.

And last year's wreaths on sculptured urns were hung,
And leafless vines about the shafts did twine;
And marbles whitely shone the hills among,
And glittered in sunshine.

The skies were deep, and smiling overhead;
In the far west a rosy cloud there lay.
Beyond the silent "City of the Dead,"
We saw the gleaming bay.

And we had stood beside a grave new made,
With saddened breath our yearning hearts had said,
The while the clods were smoothed and flowers were laid,
"Peace, peace unto the dead!"

We turned and went our way, past columns tall,
And sculptured marble, mute as voiceless prayer.
A dreamy silence brooded over all,
And slept upon the air.

And as the wind stirred in the trees around,
And seemed a requiem chanted, evermore,
It rose and fell in rhythmic pulse of sound,
Like waves upon the shore.

We lingered last before a stone where deeds
Were not inscribed, nor praise of life well spent;
The world is better that he lived; he needs
No other monument.

He sleepeth well who broken-hearted died!
Earth well may take him to her breast again,
And give to him the rest in life denied,
That life so full of pain.

We came out in the busy world again,
Went on our way, took up our unknown fate;
The tranquil hour, that held more joy than pain,
We left behind the gate.

Since then I know not what of peace or strife,
Or what of happiness has come to thee;
I know the rain has fallen in my life,
And tears have come to me.

I know not what the coming years may hold,
But whatsoe'er of bliss or woe betide,
So long as mem'ry can the scene enfold,
That hour shall with me bide.

COALS OF FIRE.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

The Countess de Castro was dying. People—that is to say, her relatives and immediate heirs—were so hard-hearted as to say it was time; for the Countess had passed her seventy-fifth birthday by some months, and had been a hopeless paralytic for over ten years past.

She was dying in the odor of sanctity. Her enemies, and even the Countess de Castro had a few, said that people who can stir neither hand nor foot, can very well earn a reputation, even for exemplary piety. Others said, more charitably, that there was no cause for anybody to grieve over her approaching demise, for that it was rare that any one was so well prepared to take her departure. They talked of the money she had given in charity, of her holy conversation, of her resignation, of her Christian example.

The Countess inhabited an antique hotel in Paris. It was her own by right of inheritance, for she had been, in her youth, a great heiress—Madamoiselle de St. Yvon, of Keriodec, in Brittany. She had been celebrated for her intellect and strength of character, and in her youth she had refused to marry, with a persistency rare in a French damsel of rank. It was reported that Louis XVIII. had sued to her in person, on behalf of one of the greatest of the Legitimist nobles of France, but in vain. She was over fifty years of age, when Parisian society was startled by the announcement of her marriage with the young Count de Castro, who numbered scarce half her own age, and who was notorious for his extravagance and his profligacy. But he was handsome as a picture, and possessed a winning tongue and a graceful address. And so the ill-matched pair were wedded, and took up their residence in the grand old hotel, in the Faubourg St. Germain. There the Countess gave stately balls, whereat all the gentlemen wore white lilies in their button-holes, and the ladies looped their tresses and their draperies with the same flower, and where a giddy young marquise was pitilessly snubbed by the hostess, because she came to the festival in question, wearing a dress trimmed with bouquets of the obnoxious Bonaparte violets. There were state dinner-parties given, also, whereat the guests were all old and dried up, and the ladies wore garments of antique fashion, scorning the mode that followed the lead of a parvenu Empress. But these formal festivities soon ceased, and it was whispered abroad that the Count de Castro was rapidly winning high favor at the Court of Napoleon III.

Of course, such a rumor meant that he had quarreled with his elderly wife; and that portion, at least, of the report, was true. They led but a cat-and-dog's life of it, in that grand old hotel beyond the Seine. The Count was fast and frivolous, the Countess jealous and severe. He wanted money beyond the income secured to him by the terms of the marriage contract, and she refused to comply with his demands. Stories got abroad of fearful scenes between the pair. Their daily lives had long been as widely parted as possible, Madame going continually to church, while Monsieur frequented balls, and operas, and theatres. This kind of thing went on for some years. At last matters reached a crisis. The Count lost heavily at cards, at the Jockey Club, one evening, and confided to a friend that other claims were weighing upon him. There was a house at Burgival for which he owed, and the furniture, also, had never been paid for. And so the fashionable world was not much surprised when the Count de Castro disappeared, one fine morning, leaving all his debts, whether of honor or dishonor, unpaid behind him.

Madame de Castro behaved remarkably well at this conjuncture, as everybody remarked. She paid the Count's debts, to the utterniost farthing, and was seen in her usual places of resort a trifle paler, sterner, and stiffer-looking than before, but otherwise wearing an unchanged and placid aspect. One only circumstance revealed how deeply she mourned for her vanished spouse. She caused the suite of apartments wherein she had dwelt with the Count to be closed up, and transferred her abode to the other wing of the hotel. But the servants averred, that after nightfall their mistress would occasionally enter the locked-up rooms, and remain there for a space, as if to mourn for her husband's absence in solitude and secrecy. Few who knew the grave, stern Countess, would have fancied her capable of any such romantic action; but the story got noised abroad, nevertheless, and spread a sentimental halo about the deserted wife, prosaic and severe as her age and aspect might be.

The Count never returned. Occasionally, vague rumors were current of his appearance in

far-distant lands. One story declared that he had gone to America with a certain celebrated dancer, and that he had been seen driving out with her, on the Shell Road, New Orleans. Another report averred that he was holding a high official position under the Governor of Java. Some said he had gone to Algiers; others, that he was in the employ of the French Legation at Hong-Kong. Some of these stories were traced to their source, and were found to be utterly groundless; others remained unquestioned and uncontradicted, till time proved their falsity. At all events, the Count never returned to Paris.

As the years went on, the Countess dwelt more and more in solitude. She did not put on mourning, neither did she assume any of the privileges of a widow. But she never spoke of her husband, nor would she permit his name to be mentioned in her presence. It was ten years after his mysterious disappearance, that she was first stricken with paralysis. She then insisted upon again changing her quarters, and took up her abode anew in the rooms wherein the troubled years of her married life had been spent. At first she used to be drawn in a wheeled chair around the garden, or through the long corridors of the hotel; but years had passed since she had relinquished even that form of locomotion, and had refused to quit the room wherein she now lay.

It was a vast and cheerless apartment; the wood-work, black with age, even to the waxed and polished floor, whose boards, warped and loosened by time, creaked noisily beneath the unwary tread. Some antique tapestry, saved from the sack of the Chateau de Keriodec by the Republican troops, during the first Revolution, clothed the walls, its tints of dull and faded green and sickly yellow adding an unnecessary touch of gloom to the aspect of the room. The ceiling overhead, with massive cross-beams, was of the same dark wood as the wainscoting and the floor. The chairs were mostly huge, carved arm-chairs, with cushions of faded needle-work, the only exception being a patent invalid-chair, lately used by the Countess, which stretched itself out in one dusky corner like some shapeless and huge antediluvian lizard. The fire-place, vast and cavernous, with a chimney-piece that towered to the ceiling, was filled with blazing logs; for the month was November, and the weather was chill, even for the season. At the extreme end of the room stood the bed, a large, old-fashioned structure, with curtains that matched the hangings on the walls. These were drawn aside, and the figure of the Countess could plainly be seen there, stretched out, stark and straight as though life had already departed, and looking, with her white draperies and bandaged brows, like some monumental effigy on an ancient tomb. She still lived, however, if the faint pulsation at heart and wrist, and the feeble flutter of breath upon her lips, could really be called life. And but for one point about her pallid, wrinkled face, one might readily have supposed that she had passed already beyond the reach of mortal aid. That point was her eyes. Wide open, keen, and glittering, they were turned with a fixed and steady gaze, not forward or upward, but toward the vast dim-lighted room, seeming to seek a particular point in the flooring, and to watch that with unwavering fixity.

Around the wide fire-place were clustered a number of individuals, who talked together in subdued whispers, and only stirred with due precaution and noiseless movements. These were the blood-relations and heirs of the aged Countess, summoned, by her direction, some days before, and now gathered together in the chamber of death, awaiting the event which the doctor, himself also present, declared to them might take place at any moment.

Prominent among these persons was the Count de St. Yvon, an elderly gentleman, with gray hair and most polished manners. Then there was the Demoiselle de Savarre, a hard-featured old maid, with the bluest blood in all Brittany flowing in her withered veins; a devout Legitimist, who passed her time between saying her prayers and embroidering *fleurs de-lis* upon banners and mantles, to be used at the future consecration of Henri Cinq, when the glad day of the restoration of the ancient monarchy should dawn for France. Then there was the Chevalier de Keriodec, a little older and more wrinkled than his cousin, the Count; and his daughter, a peachy-cheeked demoiselle, Anne Marie Antoinette de Keriodec by name, to whom the eldest son of Count de St. Yvon was whispering soft nonsense in the embrasure of one of the windows. These were all, the Countess having announced her intention of excluding from the succession such of her relatives as should be tinged either with Bonapartism or Republicanism; and as one or the other of these poisonous principles had crept even into Brittany, that sacred stronghold of Legitimism, she had been forced to restrict her bequests to a very few individuals. There was also present, as we have said before, her physician, Doctor Dumaresq, and her confidential maid. This last, a long, thin, stern-looking female, with a face like a German nut-cracker, was fast asleep in the large arm-chair, worn out

with protracted vigils and constant toil in her lady's service.

The silence in the room was very great, broken only by the subdued whispers of the waiting heirs, and by an occasional snore from Agathe, the maid. Outside, the wind went tearing down the Rue de Varennes, banging aristocratic shutters, and whistling around ducal chimney-pots, with no more reverence than it had shown to the shop-signs in the Marais, or the vanes on the Halles Centrales. Occasionally Doctor Dumaresq would rise and go to the bed to lay a finger on the pulse of the patient, and would then, with a sigh and a shake of the head, return to his seat. And so the night went on. The wind howled, and Agathe slept, and the heirs whispered together, and the Countess lay and watched the floor. Thus the hours wore away without change or incident.

Suddenly the blast, that had been sweeping and shricking along the street, took a sudden turn, and came careering down the great, wide chimney, sending a volley of sparks and smoke into the room. It could do but little more than that. The heavy logs, of which the fire was built, scoffed at the puny efforts of a puff of wind. One glowing coal, however, was dislodged, and flew into the room, alighting on the very plank on which the eyes of the Countess were so pertinaciously fixed. Nobody noticed the coal. The Count was lost in thought; the Chevalier and Mademoiselle de Savarre were conferring together respecting the possible amount of the estate, in an undertone; the two young people were absorbed in each other; and the doctor was half asleep. And so it glowed, and scorched, and sparkled, gnawing its way into the dry oak of the ancient flooring, surrounded by an ever-widening ring of red and charring fire.

Suddenly the dying Countess, she who had been paralyzed for years, arose from her bed, walked straight to the fire-place, picked up the tongs, took up the coal, and threw it back into the fire, and then returned to her bed. Stiff and stark, and stretched out straight as before, she lay, only the wide-open eyes were closed, and her face was, if possible, a shade paler than before.

This strange incident, this sudden revival of vitality in that seemingly lifeless frame, and the apparition in the midst of that listless group, of the white-shrouded, spectral form of the Countess, startled every one present. The heirs ceased musing or whispering, and gathered together, amazed and startled. The doctor, aroused from his doze, sprang to his feet. Only Agathe slept on in peaceful unconsciousness.

Doctor Dumaresq approached the bed, and once more laid his finger on the patient's wrist. Then he touched her breast gently, and bent his ear to her parted lips. After a brief pause, he turned to the bystanders.

"Pray for the soul of your noble relative," he said, solemnly. "The Countess is no more!"

The funeral took place two days later. It was a grand affair, with much display of nodding plumes and silver-spotted draperies, of mourning carriages, and of mighty candles, and of all the other accessories of funereal pomp, as imagined by the great Burial Company of Paris. It was a first-class affair in every respect. The cords of the hearse were held by two dukes, a marquis, and three counts, all of the bluest blood in the Faubourg St Germain. The funeral sermon was preached by a bishop, who was himself of princely extraction. Nobody shed any tears, it is true. The only sincere mourner that followed the widowed and childless Countess to her grave, was probably her faithful old servant, Agathe. And she, serene in the knowledge of a snug little annuity, secured to her by the will of her late mistress, was far from feeling wholly broken-hearted.

On the evening of the following day, a mysterious meeting was held in the bed-room of the departed lady. The heavy tapestry curtains were closely drawn across the windows, so that no intrusive outside gaze could penetrate the chamber wherein sat the three principal heirs of the deceased, the Count, the Chevalier, and Mademoiselle de Savarre, in solemn conclave. Three flickering candles threw a pallid light upon the group, and vainly strove to dissipate the darkness that filled the farthest corners of the spacious room.

The Count was the first to break silence.

"We have decided, I believe," he said, "that it is our duty to examine that point in the flooring which our departed relative watched so constantly."

"And whose peril roused her to such strange and sudden exertions," added the Chevalier.

"Who knows what may not lie concealed beneath the scorched plank?" said Mademoiselle de Savarre.

"Family papers, political secrets," suggested the Chevalier.

"Coin or jewels," remarked the Count. "Aged people are often like magpies, in their propensity for hiding things."

"Let us look at once!" cried the old maid, fired to activity by the suggestion.

Each had brought a chisel, or some other tool, and they set to work with a will. The solid oaken plank was soon removed, revealing a cavity between the floor and the beams of the

ceiling beneath, large enough to have contained the crown-jewels of an empire, or the archives of a republic. Within there appeared something, neither papers, nor jewels, nor gold, but a long, irregularly-shaped bundle, that rattled strangely when dragged forth to the light. A cry of horror broke from the lips of the three searchers, as the dim rays of their candles fell upon the thing that they had found—a human skeleton, clothed in remnants of what had once been superfine broadcloth and delicate linen; a jeweled pin, gleaming on the discolored shirt-front; a massive seal-ring, hanging loose upon the long hand, and great stains and streaks of rusty-brown upon the linen, which was revealed by the rents in the decaying cloth, splotches that had once been of a ghastly red.

As if turned to stone, the three seekers after wealth stood speechless, in the presence of Death and Crime.

The Chevalier was the first to recover his presence of mind.

"It is the Count de Castro!" she said, in a horror-stricken whisper. "See, these are his arms!" And he picked up the seal-ring, which had dropped from the fleshless finger and rolled upon the floor.

"And who could have killed him? It must have been the Countess!" cried Mademoiselle de Savarre, trembling from head to foot.

"Hush—sh—sh!" whispered the Count, looking fearfully around. "No doubt it was she."

"We had better hush this matter up," remarked the Chevalier, with chattering teeth.

And it was hushed up, accordingly. A roaring fire in the mighty chimney soon consumed every vestige of the poor, dried remains of what had once been the gay and gallant Count de Castro.

And when, a few years later, a grand new street was run right over the site of the demolished hotel, the few who remembered anything at all about the deceased Countess, spoke of her with bated breath, and called her "a saint upon earth."

FIRESIDE MUSINGS.

BY MILTON T. ADKINS.

Drearily, drearily,
The shadows fall,
Through the casement,
Into the hall;
Wearily, wearily,
Sad in the gloom,
The voice of the past
I hear from the tomb.

Lovingly, lovingly,
It tells to me,
Joys that never
Again shall be;
Tenderly, tenderly,
The wailing tone,
Comes like the moaning
Of a heart-broken one.

Touchingly, touchingly,
The echoes die,
The murmurs hush,
The shadows fly;
Lovingly, lovingly,
Sadly and slow,
Back to the temple
Of the past they go.

Cheerily, cheerily,
The firelight falls,
Driving away
The gloom from the walls;
Merrily, merrily,
It dances and glows,
Tinting the future
With colors of rose.

NO HEART?

BY C. F. EARLE.

You tell me that I have no heart; you think,
Because the world has taught me thus to sink
Beneath a surface ever calm and cold,
The words and thoughts that else were over bold—
That in my soul no waves of passion swell—
Finds place no love like that the poets tell.
Ah, if you knew of all the thoughts that burn
For utterance, and of the conflicts stern,
Where, lost in shades of fear and coming doubt,
Faint hope lies vanquished 'mid the fearful rout!
But brighter, clearer after every storm,
Burns still for thee the flame of love so warm,
Like as a taper, fretted by the breath,
Burns brighter when 'tis past. So, until death,
Within my heart shall burn that love for thee;—
Though Hope be dead, and Youth and Beauty flee.

MISS CRESPIGNY'S "ABSURD FLIRTATION."

BY FANNIE HODGSON BURNETT.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 349.

CHAPTER XI.

GEORGY stood still, and looked after her. She blushed more deeply than ever. A queer distress and discomfort came upon her, and filled her mind. She had only wondered, before, if it was possible that Lisbeth did not know, did not wholly understand; but now the truth revealed itself in an uncomfortable flash of recognition.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, under her breath. "She does not see. She thinks—I am sure she thinks——" But she did not put the rest into words.

Pen'yllan, and the lovely weather, quite lost their charm for the moment. As she walked slowly down the hall, toward the parlor, holding her mother's letter in her hand, she would almost have been glad to run away. She remembered so many little peculiarities she had noticed in Lisbeth's manner, of late. She had managed to leave her alone with Hector so often; she had taken so many of those long walks by herself; she had not looked well; she had sometimes been abstracted and restless. The girl's heart quite fluttered at the thought, which all these things forced upon her. She was half afraid to indulge in such a fancy. That day, when her confession had been made upon the beach, Lisbeth had confessed that she was sorry for her past cruelty. Could it be that her remorse had developed into a stronger feeling? Could it be that she was more than sorry now? that she was beginning to value the love she had thrown away, even to long for it? As I have said, the thought frightened Georgy a little. She had seen so much to admire in Hector Anstruthers, that she had often wondered, innocently, how it was possible that Lisbeth could have resisted his numerous charms and perfections. How, indeed, could any woman whom he loved be so hard to please as not to appreciate him? She, herself, had appreciated him, she told herself, blushing, even though he had not loved her at all as he had loved Lisbeth. And yet she felt, now, as if it would be almost dreadful to think that Lisbeth, cool, self-controlled Lisbeth, had given way, in spite of her coolness and self-control. And then, if this was the true state of affairs, how much more dreadful it became to feel that she was misunderstood; that Lisbeth saw in her a rival. Something must be done, it was plain, but it was a difficult matter to decide what the something should be. Ah! if it had only been a matter she could have talked over with mamma, who knew everything, and could always advise her. But it was Lisbeth's secret—Lisbeth's and Hector's; and so she must be loyal to her trust.

She was quite sad, in the midst of her labyrinth, all the afternoon; so sad, that when Anstruthers came in from the village, to partake of Miss Clarissa's tea, he marked the change in her at once. But he was in a gloomy mood himself; so it is not to be wondered at that the small party around the table was not nearly so gay a one as usual. Lisbeth had a headache. Her eyes were heavy, and she said but little, and disappeared as soon as the meal was at an end.

Georgy would have followed her at once, but in the hall Hector stopped her.

"Come into the garden, Georgy," he said; "I have something to say to you."

"Very well," said Georgy; "as soon as I have asked Lisbeth to come, too."

"But," he returned, "I do not want Lisbeth. What I have to say I must say to you, not Lisbeth."

Georgy had been standing with one foot on the lowest stair, and her hand on the balustrades, but a certain tone in her voice made her turn round, and look up questioningly. He was pale and haggard. She saw, in an instant, that he was not quite himself. A little pain shot through her tender heart. How unhappy he looked!

"You are very pale, Hector," she said, pityingly.

He tried to smile, but it was a constrained effort.

"I suppose I am nervous," he answered. "Be good to me, Georgy, my dear." And he held out his hand to her. "Come," he said, "Lisbeth does not care for our society much. She always avoids us when she can."

Georgy's face fell. Had he seen it, too?

Then surely it must be true that Lisbeth did avoid them.

She was so full of her trouble about Lisbeth, that it actually scarcely occurred to her mind,

that he had made a very simple request, in an unusual way. She did not even ask herself what he could be going to say, that he would not say before Lisbeth.

But she became more conscious of the strangeness of his mood every moment. He hardly spoke half-a-dozen more words, until they reached their usual seat, under the laburnum. There, when she sat down, he flung himself upon the grass, at her side, in his favorite unceremonious fashion; but, for a minute or so, he did not even look at her. She had never thought him boyish before, but just then the thought entered her mind, that he was very boyish indeed, and she began to pity and wonder at him more and more.

Suddenly he turned toward her and spoke.

"Georgy, my dear," he said, his voice quite trembling, "I am going to ask you for that great gift, of which I am so unworthy."

What need that he should say another word? She knew quite well, then, what he meant, and why it was that he had not wanted Lisbeth. And, ready as she usually was with her blushes, she did not blush at all. She even lost all her bright color at once, and confronted him with a face quite pale and altered.

"You may go on, Hector," she said; "I will listen."

So he broke out hurriedly and desperately, and poured forth his appeal.

"I don't know how I dare ask so much," he said. "I don't know how I dare speak at all. You do not understand what my life has been. God forbid that you should! But what is left of it is not worthy of you, Georgy—the sweetest, purest woman that God ever made. And yet I think it is because I honor you so much, that I dare to throw myself on your mercy. I want to be a better man, my dear, and—and—will you help me? You see what I am asking you for, Georgy?" And he bent his pale face over her hand, kissing it as some sad penitent might kiss a saint's.

A strange love-making, indeed! The girl gave a little sob. Yes, actually a little sob. But she let him hold her hand, just as she had let him hold it, that day before. She had put her budding love aside, and outlived it bravely; but there was a pang in this, nevertheless, and she could not help but feel it. It would be over in a moment, but it stung sharply, for the instant.

"Yes, Hector, I see," she answered, almost directly. "You are asking me if I will marry you.'

"Yes, my dear." And he kissed her hand again.

Then there was silence, for a little while; and he waited, wondering and feeling, God knows what strange hope, or fear, at heart. At length, however, another fair, small hand was laid softly on his, causing him to glance up, questioningly.

"Is that the answer?" he ventured, with a new throb of the heart.

But she shook her head, smiling a sweet, half-sad smile.

"It is not *that* answer," she said, "but it is an answer in its way. It means that I am going to speak to you, from my heart."

"I think you always do that," he said, unsteadily.

"Yes, always; but now, more than ever, I must be very true to you; indeed, to-day, because—because you have made a mistake, Hector."

"A mistake! Then it is not the first."

But what a craven he felt at soul! How hard it was to meet her clear, bright eyes!

"You have made a mistake," she went on. "Oh, if I was not true to you, and to myself, as well, your whole life might be a mistake from this hour, and everything might go wrong. You fancy that, because you can admire and trust me, that you could learn to love me, too, in that best way, as you do not now, when I was your wife. But you could not, however hard you might try, and however hard I might try, too; you could not. You could only teach yourself a poor imitation of that best way, and you would be unsatisfied at heart, Hector; and so should I. Husbands and wives ought to have that best kind of love, and nothing else, because nothing else will fill its place—the place in their hearts that God made to be filled by it. Because you are honest and true to me," with a warm grasp of the small hand, though warm tears were in her eyes, "you do not say that you have that kind of love to offer me, and I know you have not. I think that, perhaps, you could not give it to me, even if—don't be angry, Hector, because I could not help seeing it—you had not given it, almost in spite of yourself, to some one else——"

"To some one else?" he exclaimed.

"Yes," she said, sorrowfully, "to Lisbeth."

He drew his hands away, and covered his face with them, with something like a groan of despair.

"I am answered," he said. "Don't say anything more, Georgy. That is enough."

"Don't misunderstand me," cried the girl. "You could not help it. How could you? The old love never died out, really. And now, when

you see her so much better, and more beautiful, how could it be otherwise than that it should spring into new life, and be stronger than ever? It is Lisbeth you love, Hector, and she is worthy of your love—of anybody's love, if you would only understand her rightly. Is it pride that holds you back from showing your heart to her, or is it because, even though you love her, you have not forgiven her for your old misery? Tell me."

"Do I love her," he asked, "or hate her?"

"You love her," answered Georgy.

"And yet," he said, gloomily, "I have asked you to marry me, and you have answered me, as gently as an angel might have done, and with as tender a pity for me."

"It was only that you made a mistake," said the girl.

"A mistake!" he echoed. "Aye, it was a mistake! And, as I said, it is not the first I have made. My life has been full of blunders."

"Oh!" said Georgy, "how I wish I was wise enough to know how to set them right. If you would only trust me, and let me try."

He gave her a mournful smile.

"I thought there was a way," he said, "but you did not agree with me."

"I knew better," shaking her head, and coloring. "And perhaps I was too proud and jealous. I am not so good as you think me. I am very fond of you, but not fond enough to take your half-loaf. Let us forget it altogether."

Surely so serious a question was never so dismissed in so short a time. For these few busy moments, the matter was as completely disposed of, as if they had spent hours in arguing it. He scarcely knew how it was that he felt so sure that he need say no more; that the brave, simple, pretty Georgy had set his poor, weak plans aside so easily, and yet so tenderly. Much as he admired and reverenced her, there was a depth in her girlish nature, which he had never sounded. It was all over for him with Georgy Esmond, though he need not fear that her friendship would ever waver.

"If I was only wise enough to help you," she repeated; "if you would only trust me, and let me try."

"If any one could help me, you could," he said, "but there is no help for me."

He had never once admitted to himself that this miserable passion could ever make him happy. It had never occurred to his mind that its termination would be anything but a wretched and humiliating one. As Georgy had suggested, he loved, but had not forgiven, and he told himself that his love was degraded infatuation. What was there to tie to in such a feeling? Did he trust the woman to whom he was in secret a slave? No, he trusted her no more to-day than he had done before. But she had a queer hold upon his heart-strings nevertheless. The old witchery was exercising its full power upon him. It had been so strong, at last, that he had been maddened into making this coward's effort to free himself. If Georgy would stretch out her hand, she might save him a fatal weakness, and so, even while he despised himself for his selfish folly, he had resolved to throw himself upon Georgy's mercy. And here was the end of it! Georgy was wiser than himself, clearer of sight, truer of soul, stronger, with a brave simplicity; and she had proved to him what a shameful folly it was. Georgy would have none of him; and yet how sweet she was, God bless her!

"I shall leave Pen'yllan, in the morning," he said. "There is nothing to keep me here now, since you do not want me. Say that you forgive me, Georgy, and we will bid each other good-by, for the present."

"You must not think that I have anything to forgive," she answered; "but I do not say that you will be wrong in going. I believe it will be best. You do not quite understand yourself yet. Go away, and give yourself time to find out, whether you can conquer your heart, or not. The time will come when you will know."

"And then?" somewhat bitterly.

"Something will happen, I think," her simple faith in the kindness of Fortune asserting itself. "I cannot believe that you will always be as unhappy as you are now. One of you will be sure to do, or say something, that will help the other."

A sudden color leaped to his face. Her words held a suggestion, of which he had never once thought, and which set his pulses beating hard and fast.

"What?" he exclaimed, his new feeling giving him no time to check himself. "You do not think the time will ever come, when she—when she might feel, too——"

"I think," said the girl, in a grave, almost reverent voice, "I think the time has come now."

When they returned to the house, Lisbeth, seeing them from the parlor window, made a mental comment.

"Judging from his face," she observed, "I should say that he had asked her to marry him, and had been accepted. Judging from hers, I should say her answer had been 'No.' You are not easy to read for once, Georgy. What does it mean?"

CHAPTER XII.

GEORGY came into the house, with a more composed look than her face had worn for several days. She laid her garden hat upon the hall table, and walked straight into the parlor to her dear Lisbeth. She had a very shrewd idea that her dear Lisbeth knew nothing of their guest's intended departure, and she wanted to be the first to break the news to her. It would not matter if any little secrets were betrayed to herself. So she went to the window, and laid her hand on Lisbeth's shoulder.

"Did Hector tell you that he was going?" she asked, as if his having done so would have been the most natural thing in the world.

"That he was going?" repeated Lisbeth.

Georgy gazed considerately out into the garden.

"Yes. Back to London, you know—to morrow. I suppose he thinks he has been idle long enough."

Lisbeth shrugged her shoulders.

"Rather sudden, isn't it?" she commented. "I think you have been the first to hear the news."

"Gentlemen always do things suddenly," remarked Georgy, astutely.

She had no need to have been so discreet. Lisbeth had been very cool under the information. An indifferent observer might have easily concluded that she cared very little about it; that her interest in Hector Anstruther's going and coming was an extremely well-controlled feeling. When he came into the room himself, a few minutes later, she was quite composed enough to touch upon the subject, with polite regrets.

"Aunt Clarissa will positively come," she ended, with one of her incomprehensible smiles. "She has been almost radiant during your visit." And there her share in the matter seemed to terminate. She said nothing when the three old ladies, hearing the news, poured forth affectionate plaints, from the first course at dinner until the last. She listened composedly, without remark, though once or twice she looked at Georgy with rather an interested air. It was her turn to feel curious now, and she was curious enough. Georgy blushed, when she was looked at scrutinizingly, but her manner was decidedly not that of a girl who had just accepted a lover.

"And," said Lisbeth, examining her coolly, "she would not refuse him. She must be fond of him; and if she is fond of him, she is too sweet-natured and straightforward to coquet with him. And yet—well, it is decidedly puzzling."

She found the evening rather a bore, upon the whole. How was it that it dragged so, in spite of her efforts? She thought it would never come to an end. When, with long-suffering good nature, Hector drew out the chess-table, and challenged the delighted Miss Clarissa to a game, her patience fairly gave way. She turned to the piano for refuge, and sang song after song, until she could sing no more. Then, when Georgy took her place, she made a furtive exit, and slipped out through the hall and a side-door, into the garden. What made her turn her steps toward Miss Clarissa's rose-thicket? She did not know. But she went there. There she had bidden her boy-lover good-by, and broken his heart; there she had sung her little song to Georgy and Hector. On both occasions it had been warm, and balmy, and moonlight; and now it was warm, and balmy, and moonlight again. She stood and looked through the trees, catching silvery glimpses of the sea. In a minute or so she moved her hand, in an impatient gesture.

"I am sick of it all," she cried, breaking the silence. "I am sick of the whole world, and of myself more than the rest. How I wish I was like Aunt Clarissa."

She began to wander about restlessly, pulling at the roses with no particular object, but because she could not keep still. Buds and blossoms, red, and cream, and white, were torn from their stems ruthlessly, until her hands were full, and then she stopped again, half wondering at herself.

"What am I thinking of?" she said. "What do I want them for? Poor things!" remembering her parable bitterly. "They might have been very sweet to-morrow."

She held the cool, fresh things close up to her face, breathing in their fragrance eagerly; and when she took them away, their blossoms were bright here and there—perhaps with dew; certainly with dew, if it was dew that wet her fevered cheeks, and softened her eyes so strangely.

Scarcely three minutes later she turned with a start, and then stood listening. Some one had left the house, and was coming across the lawn toward her. She waited a few seconds, to make sure that she was not mistaken, and then she bent down over a bush, and began leisurely to gather more roses, though she was overloaded already.

"Where is Georgy?" she asked, calmly, of the intruder, when he reached her side.

"Georgy," returned a rather constrained voice, "is talking to Miss Hetty. Miss Clarissa sent me here to remind you that the dew is falling, and that you are not strong enough to bear the night air."

"Miss Clarissa is very good," Lisbeth answered;

"And so are you. But dear Miss Clarissa has been threatening me with an untimely grave, as the result of night air, ever since I was six months old; so, perhaps, I am not so grateful as I ought to be. I love darkness rather than light, upon the whole, and don't find that it disagrees with me; perhaps because my deeds are evil."

"Perhaps," dryly.

For fully two minutes, she gathered her flowers in silence, while Anstruthers waited, and looked at her; but at last she stood upright, and their eyes met.

"It is a beautiful night," she remarked, sententiously.

"Yes."

"We have had a great number of lovely nights, lately."

"Yes."

She busied herself with her roses for a little while, to the exclusion of everything else, and then she gave it up.

"Well, she said, "suppose we go into the house. I can do nothing with them here. The fact is, I don't know why I gathered them, unless it was from an impulse of destructiveness. Let us go."

"Stop a moment," he said; nay, almost commanded her.

She paused, not seeming in the least disturbed, however. She would have cut off her right hand, almost, before she would have exhibited an emotion.

"I had a reason of my own for coming here," he went on, "apart from Miss Clarissa's commands. I want to bid you good-by."

"You must be going," she commented, "very early in the morning." And yet her heart was beating like a trip-hammer."

"It is not that," was his reply, "though I am going early. I had a whim—you remember my whim about the song—a fancy that I should like to say my good-by here, where I said a good-by once before."

"It is easily said," answered Lisbeth, and held out one of her hands. "Good-by."

He took it, with a pretence at a coolness as masterly as her own, but he could not keep it up. He gave way to some swift, passionate, inexplicable prompting, and in an instant had covered it with kisses, had even fiercely kissed her slender wrist.

She snatched it from his grasp, breathless with anger, forgetting her resolve to control herself.

"What do you mean?" she cried. "You are mad. How dare you?"

He drew back a step, confronting her defiantly, with a sneer as bitter as the grave.

"I do not know what I mean," he answered, "unless, as you say, I am mad. I think I am mad; so, being a madman; I will not ask you to pardon me. It was a farewell. It is over now, however. Will you let me take your roses, and carry them to the house?"

She vouchsafed him no answer, but turned away, and left him to follow, if he chose. Her helplessness against him drove her fairly wild. Nothing she could say, or do, would ever wipe out the memory of those mad kisses. He either loved or despised her utterly; and remembering his manner toward Georgy, she could only conclude that he despised her, and had offered her a deadly insult. The blood shot into her cheeks, like a rush of fire, and her eyes blazed ominously.

"My dear Lisbeth," bleated good, little Miss Clarissa, the moment she saw her, "you have caught fresh cold, I am convinced. You are in a high fever."

Fever, indeed! She had never been in such a fever in her life; but it was a fever of anger and humiliation.

"I think it probable," she said, a trifle seriously, "that I am going to have measles, or scarlatina, Aunt Clarissa. Which would you prefer?"

Georgy came up stairs, long after she had shut herself in her room, to find her sitting by the open window, looking worn out and wretched.

"Lisbeth," she ventured, "is it possible that you *are* going to be ill?"

Probably Georgy Esmond had never been so spoken to in her life, as she was when her dear Lisbeth turned upon her at this simple remark.

"Georgy, my dear," she said, "if you ask me such a question again, I believe I shall turn you out of the room, and lock the door."

Georgy regarded her for a moment in mute amazement; but after that she managed to recover herself.

"I—I beg pardon, Lisbeth," she faltered, and then discreetly turned her attention to the performance of her nightly toilet, peparatory to going to bed.

But in the morning, it was Lisbeth to whose share the meekness fell. Her mood had changed altogether, and she was so astoundingly humble, that Georgy was alarmed.

"You have more patience with me than I have with myself, Georgy," she said, "or I should know it was not worth my while to say a word to you. Do have pity on me. I—well, I was out of sorts, or something. And I have such a horrible temper."

Really, her demon might have departed from

her that night. She showed no more temper; she became almost as amiable as a more commonplace young woman. She made so few caustic speeches, that the Misses Tregarthyn began to fear that her delicate health had affected her usual flow of spirits; and accordingly mourned over her in secret, not feeling it discreet to do so openly.

"She used to be so spirited," sighed Miss Hetty, over her sewing, to Georgy. "Don't you observe an alteration in her, my love? Sister Clarissa, and sister Mellicent, and myself, really do not know what to think. It would be such a comfort to us, if she could only be persuaded to see Dr. Puddifoot. He is such a dear man, and so extremely talented."

"Because I have been trying to behave myself decently, they think I am ill," said Lisbeth, smiling a little mournfully. "Just think how I must have treated them, Georgy. They are so used to my humors, that, if I am not making myself actively unpleasant, they fancy it is because I have not the strength to do it. If I were to snub Aunt Hetty, and snap at Aunt Clarissa, I believe they would shed tears of joy."

A week or so after Anstruthers' departure, Georgy decided that her visit must come to an end. Mamma was not so very well, and poor papa had a touch of his old enemy, the gout; and, really, she had been away from home a long time. Did not Lisbeth think that they had better return to London, even though Pen'yllan was still as delightful as ever?

Then they had a surprise, indeed.

Lisbeth, who had been listening, in a rather absent manner, aroused herself to astonish them.

"I think," she said, "that if you do not mind making the journey alone, Georgy, I should like to stay in Pen'yllan this winter."

"In Pen'yllan?" cried Georgy. "All winter, Lisbeth?"

"At Pen'yllan? Here? With us?" cried Miss Mellicent, and Miss Hetty, and Miss Clarissa, in chorus.

"Yes," answered Lisbeth, in her most noncommittal fashion. "At Pen'yllan, Aunt Hetty. Here, Aunt Mellicent. With you, Aunt Clarissa."

The Misses Tregarthyn became quite pale. They glanced at each other, and shook their heads, ominously. This portended something dreadful, indeed.

"My love," faltered Miss Clarissa.

"What?" interposed Lisbeth. "Won't you let me stay? Are you tired of me? I told you that you would be, you know, before I came."

"Oh, my dear!" protested Miss Clarissa' "How can you? Tired of you? Sister Hetty, Sister Mellicent! Tired of her?"

"We only thought, my love, that it would be so dull to one used to—to the brilliant vortex of London society," ended Miss Mellicent, rather grandly.

"But if I think that it will not," said Lisbeth. "I am tired of the 'brilliant vortex of London society.'"

She got up from her chair, and went and stood by Georgy, at the window, looking out.

"Yes," she said, almost as if speaking to herself, "I think I should like to stay."

The end of it was, that she did stay. She wrote to Mrs. Despard, that very day. announcing her intention of remaining. Georgy, in packing her trunks, actually shed a few silent tears among her ruffs and ribbons. To her mind, this was a sad termination to her happy visit. She knew that it must mean something serious, that there must be some powerful motive at the bottom of such a resolution. If Lisbeth would only not be so reserved. If it was only a little easier to understand her.

"We shall miss you very much, Lisbeth," she ventured, mournfully.

"Not more than I shall miss you," answered Lisbeth, who at the time stood near, watching her as she knelt before the box she was packing.

Georgy paused in her task, to look up, doubtfully.

"Then why will you do it?" she said. "You—you must have a reason.

"Yes," said Lisbeth, "I have a reason."

The girl's eyes still appealed to her; so she went on, with a rather melancholy smile.

"I have two reasons—perhaps more. Pen'yllan agrees with me, and I do not want to go back to town yet. I am going to take a rest. I must need one, or Aunt Clarissa would not find so much fault with my appearance. I don't want to 'go off on my looks,' before my time, and you know they are always telling me I am pale and thin. Am I pale and thin, Georgy?"

"Yes," confessed Georgy, "you are," and she gave her a troubled look.

"Then," returned Lisbeth, "there is all the more reason that I should rusticate. Perhaps, by the spring, I shall be red and fat, like Miss Rosamond Puddifoot," with a little laugh. "And I shall have taken to tracts, and soup-kitchens, and given up the world, and wear a yellow bonnet, and call London a 'vortex

of sinful pleasure,' as she does. Why, my dear Georgy, what is the matter?"

The fact was, that a certain incongruity in her beloved Lisbeth's look and tone, had so frightened Georgy, and touched her susceptible heart, that the tears had rushed to her eyes, and she was filled with a dolorous pity.

"You are not—you are not happy," she cried all at once. "You are not, or you would not speak in that queer, satirical way. I wish you would be a little—a little more—kind, Lisbeth."

Lisbeth's look was a positively guilty one.

"Kind!" she exclaimed. "Kind, Georgy?"

Having gone so far, Georgy could not easily draw back, and was fain to go on, though she became conscious that she had placed herself in a very trying position.

"It is not kind to keep everything to yourself so closely," she said, tremulously. "As if we did not care for you, or could not comprehend——"

She stopped, because Lisbeth frightened her again. She became so pale, that it was impossible to say anything more. Her great, dark eyes dilated, as if with a kind of horror, at something.

"You—you think I have a secret," she interrupted her, with a hollow-sounding laugh. "And you are determined to make a heroine out of me, instead of allowing me to enjoy my 'nerves' in peace. You don't comprehend 'nerves', that is clear. You are running at a red rag, Georgy, my dear. It is astonishing how prone you good, tender-hearted people are to run at red rags, and toss, and worry them."

It was plain that she would never betray herself. She would hold at arm's-length even the creature who loved her best, and was most worthy of her confidence. It was useless to try to win her to any revelation of her feelings.

Georgy fell to at her packing again, with a very melancholy consciousness of the fact, that she had done no good by losing control over her innocent emotions, and might have done harm. It had pained her inexpressibly to see that quick dread of self-betrayal, which had announced itself in the sudden loss of color, and the odd expression in her friend's eyes.

"She does not love me as I love her," was her pathetic, mental conclusion. "If she did, she would not be so afraid of me."

When Lisbeth bade her good-by, at the little railway-station, the girl's heart quite failed her.

"What shall I say to mamma and papa?" she asked.

"Tell them that Pen'yllan agrees with me so well, that I don't like to leave it for the present," was Lisbeth's answer. "And tell Mrs. Esmond that I will write to her myself."

"And—" in timid desperation—"and Hector, Lisbeth?"

"Hector?" rather sharply. "Why Hector? What has he to do with the matter? But stay!" shrugging her shoulders. "I suppose it would be only civil. Tell him—tell him—that Aunt Clarissa sends her love, and hopes he will take care of his lungs."

And yet, though this irreverent speech was her last, and she made it in her most malicious manner, the delicate, dark face, and light, small figure, had a strangely desolate look to Georgy, as, when the train bore her away, she caught her last farewell glimpse of them on the platform of the small station.

CHAPTER XIII.

LISBETH stood before her mirror, that night, slowly brushing up her hair, and feeling the silence of the small chamber acutely.

"It would never have done," she said to herself. "It would never have done at all. This is the better way—better, by far."

But it was hard enough to face, and it was fantastic enough to think that she had really determined to face it. In a minute or so she sat down, with her brush in her hand, and her hair loose upon her shoulders, to confront the facts once more. She was going to spend her winter at Pen'yllan. She had given up the flesh-pots of Egypt. She was going to breakfast at eight, dine at two when there was no company, take five o'clock tea, and spend the evening with the Misses Tregarthyn. She would stroll in the garden, walk on the beach, and take Miss Clarissa's medicines meekly. At this point a new view of the case presented itself to her, and she began to laugh. Mustard-baths, and Dr. Puddifoot's prescriptions, in incongruous connection with her own personal knowledge of things, appeared all at once so ludicrous, that they got the better of her, and she laughed until she found herself crying; and then, angry as she was at her own weakness, the tears got the better of her, too, for a short time. If she had never been emotional before, she was emotional enough in these days. She could not pride herself upon her immovability now. She felt, constantly, either passionate anger against herself, or passionate contempt, or a passionate eagerness to retrieve her lost self-respect. What could she do? How could she rescue herself? This would not do! This would not do! She must make

some new struggle! These sort of things she was saying feverishly from morning until night.

Secretly she had almost learned to detest Pen'yllan. Pen'yllan, she told herself, had been the cause of all her follies; but it was safer at present than London. If she stayed at Pen'yllan long enough, surely she could wear herself out, or rather wear out her fancies. A less resolute young woman would, in all likelihood, have trifled weakly with her danger; but it was not so with Lisbeth. She had not trifled with it from the first; she had held herself stubbornly aloof from any little self-indulgence; and now she was harder upon herself than ever. She would have died cheerfully, rather than have betrayed herself, and if she could die, surely she could endure a dull winter.

Her moral condition was so far improved, however, that she did not visit her small miseries upon her aunts, as she would have done in the olden days. Her behaviour was really creditable, under the circumstances. She played chess with Miss Clarissa in the evening, or read aloud, or sung for them, and began to take a whimsical pleasure in their delight at her condescension. They were so easily delighted, that she felt many a sting of shame at her former delinquencies. She had an almost morbid longing "to be good," like Georgy, and she practised this being "good" upon the three spinsters, with a persistence at which she herself both laughed and cried when she was alone. Her first letter to Georgy puzzled the girl indescribably, and yet touched her somehow. She, who believed her beloved Lisbeth to be perfect among women, could not quite understand the physiological crisis through which she was passing, and yet could not fail to feel that something unusual was happening.

"I take Aunt Clarissa's medicine with a mild regularity which alarms her," the latter announced. "She thinks I must be going into a consumption, and tearfully consults Dr. Puddifoot in private. The cook is ordered to prepare particularly nourishing soups for dinner, and if my appetite is not something startling, everybody turns pale. And yet all this does not seem to me as good a joke as it would have done years ago. I see another side to it. I wonder how it is that they can be so fond of me. For my part, I am sure I could never have been fond of Lisbeth Crespigny."

The roses fell, one by one, in Miss Clarissa's flower-beds, and so at last did the palest autumn bloom; the leaves dropped from the trees, and the winds from the sea began to blow across the sands, in chilly gusts. But Lisbeth stayed bravely on. Rainy days dragged by wearily enough, and cold ones made their appearance, but she did not give up even when Mrs. Despard wondered, and Georgy implored in weekly epistles. The winter routine of the Tregarthyn household was not exciting, but it was a sort of safeguard. Better dullness than something worse! Perhaps, in time, by spring, it might be different. And yet she could not say that she found her state of mind improving. And as to her body—well, Miss Clarissa might well sigh over her in secret. If she had been pale and thin before, she had not gained flesh and color. She persisted in her long walks in desperation, and came home after them, looking haggard and hollow-eyed. She wandered about the garden, in self-defence, and was no less tired. She followed Dr. Puddifoot's directions to the letter, and, to the Misses Tregarthyns' dismay, was not improved. In fact, as that great man, Dr. Puddifoot, observed, "Something was radically wrong."

It was an unequal, miserable enough struggle, but it had its termination; and, like all such terminations, it was an abrupt, unexpected, almost fantastic one. Lisbeth had never thought of such an end to her self-inflicted penance. No such possibility had presented itself to her mind. It was not her way to romance, and she had confined herself to realities.

Sitting at her bed-room window, one chill, uncomfortable December day, she arrived at a fanciful caprice. It was as raw and miserable a day as one would, or rather would not, wish to see. The wind blew over the sea in gusts, the gulls flew languidly under the gray sky, a few dead leaves swirled about in eddies in the road, and yet this caprice took possession of Lisbeth, as she looked out, and appreciated the perfection of desolateness. Since Georgy had left Pen'yllan, she had never once been near the old trysting-place. Her walks had always been in an opposite direction, and now it suddenly occurred to her, that she would like to go and see how things would look in her present mood. In five minutes from the time the fancy seized her, Miss Clarissa caught a glimpse of something through the parlor window, which made her utter an exclamation:

"Lisbeth!" she said. "Out again, and on such a day! Dear me! I do trust she is well wrapped up."

Lisbeth made her way, against the damp, chill wind, with a touch of positively savage pleasure in her own discomfort. The sands were wet, and unpleasant to walk on; and she was not sorry. What did it matter? She was in the frame of mind to experience a sort of malicious enjoyment of outward miseries. The tryst looked

melancholy enough, when she reached it. She made her way to the nook, behind the sheltering rocks, and stood there, looking out to sea, stricken with a sort of chill. She had not expected to find the place wearing its summer aspect, but she was scarcely prepared to face such desolateness. Everything was gray—gray tossing sea, gray screaming gulls, gray lowering sky.

"It would have been better to have stayed at home," she said.

Still she could not make up her mind to turn back at once, and lingered a little, leaning against a rock, shivering, and feeling dreary; and so it was, that the man who was approaching first caught sight of her figure.

Lisbeth did not see this man. She did not care to see either man or woman, at present. The gulls suited her better than human beings, and she believed herself to be utterly alone, until footsteps upon the sand, quite near, made her turn with an impatient start.

The man—he was not a yard from her side—raised his hat and stood still. The man was Hector Anstruthers.

For a moment neither uttered a word. Lisbeth thought her heart must have stopped beating. She had turned cold as marble. When she could control herself sufficiently to think at all, she thought of Georgy.

"What is the matter?" she exclaimed. "Is somebody ill? Georgy?"

"Georgy is quite well," he answered.

Then he came close, and held out his hand, with a strange, melancholy smile.

"I ask pardon for alarming you," he said. "I ask pardon for coming without an excuse; but I have no excuse. Won't you shake hands with me, Lisbeth?"

She got through the ceremony as quickly as possible, and then drew back, folding her shawl about her. She was shivering with something, also, besides cold. If she had only been safe at home. If nobody was in danger, what on earth had he come for?

"I was a little startled," she said. "Pen'yllan is not very attractive to people, as a rule, in winter, and it seemed the most natural thing that Georgy was ill, and had sent you to me." Then, after a little pause, and a sidelong glance at him, "You look as if you had been ill yourself."

He certainly did. He was thin, and haggard, and care-worn. His eyes were dangerously bright, and he had a restless air. He was not so sublime a dandy, either, as he had been; there was even a kind of negligence about him.

"Aunt Clarissa must have been very much alarmed when she saw you," Lisbeth proceeded, trying to get up a creditable smile.

"I have not seen Miss Clarissa," he answered. "I came here first."

This was so ominous, that Lisbeth succumbed. She knew, when he said this, that he did not intend to keep up appearances. But she made one more poor effort.

"Then, perhaps, we had better go home," she remarked.

"No," he returned, quickly. "I have something to say."

She felt herself losing strength. But what did it matter, let him say what he would? Perhaps it was something about Georgy. She had a dreary feeling that she was ready for anything.

"Go on!" she said.

"Oh!" he cried, in bitter, impatient resignation of her stoicism. "Arm yourself against me; I know you will do that. Sneer at my folly; I am prepared for that, too. But I shall speak. It is Fate. I am a fool, but I must speak."

"Was it to say this that you came here?" interposed Lisbeth.

"I came because I could not stay away. You are my Fate, I tell you," almost angrily. "You will not let me rest. When I kissed your hands, that last night, I gave myself up to my madness. I had tried to persuade myself that I had no love for you: but that cured me, and showed me how I had deceived myself. I have never ceased to love you, from the first; and you——"

His words died upon his lips. She looked as he had never seen her look before. She leaned against the rock, as if she needed support. Suddenly her eyes and lashes were wet, and she began to tremble slightly. He checked himself, full of swift remorse. What a rough brute he was!

"Don't!" he said. "I did not mean to frighten you."

She lifted her eyes, piteously; her lips parted, as if she was going to speak; but she did not speak. She was even weaker than she had thought. She had never been so helpless and shaken before. She shrank from him, and drooping her face upon the rock, burst into hysterical tears.

He did not pause to ask himself what it meant. He did not understand women's nerves. He only comprehended that she had given way, that everything was changed, that she was unstrung and weeping. In a moment he had her in his arms, exclaiming, passionately,

"Lisbeth! Lisbeth!" And then the little straw hat, with its blue ribbon, slipping away from the small, pale face, that lay upon his breast, he bent and covered this small, pale, tear-wet face with reckless kisses.

For the moment he did not care what came next, nor what doom he brought upon himself, he was so mad with long pent-up love and misery. He found the little hand under the shawl, too, and fell to kissing that, also, and would not let it go.

"Don't be cruel to me, Lisbeth," he pleaded, when she tried to draw it away; and she was forced to let it remain. "Don't be cruel to me," he said, and still held this hand, when she released herself at last, and stood up, miserable and shame-faced, yet far less miserable than she had been.

"It—it is you who are cruel!" she faltered. "What am I to say to you? You have left me nothing to say."

She hung back, half afraid of his vehemence. He had begun with bitter ravings, and in five minutes had ended by crushing her in his arms. It was her punishment that she should be so humbled and brought down.

"Say nothing," he cried. "Let me say all. I love you. It is Fate."

She could not help seeing the fantastic side of this, and she smiled, a little, daring smile, though she hung her head.

"Are you—proposing to me?" she ventured, hoping to retrieve herself.

He could not stand that, but she would not let him burst out again, and leave her no chance to assert her privilege to struggle at retaining the upper hand.

"You told me that you came in spite of yourself, because you could not stay away. Was it true?" she asked.

"Yes."

She could not help feeling a glow of triumph, and it shone in her eyes.

"I am glad of that," she said. "I am glad. It saves me so much."

"And I may stay?" he exclaimed, in his old, impetuous fashion. "Lisbeth——

Though he held her hand fast, she managed to stoop down, under pretence of rescuing the blue-ribboned hat from the sand.

"You need not go," she answered.

And that was the end of it.

The three Misses Tregarthyn looked at each other in blank dismay, when these two walked into the parlor, an hour after. But Hector grasped his nettle with a matter-of-fact boldness, for which Lisbeth intensely admired him in secret.

"I went out on the beach to find Miss Crespigny, and I found her," he announced. "Here she is, Miss Clarissa, Miss Mellicent, Miss Hetty! She has promised to marry me. Oblige us with your blessing."

The trio fell upon their beloved Lisbeth, and embraced, as they had done on the previous occasion; but this time she bore it better.

That night Lisbeth sat up until one o'clock, writing a long letter to Georgy Esmond, and trying, in a strangely softened and penitent mood, to be open and straightforward for once.

"I am going to marry Hector Anstruthers, and try to be better," she wrote. "You know what I mean, when I say 'better.' I mean that I want to make Lisbeth Anstruthers a far different creature from Lisbeth Crespigny. Do you think I ever can be a 'good' woman, Georgy—like you and your mother? If I ever am one, it will be you two whom I must thank." And as she wrote this, she shed not unhappy tears over it.

"Perhaps," she said, "Love will make me as tender as other women."

And this Love did.

THE END.

WATCHING FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY GEORGE WEATHERBY.

I.

The passing bell, for the dying year,
Rings through the silence far and near,
With solemn dirge-notes, soft and low
Tolling a requiem, sad and slow,
For swiftly passing Time!
Dying! dying! dying!
Ring out the bells in mournful rhyme!
Flying! flying! flying!
As we watch from the window the cold snow lying,
As white as the locks of Old Time.

II.

Hark! far away in the old church-tower,
The clock is striking the midnight hour!
Merrily now ring out the bells,
Filling the air with joyous swells,
To greet the new-born Time!
Ringing! ringing! ringing!
Thrilling the world with their mirthful chime,
Merrily ringing,
The birth of a New Year, so joyously singing,
As we watch for the young, brave Time!

THE STORY OF CLEO.

BY MARIETTA HOLLEY.

"You shall never wear it while you live in my house—never! You knew you were going against my express commands when you made this. While I was standing over the sick bed of your grandmother Dawson, you were spending your time in this worldly vanity. You know, if I had been here, you would never have dared to spend your precious time, given you on probation, to make puffs and ruffles to ornament your sinful body, and draw your soul down still deeper into the pit of perdition."

The young girl to whom these words were addressed, made no reply, but a close observer could see a deep tinge of scarlet sweep up to the lovely face, and that the slender hands were clasped so tightly over the offending article in her lap, that the almond-shaped finger-nails were pressed into the very palms. But her very silence seemed to displease her mother; for as she cast her cold, gray eyes on her a moment, she said,

"Well, can't you answer your mother, when she is talking to you? Where did you get the materials for that dress? Who helped you make it?"

"I took the money Uncle Joe sent me for a New-Year's present. All the girls have got them. Kate Merriman helped me cut it. She is going to have a party next week, and——"

"Yes. I have no doubt that you had the house full of girls while I was gone, though you well knew my wishes on the subject."

"I have never disobeyed you yet," answered the girl, proudly. "Charley, and Bridget, and I, have been here alone all the time. I took my muslin over one afternoon, and Kate helped me cut it."

"Perhaps she thought I might let you attend her party. But you shall not go. Worldly, ungodly places, where they sing and dance! I want you to understand, once for all, that you shall not go; and you shall never wear that dress. I am responsible for your soul's welfare, and I shall do my duty by you, whether it is pleasing to you, or displeasing."

The young girl made no reply, but silently rose and left the room. As soon as she had gone, a bluff, good-natured looking old gentleman, her mother's brother, who had witnessed this scene with a great deal of pity and indignation, but who possessed too much principle to interfere in his sister's domestic management, and so weaken her influence by taking sides with her daughter, spoke.

"How can you go on so, Sister Ann?" he said.

Mrs. Wilmer, in reply, bent upon him a severe look, but made no answer in words.

Nothing daunted, however, he went on.

"The idee of there bein' any wickedness in this!" he said, taking up from the table the dainty white waist, with its muslin and lace ruffles, and balancing it on the end of his thumb, admiringly. "Wicked! Why, it is white as chalk, clear through. Who said, 'consider the lilies'? If there had been anything wicked in them lilies, crinkled all round the edges, gathered up in the middle with little gold-colored orniments to set 'em off, it stands to reason the Lord wouldn't have sot us to considerin' of 'em. And look at the hollyhocks once, and roses. No end to the ruffles and puckers on 'em; fixed off enough sight gayer than this." And he deposited the little waist reverently upon the table again.

"I have wanted to talk with you," he went on to say, "ever sense I have been here, and seen your goin's on with your children. I tell you, Sister Ann, you are on the wrong track, and you will see it some day, and repent it, if you don't turn in time. You are too harsh with 'em."

By this time Mrs. Wilmer's thin cheek began to flush, and her cold, gray eyes to sparkle.

"I do not ask you, Ephrum," she said, sharply, "nor any one else, to teach me my duty to my children. I learn it from a higher source. I know what is right better than you."

"You are as self-righteous as ever," answered her brother. "When you and Will had your fight——"

"I never fight with any one, Ephrum, and you knew it."

"No! but you set up your will like a rock, and let weaker, or rather more tender and loving natures, break themselves to pieces on it. I know all about Will. A better, more generous-hearted fellow never lived."

Mrs. Wilmer's thin lips quivered, in spite of her self-control; and she prided herself greatly on her self-control.

"Will chose his own way, and walked in it. I am entirely guiltless in the matter."

"Yes, that is your way. I never knew you, in your whole life, to own up you was in the wrong. Everybody around has got to knuckle to you. I never did, thank fortin'! I was the only one in father's family that wasn't afraid to cross you. And I am the best friend you had amongst 'em, and you know it; for I can't see you a plungin' right into ruination, without warnin' you. You know I warned you about Willie before your quarrel. I told you he was high-spirited, and he wouldn't stand it, to be treated as you was a treatin' him. You tried to get him completely under your thumb, jest as you do everybody else. Wouldn't let him have a friend here to see him. Made home a perfect place of torment to him. Wouldn't even let him read his books in peace." He paused, out of breath.

"Was it my duty," quietly replied Mrs. Wilmer, "to allow him to fill my house with his worldly, ungodly companions, and wicked books, and novels?"

"To begin with, it wasn't your house. It was Will's, your husband's. And it was the uncle that brought him up and started him in life, that you objected to, that last goin' on; and it was jest about that time, that you burnt up a whole set of Dickens's stories. I've always been glad that Will run away from you, always."

"Hush! The children will hear you."

Uncle Ephraim lowered his voice a trifle; but went on with as much earnestness as ever.

"I stood by you, in that trouble, as well as I knowed how to. Not that you needed any help, in the line of worldly affairs; for he left you and the children a handsome property; every cent he had, anyway. There wasn't a mean hair in Will's head. But I stood by you, and tried to check you up, though I knew you had brought your trouble right on your own head. Nobody has ever heard a lisp from me, that Will wasn't drownded, as folks s'pose. And I never have mentioned a word of what he told me that night. He was going away, just as I happened to come to your house on a visit, as you know. I met him at the gate, lookin' like a ghost, and you in the house, lookin' like another one. I stood by you, and helped you bear your trouble, the best I could. But if you get yourself in another scrape, and are left alone in your old age, you won't have me to bear you company."

"You need not be afraid of my troubling you in any way!" haughtily answered his listener.

But he went on, without minding the withering tone in which she pronounced these last words.

"There's Charley. I hain't hardly seen him sence I come here. And folks tell me that you are so hard on him, make home such a place of torment to him, that he won't stay here any more than he can help; and that he is out in the street nights, with bad company, a gamblin' and drinkin'."

"He can't blame me for his wickedness, if he dies a gambler. I never allowed him to play a game of any kind at home. I burned up his chess-men, and his dominoes, and his checker-board, as fast as he would bring them home, and I would do it again."

"Yes," said Uncle Ephraim, "that is jest your way. And there's your girl. Why, if I should treat my Nett as you treat her, I should expect she would run away and disgrace me. I shouldn't expect nothin' else. I've watched you pretty close these two days, and I tell you plain, the disposition you show to that girl is jest what drove Will away. It is a devilish disposition; it is sardonix. Yes," he repeated, with greater earnestness, "it is sardonix. You make your home a perfect prison-house. And if you'll take my advice, you'll turn round and let a little sunshine into it. If you don't, you'll be sorry. I hain't seen you give either of your children a look that wasn't reproachful and complaining. I hain't heerd you give them a bright, cheerful, pleasant word, sence I've been here. You won't allow your girl to dress any different from an old woman; won't let her have any amusement whatever; won't let her have any young company. Why, it is jest as nateral for young hearts to want to flock together, as it is, in the spring of the year, for robins, and blue-jays, and bobolinks, to sing at one time."

"Yes, you would advise me to let her go to perdition; lose her soul, with the rest of the lost souls around here."

"Sister Ann, it hain't for you, nor me, to say whose souls are lost, and whose ain't."

"I never thought I should hear you uphold ungodly pleasures, Ephraim."

"I don't uphold 'em, and you know I don't. But I tell my little girl, that if I am an elder in the church, that's no reason she shouldn't have innocent mirth and gayety, when it comes properly in her way. She loves her old father, bless her; and she loves the feller she is engaged to, as likely a young minister as there is in the State. And she's none the worse for having gone to a party now and then. She hain't never been afraid to come to her pa with any of her little troubles and tribulations. I tell you agin, you don't do the right thing by your girl. You have been so overbearin' and tyranical with her, that I can see she is as afraid of you as she is of the old cat, and she would confide in the furtherest

stranger before she would her own ma. And your boy, how can you expect to help him on in the right course, when you have got him so that he avoids you all he can, and would as soon confide in an Injin as in you? I tell you, it is a wrong state of things, and I am afraid you'll sup sorrow out of it if you don't turn your course."

And where was the subject of Uncle Ephraim's sermon all this while? She had rushed away to the parlor, the farthest room in the house, and there she stood by the western window, looking out. It was a very clean room, a very orderly room. Yes, terribly, fearfully orderly! but oh, so bare, so desolate! In striking contrast to its bareness, was the face of its present occupant. She stood by the open window, beneath the stiff, green curtain, looking out, out, toward the sea, that bounded the horizon. It was a lovely face; a sweet, loving, tender face; but now there was a mutinous look in the large, troubled eyes. She clasped her hands, as she looked out on the waste of waters.

"Oh, if I could only sail away, out of this dreary, doleful life!" she cried.

She turned her face instinctively to where, over the low roofs of the houses about it, the new hotel for summer boarders rose up in staring whiteness. There were some of the boarders out now, on the upper balcony, and she fancied she could distinguish, even at that distance, one tall, distinguished figure, leaning in easy grace against the railing. There was a way for her to leave this bare, wretched, dreary life. It is not to the happy hearts, full of home-love and peace, that the tempter appeals most strongly. No, it is to the heart-hungry, the weary. There was One who fasted forty days and nights, and then afterward, when He hungered, the tempter came to Him.

Poor Cleo! She was heart-hungry, and the tempter that was assailing her soul, promised that the stones should be made bread. She is too tired, too wretched to think of it. But if she could only think, only know this Divine truth; if she would only resist the tempter, there were angels ready to minister to her.

But she doesn't think of that. She looks listlessly out into the clean, bare yard. Mrs. Wilmer will not allow any flowers in her garden. She thinks it a sinful waste of time. But her next neighbor, Mrs. Merryman, thought differently; and her yard was crowded full of summer beauties, a wilderness of sweet-scented flowers; and birds and bees congregated therein; and her children, happy as the birds, filled it with their blitheful laughter.

There was a great honeysuckle vine, that run up on a latticed frame, close by the low paling that separated the two yards; such a tangle of richness and gorgeous coloring, to be sure. It had overrun the lattice-frame, and climbed over into Mrs. Wilmer's side of the wall, and blossomed as brightly there, as if it were not an intrusion and an offence.

This vine was of no use at all. Apples would never hang from its branches. Its roots would never, by any possibility, produce potatoes. But how perfectly had beauty-loving nature adorned it! And Cleo wondered vaguely, as she looked at it, whether Nature felt guilty at all, as she fashioned the sweet, useless leaves and blossoms. And the gay humming-birds, joyous little idlers, who "toiled not, neither did they spin," that were flitting about the fragrant hearts of the flowers. Cleo wondered if Nature thought she was doing a vain thing, a wicked thing, when she gilded those tiny and perfectly useless wings such an exquisite hue, more beautiful and changeful than any pains-taking mortal might hope to paint. But Cleo had not much time for her musings. The cold, complaining tones, which she had fled away to escape, were heard now in the hall, and the door opened, and the cold, rebuking eyes were bent upon her.

"Cleopatra, you have dropped a flower here, in the hall. I saw you wasting your time out there by that honeysuckle vine, this morning, when you should have been at work in the house."

"I will come, mother, and pick it up," said Cleo, wearily.

"How many times a day am I obliged to rebuke your idle, disorderly ways? You trouble and annoy me more than I can tell."

"I know I do; I am a trouble to you all the time." Here the tears that had been so near the surface all the morning, overflowed the large eyes. "I wish I were away from here. I wish father had lived. I don't believe I should have annoyed him so," she cried, passionately.

"You are exceedingly like your father, exceedingly."

As she said this, Mrs. Wilmer left the room; and in a minute Cleo could hear the sharp, metallic tones in the kitchen, agonizing Bridget with rebukings for some fault, either real or fancied.

But as she stands there, by the window, alone, she hears again the words that she heard last night, down by the lake.

"Cleo, beauty, listen to me. Oh, my darling, how lovely you are!"

These words sounded above the sharp voice out

in the kitchen. She knew she ought not to listen to that voice, to dream of it. But oh, home was so dreary—dreary! And Philip Evans would make her a home so bright, so luxurious, so love-glorified; full of all the beauty and happiness she had been deprived of, that she had dreamed of. She knew it was all wrong, his wooing her in this clandestine manner, urging her to elope with him, and, above all things, to keep the matter a secret from every one. It was all wrong, wrong. And then, in spite of his fascinations, his charm of manner, his passionate protestations of love for her, some subtle intuition taught her to beware of hi .. But then, home was so dreary—dreary! Poor Cleo! She was very unhappy, very young, very guileless. Philip Evans thought her an easy prey.

This Philip Evans—that was not his true name; he had left his real name with a wife and three children in California; but this was the name he had passed by for a year or so—was a professional gambler. He had come down to Claythorpe, following a rich and rather verdant young Southerner, who, he thought, was spending his summer there. He felt certain of a rich prize. But when he arrived there, he found the prey had flown, having been called suddenly home by the death of his father. There was no other prize there rich enough to tempt him much, and having had unusually good luck in Chicago, he was not compelled to exert himself at once; but he certainly intended to return to some of the large western cities soon. Yet after he had looked into Cleo Wilmer's eyes, he resolved to stay awhile, to play a still darker game.

Meantime, he passed at the hotel for a very exemplary young man. Indeed, a maiden sister of the innkeeper, who prided herself upon her power of reading characters in the features unerringly, thought he was a city clergyman, recruiting the health he had lost in ministerial duties. A few of the wild ones of Claythorpe did not think so; among them, Ralph Bryan, nephew of the hotel-keeper. He was clerk in the great shipping-house of the wealthy firm of Lynn & Willis, in New York City, but was visiting his uncle during his summer vacation. Wickedness, as well as virtue, has a way of recognizing its true kindred, and it was not long before Ralph Bryan and Philip Evans were friends and allies. Their rooms at the hotel witnessed many a midnight orgie.

Ralph had introduced Charley Wilmer to Philip Evans, and the latter soon could wind them both round his finger.

It was one day, toward sunset, that he first met Cleo. She was walking on the beach with Charley. That was one of the few things that her mother did not object to. She was willing to let Cleo go and walk. She thought it was for her health. There Cleo met him almost daily; first with Charley, afterward alone.

It was in these dangerously beautiful hours that he brought all his varied and wonderful powers of fascination to bear upon Cleo's loving and tender little heart. It was all so strange, so new, so sweet to her, the homage, the worship, and the new and delightful world he took her into, with his brilliant descriptions of beauty, and culture, and art. What poetry he repeated to her, with his dark glowing eyes bent upon her innocent, trusting, wild-rose of a face! What words of admiration and impassioned love he whispered in her ear, more dangerously sweet to her than the loveliest poem! And the solemn ocean-waves rolling in at their feet, brought to her no voice of warning.

It was then that poor Cleo needed a mother. But, as Uncle Ephraim told his sister, her children would sooner confide in any stranger than in her.

On the evening of the day on which he had held his plain talk with his sister, Uncle Ephraim returned to his home, a pretty inland village, bright with anticipations of seeing his Nettie; little dreaming that his prophecies, spoken to his sister, were so near fulfillment.

That evening, Cleo and Philip Evans met by their old trysting-place, down on the beach. Is it not strange how some seeming trifle will change a person's whole destiny? That pretty, white waist was not of much consequence, certainly; but yet her mother's tyranny concerning it, who may know how much influence it had over poor Cleo? At all events, it was that night that she yielded, for the first time, to her lover's pleadings, and gave her promise to fly with him, to leave home and country for his sake. There were reasons, he said, why he could not wed her openly. But oh! he would make her life beautiful: "so beautiful," he vowed, "that she should never repent her choice; never be sorry that she gave up all for him." And Cleo, fascinated and enthralled by him, as she was, her first thought was, that she should escape the terrible dreariness and tyranny of her home. And Charley, her darling brother, the one being in the whole world nearest to her, Philip said, should come and live with them in their beautiful home. Charley was getting wild, was getting into bad company; but surely Philip's influence, when he was his brother, would help to restrain him, help him to do better, and she would make such a warm,

bright, loving home for him, and surely she could save him yet. Poor Cleo!

And so the night came when she was to go. It was only ten o'clock, and she was not to start until midnight. In the harbor, three miles away, was a vessel outward bound, and they were to sail in it. He had told her, and she believed, that a clergyman, a friend of his, was on board, who would marry them as soon as they embarked. She had written a note to her mother, telling her all. It was a pitiful letter, showing how the heart-hunger of a life had caused her to grasp even the Sodom-apples, which she would too surely find contained only ashes.

It still lacked two hours of the time when she was to meet him, yet she was all ready, with her hat and water-proof on. She sat by the open window of her room, feeling as if it were all a wild dream, when suddenly she heard her name breathed under the window. She leaned her head out.

"Charley! You here?" she cried, in astonishment; for Charley had been called away for two days, pleading business; but called away, she supposed, by Philip, that he might not discover her intended flight.

"Hush, Cleo! Don't wake mother," he replied, in a low tone. "I have something terrible to tell you. Come out here."

In a moment she stood beside him.

"Has anything happened?" she faltered. "Is Philip——"

Charley did not seem to notice what she said; did not appear to think of the strangeness of her being robed in hat and water-proof at that hour. His fair, boyish face was like death, and his voice hoarse with emotion.

"I have come to bid you good-by, Cleo," he cried; and the boy, for he was only a boy, hardly seventeen, threw his arm round his sister's neck, and clung to her.

"You don't know what I have done, Cleo. But I will not live to be despised, shunned, imprisoned—to see my name in the papers as a forger. I will never live to see it. I was going to drown my life and my disgrace down there in the water to-night; but—but I wanted to see you, to tell you how it was. Mother would never forgive me; never show me any mercy or pity, I know; but I wanted you to know that I was not so guilty as I seem to be. He led me into it, got me in his debt. And then it was only for fifty dollars when I wrote it. He changed it himself to five hundred."

"He? Who?" gasped his sister, her heart sinking. "Tell me all about it, Charley, and then I can see what can be done."

"There can be nothing done, only for me to die."

"Hush, Charley!" and Cleo clung to his cold hands, as if the river of death was already washing to his feet, and her weak hands could hold him back from it. "Tell me the whole story, and then I will find a way to help you."

And at last, though his talk was broken often by wild words of terror, and remorse, and regret, Cleo learned the truth.

Charley had a wonderful gift of penmanship. He could copy any writing so as to puzzle an expert. And it was in Ralph Bryan's room, one day, a few days before his return to New York, that Charley, carelessly taking up Ralph's pen, began to show off his wonderful talent in that direction. Ralph had just received a letter from his employers, asking him to return upon such a day, and the letter lay open on the table, signed by the business name of the firm, in the bold handwriting of the senior partner. In a few minutes Charley showed him a fac-simile of the writing, so strikingly like the original, that Ralph was delighted. He said to Charley, "If that was signed now, to a check for five hundred dollars, it would be something worth while." And from that moment he gave Charley no peace. He was in debt to Bryan, and had no means to pay, and Bryan threatened to go to his mother, and tell her the whole story of his misdoings, and disgrace him forever in Claythorpe. As for Bryan himself, he was in debt to everybody. And, finally, one day, when Charley was more than half-intoxicated, and half-driven to desperation by Bryan's threats of exposure, he wrote the name of Mr. Willis, the elder of Ralph's employers, upon a check for fifty dollars. No more than that, as he solemnly declared. But Bryan had changed it afterward to five hundred. They obtained the money without any difficulty. Afterward, Charley had a recollection of asking Bryan if the cashier at the bank didn't give him more than fifty dollars. Bryan had replied that the cashier had made a mistake, and handed him more. "But we should be fools indeed, if we rectified it," he said. "Banks never do, and why should we?"

They paid their debts of honor, or rather dishonor, and then made a night of it. The next day Ralph returned to New York. Two days after, the check, unexpectedly, was returned to New York, earlier than Ralph had supposed. The forgery was discovered, the guilty parties traced, and Ralph absconded.

Charley, in consequence, had received a letter from Mr. Willis, telling him that his crime was known, and bidding him to come to New York at once.

"I will defer all talk of justice and punishment," the letter concluded, "until I see you."

"I can't go, Cleo. I will not meet him. I cannot." With these despairing words, Charley ended the wretched story.

"But won't it be best? When he sees how young you are——"

"Never! Cleo, I will never go!"

"Then I must."

"You, Cleo?"

"Yes!"

Charley looked at her in amazement.

"How could you go, Cleo? You were never from home in your life. What could you do alone, in that great city? No! I am not worth the trouble. Let me die, and end it all; then you will be rid of me."

"Oh, Charley, Charley! Don't talk so, or you will kill me! You will live, and be a good man. I shall be proud of my brother yet. I know you will never touch a card again, or a glass of wine."

"Never, Cleo! As God is my judge, if I live a thousand years! I have had a lesson; that is enough for one life."

"Why did he want you to come at once—immediately?"

"I don't know; and he may change his mind, and send an officer for me any minute. But he will only have my dead body to take to prison."

"Hush! Is that the train coming for the city?"

"Yes. But——"

"Don't talk." And she took his arm, and hurried him down the walk, toward the gate. "I have money enough in my pocket to take me there and back."

"But, Cleo, how can you go?"

"Charley, I must go. I must see him, if you will not. When I tell him how young you are, how good you are, only led away by evil companions, and how you repent what you have done, and will never—never do anything like it again, I know he will be merciful to us."

By walking fast, they had just time to reach the train, no more. To save Charley's life, his honor, that was her first thought, her first duty. But during their hurried walk toward the depot, she thought,

"Shall I take Charley into my confidence, and leave word for Philip? Would he like it? Would he be willing for me to break the invaluable secrecy he has pledged me to?"

But Charley put a stop to her doubts and anxious thoughts on this subject, by saying, that if she went to the city, he should go, too; not to see Mr. Willis; but he should go to the city with her, and then, if she would, if she could, she could go, and try to save him.

Cleo gave one thought to his wild threats to kill himself; and though he was not weak naturally, she knew his nerves were all unstrung by his terror, and his dissipated habits of late; and so, she told him she should be glad to have him.

And Philip! She could explain it to him afterward. When he knew that Charley's life was in peril—her darling, her only brother, and there was a chance for her to save him from death and dishonor, Philip would think it but right for her to go, and she should be home again to-morrow night; and then she could tell him all.

The next morning, about ten o'clock, Cleo stood in front of the massive, imposing front of Messrs. Lynn & Willis's office. She asked to see Mr. Willis, and a clerk led the way to the private office, and opening the door without glancing in, bowed to Cleo to enter.

A gentleman was sitting before a desk, writing. Hearing her step, he looked around. But he was comparatively young. Cleo had imagined Mr. Willis as being old, and gray-headed—a great contrast to this handsome, brown-haired young gentleman before her. But she did not give much thought to his looks. She was trembling with her agitation and suspense, and her face was white as death when she threw back her thick veil, and looked up to him with fear, and sorrow, and pleading, in her great, dark eyes.

"Can I assist you in any way?" he began, and was bringing a chair forward for her.

But she did not notice the chair. She clasped her hands in anguished entreaty.

"Oh, sir, I have come to plead with you for mercy! I am Charley Wilmer's sister. It was an awful thing he did, I know, but then he is so young, so unused to the world, and he repents of it so bitterly. I know, if you should see him, you would think that he did."

There was a look of surprise on her auditor's face. But in her agitation she did not notice this. She only thought of Charley—Charley and his danger; and she went on, hurriedly,

"He was about to kill himself with the shame, and disgrace, and remorse. Oh, how he repents of it! You know you wrote him to come to you at once. But he would not, dare not come, and so I told him I would. He is my only brother, and I love him so. How could I see him throw his life away, without making an effort to save him? I don't ask you—I don't want you to lose

your money. But if you will only give us time—Charley and me—we will work years and years to pay the debt. If you will only not put Charley in prison, he will never do anything of the kind again. He is good, good as he can be, only he was young and impulsive, and was led astray by others, older and more guilty than he."

"The debt?" said the young man, in bewilderment. "There must be some mistake. I don't understand——"

"You are Mr. Willis?"

"No! I am Angus Lynn, the junior member of the firm. Please sit down, and I will call Mr. Willis. He is in the next room."

He made no noisy demonstrations of pity and sympathy, yet, years afterward, Cleo remembered just how pityingly and tenderly his blue eyes rested upon her. He left the room, and in a few minutes another gentleman entered, a tall, noble-looking man, with iron-gray hair and mustache. Cleo felt, the moment she saw his kindly face, that he would be her friend; he would give Charley a chance to live to reform.

"So this is Cleo Wilmer?" said he, advancing, and taking both her cold, trembling little hands in his own.

"Yes," said Cleo, simply, wondering why this perfect stranger had the power of taking her heart so by storm.

"You have come to see about your brother? Brave girl! But you need have no fear, my child. I will take good care of Charley."

Every word he uttered thrilled her, and filled her with such strange emotions, memories and longings. Who was this stranger, who was yet not a stranger, at least to her soul? Why, as he looked down upon her, still holding her hands close clasped in his, his lips were quivering with emotion, and—yes, there were tears in his eyes.

"Can you guess why I sent for Charley to come here? Why I couldn't send an officer for him? Why I kept the matter a secret even from my partner? Why, impatient of waiting any longer, I was just going to start for Claythorpe, on the next train?"

He did not wait for her to reply, but went on, still holding her hands closely, as if he almost feared she might vanish from his sight, and he might lose her again. Still, looking down into her pale face with tearful eyes, he said,

"Child! Cleo! Did any one ever speak to you of your father?"

"Yes. He died when I was a little child. He was drowned, wasn't he?" she cried, springing up with a wild thought, a wild hope in her heart.

"No, he did not die. He lived, always carrying in his heart the memory of his little girl and boy; always loving them, yearning, hungering for a sight of their faces, for the sound of their baby voices. Cleo, my own child, my darling!"

And in a moment she was in her father's arms, sobbing, sobbing as if her heart would break for very gladness. Charley was safe. In all the delight and wonderment of finding the father, whose memory she so loved and revered, this was her first thought. In these first moments she did not think, did not wonder, why her father had stayed away from his home so long; why he had let them all think of him as dead.

But later, when she had somewhat regained her composure, and she was sitting by his side, with the tears not yet dried upon her cheeks, he told her all.

It was a wretched drama. He tried to soften her mother's part in the story as much as possible. But Cleo understood it all, all of the wretchedness of his life, the perfect martyrdom he had undergone at his wife's hands. And how, finally, in one frenzied moment, he resolved to leave her for always. Abandoning all of his property to her and his children, he had embarked as a sailor in a vessel outward bound. But he longed so for the children he had left, that his love was stronger than his pride, and as soon as he arrived at port he wrote his wife a long letter, offering to return, asking her if, for the sake of the children, they could not both learn to bear and forbear. No answer came to this. He wrote again and again, but at last all of his letters came back to him, unopened, in one bulky package.

On the same vessel in which Wilmer embarked, was a wealthy Englishman, traveling for his health, with his little boy and his tutor. This little boy, Angus, a bright, venturesome lad, fell overboard one day, and Wilmer, seeing the boy fall, plunged in after him, and saved his life. The old gentleman worshipped his boy, and his gratitude was without bounds. When the ship reached Liverpool, he made proposals to Wilmer to enter his house, as confidential clerk. Wilmer, or Willis, as he called himself now, consented. This was the foundation of his new fortune. The old gentleman soon made him a partner; and, upon his death, left his son under his sole guardianship, with the wish that when he became old enough, he would become a member of the firm, so that the old name could be kept up—Lynn & Willis. And in time it all came about.

Soon after Wilmer entered Mr. Lynn's employ, he had lost all trace of his wife and children. They had disappeared from the village where he had left them, and every clue to their whereabouts

"So do I," he replied, with a bow; "but I came up just as you had started on your race, and, as I was sure you had not noticed the hogshead, I thought I would wait to see if you needed assistance."

"You are very good," said Dor, stiffly. Then their eyes met. The fun in his, contrasted with the effort he made to keep his face grave, was too much for Dor. She burst into peals of laughter, and he joined her. She laughed till she cried, and he was not much behind in his loss of self-control.

By the time Dor recovered her composure sufficiently to begin to blush and feel ashamed, she recognized the gentleman. He was Walter Seymour, of Merecombe. Not that she had ever met him before. He had not visited his country-place since her arrival in the neighborhood, but she had seen his portrait, and photographs of him by the score, and his old aunt had told her grandmother, only the last time they visited her, that she was expecting Walter.

"I am awfully ashamed," cried she, in her heedless, impulsive fashion; "but it is not as if you were quite a stranger, though it is bad enough, in all conscience, to be caught at such a performance."

"So you know me?" he said, inquiringly, regarding her in a puzzled way, unable to decide whether she were a child or a young woman, but absolutely dazed by her excessive prettiness. Whoever she might be, a mischievous fairy was what she looked most like.

"Oh, yes," she replied, shaking the sand out of her long, sunny-brown hair. "That is, we know your aunt very well, and I have seen your portraits. That one, when you were a boy, is so awfully funny, and she told us you might be back any day."

"I came last night."

"Did you? Well, I wish you had waited till to-night. However, it can't be helped now. But you'll never tell, will you?"

"Not a living soul, I swear solemnly!"

"All right. Then I'll forgive you," cried Dor, laughing till she showed two rows of white teeth like pearls. Then she sighed. "I don't know what grandma would say, and I really have been trying so hard to be dignified."

"I think I know who you are. My aunt was speaking last night of a charming old lady named Fay——"

"That's grandma."

"And a bewitching young girl——"

"That's me. I—no—I don't mean bewitching. You know——"

"But my aunt did," interpolated Seymour.

"Anyway, I am Dorothea Fay, and just now I wish I was not," she continued, somewhat ruefully. "I declare, I'll never be bad again! Oh, if one could be like that young lady who has come to visit your aunt! We saw her. Isn't she lovely?"

"Miss Standish?"

"Yes. Why, isn't she a relative of yours?"

"I believe a very distant one," he answered, a little coldly.

"And so lovely! Such a pretty name, too! Gertrude."

"I like yours a thousand times better," returned Seymour, deciding to treat her like a child, and be done with it.

Suddenly she flashed an inquiring glance at him, which made her face look older. She appeared quite stately for a minute. He wondered if she had perceived his verdict in regard to her, and was offended, but thought it wise not to ask.

"That sand-hill is very tempting," he said.

All trace of womanhood left her countenance. She turned into an impish elf again. Her great, brown eyes shone with fun, and a swarm of dimples played about her beautiful mouth.

"I like your aunt," said she. "Do you want me to like you?"

"I should think I did. We shall be the jolliest friends imaginable."

"Good! Will you help me with the Odyssey?"

"Heavens! You don't mean to say you can read Greek?"

"Yes, and I like it; but don't tell. Nobody knows but grandma and Mr. Remington. That's the Rector, you know."

"Yes. Well?"

"Oh! Well, if you expect me to like you—" in her efforts to look grave, she puckered her arched, dark eyebrows into the most delicious frown—"you must follow my example."

"Hey?"

"Yes," waving her hand toward the sand-heap. "I'll spare you the hogshead, but down the hill you slide, else we are enemies for life."

She was perfectly in earnest. He could see that, though she laughed. He was eight-and-twenty; had experience enough of the world to be sensible. Had a woman bidden him perform such a feat, of course he would have laughed in her face; but this child's insanity was infectious.

"How the dickens did you get to the top?" he asked.

"You will find a ladder on the other side," returned she, austerely. "Come; I can't wait here all day! Will you, won't you? Friends or foes?"

"Friends!" he shouted. "I'm off!"

Away he dashed, and presently appeared on the summit. Dor retreated a little, and stood watching him critically.

"If you lean so much on your left leg, you'll turn a somersault," she cried. But the warning came too late. He had started, could not stop. On he flew, did turn a somersault, and landed just at the feet of a very lovely young woman, who had come out of the farm-house unseen by either, and this young lady was Gertrude Standish.

Dor was in convulsions of laughter. First Miss Standish laughed, then looked contemptuous. Seymour picked himself up, freed his hair of sand, and looked not in the least ashamed.

"It is very jolly," said he. "Won't you try it, Miss Standish?"

"Good gracious!" cried Dor. "I did not see you, Miss Standish! I hope you did not——" A warning glance from Seymour checked her. "Why, when did you come?"

"Just this instant. I had been to the farm-house, to bargain for some fresh butter. I had no idea you could be so agile, Mr. Seymour."

"One is always making discoveries in the character of one's friends," replied he, with a somewhat satirical smile.

Dor glanced keenly from one to the other. She was born with a strange insight into people's thoughts and motives.

"Good-by to both of you!" she exclaimed, suddenly remembering how late it was, and that Mr. Remington would be waiting to give her her lesson, and off she dashed.

"They may be relations, but he doesn't like her," she thought; "else he is vexed with her about something.

The pair, of whom she was meditating, walked home together, taking a path through the fields which led into Seymour's domain.

When Walter was two-and-twenty, and Gertrude Standish a couple of years younger, (she scarcely looked more than twenty now, though she had passed six years beyond that age,) he had loved her with a boy's impetuous passion. She had trifled and coquetted. She hoped to marry a very, very rich man, who had just then loomed upon her horizon; but she lied to Seymour, and he found it out. She did not succeed in marrying the millionaire, and she lost Walter Seymour's affection forever. They had met several times since. Each year she had grown more lovely and fascinating; but he knew her thoroughly, and despised her, as vain, treacherous and cruel. She loved him, to the fullest extent of which her nature was capable, and she had never given up the hope that his old infatuation would revive.

She had the good luck to hear of his intention of returning north before he had written to his aunt, so she could invite herself to visit Merecombe without any suspicion that she had come to meet him. She was already there when Mrs. Seymour received Walter's letter; and in her answer, the old lady had told him that, "by a happy chance, Emily was staying with her, and promised to remain all the autumn."

Seymour owned a great plantation in Florida, and a vast tract of land in Texas, and for the last two years and more he had spent his time between the two States; but now he had come back with the intention of remaining, having disposed of his Southern property, at prices which had increased his moderate fortune to a very considerable amount.

The trio walked on, chatting pleasantly. Miss Standish made no allusion whatever to the absurd predicament in which she had discovered Seymour; and after the first instant's annoyance at being caught in such a boyish performance, he was too indifferent to her opinion upon all subjects to care what she might think.

Presently he stopped to brush the last remains of sand out of his chestnut curls, and said, laughingly,

"That bewitching child would make her own grandfather behave like a school-boy, if the caprice seized her."

"She is charming in many ways," Miss Standish replied, "but she has been wretchedly brought up. Mrs. Fay indulges her in every whim, and I fear may live to regret it."

"Unless I am greatly mistaken, the child will grow into a woman of whom any parent might be proud," he said, quietly, though somehow her slighting speech irritated him.

"Has she changed much since you went away?" Gertrude asked, knowing perfectly well that he had never set eyes on her till this morning.

"We have only just formed acquaintance," he answered, composedly.

"Oh, I fancied you were old friends!" she said, and immediately changed the subject, beginning to speak of his journey.

But Seymour had no intention of allowing her to put him down, or Dorothea rather, and to imply, by her manner, virtuous disapproval of the pretty creature's conduct.

"I think I never enjoyed a bit of nonsense so much in my life," said he.

"I do hope you will not add to the child's spoiling," she observed, seriously. "She inte-

rests me greatly. She is brimful of talent, and she will be, if not beautiful, exquisitely pretty. But, indeed, it is dreadful to see her behave as she does, when one remembers her age."

"About fifteen, I fancy?"

"Nearly seventeen," Miss Standish replied.

Seymour did not pause to ask himself why, but in his heart he was glad to hear this, and was so complimentary and agreeable, that, in her desire to be charming, she forgot Dorothea.

Late that very afternoon Seymour strolled down through the pretty, old-fashioned village, out toward Lowlands, which he had already discovered was Mrs. Fay's residence. He had the good fortune to meet that lady and Dorothea just setting out for a walk. Dor recognized him with a burning blush, though her eyes shone with mischief, in spite of her embarrassment. She introduced him to her grandmother, not an old woman, by any means, and with sufficient beauty left to show that in her girlhood she must have looked very much as Dorothea did now. She greeted him warmly, having taken a great fancy to his aunt, and being prepared to like him; indeed, feeling almost that she knew him already, from having heard Mrs. Atwood talk so incessantly of his goodness, and relate so many incidents of his boyhood and early youth.

He asked permission to join them in their stroll, and they walked on together.

"I told grandma!" cried Dorothea, suddenly bursting into peals of laughter, after having vainly tried to listen, with due gravity, to the conversation between her companions. "She is horribly shocked."

"No wonder," returned Seymour. "She must regard me as an overgrown school-boy."

"Oh, I know very well where the fault belongs," said Mrs. Fay, laughing, in spite of herself. "I thought Dor had given up such naughty tricks."

"Now, grandma, to lecture me will only be talking at Mr. Seymour. Oh, if you had seen him standing on his head! And what did Miss Standish say?" she continued, as intelligibly as laughter would allow her to speak—laughter in which the others joined.

"She was mercifully silent," he replied, "but I suppose she only thought the more."

Mrs. Fay began to speak of other things. She was a highly cultivated woman, and her conversation delightful. Dorothea listened to their talk, which somehow grew grave and earnest, apropos to a discussion upon some new book, and Seymour saw her great eyes grow eager and lambent, her whole countenance alive with interest and thought, till it looked so womanly and intellectual, that he could scarcely believe she was the childish creature he had that morning encountered. Gradually her grandmother drew her into the conversation. She was the least self-conscious girl in the world, and perfectly unaware that she talked in the most original, brilliant fashion, with an appreciation of everything poetical, which was only equalled by her sense of humor.

When they again reached the gates of Lowlands, Mrs. Fay asked Seymour to go in.

"One need not stand on ceremony in the country," she said, "and I must finish my argument, woman-like."

"Mr. Seymour will lose his dinner," added Dor, giving him one of her impishly wicked glances, and looking like a mutinous child again.

"And we can only promise him a cup of tea," observed Mrs. Fay, "for we dine early."

"My dinner-hour is not till seven," said Seymour, "and it is hardly six yet. You cannot get rid of me in that way, Miss Dorothea."

"Then I must be resigned," quoth she.

"Dor!" expostulated her grandmother.

"Well," said Dor, "if you will convince Miss Standish that I mean to mend my heathenish ways, turn up my back hair, and develop me into a young lady, I'll forgive your having led me astray this morning."

"I will tell her everything, except that you intend to disfigure that sunshiny mantle," said he, laughing.

"My little Dor's one beauty," added Mrs Fay, stroking the masses of rich curls which hung far below the girl's waist, a glorious dark-auburn in color, with tints of gold running through it, like rays of positive sunlight.

I am grieved to say that Seymour was guilty of the rudeness of making his aunt wait dinner a full half-hour beyond its proper time, and might have forced her to wait longer, had not Dor remorselessly told him that he had better go home if he ever expected to effect a peace with womankind. He gave no explanation of his tardiness, but Gertrude Standish knew where he had been; had seen him with Dor and her grandmother. However, she said never a word, exercised all her powers of fascination, talked amusingly, sang his favorite ballads; did everything in her power to help on her plan of regaining her lost empire, but went to bed, feeling that she had worked little good to her own cause.

Walter Seymour passed two whole weeks before he rendered to himself an account of the sudden change which had come over him, the beautiful dream which had sprung up in his soul. He

loved Dorothea Fay. Say she was a child, he too near the close of his youth to place his affections upon a creature who could not yet know her own heart, understand her own nature. Nothing availed. He loved her, and the very experience of that boyish passion, which had burned so completely out, showed him that whatever the future might hold, this was the real love of his life, and must last while life endured.

He was too strictly honorable to let the child be troubled by the slightest knowledge of his secret. He treated her as an elder brother might have done, and she was as frank, and as much at ease with him, as if the relationship existed.

The neighborhood was a rather gay one, and Seymour's return proved the signal for all manner of festivities, and Mrs. Fay was occasionally persuaded, against her better judgment, into allowing Dor to join them. These entreaties did not come from the girl herself, except when dancing was concerned, though she cared little for grown-up people's amusements. But Seymour was always pleading, and so did numerous other people.

The weeks glided on into late autumn. Seymour and Dorothea's grandmother had grown dear friends, and to her alone he confided his secret. She was glad to think of her treasure having won the affection of a man such as he, but she begged him to leave the child unconscious of the truth for the present.

"I see a great change in her," she said. "She has grown so much older, so much more womanly. I cannot tell if her dear little heart has wakened, but I tell you honestly, Walter, that I hope it may be in your favor. But she is young. A mere child! Ah! be patient, my friend!"

And he promised, and meant to keep his word.

Gertrude Standish was still at Merecombe. Mrs. Atwood adored her, and would not hear of her leaving, and begged Walter to add his entreaties, which, of course, he could not refuse to do.

Gertrude appeared perfectly unconscious of Seymour's state of mind. She petted Dor greatly, had her at the house whenever it was possible, and visited her daily. Walter Seymour made up his mind that his cousin had greatly improved during these later years. He believed that she had recognized her faults, and struggled conscientiously to overcome them. Indeed, she told him so with an honesty, of which he knew formerly she would not have been capable.

Then gradually Walter became aware of a change in Dor's manner toward him. It was so gradual, that, for a time, he tried to think it only his fancy, the fancy of a man rendered exacting by a love which he could not feel certain was returned. Positively, she seemed to avoid him; sometimes was almost fractious and cross; sometimes cold and dignified as a woman might have been. At last he spoke of his troubles to Mrs. Fay. She only shook her head and laughed, though she sighed, too.

"You are a thorough man—stone-blind!" said she. "I have seen the change, and I think I know what it means; just the contrary of what you dread. Ah, Walter, Walter, I am afraid she is a child no longer!"

"But you do not blame me. You know I have tried to hide——"

"I know you are one of the truest men that ever lived," she interrupted, laying her hand caressingly on his arm. "Only be patient, my dear boy, and it will all end well."

Among the people spending the autumn in the neighborhood was Augustine Carr, a man concerning whom many evil reports were more than whispered, though his money and the influence of his family held him up. Some of his relations lived in the neighborhood, and Carr was well received. Almost the only house in which he did not gain admission was Mrs. Fay's. Her delicate health gave her an excuse for not enlarging her circle of acquaintance, and Seymour was so delighted at this, that he compounded with his conscience, and received the man civilly in his own home when he discovered that Carr was an acquaintance of Gertrude's. Miss Standish tried to excuse the matter to her cousin, but he cared too little whom she ranked on her list of friends, or left off, to pay much attention.

One day his aunt came to him in a state of terrible agitation and distress, to ask counsel in regard to some affair, which she veiled in such mystery, that she talked for a long time before he had the least idea of what she was trying to say. It was only a joining of Dorothea Fay's name with that of Augustine Carr, which caused him to listen even. He started up abruptly, asking her how she dared mention the two together; then remembered himself, and begged her pardon. Mrs. Atwood wept and wailed.

"I could tell no one else, but I must tell you. I don't know what to do. I have been nearly out of my senses since yesterday."

Seymour felt confident that she would drive him out of his, but he tried his best to be patient, and soothe her back to sanity.

The story got itself told at last, poor Mrs. Atwood having no idea that Walter regarded Dor as more than an engaging child.

And this was the story. The day before, Mrs. Atwood had been in the circulating library in

the village, and had seen Augustine Carr slip a letter into Dorothea's hand, under cover of handing her a book. This was no hearsay. She had seen it with her own eyes—seen Dor grow red, then white, and hasten away. And the girl, not many days since, had made Walter believe that she had avoided even having the man introduced to her. Was there no truth in any woman—any child, even?

That was only his first harsh man's thought. In an instant he grew ashamed and remorseful at having indulged it. The evidence of an angel from Heaven should not induce him to doubt Dor!

"And what to do I cannot tell," sobbed poor Mrs. Atwood. "Ought I to let her grandmother know? Ought I to speak to Dor herself? Why, the man is not divorced yet from his wife, though they say the case is sure to go in his favor. Whatever she did, poor thing, I dare say he drove her to it."

"Tell nobody," he said, sternly. "Promise me that you will not."

"Indeed, no. I just mentioned it to Gertrude, but she is one of the family. She advised me to come to you. She said it was only a bit of childish nonsense on Dor's part, but I know she was troubled all the same."

Seymour was furious with the old lady for having told Miss Standish, but it was useless to add to her distress by reproaches. Miss Standish spoke to him that evening of the matter, saying scarcely more than she had done to Mrs. Atwood, but her manner implied much beyond her words. She caused him to feel that their relative's discovery had not surprised her. Two days elapsed, during which he took no action whatever. He had decided to speak to Dorothea herself, but she gave him no opportunity. Suspect her even of girlish folly and coquetry, he would not; he knew that she could clear up the apparent mystery! If he lost faith in this pure child, he should have none left. He must, he did believe in her truth.

It was toward the close of the second day. Walter was walking up and down the verandah, smoking vigorously, and meditating upon the duty before him. Gertrude came out of the house, dressed for a walk, and asked him to accompany her. It was easier to go than to find excuses; so he complied, with as much cheerfulness as he could manage to summon.

They passed through the shrubberies, mounted the hill at the back of the house, and descended toward the tiny lakelet which gave the place its name. Miss Standish was talking eagerly all the while, and seemed to pay no more attention than Walter to the direction they had taken; but he knew that this route was premeditated on her part; a suspicion which, from the first, had been roused in his mind, and grew stronger.

They stopped on the brow of the hill to rest. Below them stretched the little lake, bright with the hues of sunset. To the right spread a grove of fine old oaks. Suddenly Miss Standish caught Walter's arm, and whispered,

"Look, look!"

He glanced at her, then followed the direction of her eyes. In the edge of the oak-grove two persons were standing: they were Dorothea and Augustine Carr. He was handing her a little package. She was weeping. Suddenly the sound of his reckless laugh rang up to the spot where the cousins stood. He stooped, as if about to kiss her. She retreated, uttered a cry, then dealt him a blow full in the face, and hurried away. She ran directly toward the cousins, with such a force, that, stumbling, she fell directly into Walter's arms.

Miss Standish perceived that Carr had disappeared. She followed Walter. Dorothea was lying, half-fainting, in his arms.

"You had better leave her with me," she whispered.

"I had better do no such thing!" he cried, fiercely, looking full in her face, with blazing eyes. She turned very white, but did not speak. "Sit down," he continued. "Take her head on your lap, while I run for some water."

Miss Standish obeyed in silence. Walter laid Dorothea on the ground, and placed her head upon Gertrude's knees, then rushed off. As soon as he was gone, Miss Standish bent over the girl.

"Can you hear, Dor?" she whispered.

Dor answered by a faint movement of her hand.

"You will hold firm? You will not tell?"

Dor's white lips moved. Gertrude bent closer, to catch the words which came in gasping breaths.

"I promised. I never break my word."

Walter was back. He had wet his handkerchief in water; he wrung the drops over Dor's forehead, and squeezed some into her parted lips. She came to herself suddenly, sat up, and looked about.

"I want to go home," she said.

"Wait a little, darling," Gertrude answered. "You are not strong enough yet."

The girl shrank from her caressing arms. Seymour saw it.

"Dorothea," he said, coldly, "what am I to say to your grandmother?"

She turned whiter than before, and put her hand to her heart.

"Walter, let her alone!" cried Miss Standish. "You will kill her! It is not your affair, or mine; all we have to do is to be kind."

"I mean to be kind," he said; "and the one kindness I can show, is to insist on the truth."

Dorothea struggled to her feet; a vivid color rushed into her cheeks; a wild, feverish light into her eyes.

"I shall tell you nothing!" she exclaimed. "What right have you to question me? Go away, and leave me with Gertrude."

"Dor, Dor!" he said, gently.

"If you will not go, I shall!" she cried.

He laid his hand gently, but firmly, on her arm.

"You never met that man for your own sake," he said. "Tell me what it was for, Dorothea?"

"For shame, Walter! No one but her grandmother has a right to question her!" said Miss Standish.

"Let me go! Let me alone!" ordered Dorothea, trying to push him away. "You are rude, impertinent. I will tell you nothing!"

He could see that she was nearly beside herself with fear and excitement. He still held her arm. In her struggles to free herself, a letter fell from the pocket of her dress. Gertrude started up. Walter was before her; he looked at the address, and said, quietly,

"There is nothing to tell! I understand the whole matter! This letter is for you, Miss Standish. Pray, take it."

"Oh, Gertrude, Gertrude!" sobbed Dor, wringing her hands.

Gertrude stood, pale as death, her eyes turned on the girl with a look of deadly hate, which was something awful to see.

"The play is played out, Miss Standish," said Walter Seymour's icy voice. "You persuaded this child to meet that man, to serve ends of your own. Dor, she meant to ruin you, and I'll tell you why. She knows that I love you with all my heart and soul, and she wanted to separate us. She has not deceived me for a moment. Go your way, Miss Standish; you are not fit to breathe the same air with her."

And Gertrude retreated without a word.

She had made Dor believe that Carr had some letters which would compromise her; that she and Walter had quarreled; but he loved her once more; and she asked Dor to save her. She had managed that Mrs. Atwood should witness the first interview, and Walter the second, knowing that she could trust Dor's honor and obstinacy. As for Carr's share in the matter, it did not go beyond the fact that he was wildly in love with Gertrude, and wanted to marry her as soon as the law should set him free; and she had pretended that fear of her relatives forced her to secrecy.

So Walter led Dor home, and astonished Mrs. Fay, by bursting into the room where she sat, half carrying the girl in his arms, and crying,

"I have broken my word. I have told her. I would be sorry, if I could! But only think—she says she has loved me all along."

They were married within the year, and Dor's womanhood nobly redeems the promise of her girlish days.

Gertrude did marry Augustine Carr, and, eighteen months after, crept back to beg shelter of Mrs. Atwood. Her husband had spent what little money she possessed, and after treating her with fiendish cruelty, deserted her and her child.

Walter will never see her, but he has rendered her life comfortable, so far as physical wants are concerned, and he is too happy not to be able to find some pity for her sin and her misery, and to hope and believe that, as the years go on, she may, by patience and resignation, make amends for the past.

LINES,

BY EDMUND N. GOSSE.

I bring a garland for your head,
  Of blossoms fresh and fair;
My own hands wound their white and red,
  To ring about your hair.
Here is a lily, here a rose,
A warm Narcissus, that scarce blows,
And fairer blossoms no man knows.

So crowned and chapleted with flowers,
  I pray you, be not proud;
For after brief and summer hours,
  Comes Autumn with a shroud.
Though fragrant as a flower you lie,
You and your garland, by-and-bye,
Will fade, and wither up, and die.

HOW THE MEETIN'-HOUSE LE' GO OF SEREPTA.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

It was the day after the Cumberin' Marthas and the Weepin' Marys had been to see Serepta, (as I told you, Mr. Peterson, in your last number,) that she happened to say to me—it was while she was a washin' up the dinner-dishes—how much she wanted a new dress.

"Why don't you get one, then?" says I.

"Oh," says she, "the church don't like to have me get anything to wear, and they make so many speeches about my bein' extravagant, and brakin' down my husband's influence, and settin' a wicked and riotous example to the flock, ruinin' the nation, that I can't bear to get myself a ray of clothes to wear."

"Well," says I, calmly wipin' the butter-plate, "if you feel like that, I don't see anything to hinder you from goin' naked, and I don't s'pose they would like that."

"Oh, no!" says she, ready to bust out cryin'. "They don't like it if I hain't dressed off slick. They say it's a stumblin'-block to 'em if I hain't as dressy as the Baptist minister's wife."

"Well," says I, "Serepta, you are in a bad spot." Says I, "You seem to be in the same place the old drunkard's wife was. He said he'd whip Sally if supper was ready, and he'd whip Sally if it wuzzent."

"Yes," says she; "that is jest where I am. They say I'm a pattern for the church to follow, and so I have got to be away from home, a workin' for the heathen and missionary societies all the while; for a minister's wife must be given to good works. And I must at the same time be to hum all the time, a workin' and takin' care of my family, for 'Sarah kept the tent.' I have got to be to hum holdin' up my husband's arms all the time, strenthenin' his influence; and I have got to be abroad all the time, holdin' up the ark. I have got to be hum all the time, enlargin' my children's clothes; and I have got to be away all the time, enlargin' the borders of Zion. I have got to take care of the heathen, and at the same time be a takin' care of my own house, lest I should be worse than an infidel. And," says she, "amongst it all, I get sometimes so wore out and discouraged, that I don't know what to do."

And Serepta's tears drizzled down into the dish-water. (She was washin', and I was a wipin'.)

I rubbed away on a pie-plate, a musin' in deep thought, and then segested this to her.

"Did you ever try mindin' your own business, and makin' other folks mind theirn?"

"No," says she, meekly, and she sithed as deep as I ever heard anybody sithe. Says she, "I mind my business pretty well, but I never tried to make other folks mind theirn. I wasn't strong enough."

"Wull," says I, "before I leave this place, I lay out to make a change." Says I, "Many a time have I filled the bottle you was brought up on, and I hain't going to stand by and see you killed. Before I leave this place, the meetin'-house has got to get offen your back, or I'll know the reason why."

She looked considerable skeert, but I could see it made her feel better to have somebody to lean on. But we didn't have no time to multiply any more words, for, as we looked out of the buttery window, we see her husband a walkin' slowly backwards and forwards, with his hands under his coat-tail, a composin' a sermon, I s'pose; but as we looked, he forgot himself, and came up aginst the barn, and hit himself a awful blow in the forrid, and she started off on the run, to tend to him, and head him off.

Wull, that very afternoon I had a chance to speak my mind, and break her chains. Serepta and I was a settin' in the settin-room, as contented as you please, for Serepta was a master-hand to love her home, and would have given the best ear she had for the privilege of being let alone to do her work, and make a happy home for them she loved. She was a mendin' the two biggest boys' clothes, for they were as ragged as Jews, though truly, as the poet observes, "she was not to blame." And I was a tryin', in my feeble way, to help her, and put in a seat into the biggest little boy's pantaloons. We had got 'em into bed for that purpose, in the chamber above us. And as we worked, we could hear 'em throw the pillers at each other, and talk language that, for ministers' children, was scandalous; for she had to let 'em run loose, though,

to quote again the words of the poet, "she was not to blame," havin' got it into her head that it was her duty to carry the meetin'-house.

Wull, as I was a sayin', we was a settin' there, when all of a sudden, without no warnin' of no kind, the door opened, and in come what I supposed at the time was the hull meetin'-house, and I was so wild at first, as I beheld 'em, that I almost expected to see 'em lay on the steeple. I was skeert.

But I found, by strict measerment, when my senses come back, there wuzzn't only 14 wimmen and one old deacon. I hearn afterwards that he was the only man they could get to come with 'em to labor with her. (He was old as the hills, and dretful childish; so they got round him.)

Men has their faults. None can be more deeply sensible of that great truth than I am, as I often tell Josiah. But truly, as fur as gossip, and meddlin', and interfercin' with your neighbor's bissness is concerned, wimmin is fur ahead of the more opposite sect. It is mysterus that it should be so, but so it is, factorum.

Serepta looked ready to sink, for, from past experience, she knew they had come to labor with her. But I held firm as any rock you can bring up—Plymouth, Bunker Hill, Gibberalter, or any of 'em. And when they glared at me, thank fortin', I was enabled to do what my duty and inclination both called on me to do, and glare back at 'em, and do a good job in the line of glarin', too. They seemed to be as mad at me as they was at Serepta, and madder. But, thank fortin', I wasn't afraid of a single one o' 'em. And when they all commenced to talk to once, a complainin' of Serepta and her doins', and her not doins', my principles enabled me to look at 'em through my specks with a scornful mene, that would have spoke louder than words, if they had understood anything of the language of menes.

Finally, they all got to talkin' together, complainin' of her. "Why don't she jine the Weepin' Marys? Why won't she jine the Cumberin' Marthas? Why don't she show more enthooziasm about convertin' the heathen? Why don't she take more interest in the Female Fellahs and the African Gorillas."

Just then I herd the biggest little boy sware like a pirate, and kick the other one out of bed; and I spoke coldly, very coldly,

"She'll have a span of gorillas of her own to convert, if she hain't allowed no time to take care on 'em; she won't have to go to Africa for 'em." Says I, "Serepta will show you some male Fellahs that will go ahead of your female ones bimeby. She will give you a good job in the line of heathen to convert, in a few yeers, if things go on as they are goin' now."

With that Serepta bust right out a cryin', and wept and cried, and cried and wept. It affected me awfully. And I says, in almost tremblin' tones, I was so agitated,

"Serepta is my own niece, on my mother's side; and I helped to bring her up on a bottle; and," says I, "she didn't get a cast-iron strength and a gutty-perchy constitution out of it, as some of you seem to think she did.

Says I, "If she got a timid, tender, loving nature, and one that is easy influenced, out of it, the more pity for her in that state where Providence has called her to be in. But as it is, she is willin' to be killed, and you, with probably religious intentions, are willin' to kill her. But I am goin' to put a stop to it," says I. "She haint a goin' to carry the meetin'-house any more, not another step. Bein' my own niece, and knowin' she never had no mother, only that bottle, I am goin' to take her part."

Oh, how they glared at me. But I kep' on as firm as Gibberalter.

"Her husband is a good man, and thinks enough on her; but he is high-leernt and absent-minded, and needs headin' off. And when he is walkin' by himself, through the shady lanes and crooked pathways of the doctrines and creeds, and so on, and so forth; when he is tryin' to stand up straight, with one foot on Genesis, and the other on Geoligy, tryin' his best to go ahead and break a path through the wilderness of beliefs, a road that shall lead his hearers straight to Heaven's gate—with all this on his hands, how can he be expected to keep his eye every minute on the little woman by his side? When he is so absent-minded, and needs headin' off, how can he be expected to know whether the meetin'-house is carryin' her, or she is carryin' the meetin'-house?"

Says I, "Serepta Semmens is a Christian woman, and if she has any time to spare, over and above takin' care of her own family, and her own self, she would be perfectly willin' to do what she could for others. It would be her duty and her privilege. But," says I, "because her husband has hired out to you, you have no more right to control her actions, nor her time. You have no more claim on her than you have on that old, stern female that keeps house by herself, out in Egypt, by the pyramids. I can't think of her name, but, howsomever, it hain't no matter. I wish Serepta had some of her traits—a good, firm, stern disposition, that couldn't be imposed upon. You wouldn't catch old what's-her-name a carryin' a meetin'-house."

Oh, how that madded them, and the leader of the Cumberin' Marthas spoke up, and she says, says she,

"We have got a claim on her, and you'll find out that we have."

Says I, very coldly, "How much sallery do you lay out to give her the comin' year?"

That skeert 'em. I could see it did. And she says, says she,

"Not one cent."

Then says I, risin' up on my feet, and movin' my hand sternly,

"Clear out, the hull caboodle of you." Says I, "This meetin'-house has got to le' go of Serepta, or I'll make it le' go."

I s'pose my mene was that commandin' and awful, that it filled 'em with awe. They started right off, almost on a run, two able-bodied wimmen takin' the old deacon between 'em.

And I had a letter from Serepta, sayin' she is gettin' along first-rate. Her time is her own, her children are gettin' more'n half-civilized, and she has gained seven pounds—a pound a week and more.

PARTED.

BY MEDORA CLARK.

From o'er the beautiful blue sea,
Your letters, darling, come to me,
Their pages touched with odd perfumes,
Of spicy winds and eastern blooms;
The words, so full of tender thought,
With loving counsel always fraught,
Are dear to me.

You tell me of the weary days
And nights, that pass you in a maze
Of haunting thought and heart-fed pain.
And dreams of love, so vain, so vain,
And ask me, o'er the rhythmic sea,
"Do you, love, sometimes think of me,
And trust me still?"

Like Dian's kiss, my thoughts of thee
Come hither oft, unsought and free;
When sighing winds around me blow,
And Winter wraps the world in snow,
Or Summer's emerald meadow gleams
A cobweb sea of dappled beams,
I think of thee.

When "Morning, mother of the dews,"
All blushing comes, in countless hues;
Or, when alone, beneath the stars,
While northward gleam those silvery bars,
And streaks of slumberous light, so chill,
Shine upward, cold, and calm, and still.
I think of thee.

How strange our paths must never meet
Through life, except by erring feet;
Between us lies a hidden grave,
Where tangled vines and grasses wave,
And fragile morning-glories bring
A pale, sweet offering to the Spring,
Emblems of peace.

We will not dream of love or hate,
Nor frown at life's relentless fate,
But learn contentment from the flowers,
And live a surface life of hours.
We'll sift the months and fettered years,
We'll glean the smiles and crush the tears,
Life's bitter-sweet.

DRIFTING WITH THE TIDE.

BY HOWARD MELVILLE.

The sun was sinking in the west,
A mist rose softly on the lea;
And through the evening's purple shades,
We floated o'er the quiet sea.
The oars lay idly in their rest;
We leaned across the low boat's side,
And watched the waters dancing there,
As we went drifting with the tide.

She touched the ripples with her hand,
And when the rising moon shone bright,
She seemed an angel sitting there,
So pure, beneath the silver light.
We floated onward in the dusk
She sang as sweet as mermaid sings;
Across, through all the waste of years,
The echo of that song still rings.

Hearts, though, are false—so often so;
Her face was fair, her heart untrue;
I thought she loved me, on the night
We drifted in the shadows blue,
Across the waters, still and bright,
Beneath the tender Summer moon;
Oh! such a dream! Oh! such delight!
And it is faded—past—so soon!

Oh, woman's face is sweet and fair,
But woman's heart we cannot know;
I thought she loved me—she whom I
Had worshipped in the long ago.
Her path is there, and mine is here;
We each have gone our separate ways;
And buried with the vanished past,
The hours of those sweet olden days.

THE DAYS OF SEVENTY-SIX.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876, by Miss Ann Stephens, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 362.

CHAPTER XXX.

So Arnold asked of Washington the command of West Point, and it was granted immediately. And yet his enemies were persistent as ever, and more than ever resolved to trample him into the earth. Though the girl he trusted urged him on to treason with all the force of her wonderful powers, the man as yet only thought of the one black deed as a dark possibility. He would take the post assigned to him. and do its duties, if that seemed best. If not, why, then——,

In giving this man time to cool his wrath, Rhoda had also given him an opportunity for reflection, and all that was noble in his nature sometimes rose up in opposition to her counsel. The strongest and most honorable impulse at work against the black deed, to which her influence tended, was a personal love of Washington, who had, in truth, been always his friend.

Rhoda Clyde met Arnold, on the evening before his departure, in the Old Slate House, late standing in the neighborhood of Second and Walnut streets, once the residence of William Penn. Here Arnold took up his abode after Mount Pleasant was abandoned. Rhoda Clyde had become very intimate with Arnold's wife after her removal to the city. Thus it happened, that the fair mistress of the house left her husband and guest alone in that darkly-paneled, sickly-lighted room, while she hushed her child to sleep in the chamber above. Arnold stood gloomily by the window, watching his young wife as she bore his child from the room, kissing it softly.

The moment this, to her, hateful picture was lost in the outer shadows, Rhoda arose from the low chair in which she had been sitting, and approached Arnold.

"Give me that letter now. I will see that it reaches Sir Henry at once, and in safety," she said, in a low, eager voice. "Make haste, or she will return."

"Not yet. I am not prepared to push things rashly. The peril——"

"This is the first time that I ever heard you speak of peril," Rhoda answered.

"Well, what men call dishonor, is a thing the bravest man on earth might shrink from."

"What men are you thinking of, Arnold? The rabble that stoned you in the street, or those grander villains that stood by and smiled, while Washington reprimanded you, as if you, the bravest and the grandest General in his army, had been a school-boy, brought up for chastisement?"

"Washington? No, no. He alone turned that scene of intended humiliation almost into a triumph. He neither bent himself to the injustice of Congress, nor the malice of my military enemies. The very reprimand that he could not refuse to give, was so gentle, so kind, even eulogistic, that I cannot think of it without gratitude. No, Rhoda, if I have not seized upon the method you urge, of acquitting myself with this ungrateful country, it is because George Washington loves it better than his own soul, and, from first to last, he has been my friend."

"Yet this man could not save you from the malice of your enemies," answered the girl, with dangerous eagerness; for her time was brief, and his hesitation took away her breath. "He could not keep the rabble of the street from pelting you with stones, soiling you with mud."

Arnold shrunk together, galled to the heart.

"I know! I know! You need not fling the outrage in my teeth," he said, hoarsely. "But Washington was not to blame for that. He even knows he has not been able to save himself from the sneers and insults of these Congressmen who fight so valiantly with their tongues."

"Yet, for the sake of these ingrates, you hesitate?"

"For these ingrates? No. They have charged me with things that are meaner than treason already; but I will not sanction their dastardly slanders by making myself the thing they wish me."

"What will their opinion be worth when your valor on the other side has swept them into nothingness?" questioned Rhoda. "Success makes you their dictator. Have you forgotten that?"

"But first the whole world will call me a traitor."

"No, no! Success turns treason into heroism. If Washington falls as he must, if his

right hand is gone—they will call him by the name you shrink from."

Arnold clenched his strong hand, fiercely.

"I would stamp that man into the earth who dared to so blister his lips!"

Rhoda Clyde drew back, and held her breath.

There was something grand, if chaotic, in this man's nature, that baffled her. At last all the beauty of her face lighted up.

"If the time should come, it might be in your power to prove yourself this brave man's friend, as he has been yours," she said. "What favor could the King refuse one of the bravest Generals of the army, who had swept his valor and influence into the royal cause. What Washington has done for you here, you can repay him, in time of need, a thousand times over with the King."

Arnold grasped the little hand, unconsciously uplifted in the earnestness of the girl's persuasion, and kissed it, almost savagely.

"Girl! girl! Are you a fiend, or an angel, whom I cannot cast out of my life either for good or evil?"

"I am only a woman, who loves you; who has no craving so intense as that of seeing you great."

"I do believe it!"

"Then give me the letter."

Arnold thrust one hand into his bosom, and drew forth a letter directed to Sir Henry Clinton, which Rhoda concealed in haste within the folds of her dress; for that moment the door opened, and Arnold's wife came in, smiling and rosy, from the last embrace of her infant.

CHAPTER XXXI.

In less than two weeks after Arnold took command of West Point, Mr. Kingsford and his family arrived at his mansion in New York.

This was the programme Rhoda Clyde had laid out for herself. The moment Arnold's letter was in her possession, she resolved that no hands but her own should bear it to Sir Henry Clinton, no intellect but her own should guide the progress of a conspiracy that was to wreck a struggling land, and make her all-powerful with the man she toiled to exalt. To this end Mr. Kingsford had been adroitly impressed with an idea that the arch rebel, Barringford, might find ready access to his daughter, if they remained in Philadelphia longer. Indeed, the suspicion that secret interviews had already taken place between the lovers, had, by some subtle insinuation, been instilled into his mind, and influenced him to prompt action.

Thus the old life began again. To all seeming, Rhoda Clyde plunged into the brilliant extravagance of the season with no idea but amusement in her mind; but it was observed by those who took the trouble to think of such matters, that, more than formerly, those men who controlled the army were constant guests at Mr. Kingsford's house, and were among the foremost to pay homage to the beautiful, bright girl who presided there.

If Major Andre no longer made Kingsford's mansion his home, he was a constant visitor there, and his interest in this strange girl became more and more enthralling. Sometimes Charley Raymond came with him, but all the careless gayety of the boy seemed changed into silent vigilance. Before, he had been passionately jealous of his far-away sister's lover; now, his young face looked anxious, his blue eyes full of serious speculation.

Thus the autumn drew on, and once more a keen frost had clothed the trees on the Battery Park, the Heights of Long Island and Wehawken, with such gorgeous tints as no other land on earth can open the gates of winter with. The first frost brought that bland, but exhuberant air, which fills the whole system with delight, such as old wine gives to the blood.

Was it the atmosphere, or some inward fever, that kindled in Rhoda Clyde that brilliant complexion, and fired her eyes with such strange, exultant light, as she paced to and fro along the winding paths of the Battery woods, with the glory of its falling leaves rustling about her feet? Or was she in anxious expectation of some lover, who had appointed to meet her there, and was, perhaps, too late for her passionate impatience?

Through the rustling leaves, treading lightly along the crisp turf, at last came a young man, eager-eyed and anxious as herself.

Rhoda turned breathlessly, saying,

"Major Andre, I have been here some minutes. Has anything gone wrong?"

"Nothing, fair lady. I was delayed by my friend Raymond, who would not be shaken off."

"Oh! if he is anywhere near, we must be brief. I detest that youth! But no matter about that. There is your letter."

Andre took the letter that Rhoda drew from her bosom, broke the seal with shaking hands, and read it with nervous eagerness.

"You see that all is arranged," she said; "at least, I suppose your General will believe us in earnest, though he did think the letter I brought him from Philadelphia wavering in purpose. This is positive enough."

"Yes," answered Andre, folding the letter, and thrusting both that and the hand that grasped it into his bosom, as if afraid of leaving it a moment out of his hold. "This is specific enough."

"It must be acted upon at once. The least delay will be felt impatiently. Our friend up yonder is of an impetuous nature. The iron is at white heat, and ready for striking. Do not let it cool. The arrangements can be made at once."

"Only this——

"Well?"

"I—I have had no personal assurance from the commander——"

Rhoda interrupted his rather hesitating speech. A flash of scorn shot like lightning across her face, and was gone.

"About your reward. Give the letter to Sir Henry; make all the arrangements suggested in it, then ask him to join me here. It will not be the first time your General and I have promenaded these walks in company. Tell him I shall be found in the path nearest the water."

Andre obeyed the girl as if she had been his sovereign. He turned, at once, to go.

During the best part of an hour Rhoda walked up and down. At last she saw, moving in the distance, the stout figure of a man, not without dignity, though it lacked elegance. She held out her hands. He stooped and kissed them.

"There, now, Sir Henry, we must not waste time in such nonsense as this," she said, drawing away her hands, shaking them lightly, as if to dash his kisses away, and turning the bright mischief of her eyes upon him.

"Cruel girl! How you love to torment me!"

"Torment you? When I am bringing about the great wish of your heart?"

"Not the greatest wish. You know that."

Rhoda made a gesture of graceful impatience.

"Not now. We have more serious things to talk about, or I should not have sent for you. That letter. You have seen it?"

"Yes, and read it very carefully."

"Of course! And you will send Major Andre on this mission?"

"I do not know. He seemed to hesitate."

"Naturally, when a man risks his honor and his neck, he is likely to shrink a little. There is danger, certainly. Sir Henry, if this young officer escapes it, what is to be his reward? Major Andre himself does not ask a reward, remember. It is I who demand it for him."

"Then you, fair lady, shall fix it, as you have already settled that of your American General."

"I will. A Brigadier-General's commission."

'Anything more? There was a certain amount of gold in the other negotiation. And yet I don't think Andre would take gold."

There was a thrill of scorn in these words, that stung the girl like a viper. She turned deadly pale, and her eyes filled with fiery shame. She answered, passionately,

"He was in debt; hunted down by creditors; proud, brave, lavish; a man that should have been the lord of millions, yet, owing to the ingratitude of his countrymen, was poor. But for that, what would have been your paltry gold to him?"

"You speak warmly, lady. I was not cavilling at the price to be paid for General Arnold's tre—submission. You misunderstood me."

Sir Henry spoke coldly now. The girl before him had betrayed an interest in the traitor he was buying. That offended him.

Rhoda subdued her passion at once. She replied, also coldly,

"I have already named the reward that Major Andre may or may not accept. Increased rank—nothing more. That, even, must be offered. He will not, I feel sure, think of demanding it."

"I give my honor he shall have all, and more, than you have suggested," said Sir Henry.

Rhoda held out her hand. The deprecating softness in her eyes brought a smile to the round, full face of the Englishman.

"It was for your sake," she said; "and now you think me hard and unwomanly, because I will not throw two men into peril of their lives, without securing some recompense for success, which, after all, will be a doubtful good to them. Is this kind?"

The beautiful eyes, so bright with fire a moment before, were flooded with tears now. Sir Henry saw them, and his heart smote him.

"Always beautiful, always generous," he said. "I should have remembered this unpleasant business was undertaken for my sake. I did not know, until to-day, how very distressing such negotiations must have been to a delicate and sensitive woman. Yet for you, there is no reward except a grateful man's thanks."

"Is that no reward?"

A change came over Sir Henry's face, a quick lightning, which Rhoda saw from under the drooping lashes, still heavy with her tears.

"Or his love," he said, with a sudden outburst. "But that you might no more accept than Andre would gold."

One glance, then those dark lashes drooped more heavily, till they almost touched her burning cheek. Then the girl stood before him, the very embodiment of modest confusion. At last she made a little gesture of dissent.

"Not now. I cannot think of such things now, when so many interests are at stake. Let it be enough that I can serve you a little."

Rhoda held out her hand. Sir Henry pressed his lips upon it, and they walked side by side out of the Park, the man wondering at his own infatuation, the girl burning with the triumph of a new conquest.

That evening, before it was quite dark, Rhoda Clyde dashed off a hurried line to Andre.

"Go with confidence," it said. "Be cautious, and there is no danger, even though you cross the lines. R. C."

CHAPTER XXXII.

MAJOR ANDRE was at his quarters when Rhoda's note reached him. Since his interview with Sir Henry Clinton, he had, for the first time, began to realize the achievement expected of him: its difficultics, its perils, and the questionable honor which would follow success.

Young Raymond was with him. He had seen Major Andre in the Park that day, talking so earnestly with Miss Clyde, that, even from the distance, he could discover that the young officer's face was strangely white and troubled. Earlier in his career, the youth might have fancied this a love scene; but he knew better now; and vague suspicions of temptation and danger unknown, and therefore agonizing to the imagination, took possession of him, as he sat watching the troubled features of his friend.

"Tell me," he almost cried out, at last, "what is the meaning of this? Why is your forehead so clouded, your eyes so gloomy? I am your friend, *her* brother, and have a right to share your trouble."

"Trouble? I have no trouble. The twilight makes one thoughtful. It is often so with me."

Raymond took this answer impatiently. His eyes filled with passionate tears, of which he was ashamed, and so left the room suddenly. On his way out, he met Mr. Kingsford's servant, and knew that he came from Miss Clyde.

The youth went to his own room, and there chided himself for the impetuous way in which he had claimed his friend's confidence.

"I will return," he thought, "and use gentle means. Dislike of that girl made me angry. No wonder he repulsed me."

Raymond went back to Andre's room, but found it vacant. That officer had read the note sent him by Rhoda, and was now with Sir Henry Clinton, making prompt arrangements for his departure. Raymond was about to leave the room, now filled with purplish dusk, in bitter disappointment, when he saw a paper fluttering along the floor. Picking it up, he went to the window and glanced over it.

The youth turned white and cold as marble, as he read the lines Rhoda Clyde had traced. All at once the terrible picture of Nathan Hale upon the gallows came over him, (a picture he too well remembered,) and he was seized with shivers of terror, that chilled him from head to foot.

"Where has Andre gone? Where is he to be found?" he cried, in dismay.

Raymond hurried into the street, wild as a wounded hawk. More than once some officer, loitering along the street, was surprised by the white-faced youth, who stopped him suddenly, and demanded,

"Where is Andre? Have you seen Andre?"

When the answer was no, the officer instantly found himself alone, for Raymond had rushed on, asking the same question of others, until some one said, after a moment's wondering silence,

"I saw him enter Gen. Clinton's quarters not half an hour ago."

Before the sentence was finished, Raymond had turned a corner, and was gone.

Andre had terminated his interview with Clinton, who stood upon the steps, urging a few last words of caution on the young man, and saying,

"Keep well disguised. These Yankees must see no gleam of scarlet about you: and, above all, do not venture beyond the lines. The Vulture will be placed in readiness. So far as we are concerned, you shall run no risks; but I charge you again, let nothing persuade you to go within the enemy's lines. You have Arnold's pass?"

"Here," answered Andre, touching his breast.

"Then God speed you!"

Sir Henry's voice shook as he uttered this farewell, and he wrung the hand he was never to touch again.

That moment a young officer came swiftly up, panting for breath, and seized the bridle of Andre's horse with both shaking hands.

"You will not go! You shall not! I tell you, it is riding to death—to dishonor!"

Andre drew himself up, for the word dishonor had fired him like a blow. Wheeling his horse fiercely around, he dashed his spurs into its side, and plunged up the dark street, leaving the youth, cold and paralyzed, in the hoof-tracks his horse had made.

"Too late! Oh, Heaven help us—too late!"

The orderly heard this despairing cry, and answered it with cheery good nature.

"Why, bless your honor, it's only to leap on your horse and take a dash after him, up the

river a bit, where he and half a dozen of our young blades are bound for a supper. They'll none of 'em be back before morning, I'll be sworn."

Raymond stood gazing upon the man with wild, questioning eyes, till he ceased speaking.

"Where? Where did you say?" he questioned, hoarsely. "How shall I find the place?"

"Ride up the East River, to a cove they call Kipp's Bay. There, in a low stone house, some of our officers are quartered. The Major, who is off on special duty, I think will be there. He told me so!"

"Thank you. My good fellow, I thank you!"

Raymond started at once, but he did not know the way, and soon lost himself in the thick woods, so that it was long after midnight when, reeling in his saddle from fatigue, he came upon the stone house, a blaze of light streaming through the small windows.

He dashed into the room at once.

One swift glance around the table drove the color, that hope had made vivid for a moment, back from his face.

"Major Andre! I wish to speak with Major Andre!" he cried, looking around vainly for his friend.

"The Major? Oh, he has been gone a full hour," said one of the revellers.

"Gone? Where?"

"Up the river road. That is all we know. Up the river road."

These words died on lips that were white as death. The youth staggered blindly.

"What, ho, gentlemen! Fill a glass with wine! It is young Raymond, so pale-faced, that we did not know him. Wine, man! More wine!"

They forced the youth into a chair, and held wine to his lips, which he drank, eagerly. Then his arms fell prone on the table, his face sunk upon them, and a cold stupor crept over him.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

All night long those two men sat in that lone house, face to face, yet never once looking into each other's eyes—Arnold and Andre—the last betrayed, spite of his caution, within the American lines, thus laying himself open to the death of a spy. But he was brave, sometimes reckless, and made no complaint. So the eager business of treason went on, in whispers, though these two men were alone, and beyond ear-shot of any human being. Papers passed between them, promises and pledges were given, and when they parted, in the dull, gray light of morning, it was with downcast faces, as robbers slink away from each other after a first crime.

Grand, beautiful scenery lay around them that morning; bright, gorgeous scenery, touched by the glowing death-hues of a sudden frost earlier than usual that year, and wonderful in its rare beauty.

But on none of these things did either of these two men look. Still there was one object that arrested their attention, and created some alarm. A ship, bearing the British flag, was moving down the river.

"What can be the matter?" Andre said. "The Vulture has deserted me."

"You must go on horseback, then," said Arnold. "But that will make no difference, for you have my pass."

It was with some misgivings, however, that Andre set out on his journey, for there was a vague fear at his heart, which all Arnold's assurances could not remove.

Have I not told you that the scenery was beautiful through which this young officer passed? Soft and balmy as the days of our Indian summer was the atmostphere he rode through. The gorgeously-leaved branches waved and rustled like banners over his head. But of all this he took no heed. There was gloom in his eyes, a shiver of dread at his heart, if a rabbit shook the bushes, or a bird flew up suddenly.

As he passed beneath the great branches of a tulip poplar that spread its shadow over the road, three men, seated among the frost-bitten ferns on the wayside, threw down the cards they were playing, and followed his movements with curious eyes. His horse shied as he passed them.

"Hallo!" cried one of the men.

Andre checked his horse, and rode back. The rest is matter of history, known to every one.

Despite his protest, his promise of gold, his pathetic pleading, those three men led him away from the woods, a prisoner.

Some hours after this, a swift rider was sen from Col. Jamison, commander of the nearest military station at New Castle, bearing a letter to Gen. Arnold, informing him of the arrest, and of the passport, which was deemed a forgery. The papers found on the prisoner, Jamison wrote, had been forwarded to Washington.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

In a dwelling, known as Robinson's house, standing on the heights of the Hudson, opposite the cliffs of West Point, Arnold's household was assembled at breakfast.

Seated at the table, with one white hand on the richly-carved coffee-urns, of heavy silver, that graced her end of the board, and holding a

cup of delicate china, half-filled with hot, fragrant coffee, was the young mistress of the mansion. Opposite, contrasting the snow-white cloth with his blue coat, glittering with epaulettes and buttons of gold, Gen. Arnold had taken his place. Whatever his state of mind may have been, there was no appearance of preoccupation in his dress or bearing. His features were calm, his manners quietly dignified. He was conversing with two of his aids-de-camp, when one came in a little late, and, in a pause of the conversation, informed his General that Washington, with a brilliant staff, had just arrived from Hartford, and was then examining some redoubts down the river. No one seemed to observe it; but Arnold's hand trembled so violently that he was obliged to set down the cup that he had just taken from his wife, and, though his face did not change, a dull, sullen gloom gathered in his eyes.

All at once the sound of hoofs, coming at a gallop, startled the party. Mrs. Arnold arose, and looked out of the window, flushed and eager; for she thought it was Washington approaching, with his train of military heroes.

Arnold kept his seat. With all his strength, he could not, for one moment, find power to move.

Washington? No! A mounted trooper rode to the door, left his horse to breathe, and directly appeared in the breakfast-room. He was the bearer of Col. Jamison's letter.

Arnold tore the missive open, and read it through. Not a muscle of his proud, stern face moved. The first words had warned him of danger, and his self-command was marvelous. He turned, indifferently, to one of his aids.

"I am called to West Point," he said. "Tell Gen. Washington that I shall be home again very soon."

There was something in the measured strain of her husband's voice that struck the sensitive ear of the wife. When he passed from the room, and went up stairs, she followed him.

Arnold turned at her approach, threw his arms around her, and for one moment held her to his breast with a clasp of iron. Then he almost flung her aside, strode down stairs, and was gone.

The wife followed him with wild, frightened eyes, strove to call out, but flung up her arms, and sunk to the floor. Directly she started to her knees. The fierce sound of hoofs going from the house aroused her into strength. She rushed to the window, in time to see her husband, upon his own horse, dashing toward the river. Then she remembered, with a terrible pang of dread, that this horse had stood, saddled, beneath a great elm that shaded the house, since daylight, and her soul foreshadowed the truth.

Still the woman stood by the window. She knew that a British vessel lay farther down the river, and had wondered that it dared to approach so near. As she looked, a barge appeared upon the water, in which a man, whose form her heart recognized with terror, stood up in the bow, bearing a white flag in his hand. The boat neared the vessel, was lost to her sight one dreary minute, then the man her soul went after appeared upon the deck, and seemed to fling up his arms, as if to signalize her of his safety. Then a sob shook the woman's bosom, without stirring her white lips. She tottered toward the great, high-posted bed, where her babe lay, snatched it from the pillow, on which she fell, face downward, moaning with agony.

It might have been hours, or a day, for aught this poor lady knew, that she was prostrated there, in her lonely shame. But at last she started up, with a wild cry, and once more crept, weak, and trembling like a culprit, to the window.

Before the door, just dismounting from their horses, she saw Gen. Washington and his staff, bright and cheerful, from a swift morning ride, eager for the breakfast their message had doubtless delayed. The loud tramp of their horses, as they were led from the door, seemed to strike upon her heart. She crept back to her child, and lay there trembling.

A knock!

"Lady, Gen. Washington has come, and is waiting."

The door opened a little, and the servant saw a pale, haggard face, that he hardly recognized, looking through.

"I am ill. Say that I am ill," whispered a voice so strained and hoarse, that it seemed unnatural as the face.

For a time the sound of cheerful conversation, joined with the faint tinkle of silver and china, handled with military carelessness, rose to that stately bed-chamber. Then came the ring of spurs on the door-step, the gathering of horses, and at last a confused clatter of hoofs.

Washington and his followers had departed for West Point. The woman who knelt trembling by the window, knew in her heart all that would meet him there.

Again Washington and his cavalcade came up from the river, slowly, and in dead silence. The very tramp of their horses had grown heroic. Every face was grave, or scornfully indignant. Washington rode a little in advance, his

brow clouded, his mouth firmly set, grief and anger in his eyes.

The woman, listening breathlessly above, heard him dismount, heard his slow, heavy step on the stairs, and, like a wild bird seeking some outlet to its cage, looked to the right and left, with an impulse of escape; then, in desperation, rushed to the door, and flung it open.

"I know—I know why you break in upon me like this," she cried. "But spare me! Gen. Arnold is my husband."

"Spare you?" said Washington, compassionately, struck by the agony of her face. "Of all the innocent persons who must suffer from this rash act, you are most to be pitied."

The woman who had flown, like a wounded hawk, at the man she feared, covered her face with both hands, and shrunk away from him.

At that moment, Washington, looking toward the bed, saw her pretty baby-boy just aroused from sleep, playing with a rosy little foot, which he was making desperate efforts to pull up to his mouth. Now and then the foot would break from him, when he would seize it, with a cooing laugh, and commence the contest again. The contrast between that pale, suffering mother, and the careless glees of her child, smote upon the brave man's heart.

"What can I do? How can I help you or the little one?" he questioned.

"Send me to my husband. Send my boy to his father," she answered. "He will have need of us now."

"Be it so. An escort shall be ready. God help you." Then, with a burst of emotion, he cried, "I could have believed it of any one sooner than of Arnold," and hurried from the room.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"WOMAN! Girl! Fiend! It was your wiles that led him on! But for you, neither shame nor danger would have reached John Andre. Your evil power has driven both these unhappy men to dishonor. One into peril of his life. Undo your fearful work, or such curses will fall upon you as wither a woman's life up!"

Rhoda Clyde drew herself up haughtily, notwithstanding the shock of surprise, not to say terror, which this sudden change had brought upon her. But young Raymond gave no time for her answer.

"Do not deny! Do not dare to prevaricate! From beginning to end you have been the spirit and soul of this treason. If one hair of John Andre's head comes to harm, you, and you alone, are his murderer. Already you have made one brave man a traitor, the blackest on record. Even now men shrink from Benedict Arnold in the street, and hate the scarlet uniform because he wears it. And now you must have Andre's life."

"His life?" she repeated. "What have I to do with him? Major Andre was the emissary of Sir Henry Clinton, not mine. If he has fallen into peril, the cause lies in his grasping ambition But for that, no influence on earth could have sent him where he is."

"Where he is? Do you know that they hold him as a spy, threaten to execute him as a spy, unless this man Arnold can be won to redeem him?"

"With his own submission?" said Rhoda, scornfully laughing. "That is likely. Why not go to him with this modest request? There your threatened curses may avail. Here they are insulting. What have I to do with Arnold or with Andre?"

"Woman, ask your own heart!"

"My poor boy, you are insane!"

"Insane? Yes, I almost think so," answered the youth, moving to and fro in the room, with one hand on his forehead.

All at once he paused before Rhoda, and held out his clasped hands to her, pleadingly,

"You loved Andre once."

"What?"

Rhoda lifted her eyelids wide, and a look of haughty scorn swept her face as these words escaped her. Still the youth persisted, moving close to her; and speaking almost in a whisper, he said,

"I had the proof. I saw you here in this very room, with your head drooping to his shoulders, your lips tempting his. For very shame you cannot plead that this was without love."

Rhoda turned, and looked sternly into the face now bent down to her. Then a laugh broke from her.

"By my honor, I would almost think you a girl, and miserably jealous," she said.

Raymond stood before the mocking creature, trembling from head to foot. His eyes kindled with a sudden resolve; his lips parted. Rhoda bent eagerly forward, curious even in her cruelty, but Raymond turned from her.

"Not here. Never to you!" he exclaimed. "I was indeed mad to expect magnanimity from a woman scorned."

Scarcely had the youth disappeared, when a loud knock sounded through the house. A step, that made her heart leap, came ringing through the hall, and Benedict Arnold stood before her, in the scarlet livery of his shame.

Rhoda came forward, holding out her hand in eager, almost passionate welcome.

"At last! At last!" she said.

Arnold thrust the hand she reached for into his bosom, tearing the delicately-laced ruffles with the violent movement, and said, sternly,

"At last, girl? Yes. At last I have come to thank you for the thing I am. Look upon me. Smile on the traitor you have made."

"Thank me, Arnold? And with that thunder-gust on your forehead, when my heart hoped to welcome you? This is bitter!"

"Not so bitter as the ignominy which your machinations have cast upon me."

"Oh, Arnold, is it my fault that a great enterprise was so fatally mismanaged? Have you only come here to reproach me?"

"Reproach? No! That is a mild word! I came to speak the curses that have been burning in my heart ever since I was compelled to steal, like a thief, from the approach of Washington—the one man who was my friend!"

"And for this you blame me? Give me curses, instead of thanks? Reviling in place of love?"

"Love? Love? Does love bring forth such fruit? No, no! Call the tie that has led to this by some other name. When my wife came to me, by the grace of that one friend I had betrayed, most foully—came with our child in her arms, and forgiveness in her eyes—I knew how unselfish, how beautiful a thing love was."

'Your wife! And has she followed you?"

"Yes; into the depths of my disgrace! And I have to thank the magnanimity of Washington—the man I would have betrayed—for it. Oh, my God!"

"And you tell me this? You receive her?"

"Receive her? Does the man in torment repulse the angel that gives him a cool draught of water?"

"And you love her?"

Arnold turned full upon the woman who had tempted him. His cheeks flushed hotly.

"Love her? Aye, even as I loathe——"

"Forbear, forbear! Do not say it!"

Rhoda sprang forward, throwing out her arms, wildly; but Arnold retreated, leaving her panting in the middle of the floor.

"What is this? I heard angry voices. What does this mean?"

It was Mr. Kingsford who spoke, and who had entered the room unheard.

Pale as death, shaking with rage, Rhoda pointed to Arnold.

"The traitor, Arnold!" cried Kingsford. Then he drew himself up haughtily, and said, "Sir, it is not always that his majesty's uniform gives the wearer the right to enter a gentleman's house," and he pointed to the door significantly.

"Those words shall cost a life—yours or mine," said Arnold, in a hoarse whisper, touching the hilt of his sword.

The stately old man bowed low, and held the door open with his hand, while Rhoda stood paralyzed, gazing wildly after the man she had loved and ruined.

That night an officer called on Mr. Kingsford, who received him in the library with more than usual courtesy. But no one heeded this, such visitors being frequent at the mansion.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A WHITE flag had passed over the Hudson, and the man who bore it stood in the outer room of Sir Henry Clinton's quarters, waiting for an interview. Young Raymond was with the General, and had been pleading with him to save Andre.

"Alas!" the General had replied, "my poor boy, cannot you understand that I suffer, too? That every impulse of my heart goes with you? If it were possible to save the poor fellow, I should need no persuasion."

They were interrupted by an aid, who said,

"General, a flag of truce from the Rebel camp. The officer waits below."

"Tell him to enter," said Clinton.

An officer in blue and buff came into the room, bowed profoundly, and placed a letter in Clinton's hand. The General glanced over it, and his heavy face brightened.

"Gen. Barringford, you are welcome. Your commander tells me here that you have something to propose."

"The General's proposition is brief and merciful. Give up Benedict Arnold, and he will release John Andre."

Clinton's countenance fell. He felt young Raymond's eager eyes upon him, and turned away his head, sighing heavily.

"It cannot be. The honor of England is at stake. Were Major Andre my own son, I could not save his life by giving up the man who has trusted us."

Sir Henry's voice shook; drops of moisture gathered on his forehead. When Barringford attempted to speak again, he lifted up his hand.

"If this is all that your commander has to offer, we had better not pursue the subject. It is terribly painful," he said.

Barringford recognized the uselessness of farther appeal, and was retiring, when Raymond followed him to the ante-room.

"Wait," he said. "I served you once; be merciful to me now. Wait a little."

Barringford recognized the youth.

"My time is limited. I must return at once. This is our last appeal. They only await Sir Henry's answer," he said.

Raymond stared blankly into his face a moment, then staggered back against the wall, holding out his hands as if to ward off a blow.

"You mean——Oh, God help us! You mean——"

Barringford turned away.

"Are men made of granite? Are their hearts iron? But there is one—an angel! Wait till I go for her. There is not a man on earth who can be cruel, if Grace Kingsford pleads."

"Grace Kingsford? Grace?" cried Barringford. "Ah, I remember. You know her. Tell me, now, if any one can resist when she pleads for a life? I am going for her. Wait here. She will plead—she will kneel to him. Oh, yes, I tell you he will yield!"

While he was speaking, the youth left the room, sped into the street, and only paused to draw breath, as he lifted the brazen knocker at Kingsford's door. Passing the astonished servant, he flew up stairs, and burst into the room, where Mrs. Kingsford was sitting with her daughter. He broke out, passionately,

"Come with me, lady! Come with me at once, if you would save John Andre's life! A messenger is here from Washington! Sir Henry's heart is touched! He wavers! Come!

The youth was on his knees at Grace Kingsford's feet, weeping, pleading, holding her hands in his.

Grace looked at her mother, who arose.

"If your father were at home, we would ask him. As it is, no chance of saving our friend's life must be lost. Do not hesitate, my child. I, too, will go."

"Oh, mother, God will bless you for this!" cried Grace, hurrying from the room. She came back almost instantly, with her bonnet on, and a shawl wrapped around her. Mrs. Kingsford was ready.

As they went through the front door, the lady paused a moment, to question her servant.

"When did Mr. Kingsford go out?" she asked.

"Long ago, lady."

"Alone?"

"'Spect not. Dar was a gemman wid him, what carried a 'hoggony box under his arm. Seemed like dey was a goin' somewhar, private like."

"If he comes back before we do, say that we have gone to Sir Henry Clinton's head-quarters."

"Yes, missus."

The little group hurried down the street, and entered Sir Henry's residence. There they found Barringford waiting. Grace started with joy. But one clasp of hands, and they parted again. Following her mother, Grace went at once to the commander's presence. Barringford and Raymond remained below, silent, and terribly anxious.

What passed in Sir Henry's room during that interview, was only told to them afterward. But after awhile, Grace and her mother came forth with a stain of tears on their pale faces and lips, trembling with suppressed anguish.

Not a word was spoken. But Raymond dashed by them, and rushed into the commander's presence, wild and desperate.

Sir Henry was sitting at the table, shading the tears that had been rising from him with one hand, before he could wipe them away. Raymond fell at his feet, and crying, clasped his knees.

"You were the friend of my dead father. You have loved us both a little for his sake. For his sake, spare me! Let me live a little longer. I am so young, and have not had much happiness. Oh, have mercy on me, and spare this one man. Do you know how dear he is to me? That I have followed him here into the wars? Taken a sword into my weak hands, only that I might look into his face? Think what it is for a poor girl to take up a life like that, only for a friendly word and glance now and then, and be ready to die for him at any minute. Think of all this, and have pity on me, the wretched daughter of your old friend."

"The daughter of my old friend?" You, Raymond?" cried Sir Henry, amazed.

"You cannot believe it yet. Even he was deceived. Charles and I being twins, he delicate, and I healthy, we were so much alike, we had cheated people before, by changing clothes, many a time. So I came in his place, only that I might be near the man you are giving up to death. But you will not? You cannot?"

"Mad, wild girl! How did you do this?"

"I have no time to tell you. They think me in a convent-school in France; that my brother was fighting with you, when he was all the time at a university in Germany. I think it was because you loved my mother once, that you were willing to take her son on your staff. Look at me. People say that I am like her. Could she have asked you on her knees for her life, and you remain silent? Could she?"

Sir Henry looked on that young face till the tears blinded him; then he dropped his face between both hands.

"I cannot. I cannot, though she had looked into my eyes as you have, my poor child! Though

she had pleaded as you are pleading, I could not have ransomed Andre at the cost of English honor. Do try and comprehend the pain of my position."

Raymond arose slowly from his knees and turned a look of piteous reproach on Clinton, then slowly descended the stairs

Barringford and the ladies still waited in the lower room, hopeless and sad. Hope died out the moment they looked on that weird face. The hand which grasped Barringford's made the soldier start. The voice that addressed him was husky and strange.

"All hope is over here! But Washington! Get me an order to pass the lines. He may be less cruel."

"All that any human being can do, I will undertake," he said, but with desponding mournfulness, shaking his head.

"And I am keeping you, when every moment is so precious. Go! Go!"

They all went out together, walking toward Mr. Kingsford's house in painful silence. Some persons were lingering at the gate. The hall door was open, and there was an appearance of unusual commotion within, which was hushed into silence as the ladies appeared. Barringford hesitated at the door; but something that he saw in the hall drew him forward. In an instant he hurried back, terribly agitated.

"Not yet! Do not go in yet!" he said, laying a hand, that shook violently, on Mrs. Kingsford's arm. "You must not."

"My husband! Is it my husband you will not meet?" inquired the lady. "You forget, my friend, that Mr. Kingsford is a gentleman."

"Oh, lady, it is not that."

"What, then?"

The lady was alarmed now. She pushed away the hand that sought to retain her, and entered the hall. Then a cry broke from her, so shrill, so terribly piercing, that it haunted those who heard it to their dying day.

At the sound, Raymond rushed in, and fainted on the door-step. For he saw Mr. Kingsford lying dead in his own hall, shot through the heart, in a duel with Benedict Arnold.

Even there, when his old friend lay like marble before him, while the widow and the fair young girl he loved clung to him in bitter anguish, Barringford was compelled to leave them, in order to report the failure of his mission.

All the next day Raymond waited, in painful impatience, for the pass which Barringford had promised him. In the afternoon, expectation became agony, and he went forth resolved to find some way of reaching the presence of Washington.

A group of men were lingering about the entrance to Sir Henry's quarters as the youth came up. He heard words that struck him down like bullets of fire.

"At twelve, did you say?"

"Yes, at twelve this day, Major Andre was hung, while all Washington's army looked on."

For months after, that brave, broken-hearted girl lay in her misery, under the roof of Mrs. Kingsford, to whom Sir Henry Clinton had told the touching history which, up to this time, had been confided only to himself.

Those two gentle ladies kept the secret well. Not even to Barringford, when Grace became his wife, did she speak of this tragic romance. But after the War of Independence, when that officer was sent as a special emissary to Europe, he met, one evening, at a large party, a young man whom he recognized as Raymond, but who seemed to have forgotten him.

"Who is that young man?" he questioned.

"That? Oh, you recognize Raymond, I dare say. He was on Clinton's staff at one time. A mere boy, though. The young lady sitting yonder is his twin sister. One terrible event has changed her to the quiet, sad-eyed being you behold. I do not think any human being has ever seen Miss Raymond smile since the death of Andre, to whom she was betrothed, when a child."

"Andre?"

"Yes. She had adored him. Her heart is breaking, but 'brokenly lives on.' For all this, your Washington is responsible."

"Nathan Hale had a mother, a sister, and a betrothed wife," said Barringford, gravely. "Do Englishmen never think of them?"

"IMPLORA PACE."

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

THE golden sunshine, thro' the tree-tops sifting,
Plays flick'ring on the grass.
White clouds, like sails on magic oceans drifting,
Across the blue sky pass.

The drowsy noontide breeze; the insects droning;
The leaves that lazy fall;
The slumbrous murmur of the sea, intoning
Its litany, o'er all!

Oh, weary heart, here lay aside your sorrow;
Here find repose and peace;
And bless these glimpses of that glad to-morrow,
When God shall give release.

MY CHRISTMAS MASQUERADE.

BY MISS E. E. OLMSTEAD.

I LOOKED out on the long avenue of snow-laden trees. At that moment I was weary of life, though I was eighteen and an heiress. For four whole days we three girls had been "snowed up" at Thornton Place. We had exhausted our gossip, and read all the new novels, and we were tired of ourselves and of each other.

But the storm had now cleared off, and a house full of company, for the holidays, was expected by the afternoon train. It was Christmas Eve, and some of the neighbors, in addition, had been invited for a dance, and a supper was to be given. I ought to have been happy, but I was not; for I foresaw that I should receive innumerable compliments, all alike heartless, all intended for my fortune, rather than for myself. Then, too, was not Robert Nelson coming, and had not even Mrs. Thornton said, "It will be a good thing for you two to unite your wealth?" Oh, how I hated it all!

Suddenly a new thought flashed across me. I turned from the window.

"Oh, girls!" I cried, "I have such a bright idea."

Maria Thornton, and my cousin, Minnie Devereux, both looked quickly up. So, also, did Mrs. Thornton, though more leisurely.

"What is it?" cried both girls, in a breath. "Do tell, and quick, Aileen!"

"It is only this," I said. "I want Minnie to play the heiress for the few next days. I'm tired of fortune-hunters. I wish for a little peace. But, then, think of the fun and frolic! Nobody that is coming knows which is the heiress and which is not; and how we shall take them in."

Maria and Minnie clapped their hands, and said,

"It would be just like a story."

Mrs. Thornton, at first, shook her head in disapproval; but was finally coaxed over; and we all hurried up stairs, to array Minnie in the splendor supposed to be necessary for an heiress. I saw her and Maria descend to the dressing-room, three hours after, full of glee at the masquerade; and then I proceeded to don a plain, white muslin, with a pink rose in my hair for my only ornament.

My heart beat high with the novelty of being some one else, and not myself at all, as I entered the drawing-room. In my haste, I ran against an important-looking little man with eye-glasses, and almost knocked him down. He had scarcely recovered his balance, and began to stammer apologies, when Mrs. Thornton came up.

"Allow me, Mr. Nelson," she said, "to introduce my daughter's friend, Miss Devereux. Miss Devereux, Mr. Nelson."

"Ah, most happy!" he cried, with a beaming smile, ducking, instead of bowing. But suddenly his face fell, for he saw my cheap white muslin. "Not Miss Devereaux, the heiress," he was evidently saying to himself, as he coolly put up his eye-glasses. Then he cried, "Ah! I am going for Miss Thornton's fan. Excuse me." And he vanished, as if shot from a bow.

"If that is your Mr. Nelson," I said, scornfully, to Mr. Thornton, "I willingly give up both him and his fortune," and I swept on, half angry, half amused.

But very soon I had another experience of my new condition. Usually, everybody made way for me. But now I had to elbow my progress through the crowd the best way I could. At last I succeeded in reaching a quiet corner, where I sat down, a little ruffled in temper, I must confess, and began to look about me.

In the very centre of the room, under the brilliant chandelier, stood my cousin, Minnie. A score of admirers thronged about her, one holding her fan, another her bouquet, and each trying to outstrip the other in devotion.

"How much is she worth?" said a masculine voice at my elbow. "That is what I am trying to find out," answered his companion. "That little fellow, hanging about here, is Robert Nelson, who is said to be worth a million; and isn't satisfied, I suppose, but wants more. Let's go and try our chances, too. She is not very pretty, but she is awfully rich."

My cheeks grew crimson with indignation. The two speakers disappeared, and were, a moment after, bowing to Minnie. The minutes passed. No one addressed me. My feet beat time impatiently to the merry polka and schottisch. "Oh, for a partner!" I said.

At last my friend, Maria Thornton, came to

look for me. "I'm tired of sitting still," I said. "Do get me a partner."

"Certainly, my dear," she said, laughing, and presently brought forward an elderly gentleman, with a wig, who, after a most polite greeting, led me off to the dance.

My spirits rose once more, and I chatted in a lively strain. "I will fascinate somebody," I said, "even though it be an old man with a wig."

The dance over, my companion led me to a seat, and devoted himself to my entertainment. At that moment, if he had asked me, I could almost have rewarded him with my heart and hand, so grateful was I for his disinterested kindness. Directly my cousin passed me, on a gentleman's arm.

"Who is that lady?" asked my new friend.

"That is Miss Devereux," I replied, "a cousin of mine. She is exciting much attention, this evening, as the heiress of a large fortune."

At these remarks, my companion's face became quite pale. "I—ah—beg your pardon, miss. I understood that you were Miss Devereux," he stammered.

"I am," I answered, a little bitterly. "But I am only a very poor, very unfortunate relative of the heiress. I do not really think I have a friend in the world."

"I—ah—I beg you to excuse me," said the old gentleman, abruptly. "I see a lady there I must speak to;" and rising, he left me to my reflections.

I sat there, in my remote corner, a sadder and a wiser woman. "Dear, dear me!" I sighed, as I leaned back, lonely, in my chair. "I will never say that dancing is stupid again. I will never say that anything is dull, but sitting in a chair, with nobody to speak to you, and the chair growing harder and harder, until——"

"Have you no partner?" exclaimed Mrs. Thornton, breaking in on my reflections.

"No," I replied, making a little mouth. "Even the old gentleman has deserted me."

She looked around, and beckoned to a gentleman standing near the door, whom I had observed watching me. He approached at once.

"Mr. Hume," said she, "let me introduce you to Miss Devereux. My dear, Mr. Hume, the tutor of Mr. Nelson."

"You and I seem to be alone in the crowd, this evening," he said, smiling, when Mrs. Thornton had left us. "May I ask if you are a relative of the great heiress? You have the same name."

"I am the poor cousin," I answered, blushing behind my fan, for I was a novice in deception and masquerading.

"I am so glad of it," he retorted, quietly. "I hate heiresses. They are always conceited and arrogant."

"Like rich young men," I replied, glancing unconsciously at Mr. Nelson, "who are either fools or fops, and often both. I detest them. They are of no use in the world. They had better go drown themselves."

He laughed. "Well," said he, "as we entirely agree, let us have a dance, for it is plain nobody cares for either of us."

We did dance together. We promenaded together. We went out to supper together, where Mr. Hume heaped my plate with ices and chocolate cakes. Long before the evening was over, I began to be glad that Mr. Nelson and his tutor were to spend a whole week at Thornton Place.

At last our country neighbors took their leave, and our visitors prepared to retire to rest. I bade Mr. Hume a warm good-night, and walked up stairs with a happy heart. Mrs. Thornton called me into her boudoir as I passed. Minnie and Maria were there, laughing merrily over the incidents of the evening.

"And you are not tired of this masquerading?" Mrs. Thornton asked, rather anxiously.

"No, not now," I answered, gayly. "I am very happy with the tutor. Pray, let Mr. Nelson lavish himself on Minnie, if she can endure it."

"Oh, I like my part of it," said Minnie. "I will sustain it as long as you say."

It would take a long time to relate all the events of the following week. How, when we dined out, the tutor and I had always the lowest place at the table; how our modest jokes were stared out of countenance amid a dead silence; how we two rode backwards in the carriages; in fact, how the humble relative of the rich Miss Devereux, and the tutor of the wealthy Mr. Nelson, were overlooked and snubbed in the most irrepressible manner. There is a great deal in getting used to things, however. At the end of a week, I could laugh with Mr. Hume, at the novelty and variety of our adventures. The tutor and I, thus thrown constantly together, became firmer friends than ever, and I hardly owned to myself how much I should regret his departure.

The evening before our guests were to leave, I sat in the library, by a brightly-glowing fire. "To-morrow I shall be myself again," I was thinking: "I hardly know whether I wish to be it, or not."

Suddenly I heard the sound of a footstep, and turning, found Mr. Hume standing beside me. I do not remember what we talked of, for the

first few minutes. I only know that I was startled, not astonished, when he asked me, by-and-bye, to be his wife. Nor did I withdraw my hand when he took it.

"But there is something I must tell you first," I began, in some embarrassment. "Perhaps then you will not want me, Mr. Hume. I am not—indeed—I am not myself. At the risk of your thinking me conceited and arrogant, I must tell you, that *I* am the heiress."

"You?" he exclaimed, in blank amazement. "You? But wait. You shall explain all in a moment. At the risk of being ordered to drown myself, at the risk of being thought a fool and a fop, the thing you detest the most, I declare myself to be, not Walter Hume, but Robert Roy Nelson, at your service."

"And Mr. Nelson, with the eye-glasses?" I cried, starting from my seat.

"Is my tutor."

The night had grown dark, and the stars had looked in on us a long time, before we left the library, and I went to bed, to dream, oh! such happy dreams.

Mrs. Thornton was delighted, the next day, when she heard of the engagement. I taxed her with her deception, but she only laughed.

"Two can play at masquerading, you see, my dear," she said. "Things have turned out just as I wished, and you've nobody to blame but yourself."

"Blame myself!" I cried, blushing to the ears, for secretly I congratulated myself.

Poor Mr. Nelson, who had lent himself to the trick, hoping to win an heiress, heartlessly deserted Miss Minnie, as soon as he heard the truth, leaving before breakfast, and without taking leave. But Minnie did not play the part of a tearful Ariadne; she only laughed, gleefully; for she had been engaged, for more than a year, to a student at the Harvard law-school, and was to be united to him as soon as he graduated.

I have been married for several years now, but I have never regretted, not even for a moment, the results of my CHRISTMAS MASQUERADE.

MY LOVE IS FALSE.

BY WILLIAM BRUNTON.

My love is false, I thought so true,
  I ne'er shall see that love again;
He leaves the old and seeks the new,
  Nor heeds the old or new-born pain;
I tried my best to keep him fast,
  But now he's lost and dead to me,
The flowers are withered by the blast,
  The fruit has died upon the tree,
  My love is lost, O woe is me!

My love is false, I thought so fair,
  We may not join in love again,
Oh! blue his eyes and light his hair!
  But all his beauty caused me pain;
I served him well in sun and shine,
  But he is lost, like ships at sea.
The love is lost I thought was mine,
  And I, in life, from love am free,
  But 'tis like death, O woe is me!

Dare not to talk of comfort now,
  Dare not to say, or hate, or praise,
The dew is heavy on my brow,
  In mournfulness I'll spend my days.
The sun may shine, the birds may sing,
  And all about most lovely be,
For me there is no gladsome thing;
  A shadow rests on all I see,
  My love is false, Oh woe is me!

FRIENDS.

BY F. F. BEALS.

"We will be friends," her lips replied,
  And then her head in silence bends,
To hush the voice within that cried,
  "We must be more than friends!"

"'Tis well," he said; "then friends must part,
  Our paths from hence unjoined extend;
I cannot walk beside thy heart,
  And still remain thy friend."

All dumb without the door she stands,
  Beneath the level light of morn,
And sees again the harvest-hands
  Go down among the corn.

He is not there, who yester e'en
  Seemed unto her so fair and tall;
He is not there, who might have been
  The one among them all.

She nods, she smiles, but knows not why,
  Though they were friends through all the yore;
She hears within the woeful cry,
  "These are my friends no more!"

There seems a yearning void in life,
  A vague unrest before unknown,
And weary years of wasting strife,
  Where she must walk alone.

EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give first, this month, a Polonaise costume, suitable for either the house or street. It is



made of striped camel's-hair cloth, of two shades of gray, or two shades of brown. The underskirt is scarcely three yards wide, and is cut with a demi-train, and furnished with buttons and loops, to raise it for the street. The bottom is trimmed with a gathered flounce six inches deep, cut on the bias. This is headed by a pouff also six inches, including the frill top and bottom, likewise cut on the bias: the Polonaise buttons up the back, as seen in the engraving. The edge is ornamented with a plaited frill four inches deep, of plain material, of the lighter shade. This is headed by a plaid braid of mohair. The looping of the skirt is quite low, and ornamented by long loops of ribbon or silk, to match. The coat-sleeves are trimmed up the outside of the arm with buttons, with simulated button-holes; cuffs to correspond. A standing collar finishes the neck. The front may or may not be ornamented with three rows, at pleasure. These striped cloths can be bought at almost any price, from twenty-five cents for mohair ones, up to $1.50 for good camels-hair—sixteen to eighteen yards; three dozen buttons for sleeves and back, two yds. of wide ribbon, two and a half yards of plain materials for the plaited frill. Fringe may be substituted, if preferred; three and a half yards of plain mohair braid, which may be dispensed with, and a bias band of the material used instead.

We give, in the front of the number, an illustration of the best way of making the underskirts of dresses. The gathering-string at the back keeps the fullness all where it should be, now that all dresses are so very plain in front. This style of trimming, too, is well adapted for every-day dresses, as it is simple and inexpensive, being of alapaca or mohair braid, and just laid on in rows, close together.

We give, also, in the front of the number, a walking-dress, for a girl of twelve years; has a gathered flounce at the bottom of the skirt, headed by two rows of gathering, forming pouffs; a frill to stand up; the whole cut in one piece, and on the bias. The outside jacket has long fronts, ornamented, "a la militaire," with braid and buttons, edged with a narrow guipure lace, or fringe. At the back it forms a short postillion, with sash-bow and ends falling underneath. Standing collar, close coat-sleeves, with cuff trimmed almost to the elbow, done by placing the braid as seen in the engraving. Six dozen buttons, twelve yards of braid, five yards of edging, for the bottom of the jacket, will be required. The quantity of material for the dress must be determined by the width of the stuff, and size of child.

Next is a Watteau Robe de Chambre, which is made of light blue or gray merino: and the wide



Watteau plait, which commences at the top of the back of the neck, is embroidered in a flowing Pompadour design; but this may be left perfectly plain, or, at intervals down the plait, ornamented with rows of blue ribbon; the sleeves and pockets trim to match, and edge with a fringe two to three inches deep. We have seen a Watteau wrapper in light blue flannel, trimmed with coarse, white Cluny lace, and the effect was charming. Such trimming is inexpensive.

Next is a morning or house-dress for a young lady. It is made of mohair bege, trimmed with mohair braid. The plain skirt is mounted with a wide triple plait at the back. The deep, round tablier is trimmed with several rows of braid,



and disappears at the sides under the plaits. Cuirass bodice, trimmed likewise with several rows of braid, sleeves finished with an open cuff, top and bottom separated by a narrow band and button; standing collar. This is a very simple and pretty style for home, every-day wear. Fifteen yards will make the dress.

We give, also, in the front of the number, an engraving of a water-proof dress, to be made of brown tweed, trimmed with brown braid, of a darker shade. The skirt is bordered with a gathered flounce, headed with two puffings; a row of braid is added above the hem of the flounce. The Ulster coat fits the figure at the back, and is loose in front. It is double-breasted, and high to the throat. The pockets, cuffs, and edge of the Ulster are all trimmed with braid.

We give, in the front of the number, a boy's Ulster coat, intended for a boy of ten years. It is made of rough cloth, and trimmed with fur.

We give, also, in front of the number, an illustration of the new-fashioned net for the hair, now so popular. It is made of wide braid, in large meshes, and of any color which may be preferred, though that of the hair is most generally adopted. The ribbon can either be of the color of the net, or, if desired, of some fancy color.



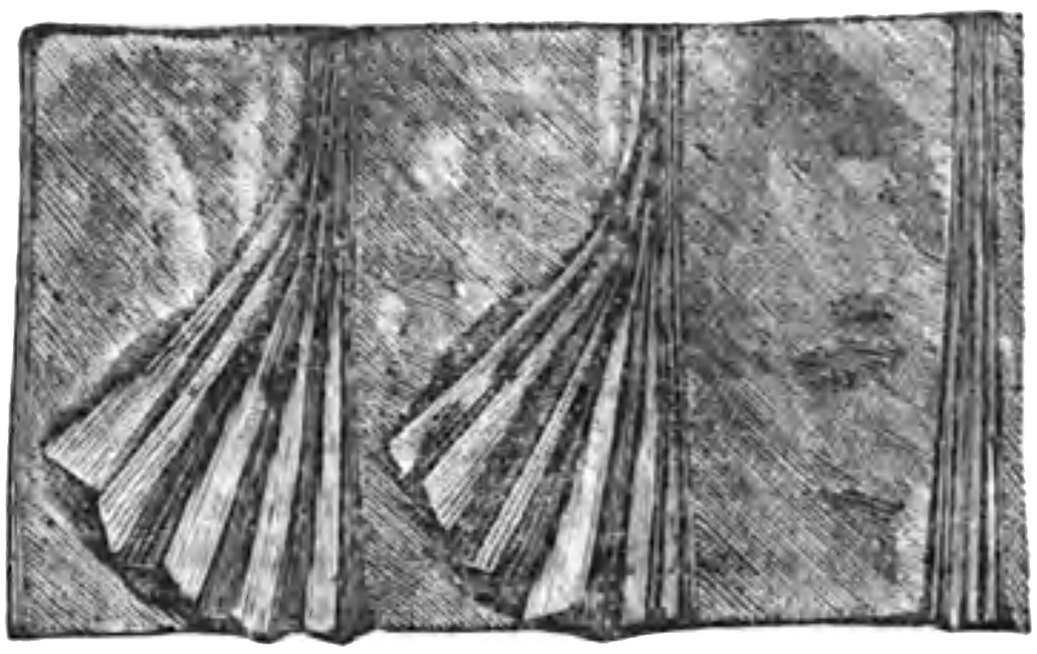
We give, also, in the front of the number, a a hood for a child, to be made of white cashmeres scalloped, and the scallops trimmed with white braid.

We close with something new, in the way of plaiting material, for the bottom flounce of a dress. As may be seen, there are four folding, for a plait, and then the bottom is lifted, and tacked several inches to the left, forming a fan-shaped trimming. Very pretty.

Front and back view of a pretty dress for a



little girl of three or four years. It is made of camel's-hair, of very light gray, or ecru color, and trimmed with braid, or velvet ribbon.



DESIGN FOR HAND-SCREEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The colored pattern, in this number, is a design for a hand-screen. It can be made of cloth, silk or satin of any color preferred, but for the pattern selected black is preferable as the colors come out better on that ground. The original is done in embroidering silks in the long-stitch known as satin-stitch, though we have seen these screens done with zephyr instead of silk; this zephyr embroidering is very effective and more rapidly and easily done than the silk is. We may add that this pattern alone cost us as much as a "chromo" would. It is printed in precisely the same way. Yet we give several of these expensive patterns every year, and never think of calling them "premiums," as "chromos" are called, and offering them as extra inducements.

CASHMERE PALETOT.

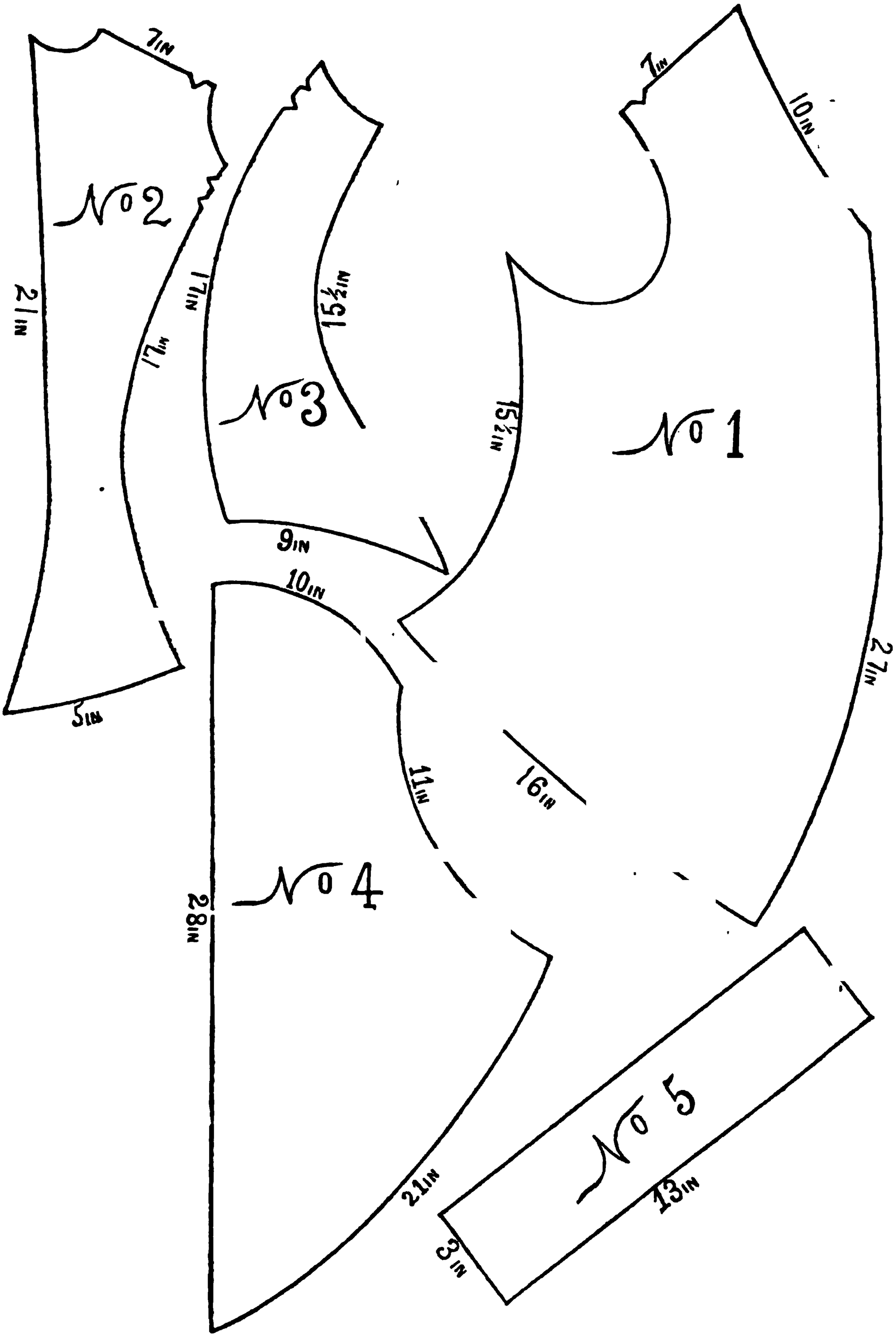
BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, as suitable for the month, a new style Paletot, to be made of black cashmere, or cloth, and trimmed with feather trimming, fringe, or guipure lace. We give, on the next page, a diagram, by which to cut it out. This is, on the whole, the most stylish paletot out.



No. 1. HALF OF FRONT.
No. 2. HALF OF BACK.
No. 3. HALF OF SIDE BACK.
No. 4. HALF OF SLEEVE.
No. 5. HALF OF COLLAR.

It may be as well to say a word about enlarg-



ing these diagrams. To do this, take a piece of common brown paper, or a good stout newspaper, and draw on it each piece, only making it the proper size. For instance, No. 4, in this pattern, is 28 inches long. Draw a line, that long, on your paper, and then follow the curved lines, noting there the size marked, viz., one 10 inches, another 11 inches, and the last 21 inches. So with all the other pieces. A little practice will make you perfect. After the patterns are enlarged, fit them on, and alter whenever necessary.

EMBROIDERED BAG FOR TOBACCO.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

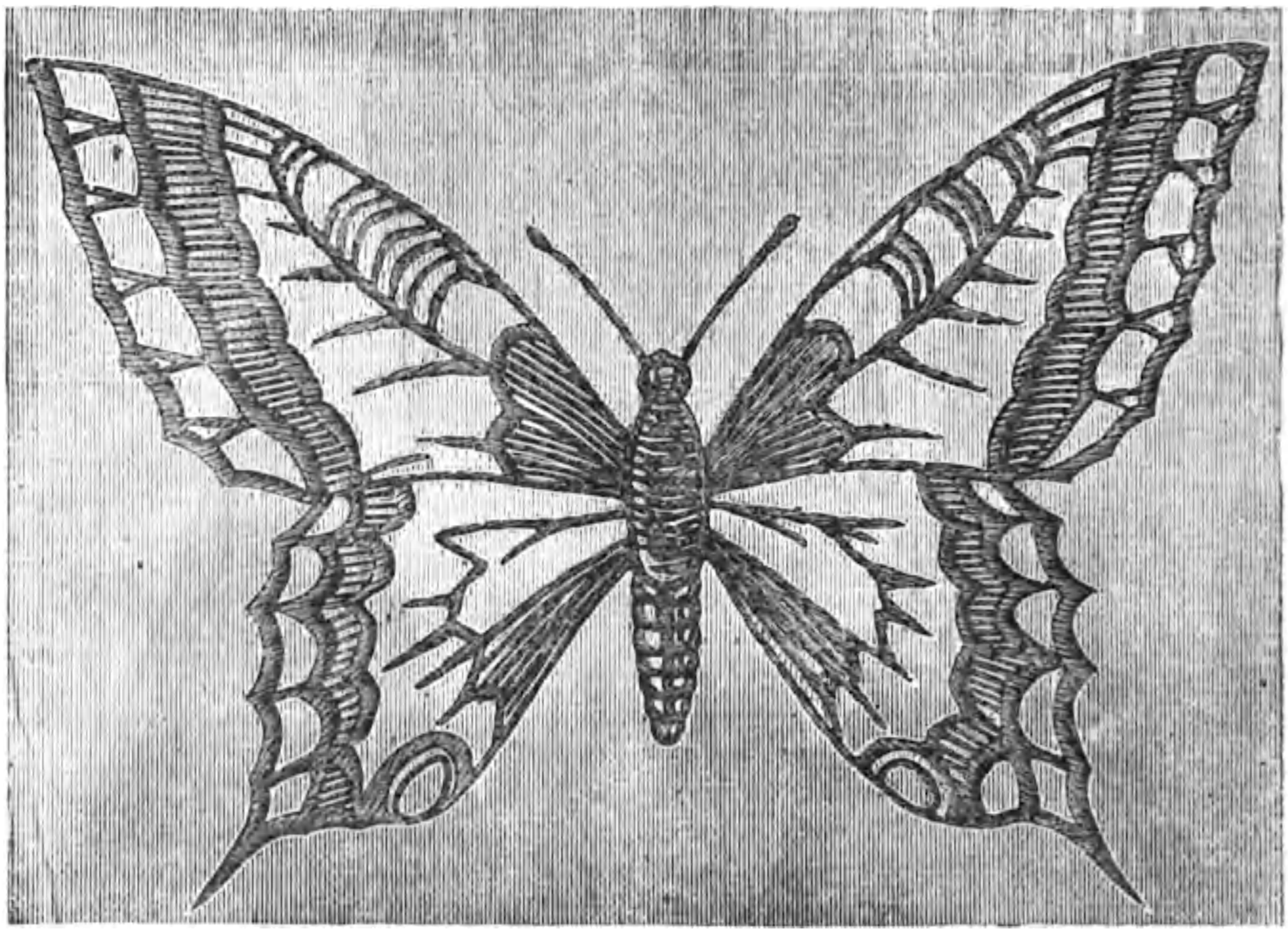


The bag itself is made of plain brown satin, and the lower consists of six pieces of white leather and brown leather. On the latter pieces trace alternately the designs given in illustrations. For No. 1, work the vandyked outline with green silk and gold cord; inside that is a

line of coarse maizo silk, sewn on with blue silk. The inner design is embroidered in point russe and knotted stitch, with pink and brown silks. For No. 2 the scallops are sewn on with stitches of blue and green silk, the scallops themselves being blue and white. The red and green twists are sewn on with gold thread. The remainder of the embroidery is put in with blue, white and pink silk in point russe and knotted sttitch. The seams between are hidden by gold cord, and at the lower part of the bag cords and tassels of bright-colored silks and gold thread are introduced A brown silk cord is passed through the hem of the bag to draw up and fasten.

BUTTERFLY DESIGN FOR APPLIQUE,

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

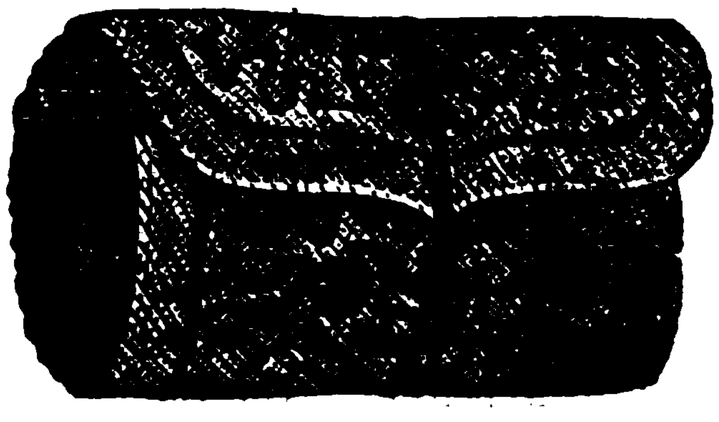


Cut out in cloth or velvet, and embroider with various colored silks and gold thread. Follow the lines in the design. This design may be used for many purposes.

WORK-POCKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

The pocket may be made to any required size. The circular ends are of gathered ribbon and card-board; these are sewn half-way to the straight piece; and the circles are made firm at the upper part. The pocket, which is also of ribbon, is lined; it is ornamented with a simple embroidery pattern; elastic and a button are put round to fasten the pocket.



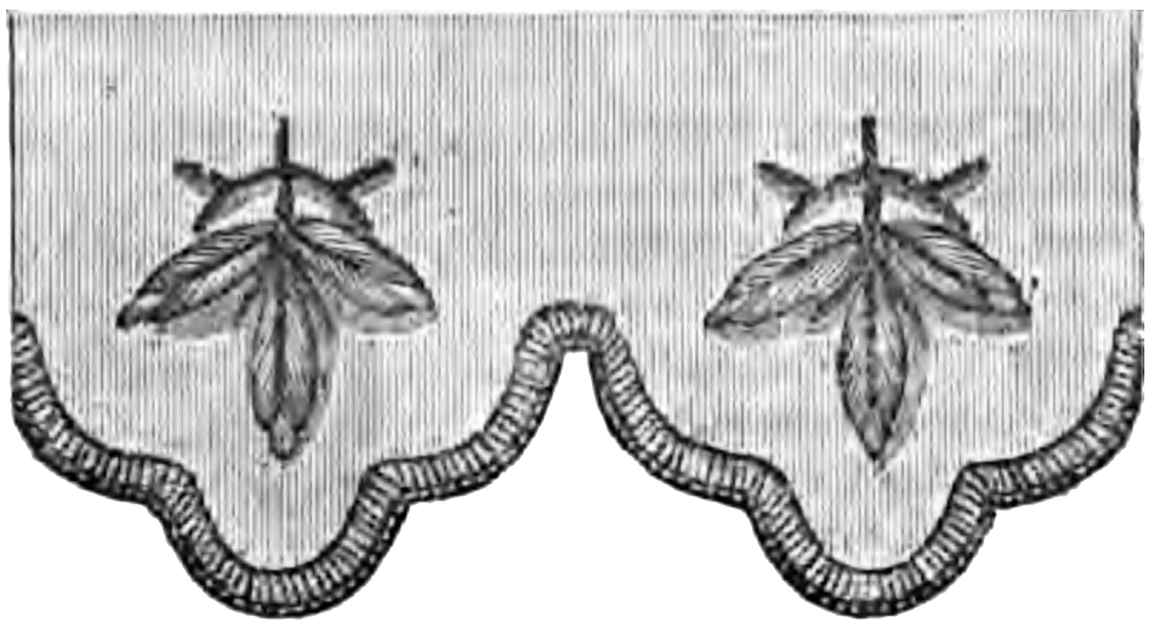
BABY'S SOCK—CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This sock is crocheted with white wool in Victoria crochet, which is embroidered, according to the illustration, with small patterns in blue and white filoselle. At the upper edge the sock has a border, partly open-worked and partly embroidered with raised spots. A fine silk cord is threaded through the border, and bows of narrow blue sarcenet are arranged on the foot. Begin the sock at the end of the toe with 12 stitches, and crochet 14 pattern rows of Victoria crochet; but in the 2d, 4th, 6th, 8th. and in the 10th, up to the 14th pattern rows, one stitch must be increased at the beginning and end of each row. To increase by one separate stitch, it is necessary to take up one stitch out of the horizontal between two perpendicular stitches. To decrease, crochet each two stitches together instead of one; then crochet separately, for the heel, along the 14 stitches on each side, 17 pattern rows, decreasing by one stitch in the first 4 rows on the upper side. Then take up all the marginal stitches, and proceed as follows for the raised spots: Crcchet off one stitch as usual; 4 chain repeat. Then follow 15 pattern rounds in the ordinary Victoria stitch, increasing by 1 in the 9th, 11th, 13th, and 14th rounds, 2 stitches after the beginning and 2 stitches before the end. For the border, proceed as follows: 1st pattern row: Like the pattern row last described, with the raised spots. 2d pattern round: Take up the stitches as usual, and in the return round crochet off 2; 5 chain, repeat; then 1 double in the centre of the 5 chain, 1 chain. 3d pattern row: Like the 1st pattern row of the border. 4th pattern row: Ordinary Victoria crochet. Then follow two rows of double crochet, the second being worked with blue filoselle. Then for the sole begin at the toe with 6 stitches and crochet 25 pattern rows, increasing 1 at each end of the 2d, 5th, 17th and 19th rows, and decreasing 1 at each end of the 11th and 13th, and the 22d, 24th, and 25th rows. Then sew the sock together with overcast stitches, and work the forget-me-not pattern with blue silk, and centre knotted stitch of yellow silk.

BORDER IN SILK EMBROIDERY.



NEEDLE-BOOK—CLOSED AND OPEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

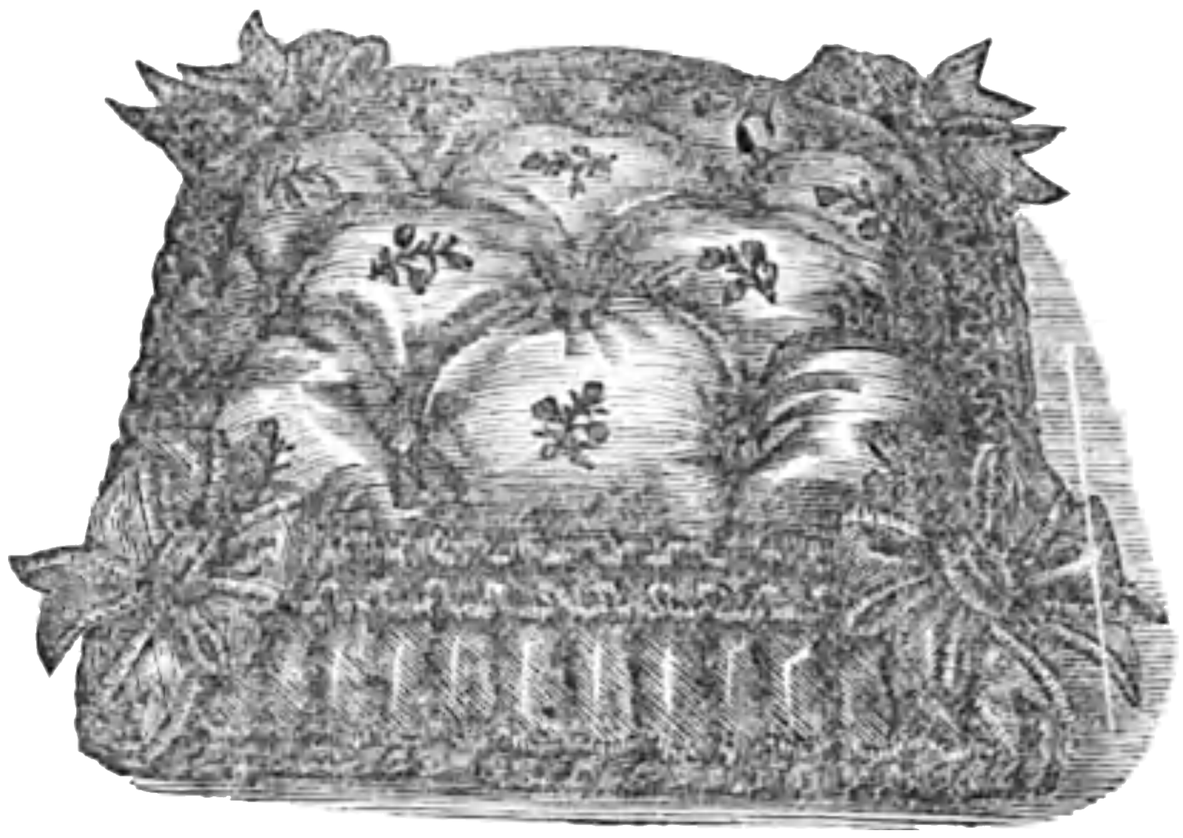




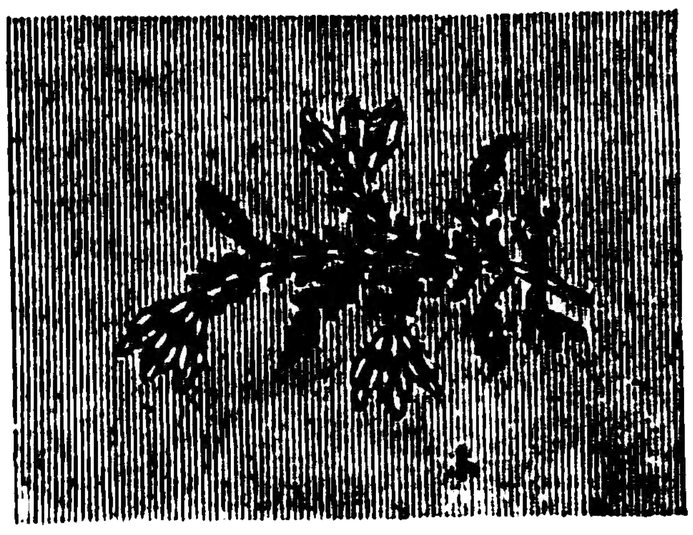
No. 1 shows the outside, which is of tinted card-board, with a small painting in the centre. The edges are bound with rose-colored ribbon, and tied with ribbon of the same shade. No. 2 shows the inside; it is lined with silk, of the same color as the binding; one side quilted, and the other has two straps, to pass packets of needles through. The flannel leaves are button-holed at the edges with rose-colored silk. Would make a very nice Christmas gift.

EMBROIDERED FOOT-STOOL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



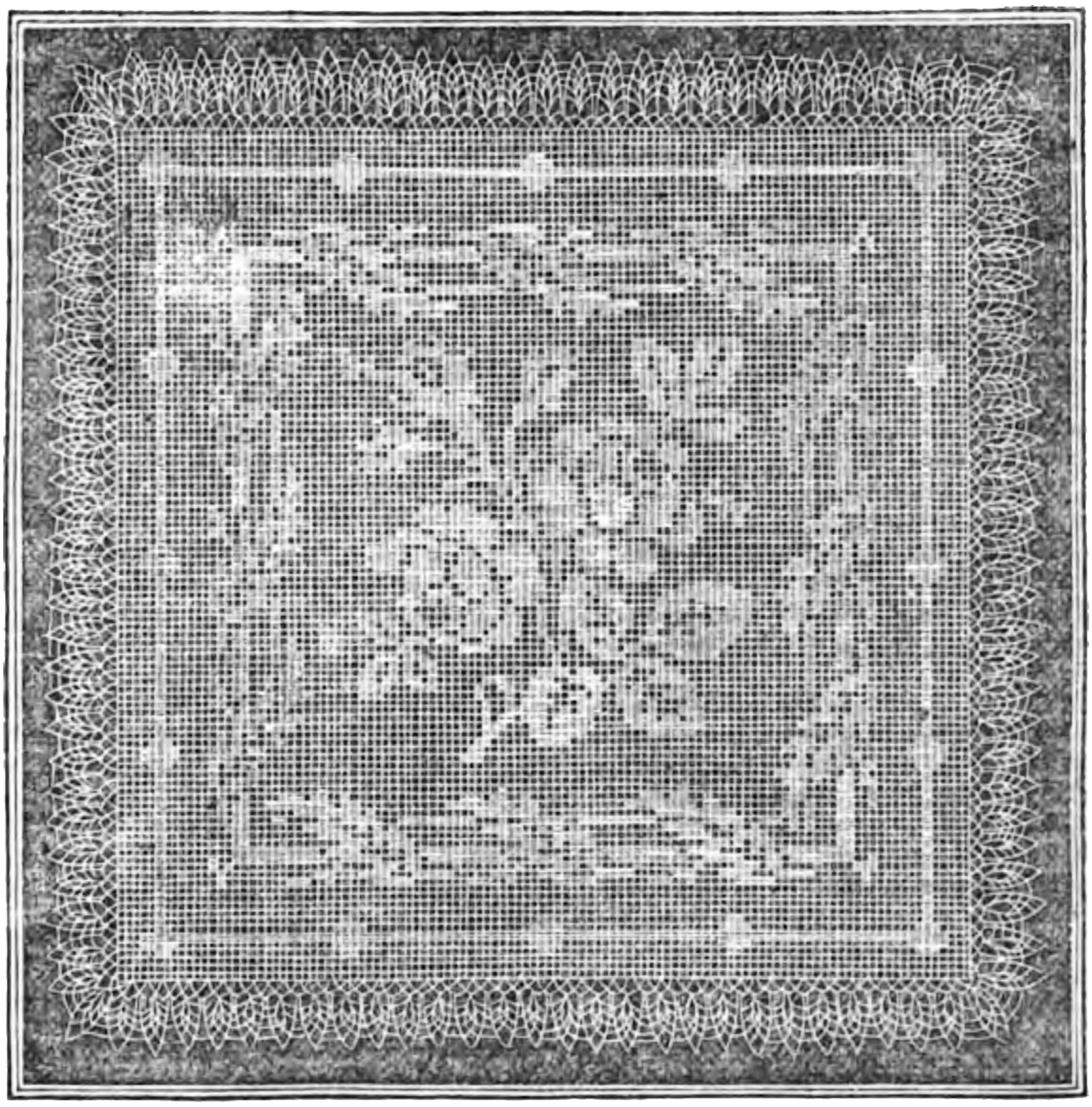
This is a square cushion, measuring fourteen inches each way, and standing four inches high. It has a cover of gray satin, on which the design is embroidered in chain and feather stitch, with shaded pink and green silks. The small buttons of gray satin are then sewn on, and the embroidery is edged with a box-pleated frill and fringed ruching of the satin. Strong silk cord and bows of satin fringe at each end are then introduced as shown in the illustration.



DETAIL OF EMBROIDERY.

SQUARE-NETTED ANTIMACASSAR.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Materials:—Boar's-head crochet cotton, No. 10, and knitting cotton, No. 4, bone meshes.

The foundation of this antimacassar is in square netting, which is made, as many of our readers will remember, by beginning with one stitch only, and netting two in that one; then turning the work, and making one in the first stitch and two in the second. Again turn the work, and do two in every stitch except the last, in which two must be made. This last row must be repeated until the extreme width is attained, which, n this case, is 113 stitches. The triangular piece now made is one-half the antimacassar. For the other half, instead of making two in one at the end of the row, yon will net the last two together as one. It would answer the same purpose, as far as the decreasing is concerned, to omit the last stitch at the end of the row; but the edges then do not correspond with those of the first part.

When the square is finished, let it be washed, and rinsed in starch water; after which it is to be pinned neatly on a pillow to dry, and it will then be much easier to darn, the holes having taken the proper square form.

The Border, which must now be done, is very simple. With the same mesh as you have used for the square, do two rounds. Then with the three-quarter inch mesh do one round thus—+ 5 stitches in one, one stitch in the next. + all round.

2nd. With the small mesh net a stitch on every stitch of 5. Miss the single one.

3rd. Same mesh. 4 stitches over 5. Miss the intervening.

4th. Same mesh. 3 stitches over 4. Miss the loop between.

5th. Same mesh. 2 over 3. Miss the loop between.

The darning is now to be done from the engraving. The extreme coarseness of the cotton employed for this part fills it up rapidly, and makes it look very well. It is extremely suitable for those whose sight is not very good.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1877.—We call attention to our Prospectus for 1877, to be found on the last page of the cover. We claim, there, that this Magazine is *both better and cheaper* than any periodical of its kind. Our enormous edition, exceeding that of any lady's book in the world, enables us to offer "Peterson" at these unprecedently low rates; for we find, by experience, that a small profit on a large circulation is more remunerative than a large profit on a small one.

It will be seen that *the prices for the large clubs are reduced to meet the times.* As a rule, one subscriber less, at the same price, secures the same premiums as this year; and one more subscriber, at the lower price. Thus, for seven subscribers, at $1.57 each, ($11.00 in all,) we send an extra copy and a "Cornwallis," as premiums: heretofore it has taken eight, at $1.57, ($12.50 in all.) Or for $1.60 each, ($9.60 in all,) we send six copies, with both an extra copy and an engraving, as premiums: heretofore it required $1.70 each, ($8.50) for five subscribers. We send eight copies at $1.50 each, ($12.00,) and an extra copy for premium: heretofore it took ten copies, at $1.50, ($15.00 in all,) to earn the same premium. We make these reductions in order to stimulate the getting up of large clubs.

In the meantime, the magazine *will be greatly improved* in 1877, as announced in the Prospectus: more reading given, more embellishments, etc., etc., so as to make it better worthy of patronage than ever. The novels and stories for next year will be particularly fine. As for our colored fashion-plates, they will be unrivaled.

NOW IS THE TIME TO GET UP CLUBS. Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its merits are fairly presented. The best way to present these merits is to exhibit a number. We invite comparison. *Be the first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for.

MOTHER'S DEPARTMENT.—During the coming year, Dr. Livezy, who has for five years continuously contributed to this Department, will furnish a series of articles upon the "Principles of Nursing," embracing the qualifications of nurses, their duties, responsibilities, etc.; how to conduct the sick room, and all matters of interest appertaining thereto. This subject is justly claiming merited attention. Not only are infants, in the early months of their existence, often sacrificed by imprudent or knavish nurses, but not a few in adult life are so neglected or illy nursed, as to render unavailing the best-directed efforts of the medical attendant. Some of these errors will be pointed out, as the subject is proceeded with.

"BEST AND CHEAPEST."—The Household (N.H.) Messenger only echoes the opinions of hundreds of other newspapers when it writes, "Whatever may be said of other magazines, this only can be said of Peterson's: that it is the best and cheapest Ladies' Magazine in the world."

REMIT EARLY.—The January number will be ready by the 25th of November, and will be a miracle of beauty, even for "Peterson." Those who send soonest will get the earliest and best impressions of its superb engravings.

BETTER THAN NEVER.—A lady writes:—"Your book *is better this year than it has ever been*, since I have been reading it, which is for fourteen or fifteen years. I think it perfectly splendid."

PREMIUMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.—We do not, as our old friends know, give premiums to subscribers to induce them to subscribe. But we do better. Let us explain. We put all we can afford into the Magazine at once, instead of wasting it in outside premiums. Thus the improvements for next year, including the increased reading matter, will cost us more than if we gave every subscriber a chromo. Now, when a premium is given, the cost of it, of course, comes out of the periodical, which is either made *poorer in consequence*, or else is offered at *an advanced price* more than sufficient to cover the cost of the premium. To come down to facts, no magazine, at the price of "Peterson," gives premiums: those that do give premiums, ask, some one dollar, some two dollars more. But, *in order to oblige subscribers*, who wish a premium, we offer to send the "Cornwallis," or any other of our unrivalled engravings, *for fifty cents extra*, which is merely the cost of printing a single impression. By this plan, which leaves room for no deception, those who wish only a magazine do not have to pay for a picture in addition; while those who wish a picture as well as a magazine, *get it for the mere cost of printing the impression.* In other words, "Peterson" and the "Cornwallis" can be had for two dollars and a half, while other magazines, inferior in themselves, and offering inferior pictures, charge three dollars, and some of them four. Club subscribers for "Peterson," by paying fifty cents extra, can also have the "Cornwallis," or any other premium. Whether with or without a premium, therefore, "Peterson" is the cheapest and best of its kind, not only in America, but in the world.

THE FASHIONS IN "PETERSON."—A subscriber asks us why our fashions are so much better than those in other lady's books. We answer that our principal fashion-plate ought to be handsomer than others; for it costs us thousands of dollars a year more than if we lithographed it, as our rivals do. Then the designs are all from Worth, or other eminent Parisian modistes. In our "Every-Day" department, illustrated by wood-engravings, we give more economical costumes; but these are also late Paris designs; and they are described in such a way that they can be made up at home. The cheaper dresses, given in other magazines, are generally from the designs of third-rate dress-makers in Philadelphia or New York. They are consequently without style. To copy them is a sheer waste of money.

TWO ENGRAVINGS FOR A CLUB.—It will be seen, from our new Prospectus, that when persons get up clubs, and become entitled to an extra copy of the Magazine, they can have, instead of it, *if they prefer*, two of our premium engravings for 1877, or the "Cornwallis," and any former one, or two of any of our former ones.

ABOUT SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS were spent, in 1876, in the steel engravings, colored steel fashion-plates, colored Berlin patterns, and other illustrations in "Peterson." This is more than any other lady's book ever expended, on embellishments, during a similar period.

TWENTY PAGES MORE.—This magazine contains twenty pages more of reading matter, monthly, than any magazine offered at the same price. It contains also more embellishments, and of a higher quality. These are the times to insist on the full worth of your money.

OUR PREMIUM ENGRAVING FOR 1877.—It is our custom, as our old subscribers know, to engrave, every year, a large-sized steel plate, for framing, at a cost of from one to two thousand dollars, as a premium for getting up certain of our clubs. Many persons, we find, prefer such a premium, even to an extra copy of the magazine; while others wish to earn both an extra copy and an engraving for framing. The plate for next year will be the most costly, and we think, also, the best we have ever engraved. The subject is the "Surrender of Cornwallis." The engraving is of the same size as "Washington's Adieu to His Generals," (27 inches by 20,) and is a match-picture to that, the most popular we have hitherto published. "The Surrender of Cornwallis" contains portraits of Washington, Rochambeau, Lincoln, O'Hara, Lauzun, Knox, etc., etc. As a work of art, it is unrivaled. Historical pictures are the highest in rank, and this is one of the best ever painted. It won the medal in the Paris Salon of 1875. *No household in America should be without it.* The easiest way to secure it is to get up a club for "Peterson" for 1877.

OUR REDUCTIONS TO CLUBS.—We offer, for 1877, it will be seen, five copies for $8.00, with an extra copy of the magazine for a premium, to the person who gets up the club. We do this to oblige those who do not want an engraving. We will still send, however, if desired, both an extra copy and our engraving, (as we did for 1876,) for a club of five and $8.50. Also, for $12.50, we will send eight copies and both an extra copy and the premium engraving. But, if both these premiums are desired, the best plan will be to get six at $1.60, ($9.60 in all,) or seven at $1.57, ($11.00 in all,) or nine at $1.50, ($13.50 in all.) Either of these clubs is much cheaper than those of 1876. For instance, we offer, for 1877, both an extra copy and the "Cornwallis," for a club of six, ($9.60.) For this year, it took $10.20, (six at $1.70 each) to earn the same premiums. So of the other and the larger clubs.

NOVELTIES IN LINGERIE.—The new collars are called "bibs;" they are made of fine white organdy muslin, cut straight round the throat, the front arranged in plaits and edged with lace. The Pompadour fanchon is replacing the mob and Corday caps for indoor head-dresses; it is a fanchon square of lace, with ends that are passed under the chin, and are fastened on the left side with a row of ribbon. The popular combination of blue and red is to be seen in these pretty head-dresses. The new Pompadour bows, for wearing on square-cut bodices, are sold in sets of three; they are large, and made of lace, and there is a flower in the centre of each.

LATE HOURS, as a rule, are very unfavorable to good looks. Women who, from either necessity or choice, spend most of the day in bed, and the night in work or dissipation, have always a pale, faded complexion and dark-rimmed, wearied eyes. But too much sleep is almost as hurtful as too little, and is sure to give the person unwholesome fat. Regular hours and fresh air, every day, are the panacea.

OUR PATTERNS.—Says a lady, sending a club, "Every one is delighted with 'Peterson,' especially with the patterns." Now, these patterns cost us thousands of dollars every year, *and this is the only magazine that gives them.*

COMES PROMPTLY.—"I am much pleased with the magazine," writes a subscriber for 1876, "especially as it *always comes so promptly.*"

"I FELT LOST."—"A lady writes: "I did without the magazine this year, and felt lost." Very wisely, she subscribes for 1877.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Every-Day Topics. A Book of Briefs. By J. G. Holland. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.*—This is a collection of fugitive articles, mostly short ones, which appeared originally in the magazine of which Dr. Holland is one of the editors. They embrace a wide range of subjects, such as Culture, Criticism, Literature and Literary Men, Preachers and Preaching, Amusements, Christian Practice, the Church of the Future, etc., etc. Sound common sense, expressed in clear, unaffected English, is their distinguishing characteristic. The paper on Literature and Literary Men is especially noteworthy. We advise all who think of becoming authors to read it. The volume is handsomely printed.

Mercy Philbrick's Choice. No Name Series. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.*—It is always a pleasure to review the publications of this firm, for they are invariably good as literary productions. We think we never knew an indifferent work with their imprint. The story before us is the first of a new series they have begun, and they call it the "No Name Series," because the novels are to appear anonymously. The idea is a good one, for, apart from everything else, it stimulates curiosity. We may add, that, if the tales that are to follow "Mercy Philbrick's Choice," prove to be as excellent as it, the series will have a great success.

The Official Guide-Book to Philadelphia. By Thompson Westcott. Illustrated with nearly One Hundred Engravings. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: Porter & Coates.*—When the first edition of this work appeared, we spoke of it as the best of its kind we had ever seen. The public verdict has fully sustained our opinion. There have been several editions, amounting in all to ten thousand, and the demand goes on increasing. The rare qualifications of the editor for his task is the principal cause of this success, though the handsome manner in which the book is illustrated has had something to do with it also.

Edina. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is a new and powerful story, from the pen of the author of "East Lynne." Mrs. Wood, in her own peculiar walk, is without a rival. She has the faculty of arresting and retaining the attention of the reader in a remarkable degree: hence her novels are always absorbing, and once begun, cannot be laid down till finished

Self-Made. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—We have here a new edition of one of the most popular novels ever published. It is a sequel to "Ishmael," and the two have had a success almost unparaleled, even for Mrs. Southworth's fictions. The demand still continues unabated. The volume is handsomely printed and bound.

The Stranger's Illustrated Guide-Book to Philadelphia. 1 *vol.*, 16 *mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.*—This cheap and handsome little volume contains, in a condensed form, a very good general description of Philadelphia, the Centennial Exhibition, and other things about this city interesting to a stranger.

The Rival Beauties. By Miss Pardoe. 1 *vol.*, 8 *vo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.*—This is a good, old-fashioned love-story, such a one as our mothers delighted in. In reading it, one forgets, for the time, the worries of life, and lives again, as in youth, in the regions of romance.

Thomas Wingfield, Curate. By George Macdonald, LL. D. 1 *vol.*, 12 *mo. New York: G. Routledge & Sons.*—Not nearly so meritorious as some of this author's earlier novels. Like Black, the writer of "The Princess of Thule," Macdonald seems to be falling off.

Going To The Bad. By Edmund Yates. 1 *vol.*, 8 *mo. Boston: W. T. Gill & Co.*—A very inferior novel, hardly worthy even of Yates, though he is, at best, only second-rate.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.—The newspapers, one and all, pronounce this magazine, "the cheapest and the best." It is as well to mention this, when canvassing for subscribers. Says the Williamstown (Ky.) Sentinel: "The most acceptable ladies' magazine in the land; the fashion-plates are superb." Says the New London (Conn.) Record: "As a fashion-magazine, it is the cheapest printed in America; every lady should have it: it is overflowing with everything that could please." Says the Mechanicsburg (Pa.) Journal; "It blooms with a freshness peculiar to itself; what the careful housewife, or devotee to fashion, cannot find in it, is hardly worth having." The Greenville (Ala.) Alabamian says: "It is wonderful that a magazine so excellent, can be furnished at such a low price." Says the Lewistown (Pa.) Democrat: "Its fashions are exquisite, its embellishments superb, and its stories always the best to be had." Finally, the Catasauqua (Pa.) Valley Record says: *It gets better and better, and always keeps its promises.*" Hundreds of similar notices have been received; but we can spare room only for these few. As the newspapers see all the other magazines, such praise is impartial.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in this Magazine at reasonable prices. "Peterson'" has had, for twenty years, an average circulation, greater and longer continued than any in the world. It goes to every county, village, and cross-roads, and is therefore the best advertising medium in the United States. Address PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, Philadelphia.

BACK NUMBERS OF THIS MAGAZINE can always be supplied by the publisher. If news-dealers say they cannot get them, it is because they will not take the trouble to order them. In such cases, write to us, and we will furnish them

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CLUB SUBSCRIBERS for 1877 may secure the premium engraving, "Cornwallis," if they wish it, by remitting fifty cents extra each. This is a nominal price, and hence the offer is confined strictly to subscribers to "Peterson."

AFTER USING LAIRD'S "Bloom of Youth" the skin will have a fresh, clear, and beautiful appearance, entirely free from tan, freckles, and such blemishes. Sold at all druggists everywhere in the United States.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

BY ABRAM. LIVEZEY, M. D.

No. XII.—ACCIDENTS, POISONED WOUNDS, ETC.—CONCLUDED.

The juvenile disciples of "Isaak Walton" often return home from their piscatorial pursuits with a hook in some part of the hand. Let no attempts be made to pull it out or backward through the opening made. But having snipped off the shank, push the barbed point on and outward through the skin, as near as possible to the place of ingress. If the mother, or other person, hasn't *nerve* enough to do this, then a physician, with a very delicate, sharp-pointed bistoury, must cut around the barb and extract it.

POISONED WOUNDS.—The most serious of all wounds of this class, are those caused by a rabid dog, resulting in what is technically called hydrophobia—a cure of which, after it has declared itself, is not recognized by the regular faculty as ever having been effected.

We have some views on this point, which we may yet lay before the readers of "Peterson." We have no room for them now.

Next month we shall begin our series of articles on the "Principles Of Nursing." We give this short article, this month, only to remind our readers of our continued interest in their behalf.

THE FLOWER-GARDEN

BY E. E. REXFORD.

WORK FOR DECEMBER.

FROST-BITTEN PLANTS.—If house-plants get nipped with frost, before building a fire, remove them into a cool, dark room, and pour cold water over them. If anything can save them, that will. Keep them there all day, and do not place them in a very warm place, nor a very strong light, for a day or two. Probably some of the leaves will droop; possibly a good deal of the top will have to be cut off to save them; but I have had very tender plants touched severely with frost, and saved them by this treatment.

HYACINTHS AND TULIPS IN THE HOUSE.—Hyacinths and tulips blossom well in the house in winter, and I would advise all who can to try a few of each. Take small pots, and fill with good compost, planting tulips an inch under the soil, and only pressing hyacinths into it. Then set away in a dark place, where it is not very cold, for two or three weeks, for the roots to grow. When they have started well bring to the warmth and light, and in a very short time the leaves will break, and about as soon as you see them you will discover flower-buds. A dozen hyacinths, planted in a pan, and covered with moss, are very ornamental when in bloom, and their delightful fragrance will fill the room all through their season of flowering. It is a good plan to pot a few at different times, to keep up a succession of them during the winter. They are very easily flowered, and when done blooming can be set aside until spring, and planted out to raise others from. Hyacinths are often grown in glasses, with water for their roots to spread in, but I do not like them in that way as well as in pots.

Snow-drops and crocí can be flowered in baskets with the greatest ease, and are delightful winter ornaments.

Dicentra, or bleeding-heart, can also be brought into blossom in the house, in the winter, and its long, pink and white sprays of bloom are elegant enough for any parlor. It is very easy to get along with as regards treatment, and adapts itself to the house with all the grace imaginable. It needs a good deal of water, and quite a large pot for its spreading, succulent roots. The greatest danger is in forcing it into a weak and spindling growth, but this can be avoided by keeping it in a cooler place.

Among all spring flowers, not one is superior, for house-flowering, to the lily of the valley. Its rich green leaves and delicate, drooping bells of purest white, are unexcelled, for grace and simple loveliness. A cluster of fuchias, and a spray of lily of the valley, with one of its own leaves in a little crystal vase, made one of the most beautiful bouquets I saw last winter.

CHRISTMAS GAMES.

CROSS QUESTIONS AND CROOKED ANSWERS.—All the players must sit in a circle; one of them commences by whispering a question to her right-hand neighbor, who answers her; she then goes on to whisper to her right-hand neighbor in the same manner, only asking a different question; when it has gone all round the circle, the first one commences by stating aloud the question her left-hand neighbor asked, and the answer her right-hand neighbor gave her. I will give you an example:

FIRST PLAYER.—Are you fond of dancing?

SECOND PLAYER.—No, it makes me so hot. Are you fond of eating ices?

THIRD PLAYER.—Yes, particularly at parties. Are you fond of reading books?

FIRST PLAYER.—Yes, I like a good one.

When this has gone round,

FIRST PLAYER.—The question asked me was, "Are you fond of reading?" the answer was, "No, it makes me so hot."

SECOND PLAYER.—The question asked me was, "Are you

fond of dancing?" the answer was, "Yes, particularly at balls."

THIRD PLAYER.—The question asked was, "Are yon fond of eating ices?" the answer was, "Yes, I like a good one." From this example you will see what fun can be made out of this.

THE BOUQUET.—In this game one little girl has to be a Flower Merchant; each player must choose the name of a flower for herself, which she must whisper to the flower merchant, who must write them down. One player must be the Flower Buyer. The flower merchant then asks the buyer to choose from the flowers.

One to gather.
One to pick to pieces.
One to keep.

To the one gathered, the merchant must say something pretty; to the one pulled to pieces something very rude; and to the one kept must be given something—a kiss, a slap, a marble, an orange, an apple; in fact, anything that can be thought of. If the buyer is clever, this game can be made very amusing.

SHADOWS IN DISGUISE.—A white sheet must be hung up at one end of the room, and the Shadow-seeker must sit on the ground opposite. There must be only one light in the room, and that must be placed behind the shadow-seeker. The rest of the players must disguise themselves as much as they can; they must then throw their shadows on the sheet by passing between the shadow-seeker, who must guess who it is. If she looks behind, she must pay a forfeit. If she guesses whose shadow it is, that one becomes shadow-seeker in place of the other player, and pays a forfeit

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS.

Boiled Turkey.—Wash the turkey in tepid water, and rub it all over with lemon-juice. Then put it into a sauce-pan full of boiling water, with a large piece of butter, a couple of onions, a head of celery, some sliced carrots, a bundle of parsley and sweet herbs, whole pepper, mace, cloves, and salt to taste. Let it boil slowly, and remove carefully any scum that may arise Serve with oyster sauce, or a *purée* of celery made as follows: Boil two or three heads of celery in salted water, with a bundle of sweet herbs, and some whole pepper and salt to taste. When thoroughly done, pass them through a hair-sieve; melt a piece of butter in a sauce-pan. Mix a tablespoonful of flour with it, then add the celery pulp; stir, and dilute to the proper consistency with milk or cream.

Pigeon Pie.—Take six young pigeons. After they are drawn, trussed, and singed, stuff them with the chopped livers, mixed with parsley, salt, pepper, and a small piece of butter. Cover the bottom of the dish with rather small pieces of beef. On the beef put a thin layer of chopped parsley and mushrooms. Season with pepper and salt. Over this place the pigeons. Between each put the yolk of a hard-boiled egg. Add some brown sauce or gravy. Cover with puff paste, and bake the pie for an hour and a half.

Pepper-Pot.—Take four pounds of lean pork; parboil, and cut it in rather small pieces; take half a pint of cassareep; mix it with the water in which the pork was boiled, so as to make gravy sufficient to cover the meat; add fresh pepper and salt to taste; boil well together, but be careful it does not burn. Any kind of meat (except mutton) and poultry may be used to replenish the pepper-pot, and it must be warmed every day, or it will not keep. The meat must be well covered with gravy, and plenty of salt must be used.

Gibelotte of Rabbits.—Cut two young rabbits into joints; cut also half a pound of streaked bacon into dice. Fry the bacon in butter, in a stew-pan, then put in the pieces of rabbits. When slightly browned, add a good spoonful of flour. Mix well, and moisten with rather more than a pint of water. Season with salt and pepper. When beginning to boil, skim well; add fifty button onions, and a few button mushrooms. Let it simmer a quarter of an hour; take out the pieces of rabbit, which dress in pyramid upon a dish. Let the sauce boil, keeping it stirred until the onions are quite tender, and the sauce thick enough to adhere to the back of the spoon, when add a little coloring, pour over the rabbit, and serve.

DESSERTS.

Christmas Pudding.—Three-quarters of a pound of flour three-quarters of a pound of bread-crumbs, one pound and a half of suet finely chopped, two pounds of raisins stoned two pounds of currants, one pound of sugar, half a pound of mixed peel (candied), two ounces of chopped almonds, one teaspoonful of mixed spice, four eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, (which should be mixed with the flour,) two tablespoonsful of molasses, mixed with a little warm water, one large wine-glassful of either rum or brandy. Mix all together, and add cold water to make it of the proper consistency. Boil in a cloth for twelve hours; or, if made into two puddings, boil them six to seven hours.

Small Cold Puddings.—Grate the rind of a lemon into a pint of cream, or new milk. Let it just boil and strain it. When cool, beat the yolks of six eggs, and add them to the above, with crushed lump-sugar to sweeten it. Pour the mixture into six cups, and steam for half an hour. Next day turn out, and garnish with currant-jelly or other preserves.

CAKES.

A Most Excellent Recipe for Pound Cake.—Put two pounds of pounded sugar into a basin. Break sixteen eggs, put the yolks to the sugar, the whites into a clean basin, two pounds of butter put into a stew-pan merely to melt. Prepare two pounds of flour, and two pounds of mixed fruit. Proceed with a wooden spoon to work the yolks and sugar a quarte of an hour. Whip the whites to a stiff froth, then gently stir them to the sugar; pour the butter in, then the fruit and flour, stirring gently all the time. This cake requires to be beaten quite half an hour. It must be put into a sharp oven.

Christmas, or Yule-tide Cake.—Place one pound of fresh butter in a pan. Keep it near the fire till melted; stir into it one pound of powdered loaf-sugar, a good tablespoonful each of beaten all-spice and cinnamon. By degrees put in the yolks of ten eggs and their whites, separately, whisked to a froth; add one pound candied citron-peel, sliced thin, two pounds currants, cleaned and dried, two ounces of blanched sweet almonds, one pound and a half of flour, and four ounces of brandy. Mix all well together, and bake it for three hours.

French Pancakes.—Half a pint of milk, two ounces of butter, two ounces of loaf-sugar, two ounces of flour, two eggs. Put milk, butter and sugar into a sauce-pan to dissolve (not boil;) beat eggs and flour together till quite smooth; then add the other ingredients, and mix well. Divide this quantity, and put it in four saucers to bake for twenty minutes. Lay two pan-cakes on a dish, and spread preserve over. Cover them with the other two pan-cakes. Serve very hot.

Tunbridge Cakes.—Rub six ounces of butter, quite smooth into one pound of flour; then mix in six ounces of sugar. Beat and strain two eggs, and make the above into a paste. Roll it out very thin, and cut it, with the top of a glass, into cakes. Prick them with a fork, and cover with caraways, or glaze with the white of an egg, and dust a little white sugar over them. Bake them in a moderate oven.

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE RECEIPTS.

Cooking Eggs.—French way. Boil four eggs ten minutes, one egg five minutes. Take yolk of latter; mix with salt, pepper, a tablespoonful of oil, and dessertspoonful of vinegar. Cut the hard eggs into slices, and serve hot, with above sauce poured over them. Some prefer melted butter, with pepper and salt as a sauce. *Inverness Eggs.*—Boil eggs hard, take off shells, make forcemeat, with parsley, thyme, bread-crumbs, pepper, salt, dripping, or butter, chopped anchovy, and a beat-up egg. Cover the hard eggs with this forcemeat, roll in flour, fry light-brown, and serve with gravy.

Oat-Meal Porridge.—Set some water on the fire, and when it boils put in some salt; stir in very gradually some oatmeal; let it boil about half an hour, stirring all the time. It should be quite smooth, and of the consistency of hasty pudding. Serve in soup plates with milk or cream.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

Fig. I.—Walking-Dress of Violet-Colored Poplin, trimmed in front with several rows of narrow ruffles, and at the back with wider flounces. The cloak is of black cloth, heavily braided, and trimmed with fur. Black velvet bonnet, with black feather and violet ribbon trimmings.

Fig. II.—Carriage-Dress of Gray and Black Striped Silk.—The flounce is composed of alternate plaitings of black silk, and of the gray and black striped silk; the overskirt is trimmed with several bias bands of plain black silk, and the large pockets are also ornamented with it. Rather tight-fitting basque, of very dark-gray cloth, trimmed with fur; large loose sleeves. Bonnet of gray felt, trimmed with black velvet and red roses.

Fig. III.—Walking-Dress of Myrtle-Green Camel's-Hair, trimmed with several rows of black braid; the dolman is also trimmed with braid and black fur. White felt bonnet, trimmed with myrtle-green feathers and velvet.

Fig. IV.—Ball-Dress of Sulphur-Colored Silk.—The opera cloak is of rose-colored cashmere, lined with white quilted satin, trimmed with white and gold fringe, and ornamented with gold embroidery. Roses and white plume in the hair.

Fig. V.—House-Dress of Blue Cashmere, over a black silk skirt, trimmed with one scant ruffle, headed by a bias band, edged on either side by narrow knife-plaiting. The over-dress is of the princess shape, fastening on the left side diagonally, and cut in sharp points, which fall open in front. The back is also in sharp points, and the whole is trimmed with blue fringe, with a small quantity of black in it. Rosette bows of black silk fasten up the slight puffing at the back.

Fig. VI. The Front and Back of a Black Velvet Paletot, trimmed with lace and pheasants' feathers. This paletot partially fits the figure, and is long and square in front, and short at the back, where it is trimmed with feathers and lace, stopping at the side with a bow of ribbon. Feather bordering encircles the throat, and the cuffs are ornamented with lace and bows.

Fig. VII. The Front and Back of a Paletot of Myrtle-Green Cloth, trimmed with fur. It is almost tight-fitting, with a kind of basque at the back, and is trimmed with fur and wide myrtle-green ribbon.

General Remarks.—We give, also, a fichu of black crepe-de-chene, which may be trimmed with fringe or lace, and is a pretty addition to a house-dress of a cold winter day; it is very dressy made in lighter colors. The cuirass waist, which we also give, is made of rows of ribbon-velvet, and black guipure-lace. The bridal head-dress is composed of orange blossoms and white jessamine, with a long and wide tulle veil. The hat is of brown felt, with a puffing under the rim of brown silk, and is trimmed with bows of brown ribbon and a wing; and the bonnet is of black velvet, trimmed with ostrich-feathers and tea-roses, and tied loosely under the chin with black strings.

Long Waists, as stated before, are universal, and long dresses, even for the street, are worn. We wish that we could chronicle otherwise as to the latter, for nothing can be more untidy than these sweeping skirts, or more inconvenient to handle, if the wearer is too neat to let them trail. Cloaks, jackets and dolmans are also all lengthening, and the newest bonnets are higher than ever. No one style is absolute, except that all dresses must be tight-fitting in front, long-waisted, and long in the skirt. We have, however, just seen some of the newest importations from Paris, and they all show quite different styles: some exceedingly plain, with but little drapery and little trimming; others not so very much draped, but properly trimmed with flounces, fringes, etc.; in other words, great license is allowed, the object being to suit the particular figure. The coat-basque, which is represented in the first figure of the November number, is one of the newest of Worth's creations; it is very much worn in Paris for house-dresses, and has the advantage of looking well, made of almost any material.

The Redingote, which is made after the model of a man's overcoat, is very popular, also. It does not fit the figure close, and it is slightly wadded. It is double-breasted, has two square tails at the back, pockets on the hips, and velvet revers. It is made in bottle-green cloth, or slate-gray cloth: the revers are of velvet, to match. These redingotes are not made uniformly, for they fasten in three different ways. Sometimes they are buttoned high in the neck, and then they have a velvet collar; others open partially at the throat, with two large shawl-shaped revers, while a third style is to fasten them slantwise, with a wide velvet band crossing the figure. The basques which button down the back are only worn by quite young people.

The Under-Skirts are necessarily but little trimmed when the over-dresses are made so long, and the large tounour or bustle is not at all worn. All kinds of woolen goods are popular; in fact, they are more worn than entire suits of silk. The silk and woolen goods, combined together, are very fashionable.

Fringes have increased in proportions; they are now so deep and of such elaborate patterns, that capes, fichus, and tabliers are made entirely of chenille fringe. The Moorish fringes, which are netted and have tassels introduced in the meshes, and are made entirely of sewing silk, are frequently six inches deep.

Bonnets are usually close-fitting to the head, but this style is not becoming to all faces. Great latitude is allowed, therefore, and we see many of the new bonnets much more round and open.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

Fig. I. Boy's Dress of Navy-Blue Tweed, made with kilt plaits, and fastened around the waist with a broad ribbon of navy-blue; large tweed jacket; navy-blue felt hat.

Fig. II. Boy's Coat of Gray Ulster, gathered in at the back by a buttoned belt, rather close-fitting in front. Gray felt hat.

Fig. III. Girl's Dress of Marie Louise Cashmere.—It is plain-fitting in front, and trimmed with two rows of buttons the entire length. At the back the skirt is gathered on to the waist, which is plain, and rather close-fitting. The cuffs are trimmed only with braid. The pocket is ornamented with a full ribbon bow, and is attached by a ribbon, which passes over the left shoulder and under the right arm.